THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES, Etc.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

NEW YORK:
WORTHINGTON CO.,
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1887.
TO THE

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
NEARLY FORTY YEARS OF MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE
AND FRIENDSHIP,

THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED,
WITH THE SINCEREST FEELINGS OF AFFECTION
AND RESPECT,

BY

THOMAS MOORE,

486555
AUG 2: 1942
MEMOIR OF THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin on the 26th May, 1779. The social circle in which his parents moved was neither elevated nor vulgar. His father was a small tradesman, of quiet, taciturn character, possessing a vein of humor which he occasionally did not scruple to exercise on the outskirts of his own faith. The poet's mother, good devout Catholic that she was, regarded these sillies of her husband with a pious horror. Moore's gay, pleasure-loving disposition, passion for music, taste for all social enjoyment, and general zest of life, were derived from his mother. To her he indelibly is indebted for that varied training which contributed so manifoldly to his success in society. At a very early age the future poet was placed at school. Mr. White, an eminent Dublin eloquentian, was his master. Richard B. Sheridan had been White's pupil. From this distinguished pedagogue Moore acquired that facility in declaiming which rendered him, while yet a semi-pupil, a terror to his master. With his mother he was taught her son— to associate social festivity with more refined and intellectual pleasures than the hard drinking with which enjoyment was then too often identified. Like Pope, Moore may almost, without hyperbole, be said to have licked in numbers. The exact date of his earliest rhymes has not been preserved, but at the age of eleven we find him in print, and at the age of fourteen he has become a contributor of poetry to the Anthologia Hibernica, a Dublin magazine. Some of his verses then published as "Master Moore" give no inadequate earnest of his style of songwriting.

The acquisition of the showy accomplishments in which Moore already excelled was happily not purchased by the sacrifice of more substantial learning. His classical attainments were more than respectable, and his knowledge of the ancient languages was supplemented by a knowledge of the more important of the modern tongues of Europe. Italian he learned from the family priest, and a French emigrant taught him the tongue of France. By this varied preliminary training, Moore was fully prepared to reap all the advantages the removal of those restrictions which had closed the University of Dublin against the Catholics of Ireland was now about to confer. In the summer of 1793 that institution was opened to Roman Catholics, and in 1794 young Moore was entered at Trinity College. At college he prosecuted the usual studies with more than average success. The production of Latin hexameters was, however, a task from which on all convenient occasions he was disposed to shrink. Sometimes he successfully substituted English for Latin verses, gaining the approval of the judges and the reward of merit.

In the spring of 1799, University studies are finished. Moore, bidding adieu to Dublin scenes and Dublin friends, takes his way to London to enter himself a member of the Middle Temple. The money to accomplish this is supplied by his mother, who, ambitions to see her son occupying a conspicuous position at the English bar, had long been saving every sixpence she could scrape together for his legal education. Mrs. Moore appears to have been no believer in a paper currency. Tom was not troubled carrying any bank cheques to the metropolis. The needful guineas were sewed into the waistband of his pantaloons; and a scapular, which the priest had blessed, was stowed away in the same secure retreat. Thus equipped Tom reached London, and hires a lodging at six shillings per week. While yet a student at Trinity College, Dublin, in the hope of obtaining a classical premium, Moore had translated the Odes of Anacreon. A specimen of the work was laid before the Provost of the College. The Provost thought the translation good, but the subject not one likely to be patronised by the board. This translation Tom carried with him to the great metropolis. Not long after settling there he has arranged for its publication, has made the friendship of Lord Moira, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Bedford, and the Prince, all of whom have become subscribers for his work. Dr. Laurence reads the manuscript, and pronounces it in many parts elegant and poetical. The English dress in which Moore presented the Tean bard is, indeed, more accurate and faithful than the paraphrase of Cowley, but it is too studiously brilliant to convey the exact idea of the original. Moore's lines had, however, fallen in pleasant places and among partial critics. Everything (he writes) goes on delightfully. The full tide of London gaiety roars around him, and never did any son of the muses take more kindly to the pomp and circumstances of the great Babel. "The first gentleman in Europe" has permitted Anacreon to be dedicated to him. The poet thanks the Prince for the honour, but is assured the honour is entirely his, in being allowed to put his name to a work of such merit. Everybody is charmed with Anacreon translated—everybody, save the authorities of his college, who do not even so much as subscribe for the work. For this inability to appreciate merit, Moore, with becoming modesty, denounces them as "a corporation of boobies, without even sense enough to thank Heaven for anything like an effort of literature coming out of their leaden body. Anacreon is followed by a volume of Poems under a foigned name, which reflected but little
credit on their author, though even so great a purist and so grave a moralist as Sir James Mackintosh recommends them. Moore's social and literary success go together. His singing is the rage in every fashionable circle.

The great people begin to think something must be done for so very promising a young man. The translator of Anacreon and the beautiful pianist has deserved well of his country. A lieutenantship is offered him, but declined, in consequence of unseemly conditions with which the gift is clogged. The interest of Lord Moira procures him the office of Registrar in the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. This appointment necessitates a visit to the island. Bermuda was, however, a place but little to the taste of Moore, who tarried there just long enough to arrange for the performance of his duties by deputy. Before returning to London he visits America. Having returned from his Bermudian and American tour, "Epistle Odes and other Poems," by Thomas Moore, Esq., appeared in 1806. fashionable London might go on misunderstanding the spark of sensuous fancy for the outpouring of celestial passion, but the "facile princeps" of British critics is not so deceived. In the July number of the Edinburgh Review, Jeffrey denounced the work even with more than his wonted pungency. Lord Cockburn, in his life of Jeffrey, has justly remarked that much meant to be restricted to the poetry, there was a covert and a personal application in the satire which made it natural for the public, and nearly irresistible for the poet, to refer to the man. His scathing criticism is the talk of all London circles, when, to make matters worse, Jeffrey arrives in the metropolis. This was, he wrote, as hot as he wrote cold could bear. A host of prize verses poured in, and before the end of August, 1806, the 11th of September, the 11th of the month, the 11th of the year, consequently the 11th of the year, was brought to contain the satisfaction of gentlemen. "From information received," the police discovered what was intended, and the belligerents are apprehended in the very act of proceeding to extremities. In a day or two the duellists met again in the park, and another friend. Jeffrey, not only admires the genius of his adversary, but formed a sincere affection for the man; and Moore, in one of his prefaces, exultingly tells how, in the most formidable of all his sensors, he found the most cordial of all his friends. Twenty years after this rencontre Moore visits Scotland, chiefly to visit John Moore. The latter asked to repeat his last new song, "Ship Ahoy," that in another country he playfully tells how the upright echoes of Craigcrook ought long to have had its under heart.

In 1808, "Corruption and Intolerance," a satire, was published, and in the following year "The Sceptic," a philosophical satire, appeared; but, it was in the singing robes of the troubadour, not the gaudy sword shone of a belles-lettres, that Moore's fame first began to dazzle. In 1812, Moore commenced another series of satirical effusions. The vein now adopted was incomparably better adapted to his genius than the solemn and heavy style formerly attempted. His quondam patron, the Prince, has broken with the Whigs, and Moore's parody on the Prince's letter to the House of Lords was no more adroitly satirized. Fourteen editions of the "Twopenny Post Bag," in which Prince and Minister are satirized, are issued within the first year of its publication. In the passages that compose that admirable toad, the words and phrases are of an elegant without being demure, and of a wayward and capricious vein, easy and playfulless of the satire directed against Ministers were the talk and the charm every circle. The poet's popularity has now reached a point where "can make his own terms" publishers. His song-writing alone yields him £500 a year.

London publishers have now discovered that Moore's name has become a thing to conjure with. Murray offers him the editorship of a new Quarterly. The offer is declined, because the wit is at work upon an Eastern romance. The record of the negotiation for the publication of his greatest output of Moore's creative powers is worthy of record. Those who fancy the poet is never blessed with any more substantial reward of his industry and genius than the enjoyment of his own splendid visions, will be agreeably disappointed by this narrative, which we transcribe as Moore has given it. The poet, his publisher, and Mr. Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle"—who has kindly allowed, on behalf of Moore, to appear in this memoir, that I am of opinion "said Mr. Perry, 'that Mr. Moore ought to secure for his poem the largest price that has been given in our day for such a work.' " 'That was,' answered the Messrs. Longman, 'three thousand guineas.' "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry, "and no less a sum ought he to receive." It was then objected, and very reasonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never seen a single line of the poem, and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed them before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But no; the romantic view my friend Perry took of the matter was, that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I confess, not a little startled and alarmed me; but to the honor and glory of romance—as well on the publishers' as on the poet's side, this very generous view of the transaction was, without any difficulty, accepted, and the firm agreed before we were separated that I should receive three thousand guineas for my poem. The bargain thus concluded, Moore, stimulated by the confidence reposed in his powers, retires from London society to a cottage in Derbyshire, gets crammed with all kinds of Oriental learning, and within some four years from the date of his negotiation with the Longmans, Lalla Rookh is put out. The success of the work fully justified the confidence of Perry. Within a fortnight after its publication the first edition is exhausted, and before six months have passed
MEMOIR OF THOMAS MOORE.

away a sixth edition is demanded. Lalla Rookh was the marvel of old Indians. How a man, who had never trod the Orient had the audacity to reproduce “its barbaric splendours” with so much faithfulness, was an enigma that baffled solution.

What now are deemed the faults of Lalla Rookh, were, on its publication, the essentials of its success. Jeffrey hailed it as “the finest Orientalism we have had yet;” and from every possible source, tributes to the genius of the bard are poured forth. Moore’s poetical fame, had now reached its zenith; but sadly and sternly he is soon to learn the secret of yeicisitude. The death of his beloved Barbara is the first shadow that falls upon what is henceforth to be a darkly chequered domestic existence. The sharp grief which, with his daughter’s loss, placed his soul was yet unsuaged, when intelligence arrives that his deputy in Bermuda has been pensioned, and Moore is responsible for a loss of £6000. In this emergency, Rogers and Jeffrey have each £500 at his service, Lord Lansdowne will become his security. Lord John Russell offers to mortgage the life of his patriotic ancestor, and the Longmans are willing to advance any sum necessary. Moore resolves to reject the kindness of friends, and rely exclusively on his own resources. At first matters wore a rather threatening aspect; an attachment is raised against his person, and the poet is compelled to retreat to Paris. Ultimately, however, the affair was compromised, and the £500 reduced to £740. “Rivalry on the Road,” “The Musketeer,” a prose story, and “The Loves of the Angels,” were the product of his Parisian exile. “The Loves of the Angels,” in his original form, was not quite a judicious production.

Allusion has already been made to Moore’s song-writing; a more specific reference to that special department of poetic effort in which he excelled is now necessary. In the last days of his college curriculum, the poet’s attention had been attracted to Bunting’s collection of Irish Melodies. In 1807 he entered into an engagement with Mr. Power to produce a work founded on them, in which he was to adapt the airs and furnish the words, while Sir J. Stevenson was to provide the accompaniments. This work engaged him at intervals throughout more than a quarter of a century, and upon it his fame will permanently rest. In pathos, tenderness, play of wit, brilliancy of fancy, and rich adornment, the bard of Erin must ever claim a high, if not the highest, place among the song-writers and orators of his age. Probable it must, be acknowledged that there is too great uniformity in the efforts of his muse, and that, more frequently than was meet, the poet has been contented to hang the garland of his fancy over threadbare conventionalities. But to demand, as certain critics, in deprecating Moore, have demanded, from the lyrant some wondrous complex manifestation of passion, is to mistake the true functions of the song-writer. Moore is not the poet of the people in any wide sense of that word. He has not specially voiced the aspirations of the plough, the loom, or the forge. He has no song of which it can be said, as Carlyle has said of BURNS’ best known lyric, it might be sung by the throat of the whirlwind. Yet, though in some respects Moore was not in his vocation an arystocratic, it is a gross exaggeration of his acknowledged weakness to describe him as a mere carpet poet. As the critic listens to “The Last Rose of Summer,” “Rich and rare were the gems she wore,” “Go where glory waits thee,” sneers are transformed into admiration. Such soul-stirring, soul-melting effusions fully justify the boast of the bard:—

Dear harp of my country! In darkness I found thee
The cold chain of silence had hung o’er thy brow,
When proudly, my own island harp, I bound thee,
And gave all thy chords to love, freedom, and song.
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have waken’d thy fondest, thy loveliest thirst;
But, so oft thou hast wrought the deep sighs of science,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still!—

In 1823 Moore published his “Fables of the Holy Alliance.” Almost immediately after the appearance of this work, which certain timid friends feared might subject him to a government prosecution, he accompanied Lord Lansdowne on a tour through Ireland. On his return from the Green Isle, he published “Captain Rock,” a historical summary of the misgovernment of his native country, and an attack upon the Irish Church. In the October of 1825, the “Life of Sheridan,” on which he had long been occupied, appeared. This life is obviously the fruit of solid study; facts are carefully elucidated, and the compact narrative presents the reader with all the world of Moore’s cares to know of Sheridan. Where it fails, it is not from any lack of industry, but from the lack of pictorial power. Moore could do admirable justice to a given range of sentiments, but he was destitute of the capacity (so invincible in his biographer) which realizes a vivid image of character. The “Life of Lord Byron” was Moore’s next rise effort. Though not perceived containing any single passages of equal power to these which may be found in his “Sheridan,” the work exhibits a greater mastery of the craft of the biographer. Byron was followed by “The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.” Wring friends began to suspect that the guest of Belgravia was making too much an apostle to the “Cocoon of Loy.” Disappointment has somewhat soured his spirit, and though he talks nothing but the truth of his patrons when charging under supposed neglect, it is probable that, but for that imagined want of consideration, the truth would not have been so frankly told. In cherishing this pertinacious spirit, it soon became manifest that Moore was mistaken. Old friends had not forgotten him, as the following epistle from Lord John Russell, dated 7th May, 1835, will prove:—

My dear Moore,—I have been too busy, since I last saw you, to be able to write on any public concerns. Having, however, the time to spare to make an effort to consult you on your own private affairs. I am now in a better position than I formerly was for serving my friends still, there are very few opportunities of finding any situation that will suit a gentleman who does not belong to a profession. It has occurred to me that a pension for one or both of your sons
might be the source of comfort to you in days of sickness or solitude. But perhaps, on the contrary, the offer might be displeasing to you, and I do not like to speak to Melbourne about it with out consulting you first. If you approve anything else in my suggestion, which is more amenable to your wishes, pray tell me freely as an old friend, and I will answer you as a friend, and not as a minister ."

This kindly epistle was received by Moore with feelings of "surprise, joy, and thankfulness." In his reply, the poet intimates that had begun to suspect Swift was right when he said "he never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they had made the companions of their pleasures." Lord John's letter, however, had shown him his mistake. After mentioning that his History of Ireland had been a very poor job, realizing only £750, from two years and a half of employment, Moore left matters entirely in the hands of Lord John Russell. The result was, that on the 24th August it was notified in the public prints that, in consideration of eminent literary services, Thomas Moore, Esq., had received a pension of £300. This pension brought joy to the heart of Bessy, who thus writes from the cottage in Slepepton, on the news being first broken to her."

"My dearest Tom, can it really be true that you have a pension of £300 a year? Mr., two Misses, and young Longman were here to-day, and tell me that they have seen it in two newspapers. If the good news be true, I shall then indulge in butter to potatoes. Mind you do not tell this piece of glibbery to any one." Three years after this, the poet again visits Ireland. His great popularity has lost none of its freshness. When he got on board the Dublin packet, at their united request he has to kiss all the ladies on board, not excepting an elderly female, who had been left out of the calculation, and gallantly came to his call to repair the omission. When he set foot on Irish soil, he was received with the most enthusiastic welcome. His progresses through the country were everywhere ovations. He is called out at the Dublin Theatre: "Come, show your Irish face, Tom," the galleries shout in chorus.

At Bannew he is received by horsemen with banners, triumphal arches are erected in honor of the poet. The contagious enthusiasm has even penetrated the serene regions of Quakerdom. Some very beautiful ladies of the Society Friends "should like to have two lines of rhyme with thy name to them." If the breath of popular applause could confer happiness, then had Moore reached the summit of earthly felicity. The poet could not partake of all his friend's enjoyment. He is filled with tears and grief; he cannot do homage to his genius; but happiness is not in all this. He has had his reward. What he aimed to accomplish he has accomplished. But something is yet wanting. Fashionable life at length begins to pull, and the poet begins to bumble of his quiet garden and studio, where, in the midst of his own thoughts and books, he is neither offended nor envied. Alas! Tom, it is now too late. At sixty a man does not easily revolutionise his tastes or his habits. The poet has with equal truth and poetry described him in life as "like as yesterday when it is past, or a watch in the night." But brief as is man's allotted span,—even he goes home, he has often lived long enough to have outlived the equality for enjoyment. "The butterfly-wing is felt, before the summer is over, and the humming-bee droops in the heart of the roses." So was it with Moore.

We noted the first shadow that fell upon his household in the death of his beloved Barbara. Since that day, once, twice, thrice has the insatiable arrester plunged that household in gloom; and now, in 1846, we find this sad entry in his diary: "The last of our five children is gone, and we are left desolate and alone. Not a single relative have I now left in the world." The blow sent him reeling to the earth. Health was affected, spirits crushed, and mind impaired. In that last sad year of Southey's existence, we read of how the poor scholar, whose mind had become an utter blank, would still walk round his library, gazing intently on his darling books, take them down mechanically, affect to read them, and put them back again unread. The last days of Moore are in a certain sense even still more melancholy. "His memory was perpetually at fault, and nothing seemed to rest upon his mind. He made engagements to dinners and parties, but usually forgot the half of them. When he did appear, his gay flow of spirits, happy application of humorous stories, and constant and congenial ease, were all wanting. The brilliant hues of his varied conversation had faded, and the strong powers of his intellect had manifestly sunk. There was something peculiarly sad in the change. It is not unusual to observe the faculties grow weaker with age; and in the retirement of a man's own house there may be no "unpleasing melancholy" in the task of watching such a decline; but when, in the midst of the gay and convivial, the wit appeared without his gaiety, and the guest without his conviviality,—when the fine fancy appeared not so much sobered as saddened, it was a cheerless sight.

"The harp that once in Tara's halls The soul of music spoke, Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls, As if that soul was dead."

The great darkness which had settled on his spirit continued to deepen, and on the 28th February 1849 he died. The churchyard of Bromham, a village of Wiltshire is the last resting place of the bard.
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**TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, WITH NOTES.**

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PREFACES
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PUBLISHED IN 1841, 1842.

PREFACE
TO THE
FIRST VOLUME.

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

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

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

My schoolmaster, Mr. Whyte, though amusingly vain, was a good and kind-hearted man; and, as a teacher of public reading and elocution, had long enjoyed considerable reputation. Nearly thirty years before I became his pupil, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, then about eight or nine years of age, had been placed by Mrs. Sheridan under his care;* and, strange to say, was, after about a year's trial, pronounced, both by tutor and parent, to be "an incorrigible dunce." Among those who took lessons from him as private pupils were several young ladies of rank, belonging to some of those great Irish families who still continued to lend to Ireland the enlivening influence of their presence, and

* Some confused notion of this fact has led the writer of a Memoir prefixed to the "Pocket Edition" of my Poems, printed at Zwickau, to state that Brinsley Sheridan was my tutor!—"Great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan."
made their country-seats, through a great part of the year, the scenes of refined as well as hospitable festivity. The Miss Montgomerries, to whose rare beauty the pencil of Sir Joshua has given immortality, were among those whom my worthy preceptor most boasted of as pupils; and his description of them, I remember, long haunted my boyish imagination, as though they were not earthly women, but some spiritual "creatures of the element."

About thirty or forty years before the period of which I am speaking, an eager taste for private theatrical performances had sprung up among the higher ranks of society in Ireland: and at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, at Castle-town, Marley, and other great houses, private plays were got up, of which, in most instances, the superintendence was intrusted to Mr. Whyte, and in general the prologue, or the epilogue, contributed by his pen. At Marley, the seat of the Latouches, where the Masque of Comus was performed in the year 1776, while my old master supplied the prologue, no less distinguished a hand than that of our "ever-glorious Grattan,"* furnished the epilogue. This relic of his pen, too, is the more memorable, as being, I believe, the only poetical composition he was ever known to produce.

At the time when I first began to attend his school, Mr. Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils. In this line I was long his favorite show-scholar; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Borrowes's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue, A Squeeze to St. Paul's, Master Moore."

With acting, indeed, is associated the very first attempts at verse-making to which my memory enables me to plead guilty. It was at a period, I think, even earlier than the date last mentioned, that, while passing the summer holidays with a number of other young people, at one of those bathing-places, in the neighborhood of Dublin, which afford such fresh and healthful retreats to its inhabitants, it was proposed among us that we should combine together in some theatrical performance; and the Poor Soldier and a Harlequin Pantomime being the entertainments agreed upon, the parts of Patrick and the Motley hero fell to my share. I was also encouraged to write and recite an appropriate epilogue on the occasion; and the following lines, alluding to our speedy return to school, and remarkable only for their having lived so long in my memory, formed part of this juvenile effort:

Our Pantaloon, who did so aged look,
Must now resume his youth, his task, his book;
Our Harlequin, who skipp'd, laugh'd, danced
And died,
Must now stand trembling by his master's side.

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

To these different talents, such as they were, the gay and social habits prevailing in Dublin afforded frequent opportunities of display; while, at home, a most amiable father, and a mother such as in heart and head has rarely been equalled, furnished me with that purest stimulus to exertion—the desire to please those whom we, at once, most love and most respect. It was, I think, a year or two after my entrance into college, that a masque written by myself, and of which I had adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's Spirit-Song, was acted, under our own humble roof in Augier street, by my elder sister, myself, and one or two other young persons. The little drawing-room over the shop was our grand place of representation, and young — now an eminent

* Byron.
PREFACE.

Professor of music in Dublin, enacted
for us the part of orchestra at the piano-
forte.

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

While thus the turn I had so early
shown for rhyme and song was, by the
gay and sociable circle in which I lived,
called so encouragingly into play, a far
deeper feeling—and, I should hope,
power—was at the same time awakened
in me by the mighty change then work-
ing in the political aspect of Europe, and
the stirring influence it had begun to
exercise on the spirit and hopes of Ire-
land. Born of Catholic parents, I had
come into the world with the slave's
yoke around my neck; and it was all in
vain that the fond ambition of a mother
looked forward to the Bar as opening a
career that might lead her son to honor
and influence. Against the young Papist
all such avenues to distinction were
closed; and even the University, the pro-
fessed source of public education, was to
him "a fountain sealed." Can any one
now wonder that a people thus wronged
and trampled upon should have hailed
the first dazzling outbreak of the French
Revolution as a signal to the slave,
wherever suffering, that the day of his
deliverance was near at hand. I remem-
ber being taken by my father (1792) to
one of the dinners given in honor of that
great event, and sitting upon the knee of
the chairman while the following toast
was enthusiastically sent round:—"May
the breezes from France fan our Irish
Oak into verdure."

In a few months after was passed the
memorable Act of 1793, sweeping away
some of the most monstrous of the
remaining sanctions of the penal code;
and I was myself among the first of the
young Helots of the land, who hastened
to avail themselves of the new privilege
of being educated in their country's Uni-
versity,—though still excluded from all
share in those college honors and emolu-
ments by which the ambition of the
youths of the ascendant class was stimu-
lated and rewarded. As I well knew
that, next to my attaining some of these
distinctions, my showing that I deserved
to attain them would most gratify my
anxious mother, I entered as candidate
for a scholarship, and (as far as the result
of the examination went) successfully.
But, of course, the mere barren credit of
the effort was all I enjoyed for my
pains.

It was in this year, (1794), or about
the beginning of the next, that I remem-
ber having, for the first time, tried
my hand at political satire. In their
very worst times of slavery and suffering,
the happy disposition of my countrymen
had kept their cheerfulness still un-
broken and buoyant; and, at the period
of which I am speaking, the hope of a
brighter day dawning upon Ireland had
given to the society of the middle classes
in Dublin a more than usual flow of
bilarity and life. Among other gay
results of this festive spirit, a club, or
society, was instituted by some of our
most convivial citizens, one of whose ob-
jects was to burlesque, good-humoredly,
the forms and pomps of royalty. With
this view they established a sort of mock
kingdom, of which Dalkey, a small
island near Dublin, was made the seat,
and an eminent pawnbroker, named
Stephen Armitage, much renowned for
his agreeable singing, was the chosen
and popular monarch.

Before public affairs had become too
serious for such pastime, it was usual to
celebrate, yearly, at Dalkey, the day of
this sovereign's accession; and, among
the gay scenes that still live in my mem-
ory, there are few it recalls with more
freshness than the celebration, on a fine
Sunday in summer, of one of these an-
niversaries of King Stephen's coronation.
The picturesque sea-views from that spot,
the gay crowds along the shores, the in-
numerable boats, full of life, floating
about, and, above all, that true spirit
of mirth which the Irish temperament
never fails to lend to such meetings, rendered the whole a scene not easily forgotten. The state ceremonies of the day were performed, with all due gravity, within the ruins of an ancient church that stands on the island, where his mock majesty bestowed the order of knighthood upon certain favored personages, and among others, I recollect, upon Incledon, the celebrated singer, who arose from under the touch of the royal sword with the appropriate title of Sir Charles Melody. There was also selected, for the favors of the crown on that day, a lady of no ordinary poetic talent, Mrs. Battier, who had gained much fame by some spirited satires in the manner of Churchill, and whose kind encouragement of my early attempts in versification were to me a source of much pride. This lady, as was officially announced in the course of the day, had been appointed his majesty's poetess laureate, under the style and title of Henrietta, Countess of Laurel.

There could hardly have been devised an apter vehicle for lively political satire than this gay travesty of monarchical power, and its showy appurtenances, so temptingly supplied. The very day, indeed, after this commemoration, there appeared, in the Dalkey state-gazette, an amusing proclamation from the king, offering a large reward, in crowns, to the finder or finders of his majesty's crown, which, owing to his "having measured both sides of the road" in his pedestrian progress on the preceding night, had unluckily fallen from the royal brow.

It is not to be wondered at, that whatever natural turn I may have possessed for the lighter skirmishing of satire should have been called into play by so pleasant a field for its exercise as the state affairs of the Dalkey kingdom afforded; and, accordingly, my first attempt in this line was an Ode to his Majesty, King Stephen, contrasting the happy state of security in which he lived among his merry lieges, with the "metal coach," and other such precautions against mob violence, which were said to have been adopted at that time by his royal brother of England. Some portions of this juvenile squib still live in my memory; but they fall far too short of the lively demands of the subject to be worth preserving, even as juvenilia.

In college, the first circumstance that drew any attention to my rhyming powers was my giving in a theme, in English verse, at one of the quarterly examinations. As the sort of short essays required on those occasions were considered, in general, as a mere matter of form, and were written, invariably, I believe, in Latin prose, the appearance of a theme in English verse could hardly fail to attract some notice. It was, therefore, with some small anxiety that, when the moment for judging of the themes arrived, I saw the examiners of the different divisions assemble, as usual, at the bottom of the hall for that purpose. Still more trying was it when I perceived that the reverend inquisitor, in whose hands was my fate, had left the rest of the awful group, and was bending his steps towards the table where I was seated. Leaning across to me, he asked suspiciously, whether the verses which I had just given him were my own; and, on my answering in the affirmative, added these cheering words, "They do you great credit; and I shall not fail to recommend them to the notice of the Board." This result of a step, ventured upon with some little fear and scruple, was of course very gratifying to me; and the premium I received from the Board was a well-bound copy of the Travels of Anacharis, together with a certificate, stating, in not very lofty Latin, that this reward had been conferred upon me, "propter laudabiliem in versibus componendi progressum." The idea of attempting a version of some of the Songs or Odes of Anacreon had very early occurred to me; and a specimen of my first ventures in this undertaking may be found in the Dublin Magazine already referred to, where, in the number of that work for February, 1794, appeared a "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode, by T. Moore." As it may not be uninteresting to future and better translators of the poet to compare
PREFACE.

this schoolboy experiment with my later
and more labored version of the same
ode, I shall here extract the specimen
found in the Anthologia:—

"Let us, with the clustering vine,
The rose, Love's blushing flower, entwine.
Fanc'y's hand our chaplets wreathing,
Vernal sweets around us breathing,
We'll gaily drink, full goblets quaffing.
At frightened Care securely Mangling.

"Rose! then balmy scented flower,
Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power,
Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,
To gods themselves can give delight;
And Cypria's child, with roses crown'd,
Trips with each Grace the mazy round.

"Bind my brows,—I'll tune the lyre,
Love my rapturous strains shall fire,
Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,
While roses fresh my brows entwine.
Led by the wag'd train of Pleasures,
I'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures."

In pursuing further this light task, the
only object I had for some time in view
was to lay before the Board a select
number of the odes I had then trans-
lated, with a hope,—suggested by the
kind encouragement I had already re-
ceived,—that they might be considered
as deserving of some honor or reward.
Having experienced much hospitable
attention from Dr. Kearney, one of the
senior fellows,* a man of most amiable
character, as well as of refined scholar-
ship, I submitted to his perusal the man-
uscript of my translation as far as it had
then proceeded, and requested his ad-
vice respecting my intention of laying it
before the Board. On this latter point
his opinion was such as, with a little
more thought, I might have anticipated,
namely, that he did not see how the
Board of the University could lend their
sanction, by any public reward, to writ-
ings so convivial and amatory as were
almost all those of Anacreon. He very
good-naturedly, however, lauded my
translation, and advised me to complete
and publish it; adding, I well recollect,
"young people will like it." I was
also indebted to him for the use, during
my task, of Spalletti's curious publica-
tion, giving a facsimile of those pages of

* Appointed Provost of the University in the
year 1799 and made afterwards Bishop of Os-
sery.

a MS. in the Vatican Library which con-
tain the Odes, or "Symposiae," attributed
to Anacreon.† And here I shall
venture to add a few passing words on a
point which I once should have thought
a profanation to question,—the authen-
ticity of these poems. The cry raised
against their genuineness by Robertel-
lius and other enemies of Henry Stephen,
when that eminent scholar first intro-
duced them to the learned world, may
be thought to have long since entirely
subsided, leaving their claim to so an-
cient a paternity safe and unquestioned.
But I am forced, however reluctantly,
to confess that there appear to me strong
grounds for pronouncing these light and
beautiful lyrics to be merely modern fab-
rications. Some of the reasons that
incline me to adopt this unpalatable conclu-
sion are thus clearly stated by the
same able scholar, to whom I am in-
debted for the enmendations of my own
juvenile Greek ode:—"I do not see
how it is possible, if Anacreon had
written chiefly in Jambic dimeter verse,
that Horace should have wholly neg-
lected that metre. I may add that, of
those fragments of Anacreon, of whose
genuineness, from internal evidence,
there can be no doubt, almost all are
written in one or other of the lighter Ho-
ratian metres, and scarcely one in Jamb-
ic dimeter verse. This may be seen
by looking through the list in Fischcr."

The unskilful attempt at Greek verse
from my own pen, which is found pre-
fixed to the Translation, was intended
originally to illustrate a picture, repre-
senting Anacreon conversing with the

† When the monument to Provost Baldwin,
which stands in the hall of the College of Dab-
lin, arrived from Italy, there came in the same
packing case with it two copies of this work of
Spalletti, one of which was presented by Dr.
Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, as a
gift from the Pope to the Library of the Univer-
sity, and the other of which I was subsequently
favored with the use he presented, in like man-
er, to my friend, Dr. Kearney. Thus, curi-
osly enough, while Anacreon in English was
considered—and, I grant, on no unreasonable
grounds—as a work to which grave collegiate
authorities could not openly lend their sanc-
tion, Anacreon in Greek was thought no un-
fitting present to be received by a Protestant
bishop, through the medium of a Catholic arch-
bishop, from the hands of his holiness, the Pope.
God of Wisdom, from which the frontispiece to the first edition of the work was taken. Had I been brought up with a due fear of the laws of prosody before my eyes, I certainly should not have dared to submit so untutored a production to the criticism of the trained prosodians of the English schools. At the same time, I cannot help adding that, as far as music, distinct from metre, is concerned, I am much inclined to prefer the ode as originally written to its present corrected shape; and that, at all events, I entertain but very little doubt as to which of the two a composer would most willingly set to music.

For the means of collecting the materials of the notes appended to the Translation, I was chiefly indebted to the old library adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral, called from the name of the archbishop who founded it, Marsh's Library. Through my acquaintance with the deputy librarian, the Rev. Mr. Cradock, I enjoyed the privilege of constant access to this collection, even at that period of the year when it is always closed to the public. On these occasions I used to be locked in there alone; and to the many solitary hours which, both at the time I am now speaking of and subsequently, I passed in hunting through the dusty shelves of this old library, I owe much of that odd and out-of-the-way sort of reading which may be found scattered through some of my earlier writings.

Early in the year 1799, while yet in my nineteenth year, I left Ireland for the first time, and proceeded to London, with the two not very congenial objects of keeping my terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing, by subscription, my Translation of Anacreon. One of those persons to whom, through the active zeal of friends, some part of my manuscript had been submitted before it went to press, was Doctor Laurence, the able friend of Burke; and, as an instance, however slight, of that ready variety of learning—as well the lightest as the most solid—for which Laurence was so remarkable, the following extract from the letter written by him, in returning the manuscript to my friend, Dr. Hume, may not be without some interest:

"Dec. 20, 1799."

"I return you the four odes which you were so kind to communicate for my poor opinion. They are, in many parts, very elegant and poetical; and, in some passages, Mr. Moore has added a pretty turn not to be found in the original. To confess the truth, however, they are, in not a few places, rather more paraphrasical than suits my notion (perhaps an incorrect notion) of translation.

"In the fifty-third ode there is, in my judgment, a no less sound than beautiful emendation suggested—would you suppose it?—by a Dutch lawyer. Mr. M. possibly may not be aware of it. I have endeavored to express the sense of it in a couplet interlined with pencil. Will you allow me to add, that I am not certain whether the translation has not missed the meaning, too, in the former part of that passage which seems to me to intend a distinction and climax of pleasure:—'It is sweet even to prove it among the briery paths; it is sweet again, plucking, to cherish with tender hands, and carry to the fair, the flower of love.' This is nearly literal, including the conjectural correction of Mynheer Molensbach. If this be right, instead of

'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
I would propose something to this effect:

'Tis sweet the rich perfume to prove,
As by the dewy bush you rove;
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To call the timid beauty thence,
To wipe with tender hands away
The tears that on its blushes lay;
Then, to the bosom of the fair,
The flower of love in triumph bear.

"I would drop altogether the image of the stems 'drooping with gems.' I believe it is a confused and false metaphor, unless the painter should take the figure of Aurora from Mrs. Hastings.

"There is another emendation of the same critic, in the following line, which Mr. M. may seem, by accident, to have sufficiently expressed in the phrase of

'roses shed their light.'

"Query, if it ought not to be lie? The line might run,
With tender hand the tears to brush,
That give new softness to its blush (or, its flush.)"
PREFACE.

"I scribble this in very great haste, but fear that you and Mr. Moore will find me too long, minute and imper- tinent. Believe me to be, very sincerely,
"Your obedient, humble servant,
"F. Laurence."

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

The Poems suggested to me by my visit to Bermuda, in the year 1803, as well as by the tour which I made sub- sequently, through some parts of North America, have been hitherto very in- judiciously arranged;—any distinctive character they may possess having been disturbed and confused by their being mixed up not only with trifles of a much earlier date, but also with some portions of a classical story, in the form of Letters, which I had made some progress in before my departure from England. In the present edition, this awkward jumble has been remedied; and all the Poems relating to my Transatlantic voyage will be found clasped by themselves. As, in like manner, the line of route by which I proceeded through some parts of the States and the Canadas has been left littered to be seen through a few detached notes, I have thought that, to future readers of these poems, some clearer account of the course of that journey might not be unacceptable,—together with such vestiges as may still linger in my memory of events now fast fading into the background of time.

For the precise date of my departure from England, in the Phaeton frigate, I am indebted to the Naval Recollections of Captain Scott, then a midshipman of that ship. "We were soon ready," says this gentleman, "for sea, and a few days saw Mr. Merry and suite embarked on board. Mr. Moore likewise took his passage with us on his way to Bermuda. We quitted Spithead on the 25th of September, (1803,) and in a short week lay becalmed under the lofty peak of Pico.

In this situation the Phaeton is depicted in the frontispiece of Moore's Poems."

During the voyage I dined very fre- quently with the officers of the gun- room; and it was not a little gratifying to me to learn, from this gentleman's volume, that the cordial regard these social and open-hearted men inspired in me was not wholly unreturned on their part. After mentioning our arrival at Norfolk, in Virginia, Captain Scott says, "Mr. and Mrs. Merry left the Phaeton, under the usual salute, accompanied by Mr. Moore;"—then, adding some kind compliments on the score of talents, &c., he concludes with a sentence which it gave me tenfold more pleasure to read,—

"The gun-room mess witnessed the day of his departure with genuine sorrow." From Norfolk, after a stay of about ten days, under the hospitable roof of the British Consul, Colonel Hamilton, I pro- ceeded, in the Driver sloop of war, to Bermuda.

There was then on that station another youthfull sailor, who has since earned for himself a distinguished name among English writers of travels, Captain Basil Hall,—then a midshipman on board the Leander. In his Fragments of Voyages and Travels, this writer has called up some agreeable reminiscences of that period; in perusing which,—so full of life and reality are his sketches,—I found all my own naval recollections brought freshly to my mind. The very names of the different ships, then so fa- miliar to my ears,—the Leander, the Boston, the Cambrian,—transported me back to the season of youth and those Summer Isles once more.

The testimony borne by so competent a witness as Captain Hall to the truth of my sketches of the beautiful scenery of Bermuda is of far too much value to me, in my capacity of traveller, to be here omitted by me, however conscious of but ill deserving the praise he lavishes on me, as a poet. Not that I mean to pretend indifference to such kind tributes;—on the contrary, those are always the most alive to praise, who feel inwardly the least confidence in the sound- ness of their own title to it. In the pres- ent instance, however, my vanity (for so
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this uneasy feeling is always called) seeks its food in a different direction. It is not as a poet I invoke the aid of Captain Hall's opinion, but as a traveller and observer; it is not to my invention I ask him to bear testimony, but to my matter-of-fact.

"The most pleasing and most exact description which I know of Bermuda," says this gentleman, "is to be found in Moore's Odes and Epistles, a work published many years ago. The reason why his account excels in beauty as well as in precision that of other men probably is, that the scenes described lie so much beyond the scope of ordinary observation in colder climates, and the feelings which they excite in the beholder are so much higher than those produced by the scenery we have been accustomed to look at, that, unless the imagination be deeply drawn upon, and the diction sustained at a correspondent pitch, the words alone strike the ear, while the listener's fancy remains where it was. In Moore's account there is not only no exaggeration, but, on the contrary, a wonderful degree of temperance in the midst of a feast which to his rich fancy must have been peculiarly tempting. He has contrived by a magic peculiarly his own, yet without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him with a fervor which those who have never been on the spot might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet's invention."*

How truly polite it is in a poet to connect his verse with well-known and interesting localities,—to wed his song to scenes already invested with fame, and thus lend it a chance of sharing the charm which encircles them,—I have myself, in more than one instance, very agreeably experienced. Among the memorials of this description, which, as I learn with pleasure and pride, still keep me remembered in some of those beautiful regions of the West which I visited, I shall mention but one slight instance, as showing how potently the Genius of the Place may lend to song a life and imperishableness to which, in itself, it boasts no claim or pretension. The following lines in one of my Bermudian poems,

"Was there, in the shade of the Calabash Tree, With a few who could feel and remember like me, still live in memory, I am told, on those fairy shores, connecting my name with the picturesque spot they describe, and the noble old tree which I believe still adorns it.† One of the few treasures (of any kind) I can boast the possession of, is a goblet formed of one of the fruit-shells of this remarkable tree, which was brought from Bermuda, a few years since, by Mr. Dudley Costello, and which that gentleman, having had it tastefully mounted as a goblet, very kindly presented to me; the following words being part of the inscription which it bears:

"To Thomas Moore, Esq., this cup, formed of a calabash which grew on the tree that bears his name, near Walsingham, Bermuda, is inscribed by one who,"

&c. &c.

From Bermuda I proceeded in the Boston, with my friend Captain (now Admiral) J. E. Douglas, to New York, from whence, after a short stay, we sailed for Norfolk, in Virginia; and about the beginning of June, 1804, I set out from that city on a tour through part of the States. At Washington, I passed some days with the English minister, Mr. Merry; and was, by him, presented at the levee of the President, Jefferson, whom I found sitting with General Dearborn and one or two other officers, and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connenara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him—much to that formal minister's horror—when waiting upon him, in full dress, to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence was an event not to be forgotten.

† A representation of this calabash, taken from a drawing of it made on the spot, by Dr. Savage of the Royal Artillery, has been introduced in the vignette prefixed to the second volume of the edition in ten volumes.
At Philadelphia, the society I was chiefly made acquainted with, and to which (as the verses addressed to "Delaware's green banks"* sufficiently testify) I was indebted for some of my most agreeable recollections of the United States, consisted entirely of persons of the Federalist or Anti-Democratic party. Few and transient, too, as had been my opportunities, of judging for myself of the political or social state of the country, my mind was left open too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with; and, certainly, in no quarter was I so sure to find decided hostility, both to the men and the principles then dominant throughout the Union, as among officers of the British navy, and in the ranks of an angry Federalist opposition. For any bias, therefore, that, under such circumstances, my opinions and feelings may be thought to have received, full allowance, of course, is to be made in appraising the weight due to my authority on the subject. All I can answer for, is the perfect sincerity and earnestness of the actual impressions, whether true or erroneous, under which my Epistles from the United States were written; and so strong, at the time, I confess, were those impressions, that it was the only period of my past life during which I have found myself at all skeptical as to the soundness of that Liberal creed of politics, in the profession and advocacy of which I may be almost literally said to have begun life, and shall most probably end it.

Reaching, for the second time, New York, I set out from thence on the now familiar and easy enterprise of visiting the Falls of Niagara. It is but too true of all grand objects, whether in nature or art, that facility of access to them much diminishes the feeling of reverence they ought to inspire. Of this fault, however, the route to Niagara, at that period—at least the portion of it which led through the Genesee country—could not justly be accused. The latter part of the journey, which lay chiefly through yet but half-cleared wood, we were obliged to perform on foot; and a slight accident I met with, in the course of our rugged walk, laid me up for some days at Buffalo. To the rapid growth, in that wonderful region, of, at least, the materials of civilization,—however ultimately they may be turned to account,—this flourishing town, which stands on Lake Erie, bears most ample testimony. Though little better, at the time when I visited it, than a mere village, consisting chiefly of huts and wigwams, it is now, by all accounts, a populous and splendid city, with five or six churches, town-hall, theatre, and other such appurtenances of a capital.

In adverting to the comparatively rude state of Buffalo at that period, I should be ungrateful were I to omit mentioning, that, even then, on the shores of those fair lakes, the title of "Poet,"—however unworthy in that instance bestowed,—bespoke a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; and that the captain who commanded the packet in which I crossed Lake Ontario, in addition to other marks of courtesy, begged, on parting with me, to be allowed to decline payment for my passage.

When we arrived, at length, at the inn, in the neighborhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again. It was through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that, during the short interval that followed, imagination had far outrun the

*See Epistle to Mr. W. R. Spencer, p. 188 of this edition.
realities; and, vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impossible, indeed, for any thing real to come up to the vision I had, in these few seconds, formed of it; and those awful scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared.

But, in spite of the start thus got by imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene that opened upon me soon took possession of my whole mind; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakening sad as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream—for such do events so long past appear—which can in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and, however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.

Some changes, I understand, injurious to the beauty of the scene, have taken place in the shape of the Falls since the time of my visit to them; and among these is the total disappearance, by the gradual crumbling away of the rock, of the small leafy island which then stood near the edge of the Great Fall, and whose tranquillity and unapproachableness, in the midst of so much turmoil, lent it an interest which I thus tried to avail myself of, in a Song of the Spirit of that region:

There, amid the island-sedge,
Just above the cataract's edge,
Where the feet of living men
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit at close of day, &c. &c.

Another characteristic feature of the vicinity of the Falls, which, I understand, no longer exists, was the inter-

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In speaking of an excursion he had made up the river Ottawa,—"a stream," he adds, "which has a classical place in every one's imagination from Moore's Canadian Boat Song," Captain Hall proceeds as follows:—"While the poet above alluded to has retained all that is essentially characteristic and pleasing in these boat songs, and rejected all that is not so, he has contrived to borrow his inspiration from numerous surrounding circumstances, presenting nothing remarkable to the dull senses of ordinary travellers. Yet these highly poetical images, drawn in this way, as it were carelessly and from every hand, he has combined with such graphic—I had almost said geographical—truth, that the effect is, as it were, upon those who have never, with their own eyes, seen the 'Utawa's tide,' nor 'down down the Rapids,' nor heard the 'bell of St. Anne's toll its evening chime;' while the same lines give to distant regions, previously congealed in our imagination, a vividness of interest, when viewed on the spot, of which it is difficult to say how much is due to the magic of the poetry, and how much to the beauty of the real scene."***

While on the subject of the Canadian Boat Song, an anecdote connected with that once popular ballad may, for my musical readers at least, possess some interest. A few years since, while staying in Dublin, I was presented, at his own request, to a gentleman who told me that his family had in their possession a curious relic of my youthfu days,—being the first notation I had made, in pencilling, of the air and words of the Canadian Boat Song, while on my way down the St. Lawrence,—and that it was their wish I should add my signature to attest the authenticity of the autograph. I assured him with truth that I had wholly forgotten even the existence of such a memorandum; that it would be as much a curiosity to myself as it could be to any one else, and that I should feel thankful to be allowed to see it. In a day or two after my request was complied with, and the following is the history of this musical "relic."

In my passage down the St. Lawrence, I had with me two travelling companions, one of whom, named Harkness, the son of a wealthy Dublin merchant, has been some years dead. To this young friend, on parting with him at Quebec, I gave, as a keepsake, a volume I had been reading on the way,—Prestisley's Lectures on History; and it was upon a fly-leaf of this volume I found I had taken down, in pencilling, both the notes and a few of the words of the original song by which my own boat-gee had been suggested. The following is the form of my memorandum of the original air:

``It is singularly gratifying," the author adds, "to discover that, to this hour, the Canadian voyageurs never omit their offerings to the shrine of St. Anne before engaging in any enterprise; and that during its performance, they omit no opportunity of keeping up so poet-hous an interlude. The flourishing village which surrounds the church on the 'Green Isle' in question owes its existence and support entirely to these pious contributions."

Then follows, as pencilled down at the same moment, the first verse of my Canadian Boat Song, with air and words as they are at present. From all this it will be perceived, that, in my own setting of the air, I departed in almost every respect but the time from the strain our voyageurs had sung to us, leaving the music of the glee nearly as much my own as the words. Yet how strongly impressed I had become with the notion that this was the identical air sung by the boatmen,—how closely it linked itself in my imagination with the scenes and sounds amidst which it had occurred to me,—may be seen by reference to a note appended to the glee as first published, which will be found in the following pages.*

To the few desultory, and, perhaps, valueless recollections I have thus called?

*Page 190 of this edition.
up, respecting the contents of our second volume, I have only to add, that the heavy storm of censure and criticism—some of it, I fear, but too well deserved—which, both in America and in England, the publication of my "Odes and Epistles" drew down upon me, was followed by results which have far more than compensated for any pain such attacks at the time may have inflicted. In the most formidable of all my censors, at that period,—the great master of the art of criticism, in our day,—I have found ever since one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends; while the good will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven.

As some consolation to me for the onsets of criticism, I received, shortly after the appearance of my volume, a letter from Stockholm, addressed to "the author of Epistles, Odes, and other poems," and informing me that "the Princes, Nobles, and Gentlemen, who composed the General Chapter of the most Illustrious, Equestrian, Secular and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim," had elected me as a Knight of this Order. Notwithstanding the grave and official style of the letter, I regarded it, I own, at first, as a mere ponderous piece of pleasantry; and even suspected that in the name of St. "Joachim" I could detect the low and irreverent pun of St. Jokenhim.

On a little inquiry, however, I learned that there actually existed such an order of knighthood; that the title, insignia, &c., conferred by it had, in the instances of Lord Nelson, the Duke of Bouillon, and Colonel Imhoff, who were all Knights of St. Joachim, been authorized by the British court; but that since then, this sanction of the order had been withdrawn. Of course, to the reduction thus caused in the value of the honor was owing its descent in the scale of distinction to "such small deer" of Parnassus as myself. I wrote a letter, however, full of grateful acknowledgment, to Monsieur Hansson, the Vice-Chancellor of the Order, saying that I was unconscious of having enticed myself, by any public service, to a reward due only to the benefactors of mankind; and therefore begged leave most respectfully to decline it.

PREFAE TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

The three satirical Poems, with which this volume commences, were published originally without the author's name; "Corruption" and "Intolerance" in the year 1805, and "The Skeptic" in the year following. The political opinions adopted in the first of these Satires—the Poem on Corruption—were chiefly caught up, as is intimated in the original Preface, from the writings of Bolingbroke, Sir William Wyndham, and other statesmen of that factional period, when the same sort of alliance took place between Toryism and what is now called Radicalism, which is always likely to ensue on the ejection of the Tory party from power. In the somewhat rash effusion, it will be seen that neither of the two great English parties is handled with much respect; and I remember being taken to task, by one of the few of my Whig acquaintances that ever looked into the poem, for the following allusion to the silencing effects of official station on certain orators:—

As bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum, So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.

But these attempts of mine in the stately, Juvénalian style of satire, met with but little success,—never having attained, I believe, even the honors of a second edition; and I found that lighter form of weapon, to which I afterwards betook myself, not only more easy to wield, but, from its very lightness, perhaps, more sure to reach its mark.

*Bolingbrooke himself acknowledges that "both parties were become factions, in the strict sense of the word."
It would almost seem, too, as if the same unembittered spirit, the same freedom from all real malice with which, in most instances, this sort of squib warfare has been waged by me, was felt, in some degree, even by those who themselves the object of it,—so generously forgiving have I, in most instances, found them. Even the high personage against whom the earliest and perhaps most successful of my lighter missiles were launched, could refer to and quote them, as I learn from an incident mentioned in the Life of Sir Walter Scott,* with a degree of good-humor and playfulness which was creditable alike to his temper and good sense. At a memorable dinner given by the Regent to Sir Walter in the year 1815, Scott, among other stories with which his royal host was much amused, told of a sentence passed by an old friend of his, the Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield, attended by circumstances in which the cruelty of this wagish judge was even more conspicuous than his humor. "The Regent laughed heartily," says the biographer, "at this specimen of Braxfield's brutal humor; and, 'I' faith, Walter,' said he, 'this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast?—

'The table spread with tea and toast, 
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.'"

In reference to this, and other less exalted instances, of the good-humored spirit in which my "innocent sales" have in general been taken, I shall venture to cite here a few flattering sentences which, coming as they did from a political adversary and a stranger, touched me far more by their generosity than even by their praise. In speaking of the pension which had just then been conferred upon me, and expressing, in warm terms, his approval of the grant, the editor of a leading Tory journal† thus liberally expresses himself:—"We know that some will blame us for our prejudice—if it be prejudice, in favor of Mr. Moore; but we cannot help it. As be tells us himself,

'Wit a diamond brings
That cuts its bright way through'†

* The Standard, August 24, 1835.

** We do not believe that any one was ever hurt by libels so witty as those of Mr. Moore:—great privilege of wit, which renders it impossible even for those whose enemies wits are, to hate them!"

To return to the period of the Regency:—In the numerous attacks from the government press, which my occasional volleys of small shot against the Court used to draw down upon me, it was constantly alleged, as an aggravation of my misdeeds, that I had been indebted to the Royal personage thus assailed by me for many kind and substantial services. Luckily, the list of the benefits showered upon me from that high quarter may be dispatched in a few sentences. At the request of the Earl of Moira, one of my earliest and best friends, his Royal Highness graciously permitted me to dedicate to him my Translation of the Odes of Anacreon. I was twice, I think, admitted to the honor of dining at Carlton House; and when the Prince, on his being made Regent in 1811, gave his memorable fête, I was one of the crowd—about 1500, I believe, in number—who enjoyed the privilege of being his guests on the occasion.

There occur some allusions, indeed, in the Twopenny Post-Bag, to the absurd taste displayed in the ornaments of the Royal supper-table at that fête; and this violation—for such, to a certain extent, I allow it to have been—of the reverence due to the rights of the Hospitable Jove,§ which, whether administered by prince or peasant, ought to be sacred from such exposure, I am by no means disposed to defend. But, whatever may be thought of the taste or prudence of some of these satires, there exist:

"The same fausticole and girandoles—
The same gold assas, pretty sons, 
That, in this rich and classic dome, 
Appear so perfectly at home;
The same bright river, 'mong the dishes, 
But not—ah! not the same dear fishes. 
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones— 
So, steal of silver and of gold ones, 
(It being rather hard to raise 
Fish of that species now-a-days) 
Some sprats have been, by V.—rm—h's wish, 
Promoted into silver fish, 
And gudgeons (so V.—ns—tt—t told 
The Reg—t) are as good as gold." 

Twopenny Post-Bag, p. 137.

§ "Ante fores stabat Jovis Hospitis ara." 
Ovid.
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ists no longer, I apprehend, much difference of opinion respecting the character of the Royal personage against whom they were aimed. Already, indeed, has the stern verdict which the voice of History cannot but pronounce upon him, been in some degree anticipated, in a sketch of the domestic events of his reign, supposed to have proceeded from the pen of one who was himself an actor in some of its most painful scenes, and who, from his professional position, commanded a near insight into the character of that exalted individual, both as husband and father. To the same high authority I must refer for an account of the mysterious "Book," to which allusion is more than once made in the following pages.

One of the earliest and most successful of the numerous trifles I wrote at that period, was the Parody on the Regent's celebrated Letter, announcing to the world that he "had no predilections," &c. This very opportune squib was, at first, circulated privately; my friend, Mr. Perry, having for some time hesitated to publish it. He got some copies of it, however, printed off for me, which I sent round to several members of the Whig party; and, having to meet a number of them at dinner immediately after, found it no easy matter to keep my countenance while they were discussing among them the merits of the Parody. One of the party, I recollect, having quoted to me the following description of the state of both King and Regent, at that moment,—

"A strait waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me,

A more limited monarchy could not well be,"

* Edinburgh Review. No. CXXXV. George the Fourth and Queen Caroline.—"When the Prince entered upon public life he was found to have exhausted the resources of a career of pleasure, to have gained followers without making friends; to have acquired much envy and some admiration among the unthinking multitude of polished society; but not to command in any quarter either respect or esteem. * * The portrait which we have painted of him is undoubtedly one of the darkest shade and most repulsive form.

† There is no doubt whatever that the Book written by Mr. Pereval, and privately printed at his house, under Lord Eidon's superintendence and his own, was prepared in concert with the King, and was intended to sound the alarm against Carlton House and the Whigs.—Ed. Reclio, 64.

grew rather provoked with me for not enjoying the fun of the parody as much as himself.

While thus the excitement of party feeling lent to the political trifles contained in this volume a relish and pungency not their own, an effect has been attributed to two squibs, wholly unconnected with politics—the Letters from the Dowager Countess of Cork, and from Messrs. Lackington & Co.—of which I had myself not the slightest notion till I found it thus alluded to in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott. In speaking of the causes which were supposed to have contributed to the comparative failure of the poem of "Rokeby," the biographer says, "It is fair to add, that, among the London circles, at least, some sarcastic slings, in Mr. Moore's Twopenny Post-Bag, must have had an unfavorable influence on this occasion." 8

Among the translations that have appeared on the Continent, of the greater

† Twopenny Post-Bag, pp. 153, 155. I avail myself of the mention here of this latter squib, to recant a correction which I too hastily made in the two following lines of it:—

"And, though statesmen may glory in being unbought,

In an author, we think, sir, that's rather a fault!"

Forgetting that Pope's ear was satisfied with the sort of rhyme here used, I foolishly altered (and spoiled) the whole couplet to get rid of it.

8 "See, for instance," says Mr. Lockhart, "The Epistle of Lady Cork; or that of Messers. Lackington, book-sellers, to one of their dandy authors.—"

"Should you feel any touch of poetical glow,

We've a scheme to suggest:—Mr. So—t, you must know,

(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the Row.)"

Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,

Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;

And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)

Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.

Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can bent him)

To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to meet him;

Who, by means of quick proofs—no revisions—

long coaches—

May do a few villas, before So—t approaches.

Indeed, if our Pegasuses be not curst shabby,

He'll reach, without foundering, at least Wo—

burn Abbey." — Paternoster Row.
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part of my poetical works, there has been no attempt, as far as I can learn, to give a version of any of my satirical writings,—with the single exception of a squib contained in this volume, entitled "Little Man and Little Soul," of which there is a translation into German verse, by the late distinguished oriental scholar, Professor Von Bohlen. Though unskilled, myself, in German, I can yet perceive—sufficiently to marvel at—it, the dexterity and ease with which the Old Ballad metre of the original is adopted and managed in the translation. As this trifle may be considered curious, not only in itself, but still more as connected with so learned a name, I shall here present it to my readers, premising that the same eminent Professor has left a version also of one of my very early facetiae, "The Rabbinical Origin of Woman."

"THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN."

(Translated by Professor von Bohlen)

Es war ein kleiner Mann
Und der hab'n einen kleinen Geist
Und er sprach: kleiner Geist, mein stirn wir zu, zu, zu,
Ob uns möglich wohl wird so ein kleiner Redelein
Das wir halten, kleiner ich und kleiner du, du, du,
Das wir halten, kleiner ich und kleiner du,
Und der kleine Geist, der brace
An der Loche nun und sprach:
Ich behaupt, kleiner Mann, du bist keek, keek, keek,
Nimm nicht übel meine Zweifel,
Aber sage mir, zum Teufel,
Hat die kleine kleine red' einen zweck, zweck, zweck,
Hat die kleine kleine red' einen zweck!
Der kleine Mann darauf
Ball de Backen mächtig auf,
Und er sprach: kleiner Geist sey gesehent, seheut, sehent:
kleiner leh und kleiner du
Sind berufen ja dann
Zu verdammern und bekehren alle Laut', Laut', Laut',
Zu verdammern und bekehren alle Laut',
Un sie fügen beide an
Der kleine Geist und kleine Mann,
Pankten ab ihre Rede so klein, klein, klein;
Und die ganze Welt für wahr
Mein, das aufgeblas'n Paar
Muss ein winziges Pfäßelein nur seyn, seyn, seyn,
Muss ein winziges Pfäßelein, nur seyn.

* Alluding to a speech delivered in the year 1813 by the Right Hon. Charles Abercromby (then Speaker) against Mr. Grattan's motion for a Committee on the claims of the Catholics.

I Author of "The Ancient Indian."

Having thus brought together, as well from the records of others, as from my own recollection, whatever incidental lights could be thrown from those sources, on some of the satirical effusions contained in these pages, I shall now reserve all such reminiscences and notices as relate to the Irish Melodies for our next volume.

It is right my readers should here be apprized, that the plan of classing my poetical works according to the order of their first publication is pursued no further than the Second Volume of this Collection; and that, therefore, the arrangement of the contents of the succeeding Volumes, though not, in a general way, departing much from this rule, is not to be depended upon as observing it.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH VOLUME.

The recollections connected, in my mind, with that early period of my life, when I first thought of interpreting in verse the touching language of my country's music, tempt me again to advert to those long-past days; and even at the risk of being thought to indulge overmuch in what Colley Cibber calls "the great pleasure of writing about one's self all day," to notice briefly some of those impressions and influences under which the attempt to adapt words to our ancient Melodies was for some time meditated by me, and, at last, undertaken.

There can be no doubt that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilized life; and seldom anywhere but in the huts of the proscribed race could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, among whom for a long period our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the
precious tradition; and a great music-meeting held at Belfast in the year 1792, at which the two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music, to preserve to their country the only grace or ornament left to her, out of the wreck of all her liberties and hopes. Thus what the fierce legislature of the Pale had endeavored vainly through so many centuries to effect,—the utter extinction of Ireland's Minstrelsy,—the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished; and, for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume; and the national spirit and hope then wakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but insure a most cordial reception for such a work;— flattering it was to the fond dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilization.

It was in the year 1797 that, through the medium of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardor then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies;—a mine, from the working of which my humble labors as a poet have since then derived their sole lustre and value.

About the same period I formed an acquaintance, which soon grew into intimacy, with young Robert Emmet. He was my senior, I think, by one class, in the University; for when, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the Debating Society—a sort of nursery to the authorized Historical Society—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners.

Of the political tone of this minor school of oratory, which was held weekly at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion,—one of which I recollect was, "Whether an Aristocracy or a Democracy is most favorable to the advancement of science and literature?" while another, bearing even more pointedly on the relative position of the government and the people, at this crisis, was thus significantly propounded:—

"Whether a soldier was bound, on all occasions, to obey the orders of his commanding officer?" On the former of these questions, the effect of Emmet's eloquence upon his young auditors was, I recollect, most striking. The prohibition against touching upon modern politics, which it was subsequently found necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet, who took, of course, ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of science and the arts, proceeded, lastly, to the grand and perilous example, then passing before all eyes, the young Republic of France. Referring to the circumstance told of Cesar, that, in swimming across the Rubicon, he contrived to carry with him his Commentaries and his sword, the young orator said:—"Thus France wades through a sea of storm and blood; but while, in one hand, she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the glories of science and literature unsullied by the ensanguined tide through which she struggles." In another of his remarkable speeches, I remember his saying, "When a people, advancing rapidly in knowledge and power, perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people?"

In a few months after both Emmet and myself were admitted members of the greater and recognised institution, called the Historical Society; and even here the political feeling so rife abroad contrived
to mix up its restless spirit with all our debates and proceedings; notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities, as well as of a strong party within the Society itself, devoted adherents to the policy of the government, and taking invariably part with the Procost and Fellows in all their restrictive and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished and eloquent of these supporters of power were a young man named Sargent, of whose fate in after-days I know nothing, and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be throughout life, much respected for his private worth and learning.

Of the popular side, in the Society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to us a rule of more advanced objects of debate all questions verging towards the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland, and the prospects then opening upon her, within the scope of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful, in this respect, were Emmet's speeches, and so little were even the most eloquent of the adverse party able to cope with his powers, that it was at length thought advisable, by the higher authorities, to send away, with a message of advanced standing, as well as belonging to a former race of renowned speakers, in that Society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavor to obviate the mischievous impression they were thought to produce. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers it is not necessary here to record; but the object of his mission among us was in some respect gained; as it was in replying to a long oration of his, one night, that Emmet, much to the mortification of us who glowered in him as our leader, became suddenly embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and, to use the parliamentary phrase, broke down. Whether from a momentary confusion in the thread of his argument, or possibly from diffidence in encountering an adversary so much his senior,—for Emmet was as modest as he was high-minded and brave,—he began, in the full career of his eloquence, to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort of two to recover himself, sat down.

It fell to my own lot to be engaged, about the same time, in a brisk struggle with the dominant party in the Society, in consequence of a burlesque poem which I gave in as candidate for the Literary Medal, entitled "An Ode upon Nothing, with Notes, by Trismegistus Rustifius, D.D.," &c. &c. For this squib against the great Dons of learning, the medal was voted to me by a triumphant majority. But a motion was made in the following week to rescind this vote; and a fierce contest between the two parties ensued, which I at last put an end to by voluntarily withdrawing my composition from the Society's Book.

I have already adverted to the period when Mr. Bunting's valuable volume first became known to me. There elapsed no very long time before I was myself the happy proprietor of a copy of the work; and, though never regularly instructed in music, could play over the airs with tolerable facility on the piano-forte. Robert Emmet used sometimes to sit by me, when I was thus engaged; and I remember one day his starting up as from a reverie, when I had just finished that spirited tune called the Red Fox, and exclaiming, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching through that air!

How little did I then think that in one of the most touching of the sweet airs I used to play to him, his own dying words would find an interpreter so worthy of their sad but proud feeling; or that another of those mournful strains would long be associated, in the hearts of his countrymen, with the memory of her who shared with Ireland his last blessing and prayer.

Though fully alive, of course, to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapting words to any of the airs; and it was, I am ashamed to say, in dull and turgid prose, that I made my first appearance in print as a champion
of the popular cause. Towards the latter end of the year 1797, the celebrated newspaper called "The Press" was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis then fast approaching. This memorable journal, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent;--the bold letters written by Emmet, (the elder,) under the signature of "Montanus," being the only compositions I can now call to mind as entitled to praise for their literary merit. It required, however, but a small sprinkling of talent to make bold writing, at that time, palatable; and, from the experience of my own home, I can answer for the avidity with which every line of this daring journal was devoured. It used to come out, I think, twice a week, and, on the evening of publication, I always read it aloud to our small circle after supper.

It may easily be conceived that, what with my ardor for the national cause, and a growing consciousness of some little turn for authorship, I was naturally eager to become a contributor to those patriotic and popular columns. But the constant anxiety about me which I knew my own family felt,—a feeling far more wakeful than even their zeal in the public cause,—withheld me from hazarding any step that might cause them alarm. I had ventured, indeed, one evening, to pop privately into the letter-box of The Press, a short Fragment in imitation of Ossian. But this, though inserted, passed off quietly; and nobody was, in any sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I was soon tempted, however, to try a more daring flight. Without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, I addressed a long Letter, in prose, to the * * * * * of * * * *, in which a profusion of bad flowers of rhetoric was enwreathed plentifully with that weed which Shakspere calls "the cockle of rebellion," and, in the same manner as before, committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected my prose would be honored with insertion, when, lo, on the next evening of publication, when, seated as usual in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my select auditory, there was my own Letter starting me full in the face, being honored with so conspicuous a place as to be one of the first articles my audience would expect to hear. Assuming an outward appearance of ease, while every nerve within me was trembling, I contrived to accomplish the reading of the Letter without raising in either of my auditors a suspicion that it was my own. I enjoyed the pleasure, too, of hearing it a good deal praised by them; and might have been tempted by this welcome tribute to acknowledge myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of the article were considered by both to "very bold." * * * I was not destined, however, to remain long undetected. On the following day, Edward Hudson,—the only one, as I have said, intrusted with my secret, called to pay us a morning visit, and had not been long in the room, conversing with my mother, when, looking significantly at me, he said, "Well, you saw —" Here he stopped; but the mother's eye had followed his, with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. "That Letter was yours, then?" she asked of me eagerly; and, without hesitation, of course, I acknowledged the fact; when in the most earnest manner she entreated of me never again to have any connection with that paper; and, as every wish of hers was to me law, I

* So thought also higher authorities; for among the extracts from The Press brought forward by the Secret Committee of the House of Commons, to show how formidable had been the designs of the United Irishmen, there are two or three paragraphs cited from this undoubted Letter.

1 Of the depth and extent to which Hudson had involved himself in the conspiracy, none of our family had harbored the least suspicion till, on the seizure of the thirteen Leinster delegates, at Oliver Bond's, in the month of March, 1798, we found, to our astonishment and sorrow, that he was one of the number. To those unread in the painful history of this period, it is right to mention that almost all the leaders of the United Irish conspiracy were Protestant. Among those companions of my own alluded to in these pages, I scarcely remember a single Catholic.
readily pledged the solemn promise she required.

Though well aware how easily a sneer may be raised at the simple details of this domestic scene, I have yet ventured to put it on record, as affording an instance of the gentle and womanly watchfulness,—the Providence, as it may be called, of the little world of home,—by which, although placed almost in the very current of so headlong a movement, and living familiarly with some of the most daring of those who propelled it, I yet was guarded from any participation in their secret oaths, counsels, or plans, and thus escaped all share in that wild struggle to which so many far better men than myself fell victims.

In the mean while, this great conspiracy was hastening on, with fearful precipitancy, to its outbreak; and vague and shapeless as are now known to have been the views, even of those who were engaged practically in the plot, it is not any wonder that to the young and uninitiated like myself it should have opened prospects partaking far more of the wild dreams of poesy than of the plain and honest prose of real life. But a crisis was then fast approaching, when such self-delusions could no longer be indulged; and when the mystery which had hitherto hung over the plans of the conspirators was to be rent asunder by the stern hand of power.

Of the horrors that fore-ran and followed the frightful explosion of the year 1798, I have neither inclination nor, luckily, occasion to speak. But among those introductory scenes, which had somewhat prepared the public mind for such a catastrophe, there was one, of a painful description, which, as having been myself an actor in it, I may be allowed briefly to notice.

It was not many weeks, I think, before this crisis, that, owing to information gained by the college authorities of the rapid spread, among the students, not only of the principles but the organization of the Irish Union,* a solemn Visitation was held by Lord Clare, the vice-chancellor of the University, with the view of inquiring into the extent of this branch of the plot, and dealing summarily with those engaged in it.

Imperious and harsh as then seemed the policy of thus setting up a sort of inquisitorial tribunal, armed with the power of examining witnesses on oath, and in a place devoted to the instruction of youth, I cannot but confess that the facts which came out in the course of the evidence went far towards justifying even this arbitrary proceeding; and to the many who, like myself, were acquainted only with the general views of the Union leaders, without even knowing, except from conjecture, who those leaders were, or what their plans or objects, it was most startling to hear the disclosures which every succeeding witness brought forth. There were a few,—and among that number poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two * * * * * s,† whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that, day after day, followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the unlawful proceedings inquired into by this tribunal.

But there was one young friend of mine, * * * * * * * whose appearance among the suspected and examined as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. He and Emmet had long been intimate and attached friends;—their congenial fondness for mathematical studies having been, I think, a far more binding sympathy between them than any arising out of their political opinions. From his being called up, however, on this day, when, as it appeared afterwards, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there could be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet,

* In the Report from the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Lords, this extension of the plot to the College is noticed as "a desperate project of the same faction to corrupt the youth of the country by introducing their organized system of treason into the University."

† One of these brothers has long been a general in the French army; having taken a part in all those great enterprises of Napoleon which have now become matter of history. Should these pages meet the eye of General * * * * * * * they will call to his mind the days we passed together in Normandy, a few summers since;—more especially our excursion to Bayeux, when, as we talked on the way of old college times and friends, all the eventful and stormy scenes he had passed through seemed quite forgotten.
the college authorities must have pos-

sessed some information which led them
to suspect him of being an accomplice in
the conspiracy. In the course of his
examination, some questions were put
to him which he refused to answer,—
most probably from their tendency to
involve or incriminate others; and he was
accordingly dismissed, with the melan-
choly certainty that his future prospects
in life were blasted; it being already
known that the punishment for such con-
tumacy was not merely expulsion from
the University, but also exclusion
from all the learned professions.

The proceedings, indeed, of this
whole day had been such as to send me
to my home in the evening with no very
agreeable feelings or prospects. I had
heard evidence given affecting even the
lives of some of those friends whom I
had long regarded with admiration as
well as affection; and what was still
worse than even their danger,—a danger
ennobled, I thought, by the cause in
which they suffered,—was the shameful
spectacle exhibited by those who had
appeared in evidence against them. Of
these witnesses, the greater number had
been themselves involved in the plot,
and now came forward either as volun-
tary informers, or else were driven by
the fear of the consequences of refusal
to secure their own safety at the ex-
 pense of companions and friends.

I well remember the gloom, so un-
usual, that hung over our family circle
on that evening, as, talking together of
the events of the day, we discussed the
likelihood of my being among those
who would be called up for examination
on the morrow. The deliberate conclu-
sion to which my dear honest advisers
came, was that, overwhelming as the
consequences were to all their plans and
hopes for me, yet, to the questions
leading to crinmate others, which had
been put to almost all examined on that
day, and which poor * * * * alone
had refused to answer, I must, in the
same manner, and at all risks, return a
similar refusal. I am not quite certain
whether I received any intimation, on
the following morning, that I was to be
one of those examined in the course of
the day; but I rather think some such
notice had been conveyed to me,—and,
at last, my awful turn came, and I
stood in presence of the formidable
tribunal. There sat, with severe look,
the vice-chancellor, and, by his side, the
venerable Doctor Duigenan,—memora-
bale for his eternal pamphlets against
the Catholics.

The oath was proffered to me. "I
have an objection, my Lord," said I,
"to taking this oath." "What is your
objection?" he asked sternly. "I have
no fears, my Lord, that any thing I
might say would incriminate myself; but
it might tend to involve others, and I
deprize the character of the person who
could be led, under such circum-
stances, to inform against his associ-
ates." This was aimed at some of the
revelations of the preceding day; and,
as I learned afterwards, was so under-
stood. "How old are you, Sir?" he
then asked. "Between seventeen and
eighteen, my Lord." He then turned to
his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged
a few words with him, in an under tone
of voice. "We cannot," he resumed,
again addressing me, "suffer any one
to remain in our University who refuses
to take this oath." "I shall, then, my
Lord," I replied, "take the oath,—still
reserving to myself the power of refus-
ing to answer any such questions as I
have just described." "We do not sit
here to argue with you, Sir," he rejoined
sharply; upon which I took the oath, and
seated myself in the witnesses' chair.

The following are the questions and
answers that then ensued. After ad-
verting to the proved existence of United
Irish Societies, in the University, he
asked, "Have you ever belonged to any
of these societies?" "No, my Lord." "Have you ever known of any of the
proceedings that took place in them?"
"No, my Lord." "Did you ever hear
of a proposal at any of their meetings,
for the purchase of arms and ammuni-
tion?" "Never, my Lord." "Did you
ever hear of a proposition made, in one
of these societies, with respect to the ex-
pediency of assassination?" "Oh no,
my Lord." He then turned again to
Duigenan, and, after a few words with
him, said to me:—"When such are the
answers you are able to give," pray what
* There had been two questions put to all
those examined on the first day.—"Were you
was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?" "I have already told your Lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural."*

I was now dismissed without any further questioning; and, however trying had been this short operation, was amply repaid for it by the kind zeal with which my young friends and companions flocked to congratulate me;—not so much, I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal by the court, as on the manner in which I had acquitted myself. Of my reception, on returning home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description;—it was all that such a home alone could furnish.

I have continued thus down to the very verge of the warning outbreak of 1798, the slight sketch of my early days which I ventured to commence in the First Volume of this Collection; nor could I have furnished the Irish Melodies with any more pregnant illustration, as it was in those times, and among the events then stirring, that the ever asked to join any of these societies?"— and "By whom were you asked?"—which I should have refused to answer, and must, of course, have abided the consequences.

For the correctness of the above report of this short examination, I can pretty confidently answer. It may amuse, therefore, my readers,—as showing the manner in which biographers make it most of small facts,—to see an extract or two from another account of this affair, published not many years since, by an old and zealous friend of our family. After stating with tolerable correctness one or two of my answers, the writer thus proceeds:—"Upon this, Lord Clare repeated the question, and young Moore made such an appeal as caused his lordship to relax, austere and rigid as he was. The words I cannot exactly remember; the substance was as follows:—that he entered college to receive the education of a scholar and a gentleman; that he knew not how to compromise these characters by informing against his college companions; that his own sentiments in this respect society had been ill construed, when the worst that could be said of them was, if the truth had been spoken, that they were patriotic . . . . that he was aware of the high-minded nobleman he had the honor of appealing to, and if his lordship could for a moment condescend to step from his high station, and place himself in his situation, then say how he would act under such circumstances, it would be his guidance."—Herbert's *Irish Varieties*. London, 1836.

feeling which afterwards found a voice in my country's music, was born and nurtured.

I shall now string together such detached notices and memoranda respecting this work, as I think may be likely to interest my readers.

Of the few songs written with a concealed political feeling,—such as "When he who adores thee," and one or two more,—the most successful, in its day, was "When first I met thee warm and young," which alluded, in its hidden sense, to the Prince Regent's desertion of his political friends. It was little less, I own, than profanation to disturb the sentiment of so beautiful an air by any connection with such a subject. The great success of this song, soon after I wrote it, among a large party staying at Chatsworth, is thus alluded to in one of Lord Byron's letters to me:

"I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth and all there full of 'entusymy's' . . . . and, in particular, that 'When first I met thee' has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog * * * wanted you to omit part of it."

It has been sometimes supposed that "Oh, breathe not his name," was meant to allude to Lord Edward Fitzgerald: but this is a mistake; the song having been suggested by the well known passage in Robert Emmet's dying speech, "Let no man write my epitaph . . . . let my tomb remain uninscription, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory."

The feeble attempt to commemorate the glory of our great Duke—"When History's Muse," &c.—is in so far remarkable, that it made up amply for its want of poetical spirit, by an outpouring, rarely granted to bards in these days, of the spirit of prophecy. It was in the year 1815 that the following lines first made their appearance:—

And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,

The grandest, the purest, even thou hast yet known;

Though proud was thy task, other nations un

Far provider to heal the deep wounds of thy

own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose seat thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first crawled thy fame, &c.

About fourteen years after these lines were written, the Duke of Wellington recommended to the throne the great measure of Catholic Emancipation.

The fancy of the "Origin of the Irish Harp," was (as I have elsewhere acknowledged*) suggested by a drawing made under peculiarly painful circumstances, by the friend so often mentioned in this sketch, Edward Hudson.

In connection with another of these matchless airs,—one that defies all poetry to do it justice,—I find the following singular and touching statement in an article of the Quarterly Review. Speaking of a young and promising poetess, Lucretia Davidson, who died very early from nervous excitement, the Reviewer says, "She was particularly sensitive to music. There was one song (it was Moore's Farewell to his Harp) to which she took a special fancy. She wished to hear it only at twilight,—thus (with that same perilous love of excitement which made her place the Æolian harp in the window when she was composing) seeking to increase the effect which the song produced upon a nervous system, already diseasedly susceptible; for it is said that, whenever she heard this song, she became cold, pale, and almost fainting; yet it was her favorite of all songs, and gave occasion to those verses addressed in her fifteenth year to her sister."

With the Melody entitled "Love, Valor, and Wit," an incident is connected, which awakened feelings in me of proud, but sad pleasure—as showing that my songs had reached the hearts of some of the descendants of those great Irish families, who found themselves forced, in the dark days of persecution, to seek in other lands a refuge from the shame and ruin of their own;—those, whose story I have thus associated with one of their country's most characteristic airs:—

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers reign,
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain.

From a foreign lady, of this ancient extraction,—whose names, could I venture to mention them, would lend to the incident an additional Irish charm,—I received, about two years since, through the hands of a gentleman to whom it had been intrusted, a large portfolio, adorned inside with a beautiful drawing, representing Love, Wit, and Valor, as described in the song. In the border that surrounds the drawing are introduced the favorite emblems of Erin, the harp, the shamrock, the mitred head of St. Patrick, together with scrolls containing each, inscribed in letters of gold, the name of some favorite melody of the fair artist.

This present was accompanied by the following letter from the lady herself; and her Irish race, I fear, is but too discernible in the generous indiscretion with which, in this instance, she allows praise so much to outstrip desert:

"Le 25 Août, 1836.

"Monsieur,

"Si les poètes n'étoient en quelque sorte une propriété intellectuelle dont chacun prend sa part à raison de la puisseance qu'ils exercent, je ne saurais en vérité commenter pour justifier mon courage! car il en faillit beaucoup pour avoir osé consacrer mon pauvre talent d'amateur à vos délicieuses poésies, et plus encore pour en renvoyer le plâtre reflet à son véritable auteur.

"J'espère toutefois que ma sympathie pour l'Irlande vous fera juger ma foible production avec cette heureuse partialité qui impose silence à la critique: car, si je n'appartiens pas à l'Ile Verte par naissance, ni mes relations, je puis dire que je m'y intéresse avec un cœur l'Iral-
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Of the translations that have appeared of the Melodies in different languages, I shall here mention such as have come to my knowledge.


Italian.—G. Flechia, Torino, 1836.—Adele Custi, Milano, 1836.


Russian.—Several detached Melodies, by the popular Russian poet Kozlof.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

In spite of the satirist's assertion that

"next to singing, the most foolish thing

Is gravely to harangue on what we sing,"—

I shall yet venture to prefix to this Volume a few introductory pages, not relating so much to the Songs which it contains, as to my own thoughts and recollections respecting song-writing in general.

The close alliance known to have existed between poetry and music, during the infancy of both these arts, has sometimes led to the conclusion that they are essentially kindred to each other, and that the true poet ought to be, if not practically, at least in taste and ear, a musician. That was the case in the early times of ancient Greece, and that her poets then not only set their own verses to music, but sung them at public festivals, there is every reason, from all we know on the subject, to believe. A similar union between the two arts attended the dawn of modern literature in the twelfth century, and was, in a certain degree, continued down as far as the time of Petrarch, when, as it appears from his own memorandums, that poet used to sing his verses, in composing them; and when it was the custom with all writers of sonnets and canzoni to prefix to their poems a sort of key-note, by which the intonation of reciting or chanting them was to be regulated.

As the practice of uniting in one individual,—whether Bard, Scald, or Troubadour,—the character and functions both of musician and poet, is known to have been invariably the mark of a rude state of society, so the gradual separation of these two callings, in accordance with that great principle of Political Economy, the division of labor, has been found an equally sure index of improving civilization. So far, in England, indeed, has this partition of workmanship been carried, that, with the signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found, I believe, among all the eminent poets of England, a single musician. It is but fair, at the same time, to acknowledge, that out of the works of these very poets might be produced a select number of songs, surpassing, in fancy, grace and tenderness, all the following is a specimen of these memorandums, as given by Foscolo:—"I must make these two verses over again, singing them, and I must transpose them—3 o'clock, A. M., 19th October." Frequently to sonnets of that time such notices as the following were prefixed:—"Intonation per Fratrem"—"Scripsit dedit bonum."
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that the language, perhaps, of any other country could furnish.

We witness, in our times,—as far as
the knowledge or practice of music is concerned,—a similar divorce between
the two arts; and my friend and neigh-
bor, Mr. Bowles, is the only distinc-
tioned poet of our day whom I can
call to mind as being also a musician. *
Not to dwell further, however, on living
writers, the strong feeling, even to tears,
with which I have seen Byron listen to
some favorite melody, has been else-
where described by me; and the musical
taste of Sir Walter Scott I ought to be
the last person to call in question, after
the very cordial tribute he has left on
record to my own untutored minstrelsy.†
But I must say, that, pleased as my il-
lustrious friend appeared really to be,
when I first sung for him at Abbotsford,
it was not till an evening or two after,
at his own hospitable supper-table, that
I saw him in his true sphere of musical
enjoyment. No sooner had the quaish
taken its round, after our repast, than
his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon,
with the general acclamation of the whole
table, for the song of "Hey tuttie tat-
tie," and gave it out to us with all the
true national relish. But it was during
the chorus that Scott's delight at this
festival scene chiefly showed itself. At
the end of every verse, the whole com-
pany rose from their seats, and stood
round the table with arms crossed, so
as to grasp the hand of the neighbor on
each side. Thus interlinked, we con-
tinued to keep measure to the strain, by
moving our arms up and down, all chau-
ting forth vociferously, "Hey tuttie tattie,
Hey tuttie tattie." Sir Walter's
enjoyment of this old Jacobite chorus,—
a little increased, doubtless, by seeing
how I entered into the spirit of it,—
gave to the whole scene, I confess, a
zest and charm in my eyes such as the

* The late Rev. William Crowe, author of
the noble poem of "Lewslen Hill," was likewise
a musician, and has left a Treatise on English
versification, to which his knowledge of the
sister art lends a peculiar interest.

So little does even the origin of the word
"lyric," as applied to poetry, seem to be
present to the minds of some writers, that
the poet. Young, has left us an Essay on Lyric
Poetry, in which there is not a single allusion
to Music, from beginning to end.

† Life of Lockhart, vol. v. p. 128.

finest musical performance could not
have bestowed on it.

Having been thus led to allude to this
visit, I am tempted to mention a few
other circumstances connected with it.
From Abbotsford I proceeded to Edin-
burgh, whither Sir Walter, in a few
days after, followed; and during my
short stay in that city an incident oc-
curred which, though already mentioned
by Scott, in his Diary,† and owing its
chief interest to the connection of his
name with it, ought not to be omitted
among these memoranda. As I had ex-
pressed a desire to visit the Edinburgh
theatre, which opened but the evening
before my departure, it was proposed to
Sir Walter and myself, by our friend
Jeffrey, that we should dine with him at
an early hour for that purpose, and both
were good-natured enough to accom-
pany me to the theatre. Having found,
in a volume§ sent to me by some anony-
mous correspondent, a more circum-
stantial account of the scene of that
evening than Sir Walter has given in his
Diary, I shall here avail myself of
its graphic and (with one exception) ac-
curate details. After advertiting to
the sensation produced by the appearance
of the late Duchess of St. Alban's in one
of the boxes, the writer thus proceeds:

"There was a general buzz and stare,
for a few seconds; the audience then
turned their backs to the lady, and their
attention to the stage, to wait till the
first piece should be over ere they in-
tended staring again. Just as it termi-
nated, another party quietly glided into
a box near that filled by the Duchess.
One pleasing female was with the three
male comers. In a minute the cry ran
round:—'Eh, yon's Sir Walter, wi'
Lockhart an' his wife,' and who's the
wee bit bodie with the pawkie een?†
Wow, but it's Tam Moore, just—Scott,
Scott! Moore, Moore!'—with shouts,
cheers, bravos, and applause. But
Scott would not rise to appropriate

‡ "We went to the theatre together, and the
house being luckily a good one, received T. M.
with rapture. I could have hugged them, for
it paid back the debt of the kind reception I
met with in Ireland."

§ Written by Mr. Benson Hill.

† The writer was here mistaken. There was
one lady of our party; but neither Mr. nor Mrs.
Lockhart was present.
these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and he, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed, hand on heart, with much animation. The cry for Scott was then redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bend, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish Melodies."

Among the choicest of my recollections of that flying visit to Edinburgh, are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his agreeable retreat, Craig Crook. I had then recently written the words and music of a glee contained in this volume, "Ship a haw!" which there won its first honors. So often, indeed, was I called upon to repeat it, that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have had its burden by heart.

Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of writing verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister-art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, and with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed.

That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the real and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though previously

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* It appears certain, notwithstanding, that he was, in his youth, wholly insensible to music. In speaking of him and his brother, Mr. Marnoch, their preceptor, says, "Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice unturnable. It was long before I could get him to distinguish one tone from another."
of pathos, which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth:

"My muse, too, when her wings are dry
No frolic flights will take;
But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
If then the nymph must have her share,
Before she'll bless her swain,
Way, then I think a reason fair
To fill my glass again.
"Then, many a lad I lik'd is dead,
And many a lass grown old;
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
My weary heart grows cold.
But wine awhile hails off despair,
Nay, bids a hope remain;
And that I think's a reason fair
To fill my glass again.'

How far my own labors in this field— if, indeed, the gathering of such idle flowers may be so designated—have helped to advance, or even kept pace with the progressive improvement I have here described, it is not for me to presume to decide. I only know that in a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I may have shown for poetical composition; and that it was the effort to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to me to express, that first led to my writing any poetry at all deserving of the name. Dryden has happily described music as being "inarticulate poetry;" and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself. Owing to the space I was led to devote, in our last volume, to subjects connected with the Irish Melodists, I was forced to postpone some recollections, of a very different description, respecting the gala at Boyle Farm, by which my poem, entitled The Summer Fête, was suggested. In an old letter of my own to a friend in Ireland, giving an account of this brilliant festival, I find some memoranda which, besides their reference to the subject of the poem, contain some incidents also connected with the first appearance before the public of one of the most successful of my writings, the story of the Epicurean. I shall give my extracts from this letter, in their original diary-like form, without alteration or dressing:

June 30, 1837.—Day threatening for the Fête. Was with Lord Essex" at three o'clock, and started about half an hour after. The whole road swarming with carriages—and four all the way to Boyle Farm, which Lady de Roos has lent, for the occasion, to Henry;—the five givers of the Fête, being Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor, subscribing four or five hundred pounds each towards it. The arrangements all in the very best taste. The pavilion for quadrilles, on the bank of the river, with steps descending to the water, quite eastern—like what one sees in Daniel's pictures. Towards five the éôte of the gay world was assembled—the women all looking their best, and scarce a single ugly face to be found. About half past five, sat down to dinner, 450 under a tent on the lawn, and fifty to the Royal Table in the conservatory. The Tyrolean musk clans sung during dinner, and there were, after dinner, gondolas on the river, with Caradori, De Begrins, Velluti, &c., singing barcarolles and rowing off occasionally, so as to let their voices die away and again return. After these succeeded a party in dominos, Madame Vestrts, Fanny Aytou, &c., who rowed about in the same manner, and sung, among other things, my gondola song, "Oh come to me when daylights sets."
The evening was delicious, and, as soon as it grew dark, the groves were all lighted up with colored lamps, in different shapes and devices. A little lake near a grotto took my fancy particularly, the shrubs all round being illuminated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six and twenty of the prettiest girls of the world of fashion, the F****t's, Br*d****lis, De R**s's, Miss F**Id***g, Miss F*x, Miss R*ss'lll, Miss B**ly, were dressed as Rosières, and opened the quadrilles in the pavilion. . . . . While talking with .

* I cannot let pass the incidental mention here of this social and public-spirited nobleman, without expressing my strong sense of his kindly qualities, and lamenting the loss which not only society, but the cause of sound and progressive Political Reform, has sustained by his death.
D—r (Lord P.'s brother,) he said to me, "I never read any thing so touch- ing as the death of your heroine." "What," said I, "have you got so far already?" "Oh, I read it in the Literary Gazette." This anticipation of my catastrophe is abominable. Soon after, the Marquis P—m—a said to me, as he and I and B—m stood together, looking at the gay scene, "This is like one of your Fêtes." "Oh yes," said B—m, thinking he alluded to Lalla Rookh, "quite oriental." "Non, non," replied P—m—a, "Je veux dire cette Fête d'Athènes, dont j'ai lu la description dans la Gazette d'aujourd'hui."

Respecting the contents of the present Volume I have but a few more words to add. Accustomed as I have always been to consider my songs as a sort of compound creations, in which the music forms no less essential a part than the verses, it is with a feeling which I can hardly expect my unlyrical readers to understand, that I see such a swarm of songs as crowd these pages all separated from the beautiful airs which have formed hitherto their chief ornament and strength—their "deus ex tutamen." But, independently of this uneasy feeling, or fancy, there is yet another inconvenient consequence of the divorce of the words from the music, which will be more easily, perhaps, comprehended, and which, in i;stice to myself, as a metre-monger, ought to be noticed. Those occasional breaches of the laws of rhythm, which the task of adapting words to airs demands of the poet, though very frequently one of the happiest results of his skill, become blemishes when the verse is separated from the melody, and require, to justify them, the presence of the music to whose wildness or sweetness the sacrifice had been made.

In a preceding page of this preface, I have mentioned a Treatise by the late Rev. Mr. Crowe, on English versification; and I remember his telling me, in reference to the point I have just touched upon, that, should another edition of that work be called for, he meant to produce, as examples of new and anomalous forms of versification, the

following songs from the Irish Melodies:

   "Oh the days are gone when Beauty bright!
   At the dead hour of night,
   When stars are weeping, I fly—"  and,
   "Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way."}


PREFACE TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.

The Poem, or Romance, of Lalla Rookh, having now reached its twentieth edition, a short account of the origin and progress of a work which has been hitherto, at least, so very fortunate in its course, may not be deemed, perhaps, superfluous or misplaced.

It was about the year 1812 that, impelled far more by the encouraging suggestions of friends than impelled by any confident promptings of my own ambition, I was induced to attempt a Poem upon some Oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions which Scott's late triumphs in that form had then rendered the regular poetical standard. A negotiation on the subject was opened with the Messrs. Longman. Longman in the same year, but from some causes which have now escaped my recollection, led to no decisive result; nor was it till a year or two after, that any further steps were taken in the matter,—their house being the only one, it is right to add, with which, from first to last, I held any communication upon the subject.

On this last occasion, an old friend of mine, Mr. Perry, kindly offered to lend me the aid of his advice and presence in the interview which I was about to hold with the Messrs. Longman, for the arrangement of our mutual terms; and what with the friend-

I shall avail myself of this opportunity of noticing the charge brought by Mr. Bunting against Sir John Stevenson, of having made alterations in many of the airs that formed our Irish Collection. Whatever changes of this kind have been ventured upon, (and they are but few and slight,) the responsibility for them rests solely with me, as, leaving the Harmonist's department to my friend Stevenson, I reserved to myself entirely the selection and management of the airs.
ly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit with which he was met on the other, there has seldom occurred any transaction in which Trade and Poesy have shone out so advantageously in each other’s eyes. The short discussion that then took place between the two parties, may be comprised in a very few sentences. “I am of opinion,” said Mr. Perry, enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite,—“that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his Poem the largest price that has been given, in our day, for such a work.” “That was,” answered the Messrs. Longman, “three thousand guineas.” “Exactly so,” replied Mr. Perry, “and no less a sum ought he to receive.” It was then objected, and very reasonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a single line of the Poem; and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them, before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But, no; — the romantic view which my friend, Perry, took of the matter, was, that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, not a little startled and alarmed me; but, to the honor and glory of Romance,—as well on the publisher’s side as the poet’s,—this very generous view of the transaction was, without any difficulty, acceded to, and the firm agreed, before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my Poem.

At the time of this agreement, but little of the work, as it stands at present, had yet been written. But the ready confidence in my success shown by others, made up for the deficiency of that requisite feeling within myself; while a strong desire not wholly to disappoint this “auguring hope,” became almost a substitute for inspiration. In the year 1815, therefore, having made some progress in my task, I wrote to report the state of the work to the Messrs. Longman, adding, that I was most willing and ready, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for their consideration. Their answer to this offer was as follows:—“We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the Poem; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honorable.”

I continued to pursue my task for another year; being likewise occasionally occupied with the Irish Melodies, two or three numbers of which made their appearance during the period employed in writing Lalla Rookh. At length, in the year 1816, I found my work sufficiently advanced to be placed in the hands of the publishers. But the state of distress to which England was reduced, in that dismal year, by the exhausting effects of the series of wars she had just then concluded, and the general embarrassment of all classes, both agricultural and commercial, rendered it a juncture the least favorable that could well be conceived for the first launch into print of so light and costly a venture as Lalla Rookh. Feeling conscious, therefore, that, under such circumstances, I should act but honestly in putting it in the power of the Messrs. Longman to reconsider the terms of their engagement with me,—leaving them free to postpone, modify, or even, should such be their wish, relinquish it altogether, I wrote to them a letter to that effect, and received the following answer:—“We shall be most happy in the pleasure of seeing you in February. We agree with you, indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for ‘poetry and thousands;’ but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment.”

The length of time I employed in writing the few stories strung together in Lalla Rookh will appear, to some persons, much more than was necessary for the production of such easy and “light o’love” fictions. But, besides that I have been, at all times, a far more slow and painstaking workman than would ever be guessed, I fear, from the result, I felt that, in this instance, I had taken upon myself a more than ordinary responsibility, from the immense stake risked by others on my chance of success. For a long time, therefore, after the agreement had been concluded

*April 10, 1815.

†November 9, 1816.
though generally at work with a view to
this task, I made but very little real
progress in it, and I have still by me the
beginnings of several stories, continued,
some of them, to the length of three or
four hundred lines, which, after in vain
devouring to mould them into shape,
I throw aside, like the tale of Cambus-
can, "left half-told." One of these
stories, entitled The Peri's Daughter,
was meant to relate the loves of a nymph
of this aerial extraction with a youth of
mortal race, the rightful Prince of
Ormuz, who had been, from his infancy,
brought up, in seclusion, on the banks
of the river Amu, by an aged guardian
named Mohassan. The story opens
with the first meeting of these destined
lovers, then in their childhood; the
Peri having wafted her daughter to this
holy retreat, in a bright, enchanted
boat, whose first appearance is thus
described:—

For, down the silvery tide ajar,
There came a boat, as swift and bright
As shiner, in heau'n, some pilgrim-star,
That leaves its own high home at night,
To shoot to distant shrines of light.

"It comes, it comes," young Orlan cries,
And pantoing to Mohassan flies.
Then, down upon the flowery grass
Reclines to see the vision pass;
With partly joy and partly fear,
To find its wondrous light so near;
And hiding oft his dazzled eyes
Among the flowers on which he lies.

Within the boat a baby slept,
Like a young pearl within its shell;
While one, who seem d of riper years,
But not of earth, or earth-like spheres,
Her watch beside the slumberer kept;
Gracefully waving, in her hand,
The feathers of some holy bird.
With which, from time to time, she stirr'd
The fragrant air, and coolly made,
The baby's brow, or brush'd away
The butterflies that, bright and blue
As on the mountains of Malay,
Around the sleeping infant flew.
And now the fairy boat hath stopp'd
Beside the bank,—the nymph has dropp'd
Her golden anchor in the stream;

A song is sung by the Peri in ap
proaching, of which the following forms
a part:—

My child she is but half divine,
Her father sleeps in the Caspian water;
Sea-weeds twine
His funeral shrine,
But he lives again in the Peri's daughter.

Fain would I fly from mortal sight
To my own sweet bowers of Peristan;
But, there, the flowers are all too bright
For the eyes of a baby born of man.

On flowered earth her feet must tread;
So father my light-winged bark hath brought her,

Stranger, spread

To rest the wandering Peri's daughter.

In another of these inchoute frag-
ments, a proud female saint, named
Banou, plays a principal part; and her
progress through the streets of Cufa, on
the night of a great illuminated festival,
I find thus described:—

It was a scene of mirth that drew
A smile from ev'n the Saint Banou,
As, through the hush'd, admiring throng,
She went with stately steps along,
And counted o'er, that all might see,
The rubies of her rosary.
But none might see the worldly smile
That bask'd beneath her veil, the while,—
Alas forbid! for, who would wait
Her blessing at the temple's gate,—
What holy man would ever run
To kiss the ground she kneel'd upon,
It once, by tuckless chance, he knew
She look'd and smiled as others do.
Her hands were join'd, and from each wrist,
By threads of pearl and golden twist,
Hung relics of the saints of yore.
And scraps of talismanic lore,—
Charms for the old, the sick, the frail,
Some made for use, and all for sale.
On either side the crowd withdrew,
To let the Saint pass proudly through;
While turban'd heads of every hue,
Green, white, a, and crimson, bow'd around,
And gay tiaras touch'd the ground,—
As tulp-bells, when o'er their beds
The musk-vined passes, bend their heads.
Nay, some there were among the crowd
Of Moslem heads that round her bow'd,
So fill'd with zeal, by many a draught
Of Shiraz wine profusely quaff'd
That, sinking low in reverence then,
They never rose till morn again.

There are yet two more of these un-
finished sketches, one of which extends
to a much greater length than I was
aware of; and, as far as I can judge from
a hasty renewal of my acquaintance
with it, is not incapable of being yet
turned to account.

In only one of these unfinished
sketches, the tale of The Peri's Daugh-
ter, had I yet ventured to invoke that
most home-felt of all my inspirations,
which has lent to the story of The Fire-
worshippers its main attraction and in-
terest. That it was my intention, in the
concealed Prince of Ormuz, to shadow
out some impersonation of this feeling, I take for granted from the prophetic words supposed to be addressed to him by his aged guardian:—

Bright child of destiny! even now I read the promise on that brow,
That tyrants shall no more delire
The glories of the Green-Sea Isle,
But Oranz shall again be free,
And hail her native Lord in thee!

In none of the other fragments do I find any trace of this sort of feeling, either in the subject or the personages of the intended story; and this was the reason, doubtless, though hardly known, at the time, to myself, that, finding my subjects so slow in kindling my own sympathies, I began to despair of their ever touching the hearts of others; and felt often inclined to say,

"Oh no, I have no voice or hand For such a song, in such a land."

Had this series of disheartening experiments been carried on much further, I must have thrown aside the work in despair. But, at last, fortunately, as it proved, the thought occurred to me of founding a story on the fierce struggle so long maintained between the Ghebers, or ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia, and their haughty Moslem masters. From that moment, a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme; and the spirit that had spoken in the melodies of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East.

Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in writing this work, I must also, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously reading for it. To form a store-house, as it were, of illustration, purely Oriental, and so familiarize myself with its various treasures, that as quick as Fancy, in her airy spiritings, required the assistance of fact, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her "strong bidding," to furnish materials for the spell-work,—such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me more than sufficiently for my pains. I have not forgotten how great was my pleasure, when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh, that he was once asked by Colonel Wilks, the historian of British India, "whether it was true that Moore had never been in the East?" "Never," answered Mackintosh. "Well, that shows me," replied Colonel Wilks, "that reading over D'Herbelot is as good as riding on the back of a camel."

I need hardly subjoin to this lively speech, that although D'Herbelot's valuable work was, of course, one of my manuals, I took the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to me; and became, for the time, indeed, far more conversant with all relating to that distant region, than I have ever been with the scenery, productions, or modes of life of any of those countries lying most within my reach. We know that D'Anville, though never in his life out of Paris, was able to correct a number of errors in a plan of the Troad taken by D'Choiseul, on the spot; and, for my own very different, as well as far inferior, purposes, the knowledge I had thus acquired of distant localities, seen only by me in day-dreams, was no less ready and useful.

An ample reward for all this pains-taking has been found in such welcome tributes as I have just cited; nor can I deny myself the gratification of citing a few more of the same description. From another distinguished authority on Eastern subjects, the late Sir John Malcolm, I had myself the pleasure of hearing a similar opinion publicly expressed:—that eminent person having remarked, in a speech spoken by him at a Literary Fund Dinner, that together with those qualities of the poet which he much too partially assigned to me, was combined also "the truth of the historian."

Sir William Ouseley, another high authority, in giving his testimony to the same effect, thus notices an exception to the general accuracy for which he
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The friendly testimony I have just referred to, appeared, some years since, in the form in which I now give it, and, if I recollect right, in the Athenaeum:—

"I embrace this opportunity of bearing my individual testimony (if it be of any value) to the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Moore, in his topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, whether of costume, manners, or less-changing monuments, both in his Lalla Rokkh, and in the Epicurean. It has been my fortune to read his Atlantic, Bermudean, and American Odes and Epistles, in the countries and among the people to which and to whom they related; I enjoyed also the exquisite delight of reading his Lalla Rokkh, in Persia itself; and I have perused the Epicurean, while all my recollections of Egypt and its still existing wonders are as fresh as when I quitted the banks of the Nile for Arabia:—I owe it, therefore, as a debt of gratitude (though the payment is most inadequate) for the great pleasure I have derived from his productions, to bear my humble testimony to their local fidelity.

"J. S. B."

Among the incidents connected with this work, I must not omit to notice the splendid Divertissement, founded upon it, which was acted at the Château Royal of Berlin, during the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to that capital, in the year 1822. The different stories composing the work were represented in Tableaux Vivans and songs; and among the crowd of royal and noble personages engaged in the performances, I shall mention those only who represented the principal characters, and whom I find thus enumerated in the published account of the Divertissement:—

1. Lalla Rokkh, Divertissement mêlé de Chants et de Danse, Berlin, 1822. The work contains a series of colored engravings, representing
and lives there no poet who will impart to others, and to future times, some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening? On hearing this appeal, a Knight of Cushmore (who is no other than the poetical Baron himself) comes forward and promises to attempt to present to the world "the Poem itself" in the measure of the original:"—whereupon Lalla Rookh, it is added, approvingly smiled.

**PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.**

The station assigned to "The Judge Family" in the following pages, immediately after Lalla Rookh, agrees but too closely with the actual order in which these two works were originally written and published. The success, far exceeding my hopes and desires, with which Lalla Rookh was immediately crowned, relieved me at once from the anxious feeling of responsibility under which, as my readers have seen, that enterprise had been commenced, and which continued for some time to haunt me amidst all the enchantments of my task. I was therefore in the true holyday mood, when a dear friend, with whose name is associated some of the brightest and pleasantest hours of my past life,* kindly offered me a seat in his carriage for a short visit to Paris. This proposal I, of course, most gladly accepted; and, in the autumn of the year 1817, found myself, for the first time, in that gay capital.

As the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty was still of too recent a date for any amalgamation to have yet taken place between the new and ancient order of things, all the most prominent features of both régimes were just then brought, in their fullest relief, into juxtaposition; and, accordingly, the result was such as to suggest to an unconcerned spectator quite as abundant matter for ridicule as for grave political consideration. It would be difficult, indeed,

* Mr. Rogers.
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With a sort of scream of jocular pleasure, as it delighted at the discovery, Monsieur seized the stray appendage, and, bringing it around into full view, to the great amusement of the whole company, popped it into poor grinning Beaujolais' mouth.

On one of the evenings of this short visit of Monsieur, I remember Curran arriving unexpectedly, on his way to London; and, having come too late for dinner, he joined our party in the evening. As the foreign portion of the company was then quite new to him, I was able to be useful, by informing him of the names, rank, and other particulars of the party he found assembled, from Monsieur himself, down to the old Duc de Lorge and the Baron de Rolle. When I had gone through the whole list, "Ah, poor fellows!" he exclaimed, with a mixture of fun and pathos in his look, truly Irish, "Poor fellows, all dismounted cavalry!"

On the last evening of Monsieur's stay, I was made to sing for him, among other songs, "Farewell Bessy!" one of my earliest attempts at musical composition. As soon as I had finished, he paid me the compliment of reading aloud the words as written under the music; and most royal havoc did he make, as to this day I well remember, of whatever little sense or metre they could boast.

Among my earlier poetic writings, more than one grateful memorial may be found of the happy days I passed in this hospitable mansion,—"*"

Of all my many morns and moonlight nights On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights. But neither verse nor prose could do any justice to the sort of impression I still retain of those long-vanished days. The library at Donington vast extensive and valuable; and through the privilege kindly granted to me of retiring thither for study, even when the family were absent, I frequently passed whole weeks alone in that fine library, indulging in all the first airy castle-building of authorship. The various projects, in-

"*See p. 191 of this edition.

In employing the past tense here, I do the present lord injustice, whose filial wish I know it is to keep all at Donington exactly as his noble father left it.
deed, of future works that used then to pass in fruitless succession through my mind, can be compared only to the waves as described by the poet,—

"And one no sooner touch'd the shore, and died, Than a new follower rose."

With that library is also connected another of my earlier poems,—the verses addressed to the Duke of Montpensier on his portrait of the Lady Adelaide Forbes,* for it was there that this truly noble lady, then in the first dawn of her beauty, used to sit for that picture; while, in another part of the library, the Duke of Orleans,—engaged generally at that time with a volume of Clarendon,—was by such studies unconsciously preparing himself for the high and arduous destiny, which not only the Good Genius of France, but his own sagacious and intrepid spirit, had early marked out for him.

I need hardly say how totally different were all the circumstances under which Monsieur himself and some of his followers were again seen by me in the year 1817;—the same actors, indeed, but with an entirely new change of scenery and decorations. Among the variety of aspects presented by this change, the ridiculous certainly predominated; nor could a satirist who, like Philoctetes, was smitten with a fancy for shooting at geese,t ask any better supply of such game than the high places, in France, at that period, both lay and ecclesiastical, afforded. Not being versed, however, sufficiently in French politics to venture to meddle with them, even in sport, I found a more ready conductor of laughter—for which I was then much in the mood—in those groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout Paris, and of all whose various forms of cockneyism and nonsense I endeavored, in the personages of the Pudge Family, to collect the concentrated essence. The result, as usual, fell very far short of what I had myself preconceived and intended. But, making its appearance at such a crisis, the work brought with it that best

seasoning of all such jeux-d'esprit, the à-propos of the moment; and, accordingly, in the race of successive editions, Laila Hookh was, for some time, kept pace with by Miss Diddy Fudge.

The series of trilles contained in this volume, entitled "Rhymes on the Road," were written partly as their title implies, and partly at a subsequent period from memoranda made on the spot. This will account for so many of those pieces being little better, I fear, than "prose fringed with rhyme." The journey to a part of which those Rhymes owed their existence, was commenced in company with Lord John Russell in the autumn of the year 1819. After a week or two passed at Paris, to enable Lord John to refer to Barillon’s Letters for a new edition of his Life of Lord Russell then preparing, we set out together for the Simplon. At Milan, the agreeable society of the late Lord Kimnaird detained us for a few days; and then my companion took the route to Genoa, while I proceeded on a visit to Lord Byron, at Venice.

It was during the journey, thus briefly described, I addressed the well-known Remonstrance to my noble friend, which has of late been frequently coupled with my prophetic verses on the Duke of Wellington; § from the prescient spirit with which it so confidently looked forward to all that Lord John has since become in the eyes of the world.

Of my visit to Lord Byron,—an event to me so memorable,—I have already detailed all the most interesting particulars in my published Life of the poet; and shall here only cite, from that work, one passage, as having some reference to a picture mentioned in the following pages. "As we were conversing after dinner about the various collections of paintings I had seen that morning, one of them being a portrait of a woman who I knew by her countenance to be the connoisseur’s sneer, for my pains, I would yet, to him, venture to own that I had seen a picture at Milan, which—— ‘The Hagard!’ he exclaimed, eagerly interrupting me; and it was, in fact, that very picture I was

*See Poems.  
†See Miscellanea Poems.  
§Abraham dismissing Hagar, by Guercino.
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about to mention him as having awakened in me, by the truth of its expression, more real emotion than any I had yet seen among the chefs-d'œuvre of Venice."

In the society I chiefly lived with, while at Rome. I considered myself singularly fortunate; though but a blind and uninitiated worshipper of those powers of Art of which my companions were all high-priests. Canova himself, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, Eastlake,—such were the men of whose presence and guidance I enjoyed the advantage in visiting all that unrivalled Rome can boast of beautiful and grand. That I derived from this course of tuition anything more than a very humbling consciousness of my own ignorance and want of taste, in matters of art, I will not be so dishonest as to pretend. But, to the stranger in Rome every step forms an epoch; and, in addition to all its own countless appeals to memory and imagination, the agreeable auspices under which I first visited all its memorable places could not but render every impression I received more vivid and permanent. Thus, with my recollection of the Sepulchre of St. Peter, and its ever-burning lamps, for which splendid spot Canova was then meditating a statue,* there is always connected in my mind the exclamation which I heard break from Chantrey after gazing, for a few moments, in silence, upon that glorious site,—"What a place to work for!"

In one of the poems contained in this volume, allusion is made to an evening not easily forgotten, when Chantrey and myself were taken by Canova to the Borghese Palace, for the purpose of showing us, by the light of a taper—his favorite mode of exhibiting that work—his beautiful statue of the Princess Borghese, called the Venere Victrice. In Chantrey's eagerness to point out some grace or effect that peculiarly struck him, he snatched the light out of Canova's hand; and to this circumstance the following passage of the poem referred to was meant to allude:—

When he, thy peer in art and fame,
Hung o'er the marble with delight;—

* A statue, I believe, of Venus VI.
† See Rhymes on the Road, Extr. xv.
‡ A slight alteration here has rendered these

And, while his lingering hand would steal
Over every grace the taper's rays.
Gave them, with all the genial zeal
Such master-spirits only feel.
The best of fame—a rival's praise.

One of the days that still linger most pleasantly in my memory, and which, I trust, neither Lady Calcott nor Mr. Eastlake have quite forgotten, was that of our visit together to the Palatine Mount, when, as we sauntered about that picturesque spot, enjoying the varied views of Rome which it commands, they made me, for the first time, acquainted with Guld's spirited Ode on the Arcadians, in which there is poetry enough to make amends for all the nonsense of his rhyming brethren. Truly and grandly does he exclaim,—

"Indomita e superbà ancor à Roma
Benché si veglia col gran busto a terra;
Son pien di splendor le sue ruine,
E il gran cenere suo al mostrà eterno."

With Canova, while sitting to Jackson for a portrait ordered by Chantrey, I had more than once some interesting conversation,—or, rather, listened while he spoke,—respecting the political state of Europe at that period, and those "br. soni," as he styled them, the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance, and, before I left Rome, he kindly presented to me a set of engravings from some of his finest statues, together with a copy of the beautifully printed collection of Poems, which a Roman poet, named Missirini, had written in praise of his different "Marti."

When Lord John Russell and myself parted at Milan, it was agreed between us, that after a short visit to Rome, and (if practicable within the allowed time) to Naples, I was to rejoin him at Genoa, and from thence accompany him to England. But the early period for which Parliament was summoned, that year, owing to the violent proceedings at Manchester, rendered it necessary for Lord John to hasten his return to England. I was, therefore, most fortunately, under such circumstances, in being permitted by my friends Chantrey and Jackson to join in their journey home; through which lucky arrangement, the same precious privilege I had enjoyed, verses more true to the actual fact than they were in the original form.
at Rome, of hearing the opinions of such practised judges, on all the great works of art I saw in their company, was continued afterwards to me through the various collections we visited together, at Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin.

To some of those pictures and statues that most took my fancy, during my tour, allusions will be found in a few of the poems contained in this volume. But the great pleasure I derived from these and many other such works arose far more from the poetical nature of their subjects than from any judgment I had learned to form of their real merit as works of art,—a line of lore in which, notwithstanding my course of schooling, I remained, I fear, unenlightened to the last. For all that was lost upon me, however, in the halls of Art, I was more than consoled in the cheap picture-gallery of Nature; and a glorious sunset I witnessed in ascending the St. Gothard is still remembered by me with a depth and freshness of feeling which no one work of art I saw in the galleries of Italy has left behind.

I have now a few words to devote to a somewhat kindred subject, with which a poem or two contained in the following pages are closely connected.* In my Preface to the first Volume of this collection, I briefly noticed the taste for Private Theatrical Performances which prevailed during the latter half of the last century among the higher ranks in Ireland. This taste continued for nearly twenty years to survive the epoch of the Union, and in the performances of the Private Theatre of Kilkenny gave forth its last, as well as, perhaps, brightest flashes. The life and soul of this institution was our manager, the late Mr. Richard Power, a gentleman who could boast a larger circle of attached friends, etc., through a life more free from shadow or alloy, than any individual it has ever been my lot to know. No livelier proof, indeed, could be required of the sort of feeling entertained towards him than was once shown in the reception given to the following homely lines which occurred in a Prologue I wrote to be spoken by Mr. Corry in the character of Vapid.

*Tis said our worthy manager intends To help my night, and he, you know, has friends.

These few simple words I wrote with the assured conviction that they would produce more effect, from the homely truisms they contained, than could be effected by the most labor'd burst of eloquence; and the result was just what I had anticipated, for the house rung, for a considerable time, with the heartiest p'audits.

The chief comic, or rather farcical, force of the company lay in my friend Mr. Corry, and "longo intervalllo," myself; and though, as usual with low comedians, we were much looked down upon by the lofty lords of the buskin, many was the sly joke we used to indulge together at the expense of our heroic brethren. Some waggish critic, indeed, is said to have declared that of all the personages of our theatre he most admired the prompter,—"because he was least seen and best heard." But this joke was, of course, a mere good-humored slander. There were two, at least, of our dramatic corps, Sir Wrixon Becher and Mr. Rothe, whose powers, as tragic actors, few amateurs have ever equalled; and Mr. Corry—perhaps alone of all our company—would have been sure of winning laurels on the public stage.

As to my own share in these representations, the following list of my most successful characters will show how remote from the line of the Heroic was the small orbit through which I ranged; my chief parts having been Sam, in "Raising the Wind," Robin Roughhead, Mungo, Sadi, in the "Mountaineers," Spado, and Peeping Tom. In the part of Spado there occur several allusions to that gay rogue's shortness of stature, which never failed to be welcomed by my auditors with laughter and cheers; and the words "Even Sanguino allows I am a clever little fellow" was always a signal for this sort of friendly explosion. One of the songs, indeed, written by O'Keefe for the character of Spado, so much about this with points thus personally applicable, that many supposed, with no great compliment either to my poetry or my modesty, that the song had been

* See page 542.

† See page 542.
written, expressly for the occasion, by myself. The following is the verse to which I allude, and for the poetry of which I was thus made responsible:

"Though born to be little's my fate,
Yet so was the great Alexander;
And, when I walk under a gate,
I've no need to stoop like a gander.
I'm no lanky, long hoddy-doddy,
Whose paper-kite sails in the sky,
Though wanting two feet, in my body,
In soul, I am thirty feet high."

Some further account of the Kilkenny Theatre, as well as of the history of Private Theatricals in general, will be found in an article I wrote on the subject for the Edinburgh Review. vol. xlvi. No. 92, p. 368.

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**PREFAE TO THE EIGHTH VOLUME.**

On my return from the interesting visit to Rome, of which some account has been given in the preceding Preface, I took up my abode in Paris, and, being joined there by my family, continued to reside in that capital, or its environs, till about the close of the year 1822. As no life, however sunny, is without its clouds, I could not escape, of course, my share of such passing shadows; and this long estrangement from our happy English home, towards which my family yearned even more fondly than myself, had been caused by difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and to a large amount, in which I had been involved by the conduct of the person who acted as my deputy in the small office I held at Bermuda.

That I should ever have come to be chosen for such an employment, seems one of those freaks or anomalies of human destiny which baffle all ordinary speculation; and went far, indeed, to realize Beaumarchais' notion of the sort of standard by which, too frequently, qualification for place is regulated.—"Il fallut un calculateur; ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint."

But however much, in this instance, I suffered from my want of schooling in matters of business, and more especially from my having neglected the ordinary precaution of requiring security from my deputy, I was more than consoled for all such embarrassment, were it even ten times as much, by the eager kindness with which friends pressed forward to help to release me from my difficulties. Could I venture to name the persons,—and they were many,—who thus volunteered their aid, it would be found they were all of them men whose characters enhanced such a service, and that, in all, the name and the act reflected honor upon each other.

I shall so far lift the veil in which such delicate generosity seeks to shroud itself, as to mention briefly the manner in which one of these kind friends,—himself possessing but limited means,—proposed to contribute to the object of releasing me from my embarrassments. After advertising, in his letter, to my misfortunes, and "the noble way," as he was pleased to say, "in which I bore them," he adds,—"would it be very impertinent to say, that I have 500l. entirely at your disposal, to be paid when you like; and as much more that I could advance, upon any reasonable security, payable in seven years?" The writer concludes by apologizing anxiously and delicately for "the liberty which he thus takes," assuring me that "he would not have made the offer if he did not feel that he would most readily accept the same assistance from me." I select this one instance from among the many which that trying event of my life enables me to adduce, both on account of the deliberate feeling of manly regard which it manifests, and also from other considerations which it would be out of place here to mention, but which rendered so genuine a mark of friendship from such a quarter peculiarly touching and welcome to me.

When such were the men who hastened to my aid in this emergency, I need hardly say, it was from no squeamish pride,—for the pride would have been in receiving favors from such hands,—that I came to the resolution of gratefully declining their offers, and endeavoring to work out my deliverance by my own efforts. With a credit still fresh in the
market of literature, and with publishers ready as ever to risk their thousands on my name, I could not but feel that, however gratifying was the generous zeal of such friends, I should best show that I, in some degree, deserved their offers, by declining, under such circumstances, to accept them. 

Meanwhile, an attachment had been issued against me from the Court of Admiralty; and as a negotiation was about to be opened with the American claimants, for a reduction of their large demand upon me, supposed, at that time, to amount to six thousand pounds,—it was deemed necessary that, pending the treaty, I should take up my abode in France.

To write for the means of daily subsistence, and even in most instances to "forestall the slow harvest of the brain," was for me, unluckily, no novel task. But I had now, in addition to these home calls upon the Muse, a new, painful, and, in its first aspect, overwhelming exigence to provide for; and, certainly, Paris, swarming throughout as it was, at that period, with rich, gay, and dissipated English, was, to a person of my social habits and multifarious acquaintance, the very worst possible place that could have been resorted to for even the semblance of a quiet or studious home. The only tranquil, and, therefore, to me, most precious portions of that period were the two summers passed by my family and myself with our kind Spanish friends, the V*****, * * Is, at their beautiful place, La Butte Couslin, on the road up to Bellevue. There, in a cottage belonging to M. V*****I, and but a few steps from his house, we contrived to conjure up an apperitition of Sloperton;* and I was able for some time to work with a feeling of comfort and home. I used frequently to pass the morning in rambling alone through the noble park of St. Cloud, with no apparatus for the work of authorship but my memorandum-book and pencils, forming sentences to run smooth and moulding verses into shape. In the evenings I generally joined with Madame V***** in

* * A little cot, with trees arow. And, like its master, very low." — Pope.

Italian duets, or, with far more pleasure, sat as listener, while she sung to the Spanish guitar those sweet songs of her own country to which few voices could do such justice.

One of the pleasant circumstances connected with our summer visits to La Butte was the near neighborhood of our friend Mr. Kenny, the lively dramatic writer, who was lodged pictur- esquely in the remains of the Palace of the King's Aunts, at Bellevue. I remember, on my first telling Kenny the particulars of my Bermuda mishap, his saying, after a pause of real feeling, "Well,—it's lucky you're a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it." Washington Irving also was, for a short time, our visitor; and still recollects, I trust, his reading to me some parts of he then forthcoming work, Bracebridge Hall, as we sat together on the grass walk that leads to the Rocher, at La Butte.

Among the writings, then but in embryo, to which I looked forward for the means of my enfranchisement, one of the most important, as well as most likely to be productive, was my intended Life of Sheridan. But I soon found that, at such a distance from all those living authorities from whom alone I could gain any interesting information respecting the private life of one who left behind him so little epitaphic correspondence, it would be wholly impossible to proceed satisfactorily with this task. Accordingly I wrote to Mr. Murray and Mr. Wilkie, who were at that time the intended publishers of the work, to apprise them of this temporary obstacle to its progress.

Being thus baffled in the very first of the few resources I had looked to, I next thought of a Romance in verse, in the form of Letters, or Epistles; and with this view sketched out a story on an Egyptian subject, differing not much from that which, some years after, formed the groundwork of the Ep- icurean. After laboring, however, for some months, at this experiment, amidst interruption, dissipation, and distraction, which might well put all the Nine Muses to flight, I gave up the attempt in despair;—fully convinced of the truth of that warning conveyed in some early
verses of my own, addressed to the Invisible Girl:

Oh hint to the hard, 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow its harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
&c. &c.

It was, indeed, to the secluded life I led during the years 1813—1816, in a lone cottage among the fields in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of Lalla Rookh. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India as almost native to its clime.

But, abortive as had now been all my efforts to woo the shy spirit of Poetry, amidst such unquiet scenes, the course of reading I found time to pursue, on the subject of Egypt, was of no small service in storing my mind with the various knowledge respecting that country, which some years later I turned to account, in writing the story of the Epicurean. The kind facilities, indeed, towards this object, which some of the most distinguished French scholars and artists afforded me, are still remembered by me with thankfulness. Besides my old acquaintance, Denon, whose drawings of Egypt, then of some value, I frequently consulted, I found Mons. Fourier and Mons. Langles no less prompt in placing books at my disposal. With Humboldt, also, who was at that time in Paris, I had more than once some conversation on the subject of Egypt, and remember his expressing himself in no very laudatory terms respecting the labors of the French savans in that country.

I had now been foiled and frustrated in two of those literary projects, on which I had counted most sanguinely in the calculation of my resources; and, though I had found sufficient time to furnish my musical publisher with the Eighth Number of the Irish Melodies,

and also a Number of the National Airs, these works alone, I knew, would yield but an insufficient supply, compared with the demands so closely and threateningly hanging over me. In this difficulty I called to mind a subject—the Eastern allegory of the Loves of the Angels,—on which I had, some years before, begun a prose story, but in which, as a theme for poetry, I had now been anticipated by Lord Byron, in one of the most sublime of his many poetical miracles, "Heaven and Earth." Knowing how soon I should be lost in the shadow into which so gigantic a precursor would cast me, I had endeavored, by a speed of composition which must have astonished my habitually slow pen, to get the start of my noble friend in the time of publication, and thus afford myself the sole chance I could perhaps expect, under such unequal rivalry, of attracting to my work the attention of the public. In this hasty speculation, however, I failed; for both works, if I recollect right, made their appearance at the same time.

In the mean while, the negotiation which had been entered into with the American claimants, for a reduction of the amount of their demands upon me, had continued to "drag its slow length along;" nor was it till the month of September, 1822, that, by a letter from the Messrs. Longman, I received the welcome intelligence that the terms offered, as our ultimatum to the opposite party, had been at last accepted, and that I might now with safety return to England. I lost no time, of course, in availing myself of so welcome a privilege; and as all that remains now to be told of this trying episode in my past life may be comprised within a small compass, I shall trust to the patience of my readers for tolerating the recital.

On arriving in England I learned, for the first time,—having been, till then, kept very much in darkness on the subject,—that, after a long and frequently interrupted course of negotiation, the amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and that towards the payment of this the uncle of my deputy,—a rich London merchant,—had been brought, with some difficulty,
to contribute three hundred pounds. I was likewise informed, that a very dear and distinguished friend of mine, to whom, by his own desire, the state of the negotiation was, from time to time, reported, had, upon finding that there appeared, at last, some chance of an arrangement, and learning also the amount of the advance made by my deputy's relative, immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (750l.) of the required sum, to be there in readiness for the final settlement of the demand.

Though still adhering to my original purpose of owing to my own exertions alone the means of relief from these difficulties, I yet felt a pleasure in allowing this thoughtful deposit to be applied to the generous purpose for which it was destined; and having employed in this manner the 750l., I then transmitted to my kind friend,—I need hardly say with what feelings of thankfulness,—a check on my publishers for the amount.

Though this effort of the poet's purse was but, as usual, a new launch into the Future,—a new anticipation of yet unborn means,—the result showed that, at least in this instance, I had not counted on my bank "in nubibus" too sanguinely; for, on receiving my publishers' account, in the month of June following, I found 1000l. placed to my credit from the sale of the Loves of the Angels, and 500l. from the Fables of the Holy Alliance.

I must not omit to mention, that, among the resources at that time placed at my disposal, was one small and sacred sum, which had been set apart by its young possessor for some such beneficent purpose. This fund, amounting to about 300l., arose from the proceeds of the sale of the first edition of a biographical work, then recently published, which will long be memorable, as well from its own merits and subject, as from the lustre that has been since shed back upon it from the public career of its noble author. To a gift from such hands might well have been applied the words of Ovid,

Munera sunt, auctor que praestitit aluit.

In this vol. vii., and its immediate successor, will be found collected almost all those delinquencies of mine, in the way of satire, which have appeared, from time to time, in the public journals during the last twenty or thirty years. The comments and notices required to throw light on these political trifles must be reserved for our next volume.

**PREFACE TO THE NINTH VOLUME.**

In one of those Notices, no less friendly than they are able and spirited, which this new Edition of my Poetical Works has called forth from a leading political journal, I find, in reference to the numerous satirical pieces contained in these volumes, the following suggestion:—"It is now more than a quarter of a century since this bundle of political pasquinades set the British public in a roar; and though the events to which they allude may be well known to every reader,

"Caues octavum trepidavit etas
Claudere Lustram,"

there are many persons, now forming a part of the literary public, who have come into existence since they happened, and who cannot be expected, even if they had the leisure and opportunity, to rummage the files of our old newspapers for a history of the perishable facts on which Mr. Moore has so often rested the flying artillery of his wit. Many of those facts will be considered beneath the notice of the grave historian; and it is, therefore, incumbent on Mr. Moore—if he wishes his political squibs, imbedded as they are with a wit and humor quite Aristophanic, to be relished, as they deserve to be relished, by our great-grandchildren—to preface them with a rapid summary of the events which gave them birth."

Without pausing here to say how gratifying it is to me to find my long course of Anti-Tory warfare thus tolerantly, and even generously spoken of, and by so distinguished an organ of public opinion, I shall, as briefly as I can, advert
to the writer's friendly suggestion, and then mention some of those reasons which have induced me to adopt it. That I was disposed, at first, to annex some such commentary to this series of squibs, may have been collected from the concluding sentences of my last Preface: but a little further consideration has led me to abandon this intention.

To that kind of satire which deals only with the lighter follies of social life, with the passing modes, whims, and scandal of the day, such illustrative comments become, after a short time, necessary. But the true preserving salt of political satire is its applicability to future times and generations, as well as to those which had first called it forth; its power of transmitting the scourg of ridicule through succeeding periods, with a lash still fresh for the back of the bigot and the oppressor, under whatever new shape they may present themselves. I can hardly flatter myself with the persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces contained in this volume is likely to possess this principle of vitality; but I feel quite certain that, without it, not all the notes and illustrations in which even the industry of Dutch commentators could embalm them would ensure to these trifles a life much beyond the present hour.

Already, to many of them, that sort of relish—by far the least worthy source of their success—which the names of living victims lend to such sallies, has become, in the course of time, wanting. But, as far as their appositeness to the passing political events of the day has yet been tried—and the dates of these satires range over a period of nearly thirty years—their ridicule, thanks to the undying nature of human absurdity, appears to have lost, as yet, but little of the original freshness of its first application. Nor is this owing to any peculiar felicity of aim in the satire itself, but to the sameness, throughout that period, of all its original objects;—the unchangeable nature of that spirit of monopoly by which, under all its various impersonations, commercial, religious, and political, these satires had been first provoked. To refer but to one instance, the Corn Question,—assuredly, the entire appeasement, at this very moment, of such verses as the following, rebounds far less to the credit of poesy than to the disgrace of legislation,—

How can you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
The Peers of the realm about cheap'ning the corn,
When you know if one hasn't a very high rental
'Tis hardly worth while to be very high-born.

That, being by nature so little prone to spleen or bitterness, I should yet have frequented so much the thorny paths of satire, has always, to myself and those best acquainted with me, been a matter of surprise. By supposing the imagination, however, to be, in such cases, the sole or chief prompter of the satire—which, in my own instance, I must say, it has generally been—an easy solution is found for the difficulty. The same readiness of fancy which, with but little help from reality, can deck out "the Cynthia of the minute" with all possible attractions, will likewise be able, when in the vein, to shower ridicule on a political adversary, without allowing a single feeling of real bitterness to mix itself with the operation. Even that sternest of all satirists, Dante, who, not content with the penal fire of the pen, kept an Inferno ever ready to receive the victims of his wrath,—even Dante, on becoming acquainted with some of the persons whom he had thus doomed, not only revoked their awful sentence, but even honored them with warm praise;—and probably, on a little further acquaintance, would have admitted them into his Paradiso. When thus loosely and shallowly even the sublime satire of Dante could strike its roots in his own heart and memory, it is easy to conceive how light and passing may be the feeding of hostility with which a partisan in the field of satire plies his laughing warfare; and how often it may happen that even the pride of hitting his mark outlives but a short time the flight of the shaft.

I cannot dismiss from my hands these political trifles,—

"This swarm of themes that settled on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again."

* In his Convito he praises very warmly some persons whom he had before abused.—See Forcolini, Discorso intorno al Dante.
PREFACE.

without venturing to add that I have now to connect with them one mournful recollection—one loss from among the circle of those I have longest looked up to with affection and admiration—which I little thought, when I began this series of prefatory sketches, I should have to mourn before their close. I need hardly add, that, in thus alluding to a great light of the social and political world recently gone out, I mean the late Lord Holland.

It may be recollected, perhaps, that, in mentioning some particulars respecting an early squib of mine,—the Parody on the Prince Regent’s Letter,—I spoke of a dinner at which I was present on the very day of the first publication of that Parody, when it was the subject of much conversation at table, and none of the party, except our host, had any suspicion that I was the author of it. This host was Lord Holland; and as such a name could not but lend value to any anecdote connected with literature, I only forebore the pleasure of adding such an ornament to my page, from knowing that Lord Holland had long viewed with disapprobation and regret much of that conduct of the Whig party towards the Regent in 1812-13,* of the history of which this squib, and the welcome reception it met with, forms an humble episode.

Lord Holland himself, in addition to his higher intellectual accomplishments, possessed in no ordinary degree the talent of writing easy and playful vers de société; and among the instances I could give of the lightness of his hand at such trifles, there is one no less characteristic of his good-nature than his wit, as it accompanied a copy of the octavo edition of Boyle,† which, on hearing me rejoice one day that so agreeable an author had been at last made portable, he kindly ordered for me from Paris.

So late, indeed, as only a month or two before his lordship’s death, he was employing himself, with all his usual cheerful eagerness, in translating some verses of Metastasio; and occasionally consulted both Mr. Rogers and myself as to different readings of some of the lines. In one of the letters which I received from him while thus occupied, I find the following postscript:

"Tis thus I turn the Italian’s song, Nor deem I read his meaning wrong. But with rough English to combine The sweetness that’s in every line, Asks for your Muse, and not for mine. Sense only will not quit the score: We must have that, and—little More."

He then adds, "I send you, too, a melancholy Epigram of mine, of which I have seen many, alas, witness the truth:—

"A minister’s answer is always so kind! I starve, and he tells me he’ll keep me in mind. Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore; Let him keep me—and, faith, I will ask for no more."

The only portion of the mass of trifles contained in this volume, that first found its way to the public eye through any more responsible channel than a newspaper, was the Letters of the Fudge Family in England,—a work which was sure, from its very nature, to encounter the double risk of being thought dull as a mere sequel, and light and unsafe as touching on follies connected with the name of Religion. Into the question of the comparative dullness of any of my productions, it is not for me, of course, to enter; but to the charge of treating religious subjects irreligiously, I shall content myself with replying in the words of Pascal,—"Il a bien de la différence entre rire de la religión et rire de ceux qu’a profané par leurs opinions extravagantées."

PREFACE

to the

TENTH VOLUME.

The story which occupies this volume was intended originally to be told in verse; and a great portion of it was at first written in that form. This fact, as well as the character, perhaps, of the
whole work, which a good deal partakes of the cast and coloring of poetry, have been thought sufficient to entitle it to a place in this general collection of my poetical writings.

How little akin to romance or poesy were some of the circumstances under which this work was first projected by me, the reader may have seen from a preceding preface;* and the following rough outline, which I have found among my papers, dated Paris, July 25, 1820, will show both my first general conception, or foreshadowing of the story, and likewise the extent to which I thought right, in afterwards working out this design, to reject or modify some of its details.

"Began my Egyptian Poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it. The story to be told in letters from a young Epicurean philosopher, who, in the second century of the Christian era, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the elixir of immortality, which is supposed to be one of the secrets of the Egyptian priests. During a Festival on the Nile, he meets with a beautiful maiden, the daughter of one of the priests lately dead. She enters the catacombs, and disappears. He hovers around the spot, and at last finds the well and secret passages, &c., by which those who are initiated enter. He sees this maiden in one of those theatrical spectacles which formed a part of the subterranean Elysium of the Pyramids —finds opportunities of conversing with her—their intercourse in this mysterious region described. They are discovered; and he is thrown into those subterranean prisons, where they who violate the rules of initiation are confined. He is liberated from thence by the young maiden, and taking flight together, they reach some beautiful region, where they linger, for a time, delighted, and she is near becoming a victim to his arts. But taking alarm, she flies; and seeks refuge with a Christian monk, in the Thebaid, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had consigned her in dying. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians takes place, and she is seized (chiefly through the unintentional means of her lover) and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described, in a letter from the Solitary of the Thebaid, and the attempt made by the young philosopher to rescue her. He is carried off from thence to the cell of the Solitary. His letters from that retreat, after he has become a Christian, devoting his thoughts entirely to repentance and the recollection of the beloved saint who had gone before him.—If I don't make something out of all this, the dace is in't."

According to this plan, the events of the story were to be told in Letters, or Epistolary Poems, addressed by the philosopher to a young Athenian friend; but, for greater variety, as well as convenience, at afterwards dissected into the task of narration among the chief personages of the Tale. The great difficulty, however, of managing, in rhyme, the minor details of a story, so as to be clear without growing prosaic, and still more, the diffuse length to which I saw narration in verse would extend, detested me from following this plan any further, and I then commenced the tale anew in its present shape.

Of the Poems written for my first experiment, a few specimens, the best I could select, were introduced into the prose story; but the remainder I had thrown aside, and nearly forgotten even their existence, when a circumstance somewhat characteristic, perhaps, of that trading spirit which has now converted Parnassus itself into a market, again called my attention to them. The late Mr. Macrone, to whose general talents and enterprise in business all who knew him will bear ready testimony, had long been anxious that I should undertake for him some new Poem or Story, affording such subjects for illustration as might call into play the fanciful pencil of Mr. Turner. Other tasks and ties, however, had rendered my compliance with this wish impracticable; and he was about to give up all thoughts of attaining his object, when on learning from me accidentally that the Epicurean was still my own property, he proposed to purchase of me the use of the copyright for a single illustrated edition.

* Preface to the Eighth Volume, p. 53 of this edition.
The terms proffered by him being most liberal, I readily acceded to the proposed arrangement; but, on further consideration, there arose some difficulty in the way of our treaty—the work itself being found insufficient to form a volume of such dimensions as would yield any hope of defraying the cost of the numerous illustrations then intended for it. Some modification, therefore, of our terms was thought necessary; and then first was the notion suggested to me of bringing forth from among my papers the original sketch, or opening of the story, and adding these fragments, as a sort of make-weight, in the mutual adjustment of our terms.

That I had not well regarded the first experiment as a failure, was sufficiently shown by my relinquishment of it. But, as the published work had then passed through several editions, and had been translated into most of the languages of Europe, it was thought that an insight into the anxious process by which such success had been attained, might, as an encouragement, at least, to the humble merit of painstaking, be deemed of some little use.

The following are the translations of this Tale which have reached me: viz.

Two in French; two in Italian, (Milan, 1836—Venice, 1835) one in German, (Innsbruck, 1832); and one in Dutch, by M. Herman van Loge en, (Deventer 1833.)
THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE.
ODES OF ANACREON
_TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.
WITH NOTES.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sir,—In allowing me to dedicate this Work to Your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honor which I feel very sensibly; and I have only to regret, that the pages which you have thus distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage, believe me, Sir, with every sentiment of respect, Your Royal Highness's very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

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ODE
BARNES

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3. Ἀγο, ζωγράφων ἀριστε
4. Τον αρχόν τοπερων
5. Καλλιτεχνα με τοπερων
6. Στέφος πλεον πωθ' εὐρων
7. Λεγασιν αι γιναικες
8. Ου μοι μελε τα Γηγου
9. Αιοι με τους χεον ουι
10. Πι ποιες τοπερων
11. Ερωτα τερμον τιε
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13. Θελω, χελω φιληρα
14. Ει σφυλλα παντα δενδρων
15. Ερασιμη πελαια
16. Αγο, ζωγράφων ἀριστε
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28. Ο ανωρ τ ης Κυβηρης
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31. Υαλινωτω με βαιβο
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10. 11. καλαλεβαλο—δαβουλ. Παιδ—Ἀνακ. ὁδ. 2. 3. τα ὀδον το καλαλεβαλον.
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For the order of the rest, see the Notes.

AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

ΕΠΙ μειδίους ταπητις,
Της τοιαίας \(\pi \delta \alpha \rho \iota \omega \) μελοτης
* Ήλαρος γελών εκείνα,
Μεθών τε και λειωμα
Λυφά αυτον οι \(\delta \) ερωτε
"Απαλοι συνεχεσθαινα
* Ο Βολελε τα την \(\kappa ι \epsilon \theta ι \) κΦρος
Εποκε, ψυχή οισιτε
* Ο δε λευκα πορφύραν
Κριμα συν \(\omega \) ρόδινα πλεξα,
Εδιε λευκα στεφαν γεροτα
* Η δε γεομα \(\alpha\)νασα,
ΕΟΒΗ αυτον \(\epsilon \) Ωλιμου
Επαρετα, Επαρετα
Τους έρωτας,
'Ουπειδίασας ετε'
Σοφη δε \(\alpha\)να Άνακρετα
Τουν \(\alpha\)νασαν \(\alpha\)παντας,
Καλουσε οι \(\sigma\)σωτα,
Τε, γερον, τεως βιος μεν
Τας \(\epsilon\)ρισα, την \(\Lambda αι\),
Κεν \(\epsilon\)ριες \(\alpha\)ρα \\(\alpha\)νείκας,

Τη \(\delta\)φλογα την \(\kappa ι \epsilon \theta ι \),
Τη κυβέλλα του \(\Lambda α\)ους,
Αλει γε εγριφθας αδον,
Ους εκευς υνομοι διδακασθω,
Ους των \(\alpha\)νασαν \(\alpha\)πατιν
* Ο \(\delta\) Της αι αελοτα
Μπτε δισεχαρει, \(\phi\)ρι
* Ουσ, ψε, σου γε \(\alpha\)νει μεγε
* Ο \(\sigma\)σωτατος \(\alpha\)πατιν
Παρα των \(\sigma\)σω \\(\sigma\)ρως \(\kappa α\)λαγων
Φιλει, πις, \(\Lambda νι\),
Μετα των \(\alpha\)νασαν \(\gamma\)ναικας
Αδελφας δε τεριτα \(\kappa α\)ιων,
Πες \(\Lambda νι\) γαρ, \(\epsilon\)κον \(\sigma\)ρο
\(\Lambda\)ταπει \(\mu\)νοις \(\epsilon\)ρατε
* \(\theta\)ι \(\alpha\)ρων \(\mu\)ληνη
\(\sigma\)σω\(\sigma\)ς \(\mu\)λα\(\mu\)ς \(\pi\)ατω
Ου \(\sigma\)σως \(\mu\)λα\(\mu\)ς \(\epsilon\)ρα
Τι \(\sigma\)σων \(\epsilon\)ρα \\(\epsilon\)ρας \\(\epsilon\)ρα

CORRECTIONS OF THE PRECEDING ODE.

SUGGESTED BY AN EMINENT GREEK SCHOLAR.

ΕΠΙ πορφυροις ταπητις
Της τοιαίας \(\pi \delta \alpha \rho \iota \omega \) μελοτης
* Ήλαρος γελών εκείνα,
Μεθών τε και λειωμα
Λυφά αυτον οι \(\delta \) ερωτε
"Απαλοι συνεχεσθαινα
* Ο Βολελε τα την \(\kappa ι \epsilon \theta ι \) κΦρος
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Κριμα συν \(\omega \) ρόδινα πλεξα,
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* Η δε γεομα \(\alpha\)νασα,
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Επαρετα, Επαρετα
Τους έρωτας,
'Ουπειδίασας ετε'
Σοφη δε \(\alpha\)να Άνακρετα
Τουν \(\alpha\)νασαν \(\alpha\)παντας,
Καλουσε οι \(\sigma\)σωτα,
Τε, γερον, τεως βιος μεν
Τας \(\epsilon\)ρισα, την \(\Lambda αι\),
Κεν \(\epsilon\)ριες \(\alpha\)ρα \\(\alpha\)νείκας,
ODES OF ANacreON.

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

Our poet was born in the city of Teos, in the delicious region of Ionia, and the time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ. He flourished in that remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were become the rival asylums of genius. There is nothing certain known about his family, and those who pretend to discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, show much more of zeal than of either accuracy or judgment.

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruption of the court; and, while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that, by the influence of his aimatory songs, he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.

The amours of the poet, and the rivalry of the tyrant, I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but disseased. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favorable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained, where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue. But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we obliviously reminded that Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'en éloigner dans les bornes si étroites."

If this mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance; it originated with Madame Ducier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gaill, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

** Anacreon Ξαμως Πολυκρατην ἡμερεσ. Maxim. Tyr. § 21. Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of Madame Ducier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gaill, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

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there have been really such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those princes who may be said to have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenae. From his court, which was a sort of galaxy of genius, Anacreon could not long be absent. Hipparchus sent a letter to him; the poet readily embraced the invitation, and the Muses and the Loves were wafted with him to Athens.*

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone; and, however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who see in this easy and characteristic death a peculiar indulgence of Heaven, we cannot help admiring that his fate should have been so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcgaminus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:—

Those lips, then, hallow'd sage, which pour'd
A music sweet as any cymnet's song, [along

* There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desvetas, and called "Anacréon Citoyen."

1 Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. "U'ue passee acuce tandem succusat, si crdemus Suidas in opus i.e.; all enim hoc mortis genero perilse tradunt Sophoclem.—Fabric. Bibliothec. Græc. lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's introduction to his Ana-creon.

At te, sancte senex, acmis sub Tartara misit;
Cyçeron clausit qui tibi vocis siter.
Vos, federcum, tumulum, tumulum vos cingle, lauri.
Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco;
At vis procul hinc, procul hinc odorosa faces sat.
Quae causam dixit procul uta, necis.
Creditur ipse minus vitem jam Bacchus amare.
In vitem tantum quae fuit assa nefas.

The author of this epitaph, Cælius Calcgaminus, translated or imitated the epigrams

The grape hath closed forever! Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb, Here let the rose he loved with laurels bloom, In bands that he'er shall sever. But far be thou, oh! far, unhappy vine, By whom the favorite minstrel of the Nine Lost his sweet vital breath; Thy God himself now blushed to confess. Once hallow'd vine! he feels he loves thee less. Since poor Anacreon's death.

It has been supposed by some writers that Anacreon and Sappho were contemporaries; and the very thought of an intercourse between persons so congenial, both in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius, gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it. But the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamaeleon and Hermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism. || To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy; but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may safely consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.|| We find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and

cis in Muro 11ou, //which are given under the name of Anacreon.

Barnes is convinced (but very gratuitously) of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho. In citing his authorities, he has strangely neglected the line quoted by Fulvius Ursinus, as from Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho:—

Eum laetus excitavit Sappho parvens Edmund. Fabricius thinks that they might have been contemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely; as do also Olanes Borrichius and others.

|| An Italian poet, in some verses on Bel-lean's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote:—

Lyeaum, Venerem, Capidinemque
Snmex insit Anacreon poetas.
Sed quo tempore nec capaciiores
Rogabant cyathos, nec inquietis
Urebatur amoribus, sed iapis
Tantum versibus et jocis amabat.
Nihil præ se habuit geres amanti.
To Love and Bacchus ever young
While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre
He neither felt the loves he sung.
Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
Those flowery days had faded long,
When youth could act the lover's part;
An eager passion trembled in his song.
But never more, reach'd did his heart.
propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to idleness, seems to have thought that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness in mere wealth. The cheerfulness, indeed, with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing: like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity which he attributes to himself so feelingly, and which breathes characteristically throughout all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those few vices in our estimate which religion, at that time, not only connived at, but censerated, we shall be inclined to say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; that his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and that Virtue, with her zone loosened, may be an apt emblem of the character of Anacreon.*

Of his person and physiognomy time

* Anacreon's character has been variously colored. Barnes figures it on it with enthusiastic admiration; but he is always extravagant. If not sometimes also a little profane. Bullett runs too much into the opposite extreme, exaggerating also the testimonies which he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenaeus, as "un des plus savans critiques de l'Antiquité." — Juppex du Spauges, M. CV.

† New. — We have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fere of having censured our poet's character in a note. Longinus, on the question being manifest irony, in allusion to the censure passed upon Le Fere for his Anacreon. It is clear, indeed, that praise rather than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpina, (de Utilitate Poeticis,) who vindicates our poet's reputation.

It is taken from the Bibliotheca de Fulvius Ursinius. Bellori has copied the same head into his Imagines Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions another head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters TEL02 around it; on the reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin, with the word TIAN0N inscribed, in the left; "voluntary and deftly copied by the citizens of Tarentum in honor of their compatriot poet." There is also among the coins of De Wilde one which, though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word ΘΗΩΝ, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidnunc respicit hæc corona Anacorentem, nobilissimum lyricum?" — Wilde.

‡ Besides those which are extant, it contains hymns, elegies, epigrams, &c. Some of the has preserved such uncertain memorials, that it were better, perhaps, to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining to themselves the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing cheerfully to his lyre. But the head of Anacreon, prefixed to this work, has been considered so authentic, that we scarcely could be justified in the omission of it; and some have even thought that it is by no means deficient in that benevolent air of expression which should characterize the countenance of such a poet.

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed both by ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon, we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity. They are, indeed, all beauty, all enchantment. He steals epigrams still exist. Horace, in addition to the mention of him. (lib. iv. od. 9.) alludes also to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Ciree and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17; and the scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon Sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

§ See Horace, Max. T. 2, 1. 19; "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed." — Poet. lib. 1. cap. 44. "From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, &c. — Dissertationes Academicæ, de Poetis, diss. 2. Scaliger again praises him thus in a pun; speaking of the μελος, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit μελος sed etiam in ipsis melae." See the passage of Rapin, quoted by all the editors. I cannot omit citing also the following very spirited apophthegm of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos subtiles animae, vos Apollinis erubesce, qui post umbras Alcmaenæ in tota Hel- lade lyricam poesim exanastatis, colubris, amplificatis, queso vos an ulla unquam fuistis vates qui Telo castori vel naturne canere vel metri suavitate palamum praebuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravini della Rac. Poet. lib. primo, p. 91. Among the Ritratti di Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning "Cinge- temi la fronte," &c., &c., "We may perceive," says Vossius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace; but the modern writers of Juvenal and Mosci have appropriated it to an effect which destroys the effect.
us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion: and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than by sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived it of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this purer gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him also from yielding to the freedom of language which has sufficed the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is always most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavored to imitate, though all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, as much as they fascinate by their beauty. They may be said, indeed, to be the very infants of the Muses, and to leap in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but, to others, I am conscious, this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of such beauties can but ill justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment. The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gelius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birthday entertainment.

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

The works of Sappho and Alcæus were among those flowers of Greek literature which thus fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was hallowed by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive; and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written Anacreonics, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

Nec si quid olim luisit Anacreon
Delevit atus.

*See what Colomesius, in his "Literary Treasures," has quoted from Aelius Aristides, A.D. 116, beginning thus: "I now address myself to the learned, to authors, &c. I have written a portion of this work which I have committed to the press.

We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesias, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

Ave μοι, λυγια φορμιγξ,
Μητα Τριαν ουδαν,
Μητα λειβαν τε κολπαν.

Marganius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious Anacreontics.

In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by Le Sueur, Gossec, Maelzel, and Cherubini. "On chante du Latin, et de l'Italien," says Gail, "quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?" The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients; and they have all, as it appears to me, mistaken the accentuation of the words. The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius, (lib. xix. cap. 9.) The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.
ODES OF ANACREON.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated, gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armor at Lacedemon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "Anacreon Recantatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinode to the several songs of our poet. Such, too, was the Christian Ana-
creon of Patrignani, another Jesuit, who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that the Grecian poet had dedicated to festivity and love.

His metre has frequently been adopted by the modern Latin poets; and Scaliger, Taubman, Barthius, and others, have shown that it is by no means uncongenial with that language. The Ana-
creontics of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name; as they glitter all over with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always labored. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus preserve more happily than any others the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, passing so frequently through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have indulged their fancies upon the subjects, and in the manner of Ana-
creon. Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabrier and others. I

To judge by the references of DeGEN, the German language abounds in Anac-
reontic imitations; and Hagedorn is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Parre, Chalnici, and the other light poets of France, have also professed to cultivate the muse of Teos; but they have attained all her negligence with little of the simple grace that em
bleshes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras* we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon, in some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

"We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which, so singularly, they had for many ages reposè. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Vic-
torius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposi
It. In 1654, however, he gave Anacreon to the world, accompanied with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the six-
teenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmisius, confirmed the

* This, perhaps, is the "Iesuita quidam Græculus" alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an Anacreon Christarum, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skillfully exec-
ed.

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

* Thus too Albæras, a Danish poet—Fidi tui minister. 
Gauda semper esse,
Gauda semper illi
Lifare thure nullo;
Gauda semper illum
Laudare pummillis
Anacreonticallis.

See the Danish Poets collected by Rotsagraed. These pretty littlenesses defy translation. A

The beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius, may be found Lib. i. Farraginis.

** To Angerianus Prior is indebted for some of his happiest mythological subjects.

† See Cresciembeli, Historia della Volg. Poes.

"L'amabile Haredorn vant quelqu'fois An-
creon."—Donat, Idées de le Poésie Allemande.

* See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by de Cournaud. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Ana-
creon. See his Life, prefixed to a translation of his Sutires, by the Abbé de Guasco.

** Robortellus, in his work "De Ratione corri-
gendu," pronounces these verses to be the triflings of some Josipid Græcel.

|| Monsard commemorates this event—

Je voy boire à Henrie Étienne
Qui des enfers nous a rendu,
Du vieil Anacreon perdu,
La douce lyre Térence. Ode xv. book 5

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
Who rescued from the gloom of night
The Teian bard of festive fame,
And brought his living lyre to light.
antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collection. Accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon his authority, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world, however, has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbe Spaletti, who published at Rome, in 1781, a fac-simile of those pages of the Vatican manuscript which contained the odes of Anacreon.*

A catalogue has been given by Gail of all the different editions and translations of Anacreon. Finding their number to be much greater than 1 I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting, I shall here content myself with enumerating only those editions and versions which it has been in my power to collect; and which, though very few, are, I believe, the most important.

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

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears from a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of Ronsard, that Henry Stephen communicated to this poet his manuscript of Anacreon, before he promulged it to the world.‡

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.§

*This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams, and in the 17th page of it are found the ἁμαμις Θεοτουκία of Anacreon.

† Le même (M. Vossius) m’a dit qu’il avait possédé un Anacreon, ou Scaliger avait marqué de sa main, qu’Henri Etienne n’était pas l’auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poète, mais Jean Dorat.—Paulus Colomesius, Particularités.

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius—almost all these Particularités begin with “M. Vossius m’a dit.”

‡ “La fiction de ce sonnet, comme l’auteur même m’a dit, est prise d’une ode d’Anacreon, encore non imprimée, qu’il a depuis traduit, συμφωνίας φιλοχολείον.”

§ The author of Nouvelles de la Répub. des

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


† L’Histoire des Odes d’Anacreon,” by Gacon; Rotterdam, 1712.

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

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

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

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier, Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors.¶

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760.**

Another, anonymous, 1765.

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

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

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Gail, at Paris, 1799, with a prose translation.

ODES OF ANACREON.††

I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;\nLett, bestows on this translation much more praise than its merits appear to me to justify.¶

The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition; but they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the Ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive, from a passage in the Menagiana, bestowed some research on the subject. "C’est ausi lui (M. Bigot) qui s’est donné la peine de conférer des manuscrits en Italie dans le temps que je travaillais sur Anacreon." —Menagiana, second partie.

I find in Haym’s Notizia de’ Libri rari, Venice, 1670, an Italian translation by Cappone, mentioned.

**This is the most complete of the English translations.

††This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no
Twas in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight.
I heard his voice, and warmly press'd
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.*
His lip exhaled, whence'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brow, and drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breathed of him and blush'd with wine.†
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow
And ah! I feel its magic now:‡
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much.

ODE II.

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

other poet than Anacreon. They who assert
that the manuscript imputes it to Basilius, have
been misled by the words Τον αυτου βασιλείως
in the margin, which are merely intended as a
title to the following ode. Whether it be
the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the
features of ancient simplicity, and a beauti-
ful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

* Sparked in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.† "How
could he know at the first look (says Baxter)
that the poet was φίλος του;" There are
surely many tell-tales of this propensity; and
the following are the indices, which the physi-
ognomist gives, describing a dis-position per-
haps not unlike that of Anacreon: Ουδαμώς
καλομέενος, κυμαίνοντες ἐν αὐτοῖς, εἰς αὐθορία
καὶ κυμάτωσιν εὐφόροιται ὡς ὡς κάκοι, ὡς ὡς
κακοφόροις, ὡς ὡς φωτείνης φωναῖς ὡς ὡς ἠλάτοροι. — Adamantius. "The eyes that are humid and
fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and
love; they bespeak too a mind of integrity and
beneficence, a tenaciousness of disposition, and
a genius for poetry."

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions
of the ancient physiognomists on this subject,
their reasons for which were curious, and per-
haps not altogether fanciful. Vide Physiognom.

† I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breathed of him, &c.] Philostratus has the
same thought in one of his Epistles, where he
speaks of the garland which he had sent to his
mistress. Εἰς δὲ βουνὸς τῆς φιλῶν καρδικῆς τε
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,§
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I.
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebrietie:
Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught.
Then, give the harp of epic song
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

ODE III.

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Full of loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping, as they roam along,
leivatho autostrophos, ἥκετε τενοῦτα δόθηνα μονον
αλλὰ καὶ συν. "I thou art inclined to gratify
thy lover, send him back the remains of the
garland, no longer breathing of roses only, but
of thee!" Which pretty conceit is borrowed
(as the author of the Observer remarks) in a
well-known little song of Ben Johnson's:

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

† And ah! I feel its magic now:‡ This idea,
as Longepierre remarks, occurs in an epigram
of the seventh book of the Anthologia.
Εἴσθη μοι ποιήστω συνετάσσω σάρκισα
Λαύρῃ τῆς χορών ἐρωτείδας στεφάνους,
Πορ οὐκοίτι σπείρει με.
While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
Twas then thy fingers slyly stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine.
Which since has mad'en'd all my soul.
§ Proclaim the laws of festal rite.] The an-
cients prescribed certain laws of drinking at
their festivals. For an account of which see the
commentators. Anacreon here acts the sym-
poischar, or master of the festival. I have
translated according to those who consider
κυναλλά γεύμαν as an inversion of γεύμαν
|| La Fosse has thought proper to lengthen
this poem by considerable interpolations of his
own, which he thinks are indispensably neces-
sary to the completion of the description.
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portrait,
All the earthly heaven of love
These delighted mortals prove.

ODE IV.*

Vulcan! hear your glorious task
I do not from your labors ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No—let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But mind that, o'er its simple frame
No mimic constellations frame;
No grave upon the swelling side,
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glittering wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But let the vine luxuriant roll
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes,
And flights of Loves, in wanton play,
Wing through the air their winding way;
While Venus from her harbor green
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,
And young Lyæus by her side
Sits worthy of so bright a bride.

* This ode, Aulus Gallus tells us, was performed at an entertainment where he was present.

I While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid de.] I have availed myself here of the additional lines given in the Vatican manuscript, which have not been accurately inserted in any of the ordinary editions:—

* ODE V.: SCULPTOR, would'st thou glad my soul,
Grave for me an ample bowl,
Worthy to shine in hall or bower, [hour.
When spring-time brings the reveller's
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Fit for a simple board like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate
Which History shudders to relate.
No—eull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heav'n and themes of love,
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage softly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,§
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys dispersing round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground.
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.[

ODE VI.¶

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To call a wreath of matin flowers,
Vegnan li vaghi Amori
Senza hammelc, ò straie,
Schernando insieme pargoletti e nudi.
Fluttering on the busy wing.
A train of naked Cupids came,
Sporting around in hairless ring,
Without a dart, without a flama.
And thus in the Pervigilium Veneris:—
Ite nymphas, posim arma, feriatus est amor.
Love is disarm'd—ye nymphs, in safety stray,
Your blossoms now may boast a holiday!!

¶ But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.] An allusion to the fable that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits.

This (say M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other.

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

Ma eon lor non giuochi Apollo;
Che in fiero risce
Col duro disco
A Gliciuto fiscaco li colo.

¶ This beautiful fiction, which the commentators have attributed to Julian, a royal poet
ODES OF ANACREON.

Where many an early rose was weeping
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping;*
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Then drank I down the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Oh yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has pass'd away.
"Behold," the pretty wants cry,
the Vatican MS. pronounces to be the genuine
Spring of Anacreon. It has, indeed, all the
features of the parent:

et facile inscis
Noscitetar ab omnibus.

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

Florentes dum forte vagans mea Hyella per
Textis odoratis lillas cana rosas, [hortos
Ece ross inter latitamant invent Amorem
Et simul annexa floribus implicuit.
Luctatur primo, et contra utentibus alis
Inductus tenuit solvere vincha puere;
Max alii lactucentis et digitum marite papillas
Vidit et ora ipsos nata movere Deos.
Impositoque comas ambrosios ut sentit odorces
Quoque legit diti mose beatus Arabs;
"(dixit) mea, quaere novum tibi, mater.
Amorem
Imperio sese habet erit apta meo."

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
A wreath of many mangled flow'rs wove,
Within a rose a sleeping Love she found,
And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound.
Awhile he struggled, and impatient tried
To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
But when he saw her bosom's radiant swell,
Her features, were the eye of Jove might
dwell;
And caught: "ambrosial odors of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
"Oh! mother Venus," (said the raptured child,
By charms of more than mortal bloom beguiled,)
Go, seek another boy, thou'lt lose thine own.
Hyella's arms shall now be Cupid's throne!"

This epigram of Naungerus is imitated by
 Lodovico Dolce in a poem, beginning
Mentre raccolggo hor uno, mor altro fiore
Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucid' onde,
Lilia, & c. & c.

† Alberti has imitated this ode in a poem, begin
ning
Nisi mi dice e Clori
Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.

"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care,†
But this I know, and thus I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;§
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give.

ODE VIII.†

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king,† the rich, the great:
† Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care.) Henry
Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negli
gence of expression in the original here:

Eyg d rage xepas mev
Eiy en, ev* apulbron,
Ouk oiko.

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus
what he thinks a similar instance of this simi
larity of manner:

Ipsa quis sit, utrumsit, an non sit, id quoque
nescit.

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

§ That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;‡ Pan
tinus has a very delicate thought upon the sub
ject of old age:

Quid rides, Matrona? semen quid tensis
maneat?
Quisquis arat nullas est conditiones senex.
Why do you scorn my want of youth,
And with a smile my brow behold?
Lady dear! believe this truth,
That he who loves cannot be old.

‖ "The German poet Lessing has imitated
tionibus.

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

‡ I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, &c. "There is a frag
ment of Archilochus in Philearch. 'De tranquil
litate animi,' which our poet has very closely
imitated here; at begins,

Ov mi l jeta rjnevou tov poluxrivous koist."

BARNES.
MOORE'S WORKS.

I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy wreath,
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe;
Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.*
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.

And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him pres-
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us — drink no more!

ODE IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,†
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

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

Ψυχήν ενωπί μιατώ,
Γευσάθη τε καὶ καταφθινέω νηπέρα.
On account of this idea of perfuming the beard,
Cornelio de Pauw pronounces the whole ode
to be the spurious production of some lascivious
monk, who was nursing his beard with unguents.
But he should have known, that this
was an ancient eastern custom, which, if we
may believe Savary, still exists: "Vous voyez,
Monsieur, (says this traveller,) que l'usage ant-
tique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe," adds
Bré par le prophète Rol, subsiste encore de nos
jours." Lettre 12. Savary likewise cites this
very ode of Anacreon. Anglerius has not
thought the idea inconsistent, having intro-
duced it in the following lines:

Hec mihi cura, rosas et eingere tempora myrtro,
Et curas multo delapidare mero.
Hec mihi cura, comas et barbarum tingere succu
Assｙｒｏ et dulces continuare jucos.

This be my care, to wreathe my brow with flowers,
To drench my sorrows in the ample bowl;

* Sirut uiangentum in capito quod descendit in barbaram Aeronis. Piaeannae cxxxiii.*

Alcmane once, as legends tell,
Was phrensed by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountam-head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Haunted them still where'er they stray.
But ne'er could I a murderer be, fed
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I shout, with wild delight,
"I will— I will be mad to-night."

Alcides' self, in days of yore,
Imbued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a mamac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Inurned scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no weapon ask,
No armor but this joyful flask;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers,
Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,
"I will— I will be mad to-night."!

ODE X.

How am I to punish thee,
For the wrong thou'st done to me,
Silly swallow, prating thing—

To pour rich perfumes o'er my beard in showers
And give full loose to mirth and joy of soul
( The poet is here in a phrenzy of enjoyment,
and it is, indeed, "amabilis insania;" —

Furor di poesia,
Di lascivia, e di vino,
Triplicato furore.
Baccho, Apollo, et Amore.
Ritratti del Cavalier Marino.
This is truly, as Seiclliger expresses it,
Et sapdum furere furare.

* This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gall's index, that the German poet Weisse has imitated it, Scherz.

Lieder. Lib. u, earm. 5; that Ranter also has imitated it, Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv, p. 335; and some others. See Gall de Editionibus.

We are here referred by Degen to that dull book, the Epistles of Alciphron, tenth epistle, third book; where Iophon complains to Erastion of being awakened by the crowing of a cock, from his vision of riches.

§ Silly swallow, prating thing, &c.] The lo-
quidity of the swallow was proverbized; thus Nicostrotus —

ΗΓ ΤΟΥ Σμυρνείου ΚΑΠΟΛΗ ΚΑΙ ΤΑΥΤΟ ΛΑΕΛΗΞΗΝ ΤΟΝ ΦΡΟΝΗΜΑΝ ΠΑΡΑΣΤΗΜΕΝΩΝ, ΑΙ ΧΕΛΗΩΝΕΣ
ΕΛΕΓΟΝΤ' ΑΝ ΝΗΜΑ ΣΦΙΝΟΘΕΡΑΙ ΠΟΛΥ.
If in prating from morning till night
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right.
For they prattle much faster than we
Shall I clip that wingful wing?
Or, as Tereus did, of old,*
(For the fabled tale is told.)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When a dream came o'er my mind,
Picturing her I worship, kind,
Just when I was nearly blest,
Loud thy matins broke my rest!

ODE XI.*

"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said, the other day,
To a youth who pass'd by my way,
"Sir, (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)"
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
'Twas not I who dared to make it;
No, believe me, 'twas not I;
Oh, it has cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)"
"Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"

Now, young Love, I have thee mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt:

* Or, as Tereus did, of old, &c.] Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale; but many respectable authors among the ancients assign'd this metamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow as Anacreon does here.

† It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humor of the turn with which it concludes. I feel, indeed, that the translation must appear rapid, if not ludicrous, to an English reader.

§ And I can no longer keep

Little gods, who murder sleep! I have not literally rendered the epithet παραπτωμα; if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

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

† They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;] There are many contradictory stories of the loves of

I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy—in yonder fire.§

ODE XII.

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

ODE XIII.

I will, I will, the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd:
And so repellt'd the tender lure,
And hoped my heart would sleep secure.

But, slighted in his boasted charms
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
Cybele and Atys. It is certain that he was mutilated, but whether by his own fury, or Cybele's jealousy, is a point upon which authors are not agreed.

§ Cybele's name he bows around, &c.] I have here adopted the accentuation which Elias Anacreon gives to Cybele—

In montibus Cybilem
Magnus somnus booth.

**Oft too, by Claros' hollow'd spring, &c.] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Coleophon and Lechidos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scagler thus alludes to it in his Anacreontica:

Sedem ut conclusa castra,
Vehit qui Clarias aquas
Ebibere loquaces,
Quo pulvis canunt, plura volunt.

† While floating odors, &c.] Spalletti has quite mistaken the import of ευπορία, as applied to the poet's mistress—' Mea fatigatus amica;'- thus interpreting it in a sense which must want either delicacy or gallantry; if not, perhaps both.
And proudly summon'd me to yield,  
Or meet him on the martial field,  
And what did I unthinking do?  
I took to arms, undaunted, too:*  
Assumed the corset, shield, and spear,  
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.  
Then (hear it, all ye powers above!)  
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!  
And now his arrows all were shed,  
And I had just in terror fled—  
When, heaving an indignant sigh,  
To see me thus unwounded fly,

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

Oπλομας προς ἐρωτα περὶ στέρνους λογισμον,  
Οὐδὲ με νικήσῃς, μονος εἰναὶ προς εἰμι'  
Θεν τοίς ἀνάθαντα συνελπισμαί, ἢ δὲ βοήθων  
Βάκχον εἶχ, τι μονος προς εἰμι' εὖ γα μου.</p>

With Rencier I cover my breast as a shield,  
And fearlessly meet Light Love in the field;  
Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd;  
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his nid,  
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,  
Unfortunately warrior, what should I do?

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

Lavros! Amore in quel vicino fiume  
Ove giuro (Puster) che bevendo io  
Bevel le fiammé, e l'ultimo Dio,  
Ch'or con l'immile pim'  
Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno.  
Ma che sacri sio lo bevesi un giorno,  
Bacco, nel tuo ligure!  
Sarò piu che non uno elbo d'Amore.  
The Trench of the bow and quiver  
Was bathing in a neighboring river,  
Where, as I drank on yester-ec,  
(Shpherd-youth, the tale believe,)  
'Twas not a cooling, crystal draught,  
'Twas liquid flame I madly quaff'd;  
For Love was in the rippling tyle,  
I felt him to my bosom glide;  
And now the wily, wanton minion  
Plays round my heart with restless pinion.  
A day it was of fatal star,  
But, ah! 'twere even more fatal far,  
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,  
I found this fluct'ring young desire:  
Then, then indeed my soul would prove,  
Even more than ever, drunk with love!  
And, having now no other dart,  
He shot himself into my heart!*  
Dryden has paraphrased this thought in the following extravagant lines:—  
—I'm all o'er Love;  
Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,  
He shot himself into my breast at last.  
The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses,  
Means nothing more than, by a lively hyper-

OBE XIV.†  
Count me, on the summer trees,  
Every leaf that courts the breeze; §  
oble, to inform us that his heart, unfettered by any one object, was warm with devotion toward the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Menage has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic, which has so much ease and spirit, that the reader may not be displeased at seeing it here:

ΠΡΟΣ ΒΙΟΝΑ.  
Εξ αίλεον τα φυλάλα,  
Αλειμασίους της ποιάς,  
Ει νυκτος αστρα παντα  
Παρακτισιον της φάμοιας,  
Αλος τη κυμάτων,  
Αυτή, Βιων, αρίθμες,  
Και τους εικος ερωτας  
Αυτή, Βιων, αρίθμες.  
Κράιν, γυναίκα, Χρήσιν,  
Ξυρότητα, Μετρόν, Μεγατηριν,  
Λεική τε και Μελανίαν,  
Ορειπεΐας, Ναπαίας,  
Νηματίδας της ποιας.  
Ο σοι φιλός φιλήρα  
Παντικος κροός μεν εστιν,  
Αυτήν τοιαν Ερωταν,  
Δευτοικαν Αφροδίτην,  
Χρώσιν, καλήν γλυκείαν,  
Ερωματιν, ποθεύνω,  
Αει μονήν φιλήρα  
Εγγευ μη δοκιμήν.

Tell the foliage of the woods.  
Tell the billows of the floods,  
Number midnight's starry store,  
And the sands that crowd the shore,  
Then, my Bion, thou mayst count  
Of my loves the vast amount.  
I've been loving, all my days,  
Many nymphs, in many ways;  
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—  
I've been doting all my life.  
Nymphs, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,  
Gods of groves and mountains,  
Fair and sable, great and small,  
Yes, I swear I've loved them all!  
Soon was every passion o'er,  
I was but the moment's lover;  
Oh! I'm such a roving cuf,  
That the Queen of love herself,  
Though she practised all her wiles,  
Rox blushes, wretched smiles,  
All her beauty's proud endeavor  
Could not chain my heart forever.  
† Count me, o poet, in thy dear trees.  
Every leaf, &c.] This figure is called, by
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;
Then, when you have numbered these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
In the famed Corinthian grove,
Where such countless wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains by which my heart is bound;
There, indeed, the nymphs divine
Dangerous to a soul like mine.†
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum them all—of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there.

rhetoricians, the Impossible, (advare;) and is very frequently made use of in poetry. The amatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinite number of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses; in this Catullus led the way.

—Quam sulara multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores;
Tam te basia multa busiare
Vesano satis, et super, Catullo est;
Quae nec permannere curiosis
Possunt, nec mai facemare lingua.
Carm. 7.

As many stolar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,
Who fair as thou, and fond as I,
In stolen joys enamord lie,—
So many kisses, ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number;
So many kisses we shall count.
Envy can never tell th' amount.
No tongue shall blab the sum, but mine;
No lips shall fascinate, but thine!

* In the famed Corinthian grove,
Where such countless wantons rove, &c.
Corinth was very famous for the beauty and number of its courtesans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and their constant prayer was, that the gods should increase the number of her worshippers. We may perceive from the application of the verb κοπροφερεσις, in Aristophanes, that the blemish of the Corinthians had become proverbial.

† There, indeed, are nymphs divine.
Dangerous to a soul like mine!] "With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece."—Digen.

M. de Pauw, the author of Dissertations upon the Greeks, is of a different opinion; he thinks, that by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty; and by this sup-

Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I number'd every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs, who, blushing sweet,
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm, desiring train;‡
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far removed,
All are loving—all are loved!

ODE XV.

TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,§
Thus your humble pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
position endeavors to account for a very singular depravation of instinct among that people.

‡Gades' warm, desiring train.] The Gaditanian girls were like the Baladires of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: "Les dansees sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le plan, le dessein, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptes et les furereus."—Hist. du Commerce des Etranger, dans les deux Indes. Envoi.
The music of the Gaditani females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial.

Caution qui nil, qui Gaditana susurrat.
Lib. ii. epig. 63.

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

§The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined.
The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty till it settles in its native nest, affords to the author a "The Pleasures of Memory," in fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love!
See the poem. Daniel Heinsius, in speaking of Douan, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden, expresses a similar sentiment.

Quo patriae non tendit amor? Mandata referre
Postquam hominem nequit mittere, misit aven.

Fuller tells us, that at the siege of Jerusalem the Christians intercepted a letter, tied to the
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest love.

Curious stranger, I belong
To the bard of Temn song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye:—
She, whose eye has madden'd many.

But the poet more than any.
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,
"Twas in sooth a gentle lay,
Gave me to the hard away.

See me now my faithful minion.—
Thus with softly-gliding union,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
"Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.

Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
On the mountain's savage swell,
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.

 Öz of a dove, in which the Persian Emperor promised assistance to the besieged.—Holy War, cap. 24, book i.

She, whose eye has madden'd many, &c.] For the second time, in the original, Zeune and Schneider conjecture that we should read τραπαρων, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Polyocrates. See De Pauw.

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

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

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

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuniano Gosolini, &c., &c. Seiller alludes to it thus in his Anacreontica:

Olim lepore blando,
Lita versibus
Candidus Anacreon

Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from my rugged haunts like these.
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then when I have wanton'd round
To his lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently moving wings
Pam'd the minstrel while he sings;
On his harp I sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!

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

ODE XVI.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,
Best of painters, come, portray
The lovely maid that's far away.

Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying;

And, if painting hath the skill
Quam pingeret amnia
Descripta Venerem suam.

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

In the dialogue of Caspar Barlaeus, entitled "An fomosa sit dudenda," the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of womanly beauty.

§ Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infused.
I have follow'd here the reading of the Vatican MS. poëus.

Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to coloring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Della roson arte signore,

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

Βελέος χορέων χειρος επ' Ευρυπώλη.

Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying.

The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of the beauty of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his Milesiaca, says, that Venus herself, if she were baid, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet καλλιάρας κοιμάσας to...
To make the spicy balm distill,*
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale,
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkest o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Each, a crescent gently gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparksles warm
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure rays
That in Minerva’s glances blaze,
Mix’d with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea’s languid eyes.
O’er her nose and cheek be shed
the Graces, and Simondes bestowed the same
upon the Muses. See Hadrian Junius’s Dis-
sertation upon Hair.

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded
in a note on the Polybolon of Drayton, Song the Second, where observing, that the epithet
“black haired” was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Iaia, he says, “Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon, (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love,) intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of woman’s special ornament, well-haired, (καλαλευκωμε), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired.

* And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distill, &c.] Thus Phoebus, speaking of a picture: εναί σεβασμοι και τον ερώτον των χρωματων. In his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with the apparent authority of experience, that “Sauvis viros occultantur puerile labia, quamque sunt brevibus labris.”

§ Then her lip, so rich in smiles,
Sweet petitioner for kisses,§ Thus last words may perhaps defend the
“flushing white” of the translation.

Quae lac atque rosas vinces candore rubentis.
§ Then her lip, so rich in smiles,
Sweet petitioner for kisses,§ The “lip, pro-

*questo
taking kisses,” in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of χελη μαθακα προ το φαλαγμα, “Lips soft and delicate for kissing.” A grave old commentator, Dicouius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with the apparent authority of experience, that “Salvius viros occulentur puerile labia, quamque sunt brevibus labris.”

An Examen Sylviu, in his tedious uninterest-

§ Then her lip, so rich in smiles;
Sweet petitioner for kisses;§ There is a faint and

ing story of the loves of Euryalus and Lucri-

tia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine, (in a very false and labored style of Latin,) describes her lips thus:—“Omnia coruscant, labia corniilin colored ad morsum applanata.”—Epist. 114, l. 1.

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

Sedilla in mentis impressa Amoris digito
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
By Cupid’s own finger impress’d; Thore Beauty, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest.

§ Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her form, but not conceal; &c.] This

§§§
delicate art of description, which leaves imagi-

nation to complete the picture, has been seldom
adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionally minute; and Politi-

nus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of

rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil
rather too much. The “questo che tu m’ in-

flendi” should be always left to fancy.
ODE XVII.*

And now with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathylus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in masses bright,
Fall like floating rays of light;*
And there the raven's eye confuse
With the golden sunbeam's blaze.
Let no wreath, with artful twine,†
The flowing of his locks confine;
But leave them loose to every breeze,
To take what shape and course they please.

Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,
But flush'd with mankind's early glow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,§
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon hue, enrich'd by gold,
Such as dark, shining snakes unfold,
Mix in his eyes the power alike,
With love to win, with awe to strike;‡

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

† Let no wreath, with artful twine, &c. If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is concentered by Gray's illustration of it. See his letters to West.

‡ Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photo's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner, than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

§ But flush'd with mankind's early glow, And guileless as the dews of dawn, &c.

†† Torrentius, upon the words "insignem tenni frontem," in Horace, Od. 33, lib. i., is of opinion, inconceivably, I think, that "tenni" here bears the same meaning as the word _torrida._

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

§§ Tasseaux gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda—

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli squarzi,
Dolci ne' l ira.

Her eyes were flashing with a heavenly heat,
A fire that, even in anger, still was sweet.

The poetess Veronica Cambra is more diffuse upon this variety of expression.

Oochi incendi e beli,
Come cose a poco ch'in un medesmo istante

Borrow from Mars his look of ire,
From Venus her soft glance of fire;
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!

Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
And there, if art so far can go,†
Th' ingenuous blush of boyhood show.
While, for his mouth—but no,—in vain
Would words its witching charm explain.
Make it the very seat, the throne,
That Eloquence would claim her own;‡
And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life-look, as if words were there.**

Next thou his ivory neck must trace,
Moulded with soft but mainly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,††
With which he waves his snaky wand;

Nascan de vo sì valore forme et tante?
Lieti, mesti, superbi, humili, altieri,
Vi mostrare in un punto, onde di spegne,
Et di timor, de empiete, &c. &c.
Oh! I tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
Whence in your little orbit be
So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire.
Now with pride or scorn you dapple,
Now with love, with gladness, sparkle,
While we who view the varying mirror,
Feel by turns both hope and terror.

Chevreau, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique of the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled "Joan. Falciones Anacreontici libri.
tThat Eloquence would claim her own; in the original, as in the preceding ode, Pitho, the goddess of persuasion, or eloquence. It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to defy Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholar upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a bireling of his muse—

Οὔ ἀργυρός ποτ' ἀλαμφε Πειδώ.
Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
In silver splenders, not her own.

"And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life-look, as if words were there;"
In the original these are no words. The mistress of Petrarch "parla con silenzio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

It gives him the winged Hermes' hand, &c.†† In Shakespeare's Cymbeline there is a similar method of description:—

This is his hand,
His foot membranious, his martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules.
We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre
ODES OF ANacreon.

Let Bacchus the broad chest supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh;
While, through his whole transparent
frame,
Thou show'rt the stirrings of that flame,
Which kindles, when the first love-sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.

But sure thy pencil, though so bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enam'd touch would show
The shoulders, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
I see the sun-god's portrait there:*
Why paint Bathylus? when, in truth,
There, in that god, thou'st sketch'd the youth.
Enough—let this bright form be mine,

and send the boy to Samos' shrine;
Phoebus shall then Bathylus be,
Bathylus then, the deity!

ODE XVIII.†

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimm'd urns,‡
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sun'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid I expire.
Give me all those humid flowers,§
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears and withers there,
But to thee, my burning heart,†

application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simounides upon Sophocles:—

Eos ferox Σαμοκλεξ, αυθος αυδων
and floa in the Latin is frequently applied in the same manner—thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, Flus inflabits populi, suaque me dolla, "The immaculate flower of the people and the very marrow of persuasion." See these verses cited by Anius Cellus, lib. xii., which Cicero praised, and Seneca thought ridiculous.

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

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

Ante fores madidique seie pendente corolla,
Manc orto imponet Casha vos capit;
At quam per niveas cœlum induxerit humor,
Dictae, non rosis sed pluvias has lacrimae.

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

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

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan's, "Uncoth is this moss-covered grove of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus:—

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch mayst preserve
Some lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and they'll serve

As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

† But to you, my burning heart, &c.] The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; but the commentators have per-

* Dierke's version is more correct:—
† Dierke's version is more correct:—
‡ Dierke's version is more correct:—
§ Dierke's version is more correct:—

Deh porgettimi del fiore
Di quel almo o buon liquore,
as Regnius has it, who supports the reading.
The word Arēs would undoubtedly bear this meaning.
MOORE'S WORKS.

What can now relief impart?
Can brimming bowl, or flow'ret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorch'd you?

ODE XIX. 

Here recline you, gentle maid;
Soft is this embowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling soft the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;

pleased the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

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

Ergo et patriis, et auro, et melos

Prae melosque vicis melosque seducunt.

Hinc et prera noluligos agnus agnus.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat;
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of zephyrs to meet.
See the fountain that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I sooth him to sleep with my lay.

Here recline you, gentle maid, &c. The Vatican MS. reads παβολο, which renders the whole poem metaphorical. Some commentator suggests the rendering of παβολο, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plata himself was accustomed to in writing of a boy ἀντρο. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode.

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

Αστηρ πρως μεν ελαμπετεν κατασκευαζον

Νυν δε γαλατα γαματεσ επτερον εν φθειρεσ.

In life thou wert my morning star,
But now that death has stolen thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the Venus Ramburgiana, under the head of "Allusiones," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names, selected from the poets of the middle ages.

Surely neither you nor I.

The finish given to the picture by this simple exclamation is as

The conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add something to the strength of the original.

Tell me, tell me is not this
All a silly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass by it?
Surely neither you nor I.

ODE XX. 

One day the Muses twined the bands
Of infant Love with flow'ry bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant for her slave.
His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;

susceptible to the impressions of beauty. In the following epigram, however, by the philosopher Plato, (Dioz. Laer. Iii. 3.) the Muses are represented as disavowing the influence of Love.

* A κυροεις κουφαεις, κοραοεις, ταν Αδριακων

Τιματος, η τον Ερωτα μεγαν ευφημωνοι.

Α Μοσαυ ποιησε, θεος η τα ιτάμωλα ταυτα

Ησαι γε πεπαιλα το το παδογιον.

"Tell me, tell me is not this a poet's heart?"

Thus the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms—

"Oh Love shall flutter through your classic shades, farms!"

And make your grove the camp of Paphos.

"No," said the virgin of the tumeful bower, "We seem thing own and all thy urchin's art; Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,

His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode. Sforzava deerto all uno amore. Doll' alma donna della vita mia:

E tanto eri il placcer ch' ei ne senta,
Che non sapo, ne vola sue core
Quando eco vi ammirar sii senta il core,
Sia, che per torza ancor convien che stia.
Tal latte alti baltate orlilti avia
Del crespo eriu, per farsi eterno etere.
Onde olfre infin dal cieo degni mercede
A chie scoglie il dizin i la bella dea
Da tanti nudi, in ch' ella stretto il vede.
Ma ei vinto a due oceo l'arme code:
Et t' affatichi indurio, Ciceria;
Che s' altri 'l scoglie, eglì a legar si riade
Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Found, at each step, such sweet delays,
That rapt he linger'd there,

And how, indeed, was love to fly,
Or how his freedom find,
When every ringlet was a tie,
A chain, by Beauty twined.

In vain to seek her boy's release
Comes Venus from above:
Fond mother, let thy efforts cease,
Love's now the slave of Love.
And, should we lose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy; &c.] In the first
ODES OF ANacreON.

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His mother says, but all in vain,—
He ne'er will leave his chains again.

Even should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Oh, who could wish for liberty?"

ODE XXI.*

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky,
And then the dewy cordial gires
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.
The vapors, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;

idyl of Moschus, Venus thus proclaims the reward for her feeding:

'O mævtes gémas éxê, Mias oú, to poláma to Kupridos ív ñ' aqagý ní

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

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

'Ídámeleis Ærpeýwos
'Ídámeleis de Sátra
Péváranou to de moul melos
Súgekrasas tès égyou
Ta tria taust mou óukoi
Kai Dilabostos euláthos
Kai Pánthi parákroos
Kai autoj érpos kan eteiv.

* Those critics who have endeavored to throw
the chains of expression over the spirit of this beautiful trifle, require too much from Anacorean philosophy. Among others, Gail very sapiently thinks that the poet uses the epithet melas, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges us with an experimental disquisition on the subject.—See Gail's notes.

One of the Capilnid has imitated this ode, in an epiphon on a drunkard:—

Dum vixi sine fine bibit, sic imbriser arcus
Sic tollis physis solo perusta bibit.
Sic bibit assuæ fontes et flumina Fontus.
Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haurit aquas.
Ne te igitur jacfas plus me, Silene, bibisse;
Et mihi da Vieta atque quoque, Bacche, manum.
HIPPOLYTUS CAPILPID.

While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;
As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flashing sun inhales the sea:
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.

Then, hence with all your sober think—
Since Nature's holy law is drinking; [ing!]
I'll make the laws of nature mine.
And pledge the universe in wine.

ODE XXII.

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;†
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,

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

'I'll example you with thievish.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Rob's the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid virtue
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrements.

TimoS of AthenE, net i. ve. 3.

† — a weeping matron's form; ] Niobe.

Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly, which 2 addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites: this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness, however, of a very graceful Muse; — "indit amabiliter." The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and the person of the ode is Anacreon, who, living, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears than in any of those fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it curious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select the following epigram of Dionysius:—

Εἴπ' ανεμος γενομην, συ δε γε στεισουσα παρ αγαιν.
Στριβα γυμναισας, και με πνευτα λαβοσ.
Εἴπη δοσον γενεύων υποτορφοσν, σφη με χροιν
Αρακειη, κραταις στειεντι γιονοιν.
Εἴπη τυχον γενεύων λευκοροσν, σφη με χριν
Αρακειην, μαλλον σε γρατης κοροση.

I wish I could like zephyr steed.
To wanton o'er thy many vest;
And thou wouldst one thy bosom-veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh! that a mirror’s form were mine,
That I might catch that smile divine;
And like my own fond fancy be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee;
Or could I be the robe which holds
That graceful form within its folds;
Or, turn’d into a fountain, lave
Thy beauties in my circling wave.
Would I were perfume for thy hair,
To breathe my soul in fragrance there;
Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or, then those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow—
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Lear them to hour, and fairer than them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh, any thing that touches thee;

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
And thou wouldst call me from the bower
To place me on that breast of snow,
Where I should bloom, a wintry flower.
I wish I were the lily’s leaf,
To fade upon that bosom warm,
Content to wither, pale and brief,
The triumph of thy fairer form!
I may add, that Pluto has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius:

Astros eisai, Astyn eme eide neuna
Ouvros, poleios omastos eis de blatos.

TO STELLA.

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

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher, to justify himself for his verses on Critias and Chaldaus. See his Apology, where he also adduces the example of Anacreon—

"Feceere tuent et altitela, et sive ignornatias
apal, Grecas Teins qminad, &c. &c."

* Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!* This τοπος was a riband, or band, called by the Romans fascia and strophum, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Pollac, Ononias, Thus Martial—

Fuscis ceremonios domine compressae papillae.
The women of Greece not only wore this zone but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their invidious fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

Now, sandals for those airy feet—
En’t be trod by them were sweet!*

Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
En’t be trod by them were sweet!

ODE XXIII.

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul’s desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our signs are given to love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre.

has borrowed this thought; ω αντεσλονοθε, ω καλλος ελευθερος, ω πραστινοισινα εγεναι και μακαρισθαι,

According to the order in which the odes are usually placed, this (Θεφυλολεγην Αρτεμις) forms the first of the series; and is thought to be particularly designed as an introduction to the rest. It however characterizes the genius of the Teinian but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it:

—cum multo Venerem confundere mero
Precept Lyrii Tela Musa sena. Ovid.

The twenty-sixth Ode, Ξα να ἕλεγεν πα Θεογνηἀτη,
might, with just as much propriety, be placed at the head of his songs.

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

In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre. Madame Ducier generally translates long into a flute, which I believe is inaccurate. "D’expliquer la lyre des anciens (says M. Sorel) par un luth c’est ignorer la difference qu’il y a entre ces deux instruments de musique." — Bibliothèque Française.
But still its fainting sighs repeat,*
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And all that one has felt so well
The other shall as sweetly tell!

ODE XXIV.*
To all that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with wrathèd horns his skull;
A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And wing'd the timorous hare with speed.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To track their liquid path along;
While from the timbrel of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave, in that proud hour,

Prouda dat cunctis Natura animantibus arma,
Et sua femineum possideat arma genus,
Unguulque ut defendat equn, atque ut corona
Lauro.

Armata est femina pulchra sae.
And the same thought occurs in these lines,
spoken by Coriscan in Pastor Fido:

Cési noi la belleza
Chi s'è vertì nostra così proipa, came
La forza del leone,
E ll'uggegno de l' uomo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And loudly man his strength of mind;
But beauty's charm is solely ours,
Peculiar boon, by Heaven assign'd.

"An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in Grimm
ándern den Anmerk. iiber einige Odén des Anakr."
To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power.
Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,
Was left in Nature's treasury?
She gave thee beauty—mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.
Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee.

Ode of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty,
above all the rest which Nature has distributed.
it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of
the compliment, to prefer the radiance of fe-
male charms to the cold illumination of wis-
don and prudence; and to think that women's
eyes are

ODE XXV.*
Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest:
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bower
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours forever smile.
And thus thy pinion rests and roves—
Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,
That brood within this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!

The boon of intellectual power.
Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,
Waa left in Nature's treasury?
She gave thee beauty—mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.
Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee.

From whence doth spring the true Prometheus
fire.

"She gave thee beauty—mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war." Thus
Achilles Tatius refers to the phrase:
Bathos, aepetar tetrotoni belos, kai dia twn ophallwv eis twn phwv xartaror.

"Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow,
And passes through the eye to the very soul;
for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love.

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

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

Sin Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.
"Fortis, id est formosus," say Servius and Nonius.

"If we have here another ode addressed to
the swallow. Alberiti has imitated both in
one poem, beginning

Perci'io piangia al tuo canto,
Rondinele importuna, &c.

** Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves.
That brood within this hapless breast.
And never, never change their nest!" Thus
Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram
cried by Longepeirre from the Anthologia:—
Still every year, and all the year,
They fix their fated dwelling here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Still lurk a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.

Thus people, like the vernal groves,
My breast resounds with warbling Loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And fast as they rush take their flight,
Still other urchins spring to light.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these Cupids from my heart?
Ah, no! I fear, in sadness fear,
They will forever nestle here!

ODE XXVI.*

THY harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
That drank the current of my heart,

As, by his Lennian forge's flame,
The husband of the Phaethon fame
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
And Venus, as he plied his art,
Shed honey round each new-made dart,

Nor naval arms, nor mailed steel,
Have made this vanish'd bosom bleed;
No—'twas from eyes of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew;
And now my heart all bleeding lies Beneath that army of the eyes!

ODE XXVII‡

WE read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The Harrison of the East are known;
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies; [mark,
Through them we see the small fair:—
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

ODE XXVIII.§

As, by his Lennian forge's flame,
The husband of the Phaethon fame
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
And Venus, as he plied his art,
Shed honey round each new-made dart,

Of the eyes, but few have turned the thought
So naturally as Anacreon. Rousseau gives to the
eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."
‡ This ode forms a part of the preceding in the
Vatican MS., but I have conformed to the editions
in translating them separately.
§ "Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of
Ramler Wahrzeichen der Liebe, in Lyr. Blumen
ib. iv. p. 313.
8. But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies; — "We cannot see
into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the
lover answers:

Il ne est plus d'occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.

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

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.
In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame that in his bosom lies;
His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes:
And while his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks e'en more than they.

This ode is referred to by La Mothe le Va
eyer, who, I believe, was the author of that curi
ous little work, called "Hexameron Rustique.
He makes use of this, as well as the thirty-fifth,
in his ingenious but indelicate explanation of
Homer's Cave of the Nymphs.—Journée Qua
trîme.
While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall;*
It chanced the Lord of Battles came
To visit that deep cave of flame.
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd;
He saw the fiery darts, and smiled
Contemptuous at the archer child.
"What?" said the urchin, "dost thou smile?
Here, hold this little dart awhile,
And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."

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

* While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall.] Thus Claudian:—
Labantur gentes fontes, hic ducis, amarus
Alter, et in his insitus corrumpit melia venenis,
Unde Cuphaidos armavit saevas sagittas.
In Cupids' tale two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.
See Aelatus, emblem 91, on the close connection
which subsists between sweet and bitters.
"A pes idem pungunt, (says Petronius,) quia ubi
dulces, ibi et acridum invencies."
The allegorical description of Cupid's employment,
In Horace, may vie with this before us
in fame, though not in delicacy:—
Semen ardentis acuens sagittas
Cote cruenta.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts,
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.
Secundus has borrowed this, but has some
what softened the image by the omission of the
epithet "cruenta."
Faller an ardentis acuens sagittas
Eleg. 1.

1 Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still; &c.] The following Anacreontic, addressed by Menage
to Daniel Huet, enforces, with much grace, the
"necessity of loving:"—

Περὶ τοῦ δὲ αὐτοῖς ἐρωτευτήρος;
Πρὸς Πετρὸν Δαυίδα Άηττον.
Μεγά λαμπρὰς σωφρόνας,
Χαρίνιον γαλάς, ἤττητε,
Φίλεωμεν, ὡ ἐτάρσι
Φίλεωμεν οἰ σωφρόνας,
Φίλεωμεν σεμνὸς συμφ.
Το κενόν τον λαθροφυγανον,
Σύνιν παρὰ αναγνή.

ODE XXIX.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;†
But oh, it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again!
Affection now has fled from earth.
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favoring smile.

Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that desire this thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its tender feelings fled!
War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms:

Το δ' αὐτοῖς Ερωτήματος;
Ακόρον, μεν εἰς εὐφυίαν, παθήτων;
Πετρουγανέως Εἰς Ὄλυμπον
Κατακακαπερών αναφρικ;
Βραδεῖας τετραγενινισί
Βιλείσεϊς ἐφαγειν;
Πως λαμπαδός φαίνω
Ρεπαραρτούσοις καυλίσεως;
Φιλεωμένς οὖν, ' Ἠττητε,
Φιλεωμένως ὡ ετάρσι
Ἀδίκως δὲ λαθροφυγανον
'Αγώνως ερωτάς ήμών
Κακον εἰφμαῖ το λαθρον
Ίνα μοι δικαίων ἐκενόν
Φιλεωμέν τε καὶ φιλεωμεθαν.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nursed;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophronicus' prudent son,
Was by love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 'tis pointed, thus refined.
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languour sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,

* This line is borrowed from a epigram by Alphon.
† Mikeloyne which Menage, I count, says somewhere
he was himself the first to produce to the world.—

Ψυχῆς εἰπὶ ἔρως αὐτοῦ.
ODE XXX.*

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

Let us love our lives away!
And when hearts, from loving free,
[If indeed such hearts there be,)
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion lose;
This shall be my only curse
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they never the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

* Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our passion is very rare in life. But I see nothing in the ode which alludes to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I agree in the opinion of Madame Ducier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

† The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram which bears some similarity to this ode —

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
Carpebam, et somno lumina victa damab;
Cum me sevus Amor prensum, sursumque
Exstant, et inerum pertigilare jubet. (capillus
Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille
Solus lo, solus, dure jacere potes? (puellae
Exilia, et pedibus nadiis, tanqueque solana
Omne iter impedi, nummum iter expedi.
Nunc propter, nunc ire piget; rursamque ridire
Pechitet; et pulcor est stare via media. [rum,
Ecce recentes voces hominum, strepitisque fera
Et velurus canis, turbaque fida canum.
Solus ego ex cunctis paceo somnunque torum
Et sequor imperium, seve Cupido, taun. [que,
Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound, [bed,
When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my
And forced me many a weary way to tread.
What said the god shall you, whose vows
are known.

ODE XXXI.*

Arm'd with hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god,) Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With wavy foot I pailing flew,
Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.†
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;‡
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And fanning light his breezy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;‡
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.*

Strew me a fragrant bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?
I rise and follow; all the night I stray,
Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way;
Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
Loath to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems inter'd,
Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard,
I, alone, a fugitive from rest,
Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
Wandered the world around, unknowing where,
The slave of love, the victim of despair!
Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.†
I have followed those who read repier idam fo
repier idam; the former is partly authorized by the MS., which reads repier idam.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;‡
In the original, he says, his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he fell from a kiss, in a distich quoted by Anius Gallissi—

Τάν ψυχήν, ἀγάθων φίλος, επί χειλεῖν εὐχον.
Μάθε ὡς η τηλων ὡς διαβραζομενη.
Where'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath, in trance divine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Anius Gallissi subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find a number of those mispronunciations of expression which mark the effeminacy of the Latin language.

And fanning light his breezy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;‡
"The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget the solicitations which he may occasion."
—La Fosse.

‡ We here have the poet, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Some interpreters have ruined the picture by making Epos the name of his
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this sweet hour of revelry
Young Love shall my attendant be—
Dress'd for the task, with tunic round
His snowy neck and shoulders bound,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!

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

ODE XXXIII.*

'Twas noon of night, when round the
The sullen Bear is seen to roll; [pole
And mortals, weared with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,

slave. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho, in one of her fragments, has assigned this office to Venus. 

Which may be thus paraphrased:—
Hither, Venus, queen of kisses,
This shall be the night of blisses;
This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye;
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush.
Godess, hast thou e'er above
Swept a feast, so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine!
Not a sou that is not thine!

And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air.
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
"Ah, gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild,
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"

I heard the baby's tale of wo;
I heard the bitter night-winds blow;
And sighing for his piteous lot,
I tramm'd my lamp and oped the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wand'ring sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night.
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart.
Fondly I take him in, and raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smiled,)
"I pray thee, let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wander'd so,
That much I fear the midnight shower
Has injur'd its elastic power!"

The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,
And to my inmost spirit came:
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,


* M. Bernard, the author of L'Art d'aimer, has written a ballet called "Les Surprises de l'Amour," in which the subject of the third entrée is Anacreon, and the story of this ode suggests one of the scenes.—Oeuvres de Bernard, Anc. scene 4th.

The German annotator refers us here to an imitation by Uz, lib. iii., "Amor und sein Bruder," and a poem of Kielst, "die Hölleng.

La Fontaine has translated, or rather imitated this ode.

"And who art thou," I weeping cry,
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"
Anacreon appears to have been a voluntpuiry even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the odes x. and xxxvii.

* 'Twas Love! the little wand'ring sprite, &c.]

See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first idyl.
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow;
It still can send a thrilling dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ODE XXXIV.*

On thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest
Upon the wildwood’s leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee.
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whatever withers of the circle d'st yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows.

For thee it buds, for thee it grows,
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew;
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We bear thy sweet prophetic strain;

* In a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper per. Reapin has preserved some of the thoughts of our author:
Qvae virulent graminum in toro,
Cicada, blandia silis, et herbis
Saltus obvocat, otiosus
Ingeniosa ciere cantus,
Sea forte adulta florum mensis,
Celui calicis elercia flexibus, &c.
Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,
Recipissit, and tun'st thy song.
The dewy herbs and leaves amone!
Whether thou list on springing flowers
Drunk, with the balmy morning showers, Or, &c.

See what Lictors says about grasshoppers,
chap. 93, and 185.
And chirp thy song with such a glee, &c.
Some authors have affirmed, (says Madame Dacier,) that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bonmot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who says, et
Sestis et petetis oun enepomxen, ou rai gnavo
Kiai oua womex ekei; are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives?"

This note is originally Henry Stephens’s; but I chose rather to make a lady my authority for it.

The Muses love thy shrilly tone, &c.
Philé de Animal. Proprietat. calls this insect Mouves
clos, the darling of the Muses: and Mavens
clos, the bird of the Muses: and we find Pinto compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following running lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius—

Θων παισεις ο Άγιος πλαστήτατο, αλλ’ αγοργήν
Ηδείας ἐτέρται χαλκάθαι, οί’ ἐκάκισθαν
Αδίρες ἐξερεύνα απα μεσογείαν κείον.

Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
'Twixt he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

Unborn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect, child of earth,§
In wisdom moral, wise in mirth;
Exempts from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seest—a little deity!

ODE XXXV.||

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

This last line is borrowed from Homer's Iliad,
y where there occurs the very same simile.
§ Melodious insect, child of earth.] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the Anthologa, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan:

Αρετες πετεστικας θεουν ὑπερος, αλλα πιοντες
Λαυρεως σκυλων ειτα γυμνοτερω.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
The Cicada sipping floats,
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweter than any cygnet's notes.

II Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode
In his nineteenth idyl; but a very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and naïveté of expression. Spenser, in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude, begins thus:—

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

In Almevooen's collection of epitaphs, there is one by Laxorins, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Alacreus, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

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

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

ODE XXXVI.*

If hoarded gold possessed the power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every hour should swell my store;
Eros tost' en choreis,
Twn paretheni aytow,
Tn mou olh n Korinwv
De yeves, wv pros autw
Prosodosom' trochilkov
Diouras wv xeiras apwv
Vkeles me, metra, epw.
Kata, wv me, kai Korinwv,
Mptwv, erebfwaieti,
Wv parethenwv me ouwv.
K' autw de diapokrwmwv,
Ome omata sylwtrwmen,
Eros erebfwaieti.
Evw, de ou parastatw,
Mev diapokrwmw, dme.
Kupwv te kai Korinwv
Diagwswai ouw ephwv
Kai ou btwnwv odo.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
The flow'ret of the virgin train,
My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
Young Cupid caught the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;
Saying, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving—
Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame!
It made ev'n Cupid blush with shame.
"Be not ashamed, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;
"Corinna and thy lovely mother,
Believe me, are so like each other
That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
And take thy Venuses for the maid.
Zitto, in his Cappriolos Pensieri, has given
a translation of this ode of Anacreon.

That when Death came, with shadowy pinion.
To wait me to his bleak dominion,†
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.
But, since not all earth's golden store
Can buy for us one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
Nor wealth nor grandeur can blume
The silent mourners in the tomb.
No—give to others hoarded treasures—
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures,
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose social souls the goblet blends;‡
And mine, while yet I've life to live,
Those joys that love alone can give.

ODE XXXVII.§

'Twas night, and many a circling bow
Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul;
As holl'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd,
With maidens, blooming as the dawn,

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


† That when Death came, with shadowy pinion.
To wait me to his bleak dominion, &c."—] The commentators, who are so fond of disputing "de inanà caprima," have been very busy on the authority of the phrase in amanov enpodh.
The reading of in amanov enpodh, which De Medebach proposes in his Amoenitates Literar., was already hinted by Le Fevre, who seldom suggests any thing worth notice.

‡ The goblet rich, the board of friends, Whose social souls the goblet blends:—] This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholiuim, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. Υψηλωτερον μεν αριστον άνθρωπον, Δευτερον δε, καλον τουχεν γενεσθαι. To τραπεζιτι, πλωτενι αδαμάν. Και το τεταρτον συνέβα μετα των φίλων.

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

§ "Compare with this ode the beautiful poem 'der Traun' of Uz."—Deegen.

Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into
I seem'd to skim the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!

Some ruddy striplings who look'd on—
With cheeks, that like the wine-god's
Saw me chasing, free and wild, [shone,
These blooming maidens, and slyly smiled;
Smiled indeed with wanton glee, [me.
Though none could doubt they envied
And still I flew—now had caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To gather from each rosy lip
A kiss that Jove himself might sip—
When sudden all my dream of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone!—"Alas!" I said,
Sighing for th' illusion fled,
"Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh let me dream it o'er and o'er!"

ODE XXXVIII.:

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul

an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reproachment which he appears to have suffered for his Anacreon. "Fuit olim fator, (says he in a note upon Longinus,) cum Sappho
omen angustum sed ex quò illa me perdilissima feminæ pene misericord perdidit eam sed eratissimo suo congernone, (Anacreontem dicò, si needes, Lector,) nulli sperare, &c. &c." He alludes on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed obriety, at the Dionysian festivities, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of:—

Oudeis philostratos estin anphros xalos.
"No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

When sudden all my dreams of joy,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone! "Nouns says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that Anacreon uses,—

Oudèn xos ekkhête, kai xheleis anphros eaxen;
"Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
The nymph had faded from his arms;
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid.

—Longepierre.

"Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh let me dream it o'er and o'er!"
Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare,
amindverting upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us:—"I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

"Compare with this beautiful ode to Bacchus the verses of Hagedorn, llb. v. "das Gesell-
schaftliche," and of Bürger, p. 51, &c. &c."

§ Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms

—Degen.

§, that the snowy Queen of Charms

So oft has fondled in her arms] Robertson, upon the epithalamium of Catullus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cythere, the name of Venus, para to κυκλευτος υιών υρατος, which seems to hint that "Love's fairy favors are lost, when not concealed.

"Tis only wine can strike a spark!"
The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluntary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia:

Δοσμακναιον, Προδηκ, πυκνοσωμεθα, κα τον

Εκσκαμε, κληκά μειζωνα παρελον.

"Raise δ χαιροτοις εστι βιος, ειτα τα λοετα

Τιμα κωλξετε, και το τελον θαλετος.

Of which the following is a paraphrase—

Let's fly, my love, from noontide's beam.
To plunge us in your cooling stream;
Then, hastening to the festive bower,
We'll pass in mirth the evening hour;
'Tis thus our age of bliss shall fly.
As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
"Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the graceful form.
Will chill the pulse while throbbling warm
And death—also! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should o'er be still!
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbib the spicy breath
Of odors chafed to fragrant death.
Or from the lips of love inhale
A more ambrosial, richer gale!
To hearts that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

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

ODE XL.
I know that Heaven hath sent me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journey'd o'er,
Return no more—alas! no more,

* Snows may o'er his head be flung,
  But his heart—his heart is young.] Saint
Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet
  to a young girl.
  Je sais bien que les destinées
  Ont mal compensé tes années;
  Ne regardez que mon amour;
  Peut-être en serez vous émue.
  Il est jeune et n'est que du jour,
  Belle hir, que je vous ador.
  Fair and young thou bloomest now,
  And I full many a year have told;
  But read the heart and not the brow,
  Thou shalt not find my love is old.
  My love's a child; and thou canst say
  How much his little age may be,
  For he was born the very day
  When first I set my eyes on thee!

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

And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Away, then, wizard Care, nor think
Thy letters round this soul to link;
Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!}

ODE XLI.

WHEN Spring adorns the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,
As o'er the scented mead it flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to burst in tears of wine; [love,
And with some maid, who breathes but
To walk, at noontide, through the grove;]
Or sit in some cool, green recess—
Oh, is not this true happiness?

ODE XLI.

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humor sparkles from the wine.
Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!
† Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb! The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian, in which he makes him promulgate the precepts of good-fellowship even from the tomb.

Παλαις μεν τοι' αεις, και κε νυμφην δο' βαπτων,
Πινετε, πριν ταυτη αμφιβαλθει κοινον
This lesson oft in life I sung.
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I."
§ And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove.
† Thus Horace:
Quid habes illius, illius
Queo spirabit amoros.
Que me surpereat mili.
And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breathed the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?
§ The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, unbrable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following: it is the
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my enlivening lyre;
And while the red cup foams along,
Mingle in soul as well as song.
Then, while I sit, with flow'rs'ets crown'd,
To regulate the goblet's round,
Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,
Be seated smiling by my side,
And earth has not a gift or power
That I would envy in that hour.
Envy!—oh never let its blight
Touch the gay hearts met here to-night.
Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,
Nor harsh disputes, nor discord's sounds
Disturb a scene, where all should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note
Upon the breezy inspiring float,
While round us, kindling into love,
Young maidens through the light dance move,
[peace,
Thus blist with mirth, and love, and
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.

While our rosy fillets shed
Freshness o'er each fervid head,
only one worth translation, and it breathes the
same sentiments with this ode:—

O δικαιας, της κρητης παρα πλευς ουροποταιμων,
Νεκες και πολεμων δακρυωστα λυγες,
Αλλα δις Μωσεως ης και αγγλια δωρ' Αδριατης
Σιμμαχων, ερατης μεγαστα ευσφρονων.
When to the lip the brimming cup is press'd,
As all adorn now its stream,
Then banish from my board th'unpolish'd guest,
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.
But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathe
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him, whose soul expansive
breathes
And blends refinement with the social hour.
* And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful raptures from its strings, &c.
Respecting the barbiton a host of authorities may
be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant
of the nature of the instrument. There is
scarcely any point upon which we are so totally
uninformed as the music of the ancients. The
authors' extant upon the subject are, I imagine,
little understood; and certainly if one of their
moods was a progression by quarter-tones,
which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic
scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic
of their melody; for this is a
nicety of progression of which modern music is
not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Arne,
neus, attributed to Ammian. See his fourth
book, where it is called to επιμα του Ανακριν.
* Collected by Malcomus.

With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful raptures from its strings,
Some airy nymph, with graceful bound,
Keeps measure to the music's sound;
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Trembles all over to her sighs.
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas, his own;
And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the accents die!
Never sure on earth has been
Half so bright, so blest a scene.
It seems as Love himself had come
To make this spot his chosen home:—
And Venus, too, with all her wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!§

ODE XLIV.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,

The introduction of these deities to the festival is
merely allegorical. Madame Ducier thinks that
the poet describes a masquerade, where these
deities were personated by the company in
masks. The translation will conform with either
idea:

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

* This spirited poem is a sublige on the rose,
ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE XLV.

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

ODE XLVI. §

BEHOLD, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing.
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;

The Imperative o'er—is infinitely more impressive—as in Shakespeare.

But look, the worm, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of you high cresset hill.

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 46.

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

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

Chevreau, in Guerres Mêlées.

"Compare with this ode (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, book fourth, 'der Frühling,' and book fifth, 'der Muh.'"

[While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.]

In his paraphrase of the line:—

E che val, fuor della strada
Del piacer almo e gradita.
Vanneggiare in questa vita?

§ The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patchwork of some miserable versifier, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be elegantly graphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of Λεως έψη εννιακοτος is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace:—

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte——

In the bowl of Bacchus deep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child [wild,]
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph
Even the Gods, who walk the sky
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.*
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them o'er me while I sing,
Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,
I lead some bright nymph through the dance,†
Commingling sweet with every glance.

and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilleas Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is fancifully styled "the eye of flowers;" and the same poet, in another fragment, calls the favor of the Muse "the roses of Pieria." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

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

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

† I lead some bright nymph through the dance, &c.] The epithet ματικός, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed."

‡ Then let us never vainly stray.
In search of home, from pleasure's way, &c.] I have thus endeavored to convey the meaning of της τοι βιον πανομους; according to Regnier's paraphrase of the line:—

Ε che val, fuor della strada
Del piacer almo e gradita.
Vanneggiare in questa vita?

§ The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patchwork of some miserable versifier, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be elegantly graphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of τής τοι βίου πάνωμας is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace:—

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte——
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumage in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.

Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultured field, and winding stream,*
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

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

**ODE XLVII.**

'Tis true my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the burnishing wine,
As deep as any stripling fair;
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's d'ew,
Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask;

The only thyrus e'er I'll ask.†

Let those, who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl,
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its burnishing wave.
For though my fading years decay,

* And cultured field, and winding stream, etc. By σπορός ἐργα, "the works of men" (says Baxter), he means cities, temples, and towns, which are then illuminated by the beams of the sun.

† But brandishing a rosy flask, etc. Σπόρος was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb σπόρος καὶ γάλακτος, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus, from the Hesione of Alexis.

To the only thyrus e'er I'll ask! Πυρηνιτος assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrus to Bacchus, that incertitude often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

What reason for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, &c. &c.

Through manhood's prime hath pass'd
Like old Silenus, sire divine, [away,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again!

**ODE XLVIII.**

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Given me wealthy Cynos' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,§
While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
But let me, my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me—
Who think it better, wiser far
To fall in banquet than in war.

**ODE XLIX.**

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul—**

When to my inmost core he glides,

Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight; I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others—Altri sanguis Marte fortis;
Che sol Bacce a'mio conforto.

This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely chansons à boire—the effusions probably of the moment of conviviality, and afterwords sung, we may imagine, with rapture throughout Greece. But that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can now be little felt even by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul—* etc. Σπόρος is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for Arei (one of the bacchanal cries,) and accordingly supposed that they worshipped him thus.
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet,
Calling up round me visions known
To lovers of the bowl alone.

Sing, sing of love, let music's sound
In melting cadence float around,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
Responsive to its murmurs sigh.
Then, waking from our blissful trance,
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODE L.∗

When wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;†
And fresh’den’d by the goblet’s dews,
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.
When wine I drink, all sorrow’s o’er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.

When I drink wine, th’ ethereal boy,
Saccus himself, partsakes my joy;
And while we dance through vernal bowers;‡
[flowers,
Whose ev’ry breath comes fresh from
In wine he makes his senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of naught but him!

Again I drink, — and, lo, there seems

∗ Faber thinks this ode spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he praises in the dream, “it smells of Anacreon.”

The form of the original is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrains stanza, each beginning with the line
‘O’er’ η γα δια τον αιων.
The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting out of three lines.

† Compare with this poem (says Degen) the verses of Hageciorn, lib. v., ‘der Wein,’ where that divine poet has wontoned in the praises of wine.

‡ When wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;∗ Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry. We find an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus:—
Οίνος τοι χαρίστι μεγας πελει έπεσο αυδο,
‘έχρας ευ πιπω, καλην ου τεκνω ετως.
If with water you fill up your glasses,
You’ll never write anything wise;
For wine’s the true horse of Parnassus,
Which carries a hard to the skies.

And while we dance through vernal bowers &c. If some of the translators had observed Dr. Trapp’s caution with regard to τολανθρακων μ’ ου αυραρι, “Cave non cellum intelligas,”

A calmer light to fill my dreams;
The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head;
Then take the lyre, and sing “how blest
The life of him who lives at rest!”
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train;
And, while rich perfumes round me rise.
That seem the breath of woman’s sighs
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,
Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams!
When thus I drink, my heart refin’d,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow
That none but social spirits know,
When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!§
Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,
There’s bliss in every drop of wine.
All other blessings I have known,
I scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne’er destroy,
Till death o’ershadows all my joy.

ODE LI.‖

FLY not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.

‡ When, with young revellers, round the bowl, The old themselves grow young in soul!§ Subjoined to Gall’s edition of Anacreon, we find some curious letters upon the θύμαta of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odeon in Paris, the managers of that spectacle requested Professor Gall to give them some uncommon name for their fêtes. He suggested the word “Thiasa,” which was adopted; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of the term, and addressed their criticisms to Gall through the medium of the public prints.

‖ Alberti has imitated this ode; and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it:—
Cur. Lalage, mea vita, meos confunmis amores?
Cur fugis e nostro pulchra puella simu?
Ne fugias, sint sparsa lecta meis temporis canis,
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though youth's brilliant flush be thine,
Still I'm doomed to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid.
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

ODE LII.

AWAY, away, ye men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine;

Inque tuo rosens fulgent ore color.
Aspice in festis decent quoque ioire corollas
Candida purpureis lilla mista resita.
Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd tow,
And fly, beloved maid, these tender arms?
Is it, that wintry time has strew'd my brow,
While thine are all the summer's rosant charms?

See the rich garland cull'd in vernal weather,
Where the young rosebud with the lily glows,
So, in Love's weath'r both we may twine to-gether.
And I the lily be, and thou the rose.

*See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid! "In the same manner that Anacreon pleads for the whitening of his locks, from the beauty of the color in garlands, a shepherd, in Theocritus, endeavors to recommend his black hair:—
Καὶ τοι ὑμᾶν ἔστιν, καὶ ἡ γραστὰ ὑπαξίων,
Αλλὰ εἶπεν εἰ τοῖς στεφάνωις τὰ πρῶτα λεγοντινί.

Longepierre, Barnes, &c.

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

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

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labors of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. Iaros pudeirh

† Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine.] By

For, age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for naught but pleasure now.
Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink.
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's grasy grave,
And there's an end—for ah, you know
They drink but little wine below!}

ODE LIII.

WHEN I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows;
And let me, while the wild and young

χωρογία ἄφοιτης here, I understand some beau-
tiful girl, in the same manner that Anacreon is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea" and in Propertius, "Cythna aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden."
The translation of Antori Anonimi, as usual wants on this passage of Anacreon:
E m' insegni con più rare
Forme accruo d' involtare
Ad unaibile beltrada
Il bel cinto d' onestade.
§ And there's an end—for oh, you know
They drink but little wine below!† Thus
Mamard:—
La Mort nous guette; et quand see lais
Nous ont enfermés une fois
An sein d'une fosse profonde,
Adieu bons vins et bon repas;
Ma science me trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.
From Mamard, Gombauld, and Do Callly,
Old French poets, some of the best epigrams of the English language have been borrowed.
†Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows; &c.] Li-

cetus, in his Hieroglyphics, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls to his attendant's for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur flores coronas poetis et potissimum in symposio con-

vivere, non autem sapientibus et philosophiam indifferentem."—"It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means because those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophic". On this principle, in his 152d chapter he dis-
covers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus, as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. Such is the " labor ineptianum" of commen-

icators.
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young, as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Help to my lips the brimming bowl!
And you shall see this hoary sage
Forget at once his locks and age.
He still can chant the festron lyric,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;*
As deeply quaff, as largely fill,
And play the fool right nobly still.

ODE LIV.

Methinks, the pictured bull we see
Is amorous Jove—must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phaenician fair!
How proud he breastes the fairest tide,
And spurns the hillow surgy aside!
*He still can kiss the goblet's brim, &c.] Wine
is prescribed by Galen, as an excellent medicine
for old men: "Quod frigidum et humoribus ex-
pletos calidum, &c.;" but Nature was An-
creon's physician.

There is a proverb in Epiph., as quoted by
Athenaeus, which says, that wine makes an
old man dance whether he will or not.

And Acer est virgus, et vacat eccle.
Hic numeris innumerorum operos
Pheidiis coremis o velo.

† "This ode is written upon a picture which
represented the rape of Europa."—Madame
Dacier.

It may probably have been a description of
one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck
off in honor of Europa, representing a woman
carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis
Comes, lib. viii. cap. 21. "Sidonii numismata
cum feminâ tauri dorsos insidente ac mare
transvestito eauderunt in ejus honorem." In
the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, at-
tributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention
of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by
the Sidonians to Astarté, whom some, it ap-
pears, confounded with Europa.

The poet Moschus has left a very beautiful
idiom on the story of Europa.

† "No: he descends from chimes above.
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!"—Thus
Moschus:—

Κρύφη γ' ηνον καὶ τριφή δεόν καὶ γνέκτο ταυρος.
The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
And a bull's form belied th' almighty Jove.
§ This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose.

"All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced
nothing more beautiful."

From the idea of peculiar excellence, which
the ancients attached to this flower, arose a
pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristo-
planes, according to Suidas, rodω μηγαρικα,
"You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat
similar to the "dire des fleuriettes" of the

Could any beast of vulgar vein
Undaunted thus defy the main?
No: he descends from chimes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!

ODE LV.

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing:
Whose breath perfumes thy Olympian bowers?

Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's springtide season glows,
The Graces love to wreathe the rose;
And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves,†
An emblem of herself perceives.
Oft hath the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;**
And long the Muses, heavenly maidens,

French. In the same idea of elegance origin-
ated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the
word ροδω, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Guminus upon the ep-
thalamium of our poet, where it is introduced
in the romance of Theodoreus. Murtas, in one of
his elegies, calls his mistress his rose—
λαμα την ιειτωρ ορας τενοε, φορμουσα, λαμα τη
(Quid trepidas! laenu); Jam, rose, τη τενοε.

Eleg. 8.

Now I again may clasp thee, dearest,
What is there now, on earth, thou fearest?
Again these longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment
in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plau-
tus; they were vulgar and colloquial in his
time, but are among the elegancies of the modern
Latinists.

Passeratus alludes to the ode before us, in the
beginning of his poem on the Rose:—
Carmine digna rosa est; vellem caucetur ut illam
Tenus argutâ cecinât testudine vates.

† Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing; I have
passed over the line σων εταιρων ανείνα, μελτων,
which is corrupt in this original reading, and
has been very little improved by the annota-
 tors. I should suppose it to be an interpolation,
if it were not for a line which occurs after-
twards: ψευδ' ἔγειρεν λεγομεν.**

† And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves, &c.;
Bellem, in a note upon an old French poet,
quoting the original here, αφαδολωτε τα αθυρωμα?
translates it, "comme les delices et mignardises
de Venüs."

** Oft hath the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung; &c.; The
following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess.
It is cited in the romance of Achilles Tatius,
who appears to have resolved the numbers into
prose. Ec τους αριστων χθελην και νους επιθανες
βασιλεα, του ροδω αν των αθυρων εφαδωνεν, για
κοτσαρος, θωτων καλασιας, αθαλωμε αθυρων.
Have reared it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To call the timid flow'rret there,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay.
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.

When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale.
There's naught in nature bright or gay,
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
* Young nymphs betray the rose's hue,
O'er whilest arms it kindles through.
In Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.

The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;

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

* When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes; [ed.]
In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, παρα τοις σοφοις. We see that poets were drenched in Greece with the title of sages; even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon—"fuit hactenus sapiens quidam."}

Preserves the cold imured clay, [ed.]
He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps, (as Barnes thinks;) to the rose vanguard with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector.—Romer's Iliad ψ. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, Theb. lib. x. 722.
— hi sertis, in veris honoris solute

Preserves the cold imured clay; And mocks the vestige of decay; And when, at length, in pale decline, Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath Diffuses odor even in death! [sprung? Oh! whence could such a plant have Listen.—for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream, Effusing beauty's warmest beam, Venus appear'd, in flushing hues, Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above, The pregnant brain of mighty Jove Disclosed the nymph of azure glance, The nymph who shakes the martial lance;—
Then, then, in strange eventful hour, The earth produced an infant flower, Which sprung, in blushing glories dress'd,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth, And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth! With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,]
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine.

A acumulant artus, patriaque in sede reponent Corpus odoraturn.
Where "veris honor, "though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet in another ode calls έρυμο μελαμ. We read, in the Hieroglyphics of Pierius, lib. lv., that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and Pierius has added some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

[And so the rest of the story.] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment, (teneà ponentur eosa rosa.) Propert. lib. i. eleg. 17,) or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty: for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "nimium breves floros" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρονον δε ουτι Ερως, ουτε ροδα ουτε. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience. & Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath Diffuses odor even in death! Thus Casper Barkeis, in his Ritus Nuptiarum:
Ambrosium late rosa tune suaque spargit odor—Cum fuit, aut multa lundia sole facut. [ranum.]
Nor then the rose its odor loses,
When all its dashing beauties die;
Nor less embrostial dains diffuses,
When wither'd by the solare eye.
[With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed, [ed.]
The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" [a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the labor'd luxuriance]
Of him who gave the glorious vine;  
And bade them on the spangled thorn  
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.*

His, who instructs the youthful crew  
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,  
And taste, unclay'd by rich excesses,  
All the bliss that wine possesses;  
He, who inspires the youth to bound  
Elastic through the dance's round,  
Bonfires, the god again is here,  
And leads along the blushing year;  
The blushing year with vintage teems,  
Ready to shed those cordial streams,  
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,  
Illuminate the sons of earth!

Then, when the ripe and vernal wine,—  
Blest infant of the pregnant vine,  
Which now in mellow clusters swells,—  
Oh! when it bursts its roseate cells,  
Brightly the joyous stream shall flow,  
To balsam every mortal wo!

of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis—

Rose

Fusce aprino de creo—  
according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the  
following epigram this hue is differently accounted for:—  
Ilia quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,  
Gradivus stricto qucum petit case ferox,  
Adrius nutrita ecae resitis.  
Alba libico pieta crua rose os erat.  
While the enamour'd queen of joy  
Flies to protect her lovely boy,  
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;  
She trends upon a thorned rose.  
And while the wound with crimson flows,  
The snowy flow'ret feels her blood, and  
blushes.

* Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib. i., 'Die Weinlese.'—Degen.

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage; one of the επεφθαγμα τε, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a sort of reverence for these classic relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nine-  
teenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-  
fifth of the third, for some bacchalian celebra-  
tion of this kind.

† Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,  
Illuminate the sons of earth!  
In the original τοινυοι καισαίων. Madame Ducier  
thinks that the poet here had the nepenthe of  
Homer in his mind. Odyssey, lib. iv. This  
nepenthe was something of exquisite charm,  
infused by Helen into the wine of her guests,  
which had the power of dispelling every an-

None shall be then cast down or weak,  
For health and joy shall light each check,  
No heart will then desponding sigh,  
For wine shall bid despondence fly.  
Thus—till another autumn's glow  
Shall bid another vintage flow.

ODE LVII.*

Whose was the artist hand that spread  
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?  
And, in a flight of fancy, high  
As aught on earthly wing can fly,  
Depicted, thus, in semblance warm,  
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form  
Floating along the silv'ry sea  
In beauty's naked majesty!  
Oh! he hath given the enamour'd sight  
A witching banquet of delight,  
[clear,  
Where, gleaming through the waters  
Glimpses of undream'd charms appear,  
And all that mystery loves to screen,  
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen.]

Light as the leaf, that on the breeze  
Of summer skims the glassy seas,  
Iety,  
A French writer, De Mercé, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See Boyle, art. Helene.

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

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, &c., to denominate the whole poem as spurious. But, "non ego pennis officinarum munecis," I think it is quite beautiful enough to be authentick.

‡ Whose was the artist hand that spread  
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?  
The abruptness of apo τα τοπηγας ωότων is finely  
expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of  
those beauties which we cannot but admire in  
their source, though, by frequent imitation, they  
are now become familiar and uninspiring.

[And all that mystery loves to screen.  
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen, &c.] The  
picture here has all the delicate character of the  
semi-reducta Venus, and affords a happy specim- 
en of what the poetry of passion ought to be—  
glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon  
the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients  
have attained this modesty of description,  
which, like the golden cloud that hung  
over Jupiter and Juno, is impervious to every  
beam but that of fancy.
She floats along the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest;
While stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the heaving billows.
Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose,*
Her neck, like April's sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces.
Thus on she moves in languid pride,
Encreed by the azure tide,
As some fair lily o'er a bed
Of violets bends its graceful head.

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

ODE LVIII;†

WHEN Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless Luminum,§
And flies me, (as he flies me ever),¶
Do I pursue him? never, never!
No, let the false deserter go,
For who could court his direst foe?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind

* Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose, &c.
† Follows (says an anonymous annotator) a whimsical epithet for the bosom. Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,
En like in rosae later papullis;
And the latter,
Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, &c.
Crotus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague a use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes:"e rosellae oculis."

† — young Desire, &c.] In the original ἁπέπος, who was the same deity with Joc-

cus among the Romans. Aurelia Augurillus

has a poem beginning—
Invitat olim Bacchus ad eumam suos
Comm, Jocum, Capùdhem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated:—
Gay Boccace, liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespeaks us:
And for the graces that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocum, &c.

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

† When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,

Escape like any faithless Minion, &c.] In the original Ο ἀπόστογος ὁ χρυσός. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dau-
cier has already remarked; for Chrysos, which

No more by grovelling gold confined,
Then loose I all such clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then feel I, too, the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell,
Which, roused once more, to beauty
sings,
While love dissolves along the strings!

But scarcely has my heart been taught
How little Gold deserves a thought,
When to the slave love returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose genial art
In slumber seals the anxious heart.
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps forever!

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

signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a
slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrissipus are called golden fishes.
The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more vivid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Dio-
cenes.

[And flies me, (as he flies me ever.) &c.] Αἰ
§ a, μὲ φιάτες. This grace of iteration has already taken notice of. Though some-
times merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many
sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See Gyrald. Vet. Poet. Dial. 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one
who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his
mistress, Lesbia:—

Culi, Lesbia nostra, Leslie Illa,
Iliu Lesbia, quam Catullus namum,
Plus quam se atque suas amat omnes,
Nunc, &c.

Si se omnia diesisset—but the rest does not need citation.

Here dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,
Was fill'd with kisses to the brim. Original—

Horace has "Desiderique temperare poci-
num," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon,
Go—fly to haunts of sordid men, 
But come not near the bard again. 
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade, 
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid, 
And not for worlds would I forego 
That moment of poetic glow, 
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream, 
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme. 
Away, away! to worldlings hence, 
Who feel not this diviner sense; 
Give gold to those who love that pest,—
But leave the poet poor and blest.

ODE LIX.*

Ripen'd by the solar beam, 
Now the ruddy clusters teen 
In osier baskets borne along 
By all the festal vintage throng 
Of rosy youths and virgins fair, 
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear, 
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes, 
And now the captive stream escapes, 
In fervid tide of nectar gushing, 
And for its bondage proudly blushing! 
While, round the vat's impurpled brim, 
The choral song, the vintage hymn 
Of rosy youths and virgins fair, 
Steals on the charm'd and echoing air. 
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes, 
The orient tide that sparkling flies, 
The Infant Bacchus, born in mirth, 
While Love stands by, to hail the birth. 

When he, whose verging years decline 
As deep into the vale as mine, 
When he inhales the vintage-cup, 
His feet, new-wing'd, from earth spring up, 
but importing the love philtres of the witches. 
By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favorite gallantry among the ancient Greeks, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim:—

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

As in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "Iove καὶ πινεις ἀπα καὶ φίλας," 'that you may once both drink and kiss.'

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

Degeen, in the true spirit of literary skepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion;—

And as he dances, the fresh air 
Plays whispering through his silvery hair. 
Meanwhile young groups whom love invites, 
To joys 'e'en rivalling wine's delights, 
Seek; arm in arm, the shadowy grove, 
And there, in words and looks of love, 
Such as fond lovers look and say, 
Pass the sweet moonlight hours away.  

ODE LX.*

Awoke to life, my sleeping shell, 
To Phoebus let thy numbers swell; 
And though no glorious prize be thine, 
No Pythian wreath around thee twine, 
Yet every hour is glory's hour 
To him who gathers wisdom's flower. 
Then wake thee from thy voiceless slumbers, 
And to the soft and Phrygian numbers, 
Which, tremblingly, my lips repeat, 
Send echoes from thy chord as sweet. 
'Tis thus the swan, with fading notes, 
Down the Cyster's current floats, 
While amorous breezes linger round, 
And sigh responsive sound for sound. 

Muse of the Lyre! illumine my dream, 
Thy Phoebus is my fancy's theme; 
And hallow'd is the harp I bear, 
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear, 
Halow'd by him, the god of lays, 
Who modulates the choral maze. 
I sing the love which Daphne twined 
Around the godhead's yielding mind; 
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight 
From this ethereal son of Light; 
And how the tender, timid maid 
"non amo te, Sabaldi, nec possum diere quare." 
But this is far from being satisfactory criticism. 
Those well acquainted with the original need hardly be reminded that, in these few concluding verses, I have thought right to give only the general meaning of my author, leaving the details untouched.

* This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon; and it is undoubtedly rather a sallier flight than the Trojan wing is accustomed to soar. But, in a poet of whose works so small a proportion has reached us, diversity of style is by no means a safe criterion. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Siddons says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.
Flew trembling to the kindly shade,*
Resign’d a form, alas, too fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem’d to tremble still!
The god pursu’d, with wing’d desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when to clasp the nymph he thought,
A lifeless tree was all he caught;
And, stead of sights that pleasure eaves,
Heard but the west-wind in the leaves!

But, pause, my soul, no more, no more—
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly-maddening dream of soul
Hath hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When ah, the song, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire

*And how the tender, timid maid
Flew trembling to the kindly shade, &c.]

Original—

To μεν εκτόθενευε κεντρον,
Φυσων δ’ αμελευ μορφήν.
I find the word κεντρον here a double force, as it also signifies that “omnia parte
mentum, quam sanctus Numa, &c. &c.” (See Martial.) In order to confirm this import of
the word here, those who are curious in new readings, may place the stop after φυσων, thus:

To μεν εκτόθενευε κεντρον
Φυσων, δ’ αμελευ μορφήν.

Still be Anacreon, still inspire

The descant of the Teian lyre:† The original

Is Τον Ανακροσία μημον. I have translated it
under the supposition that the hymn is by Ana
creon; though, I fear, from this very line, that
his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τον Ανακροσία μημον, “Imitate Anacreon.”
Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if,
in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, en
riched by the most playful felicities of fancy,
be a charm which invites or deserves imitation,
where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon?
In morality, too, with some little reserve, we
need not blush, I think, to follow in his foot
ways. For, if his song be the language of his
heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was
artless and benevolent; and who would not for
give a few irregularities, when atoned for by
virtues so rare and so endearing? When we
think of the sentiment in those lines—
Away I hate the模拟ous dart.
Which stools to wound th’ unwary heart,
how many are there in the world, to whom we
would wish to say, Τον Απαγορεύσα μημον!†

† Here ends the last of the odes in the Vati
can MS., whose authority helps to confirm the
genuine antiquity of them all, though a few
have stolen among the number, which we may

The descant of the Teian lyre:†
Still let the nectar’d numbers float,
Distilling love in every note! [soul
And when some youth, whose glowing
Has felt the Paphian star’s control,
When he the liquid rays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine! †

ODE LXI. §

YOUTH’s enduring charms are fied;
Hoary locks deform my head;
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o’er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom.
This it is that sets me sighing;
hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the
little essay prefixed to this translation, I observ
ed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript in
correcting an imperfect copy of it which Isaac Vossius had taken. I shall just men
tion two or three instances of this inaccura
cy—the first which occur to me. In the ode of
the Dore, the words Πτερωσι ζυγαλοσ, he says, “Vatican MS. συκαλοσ, etiam Fris
ciano invitio;” but the MS. reads συκαλοσ, with συκαλοσ interlined. Dogen too, on
the same line, is somewhat in error. In the
twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteen,
The MS. has τερωσα with an interlined, and
Barnes substitutes it for the reading of Boc
In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to
have preserved the reading of the MS.
Διαλαματα σ’ ε’ ανω, while the latter has
Διαλαματας σ’ ε’ ανω. Almost all the other an
notators have transplanted these errors from
Barnes.

The intrusion of this melancholy ode, among
the careless levities of our poet, reminds us of
the skeletons which the Egyptians used to hang
up in their banquet-rooms, to incite a thought of mortality even amidst the disappa
rations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty
of its numbers, the Teban Muse should disown this ode.

Quid habet Ilia, Ilia que spiratam amores?

To Stoicheus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Horse often, with feeling and elegance, deplores the fugaci
ty of human enjoyments. See book II, ode 11;
and thus in the second epistle, book II.—
Singula de nobis anni præcidentur euntes;
Eripere jocos, venenum, convivium, ludum
The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away;
And wafts from our enamour’d arms
The banquet’s mirth, the virgin’s charms.
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Lone and dismal is the road,
Down to Pluto’s dark abode;
And, when once the journey’s o’er,
Ah! we can return no more!

ODE LXIII

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in desvant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flow-
ers;
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him.

ODE LXIV

Haste thee, nymph, whose well-aim’d spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove’s immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Godress with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people’s prayer.
Turn, to Lethe’s river turn,
There thy name shall of people mourn.

Come to Lethe’s watery shore,
Tell them they shall mourn no more.
Thine their hearts, their altars thin;
Must they Dian—must they pine?

While heavenly fire consummated his Theban fame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipped him burning in her purestymph;
Hence, still he loves the Naiad’s crystal urn,
And when his native fires too fiercely burn,
Seeks the cool waters of the mountain-nymph.

This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. Lib. vi., and in Arsinneas, Collect. Græc.”—Barnes.

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

This hymn to Diana is extant in Hesiodion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led some to doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholast upon Pindar (Isthmionic, od. ii. v. 1., as cited by Barnes) that Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities I answered, “Because women are my deities.” I have assumed, it will be seen, in reporting this anecdote, the same liberty which I have thought it right to take in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infelicities were always allowable in interpreting the writings of the ancients; but, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation “tamen usque recurret.”

**Turn, to Lethe’s river turn,
There thy name shall of people mourn!”

Lethe, a river of Oiuia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander. In its neighborhood was the city called Magnesia, in favor of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have ad-
dressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Mag-
nessians had been defeated.
ODE LXV.*
Like some wanton sily sporting,
Maid of Thrace, thou fly’st my courting.
Wanton sily! tell me why
Thou tripp’st away, with scornful eye,
And seem’st to think my doating heart
Is novice in the bridling art?
Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou’lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins around that tender form,
However wild, however warm.
Yes—trust me I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.
Though, wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Soon shalt thou feel the reins’ control,
And tremble at the wish’d-for goal!

ODE LXVI.†
To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
To thee, who rul’st with darts of fire
This world of mortals, young Desire!
And oh! thou nuptial Power, to thee
Who bear’st of life the guardian key,
Breathing my soul in fervent praise,
And weav’ng wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire,
Come, and illumine this genial hour.

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

† This ode, introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prolorumus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scholium at the nuptial banquet.

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

Odes γαυμαρ. σοι μεν δε γαμοσ δε αρο, ἐκτετελεστ’, εχει δε παρθενον αν αρο.

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

And foster there an infant tree,
To bloom like her, and tower like thee! Orig-inal 

ODE LXVII.§
Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The wealth of Amalthia’s horn; • Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;|| To totter through his train of years
The victim of declining fears.

seriatus, upon the words "cum castum amictis florem," in the Nuptial Song of Catullus, after explaining "flos" in somewhat a similar sense to that which Graunius attributes to jilus, says, "Horruit quoque vacant in quo flos ille carpitur, et Graecis κηπον εστι το φροβαον γαρβαλον."

I may remark, in passing, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus, has neglected a most striking and analogistic beauty in those verses "Ut floes in septis, &c.," which is the repetition of the line, "Multì illum pruci. multae optavere paule;" with the slight alteration of multi and multae.

Catullus himself, however, has been equally inaudacious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; having translated γαυμαρας ἡμαρης, but omitted all notice of the accompanying charm, ἐποθεομεν. Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully:

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

§This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo, || Of the Tartessian prince my own || Here alludes to Argathonidas, who lived, according to Lucian, a hundred and fifty years; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See Barnes.
ODES OF ANACEON.

One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

ODE LXVIII.*
Now Neptune's mouth our sky deforms,
The angry night-cloud: teams with storms;
And savage winds, influrite driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering

With roseate rays of wine illumine:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXIX.†
They wove the lotus band to deck
And fan with pensile wreath each neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little fragrant chaplets spread;† And one was of th' Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief;
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A Hebe, of celestital shape,
Pour'd the rich droppings of the grape!

ODE LXX.§
A Broken cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat:

* This is composed of two fragments; the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.
† Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenaeus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.
‡ And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little fragrant chaplets spread;† Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtesan, who, in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favor, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance resembles very much the subject of one of the tenses of Savari de Mauleon, a troubadour. See L'Histoire Litteraire des Troubadours. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.
§ Compiled by Barnes, from Athenæus, Hephæstius, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80th.
||This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire:
In mirthful measures warm and free.
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

ODE LXXI.||
With twenty chords my lyre is hung
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, 0 maiden, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.
The nursing fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,§
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

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

ODE LXXIII.††
Awhile I bloom, a happy flower,
Till love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.

|| The nursing fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind, etc. is the original:

"Ου εν άλη ιεροσητη;
Απολεϊτης νυς μητρος.

"Horning" here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet; Madame Dacier however observes, that Sophocles, Callimachus, &c., have all applied it in the very same manner, and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a license of the poet. "jusit habere pælulum cornum."
* This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.
† This is to be found in Hephæstius, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

I have omitted, from among these scraps, a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet. Σαβωντικον μελον, &c., which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, "all fair unquem sic impur sibi," it is in a style of gross satire, and abounds with expressions that never could be gracefully translated.
Then lost I fell, like some poor willow
That falls across the wintry bower!

**ODE LXXIV.***

MONARCH Love, resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, whose eyes have Heaven's hue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, glowing with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee,
That lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell, I'll well
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson

**ODE LXXV.**

SPIRIT of Love, whose locks unroll'd,
Stream on the breeze like floating gold;
Come, within a fragrant cloud
Blushing with light, thy votary shrou'd;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh, waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The lovely Lesbian mocks my wo;
Smiles at the chill and hoary hues,
That time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms!

**ODE LXXVI.**

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old

*A fragment preserved by Dion Chrysostom. Orat. ii. de Regno. See Barnes, 83.
†This fragment, which is extant in Athenaeus, 7. 141., is supposed, on the authority of Chumilson, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some Romanares have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur, (as Layle says,) Sappho vient an moind environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacreon."—Novelles de la Reig. des Lett. tom. ii. de Novembre, 1631. The following is her fragment, the complement of which is finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon—

**KAPON, ou χαυσορθοον Μου σε απεις Υψον, εκ της καλιγυναιος εσθαλς Τηνος χωρος αν αει δει πτερνος Πρεσβευ αγανος.**

Oh Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of witching tone
The Telan sage is taught by thee!
But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,

Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.
Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silken locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

**ODE LXXVII.**

WORLD that I wore a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair.
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear!
Would that I were a golden vase,
That some bright nymph might hold
My spotted frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

**ODE LXXVIII.**

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

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

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

The sweetest hymn thon'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sung for me.

† Formed of the 129th and 129th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poeties.
De Pauw thinks that these detached lines and complets, which Scaliger has added as examples in his Poeties, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.
§This is generally inserted among the remains of Aecinus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

See Barnes, 173d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his short essay on the Gallic Herences.

Barnes, 120th. This is in Scaliger's Poeties. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

**This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephaestion. See Barnes, (99th.) who has arranged the metre of it very skilfully.
I know thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure—
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.∗

I fear that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's imposition'd care;
I think there's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!†

From dread Leucadia's frowning steep
I'll plunge into the whitening deep:
And there he lie, to death resign'd,
Since Love intoxicates my mind!§

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the festival, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brinner—Love and I
Shall no more the contest try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!§

Among the Epigrams of the Anthology,
are found some panegyrics on Anacreon,
which I had translated, and
originally intended as a sort of Coronis
unto this work. But I found, upon
consideration, that they wanted variety;
and that, a frequent recurrence, in theme,
of the same thought, would render a
collection of such poems uninteresting. I
shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining
a few, selected from the number,
that I may not appear to have totally
neglected those ancient tributes to the
fame of Anacreon. The four epigrams
which I give are imputed to Antipater
Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps,

* Barnes, 75d. This fragment, which is found in Athenæus, contains an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.
† Found in Hephæstion, (see Barnes, 95th.) and reminds one somewhat of the following:—
‡ I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die,
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well, (why,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell
‡ This is also in Hephæstion, and perhaps is
a fragment of some poem in which Anacreon
had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is
the 123d of Barnes.
§ Collected by Barnes, from Demetrius Pha
lareus and Eustathius, and subjoined to
his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet.
And here is the last of those little scattered
flowers, which I thought I might venture
with any grace to transplant,—happy if it
with too much freedom; but designing
originally a translation of all that are
extant on the subject, I endeavored to
enlighten their uniformity by some one
indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

ANTIPATROY SIDIIONY, EI$ ANAKRE-
ONTA.

ΘΑΛΛΟΙ τρισκεριομος, Ανακρεος, εμοι σι
κυκος.

ἄβρα τε λεγμινων παρμυρων πεταλ
παις δ’ αρχυνωντος αναλιβοιτυο γαλακτος,
ευωδες δ’ απο γρη γησ χευτου μεθι,
οφρα κε τοι αντου τε και αστετα τηρου ερατα,
ει δε τις φιλους χρυστεται εμφανυ
ω το φιλου στερβα, φιλε, βαρβιστω, ω σου αιδα
παντα διαλωσαι και σου ερωτι βιαν.

AROUND the tomb, oh, bard divine!
Where soft thy hollow I'll bow repose,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer spread her waste of roses!
And there shall many a fount distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall be each purple rill,
And ever fount be milky showers.
Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his tenderest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest mea-
Sure,—
Thus, after death, if shades can feel,
Thou may'st, from odors round thee
streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming!∥

TOY AIYTO, EIS TON AIYTO.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρέοντος. Δ’ Τυμβο ενθεδε κυνον
Εθει, χ’ παδον δωρομανη.
Ακης ηλειοστι μελεταται αμε βαθυλιω
'Ημερα και ιωτας λεγεις ευς ελεος.
Ου δ’ λοις σοι ερωται απεσεθεν, εν δ’ Αχέρυντον
Πι, οιδο γενεις Κυκας θεομετηρη.

could be said of the garland which they form,
To δ’ ως Ανακρέοντος.
∥ Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epi-
gram, lived, according to Vossius, do Portis
Gracae, in the second year of the 186th Olim-
piad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quin-
tilian have said of him, to have been a kind
of improvisor. See Instit. Orat. ill. x. cap.
7. There is nothing more known respecting
this poet, except some particulars about his
illness and death, which are mentioned as
curious by Pliny and others;—and there remain
of his works but a few epigrams in the Antho-
logy, among which are found these inscriptions
upon Anacreon. These remains have been
sometimes imputed to another poet* of the same
name, of whom Vossius gives us the following
account:—∥ Antipater Thessalonicensis vivi
tempe Augusti Cesaris, ut qui saltantem

* Pierque tamen Thessalonicen sit, tribuenda vien-
tur.—Brullus, Lecti. ed. Euedui.
MOORE'S WORKS.

TOY A Tyot, EIS TON ATYON.

HENE, tafov para lioan Axioskreontos ameisov, Ei ti to ke Bibulos thalae emo ophelo, 
Sponntos epi stocho, stasnoi vnoi, sofyo kev swi 
Uxeta yphore tosai xotizwma, 

To o Dvounvov mekelupwv osaai kaiwos, 
N de olhkeppto uoipropu oopwv, 
Mia kataxplwma Bavev dva touv piso wnon: 

Tow geven mesvovv xorov ophiellwvov!

OU stranger! if Anaecreon's shell 
Has ever taught thy heart to swell|| 
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh, 
In pity turn, as wand'ring nigh, 
And drop thy goblet's richest tear|| 
In tenderness libation here! 
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill 
With visions of enjoyment still. 
Not even in death can I resign 
The festal joys that once were mine, 

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anaecreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Ob spectators, the commentator here, appears to exalt in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane bi neequeplicum fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could not possibly have produced.

The spirit of Anaecreon is supposed to utter these verses from the tomb,—somewhat " mutatus abilis," at least in simplicity of expression.

§

[Of Anaecreon's shell]

We may guess from the words ek Bibulos erwv, that the Anaecreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Among these Mr. Le Fevre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast —

Aue c'est pour cela que la postérité
L'a toujours justement d'âge en âge chanté
Comme un trame goguenard, ami de gogueneurs,
Ami de billets-doux et de bucalerie.

See the verses prefixed to his Poètes Grècs. This is unlike the language of Theocritus, to whom Anaecreon is indebted for the following simple elegy:

EIS ANAXKREONTOS ANDPIANTAS.

Touv touv osthaicov, oti xo, 
Sivoua, kai leu, eis eis oisi eno. 
Anuxkreontos eiko, eidoi ev Tew, 
Tov prosoi eis perasovn wuvorov, 
Epi xhla tois xwv xwrio diktev, 
Eres eis pterwv ou tov awvra.

UPON THE STATUE OF ANAECREON.

Stranger! who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it abide while your studious eyes engage;
That you may say, returning to your home, 
"I've seen the image of the Teian sage, 
Best of the sages who deck the Muse's page." 

Then, if you add, "That striplings loved him
You tell them all he was, and aptly tell: "well,"
I have endeavored to do the name and its simplicity of this inscription by rendering it as literally, I believe, as a verse translation will allow.

And drop thy goblet's richest tear, etc.,
When Harmony pursued my ways,  
And Bacchus wanton’d to my lays.*
Oh! if delight could charm no more,  
If all the goblin’s crisls were o’er,
When fate had once our doom decreed,  
Then dying would be death indeed;  
Nor could I think, unbliss’d by wine
Divinity itself divine!—

TOY AYTOY, EIS TON AYTON.

ΕΥΛΕΙΣ en φιλοσωσιν, Ανακρον, εσθια
παγως
εύδε δ’ η γλυκερη κυκλακολος κιβαρα,
εύδε και Σινερας, το Ποδων ειρο, ὥ συ μελισδων,
βαρβιτ, ινεκρων νεκταρ εκμυμων
ηθεως γαρ Ερωτος ενε εσκοτε̄ς ευς δε σε μουν
τοια τε και σκολιας ειγεν εκβολις.
At length thy golden hours have wing’d
their flight,  
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;

Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on
our poet. —

Και μην αι τηγον ροτερ θροσομ, δε ο γεραιος
Αρσοτηνοι μαλακων επικεν εταμωμ.
Then, lips that def of sweetness broodish,  
Richer than wine hath ever shed!

* And Bacchus wanton’d to my lays, &c.] The
original here is corrupted, the word δ ινεκρων, &c., is unintelligible.

Bruck’s emendation improves the sense, but
I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He
reads the line thus:—

ςε δ’ ινεκρωγ ινεαθμοεν ουποε κιβωμ.

See Bruck, Analecta Vet, Poet. Græc, vol. ii,

1. Thy harp, that whisper’d through each
lingering night, &c.] In another of these poems, the
“nightly-speaking lyre” of the bard is rep-
resented as not yet silent even after his death.

ςε δ’ ινεκρογ τε και ευροφρας φιλοκρομε
παναγε ινους τε την φιλοπα χελου.

Συμβανο, εις Άνακροντα.
To beauty’s smile and wine’s delight,
To joys he loved on earth so weal,
Still shall his spirit, all the night,
Attune the wild, aerial shell!
† The purest nectar of its numbers, &c.] Thus
says Bruck, in the prologue to the satires of
Persius.

Centare erodat Podagoum nectar.

“Melos” is the usual reading in this line, and
Casabone has defended it; but “nectar” is, I
think, much more spirited.
§ She, the young spring of thy desires, &c.] The
original, το Ποδων ειρο, is beautiful. We
regret that such praise should be lavished so
preposterously, and feel that the poet’s mistress
Eurypyle would have deserved it better. Her
name has been told us by Melcager, as already
quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater.

* Bruck has κρογων; but κρογοι, the common
reading, better suits a detached quotation.

Thy harp, that whisper’d through each
lingering night,†
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeath!
She too, for whom that harp profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,†
She, the young spring of thy desires, hath fled;
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!§

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

έγε τε δ’ ινεκρωγ ουποε ενομασων ουςων αει
αεωυσων λεπάρης ενεοιν κιβωμ,  
ει προε Ευρωτας τενταμους . . . .
Long may the nymph around thee play,
Euryple, thy soul’s desire.

Basking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eye’s dissolving fire!

Sing of her smile’s bewitching power,
Her every grace that warms and blesses
Sing of her brow’s luxuriant flower,
The beamn glory of her tresses.

The expression here αεως κιβωμ, “the flower
of the hair,” is borrowed from Anacreon himself,
as appears by a fragment of the poet pre-
served in Stobaeus: Αηκακρας δ’ ινεαθμοεν αμωμ,

|| Farewell! thou hast a pulse for every dart, &c.] ευς σκοκομος, “scopus eras naturalis,” not
“speculator,” as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obsoponus, upon this passage, con-
tributes to indulge us with a little astrological
wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal
about Venus, “male posita cum Marte in domo
Saturni.”

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

Curtius, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legiti-
mate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with
elegant conciseness, γυναικων ηπεροηφινας.

Τεν δε γυναικων μελων πλεξαντα ποτ’ αδας,  
Ηδων Άνακροντα, τε οις εις Ειλας αυτην.

Σεμισοσων κρεξημα, γυναικων αυτης.

Teos gave to Greece her treasures,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush’d approving.

Where’s the guest could ever fly him?‡
When with love’s seduction courting,
Where’s the nymph could e’er deny him?

† Thus Seagar, in his dedicatory verses to Ron

Blandus, suavilequos, dulcis Anacreon.
JUVENILE POEMS.

PREFACE,

BY THE EDITOR. *

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

Mr. Little died in his one and twentieth year, and most of these Poems were written at so early a period that their errors may lay claim to some indulgence from the critic. Their author, as ambitions as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; but, in general, wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a coloring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them. The "aurora legge, s'ei piace ei lice," he too much pursued, and too much inclement. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

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

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito," &c., is imagined with all the delicate ardor of a lover; and the sentiment of "nee te posse carere velim," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But the poet of Verona, in my

* A portion of these Poems were published originally as the works of "the late Thomas Little," with the Preface here given prefixed to them.

† Lib. i. Eleg. 3.
opinion, possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this deprived his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses. But still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches the chord of pathos, he reaches immediately the heart. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent, will confess the beauty of those simple, unaffected lines:

O quid solitus est beatius cura?
Cum mens non reprom, ac peregrino
Labore fossi venimus Larem ad nostrum
Desideratoque acqueleicum leeto.

_Carm. xxix._

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poetry; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathize with him. I wish I were a poet; I should then endeavor to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I have always so warmly admired.*

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorize the epithet "doctus," so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered his other writings to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description, than his loves of Acme and Septimus? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, it must be confessed, in the midst of all these beauties,

---Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aediqu, quod in hisis foribus angat.†

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry; and we are sometimes told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle thus with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were anything more constant than the moderns: they felt all the same disipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Wotton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such refinements. But he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid _fades_ of the French romances, which have nothing congenial with the graceful levity, the "grata protervitas," of a Rochester or a Sedley.

As far as I can judge, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr. Little selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity ("aevo rarissima nostro simplicitas") was his fondest ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment: and his life was of too short a date to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. Little was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to

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* In the following Poems, will be found a translation of one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it is only a mere schoolboy's essay, and deserves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

† Lucretius.

‡ It is a curious illustration of the labor which simplicity requires, that the Ramblers of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision: while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labor, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.
hide its virtues and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.  

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

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

Non possunt nostris multip. Faustina, litura
Emendare jocos; tuss litura potest.

I am convinced, however, that, though not quite a casuiste religié, you have charity enough to forgive such injudicious follies; you know that the pious Beza was not the less revered for those sportive Juvenilia which he published under a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Bembo's poems prevent him from making a very good cardinal.

Believe me, my dear Friend,
With the truest esteem,
Yours,

T. M.

JUVENILE POEMS.

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. Juv.
Mark those proud boasters of a splendid line,
[t]hey shine,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendors, whose contrasting light
for night.
Throws back the native shades in deep night's

Ask the proud train who glory's shade
pursue,
grew? Where are the arts by which that glory
The genuine virtues that with eagle-gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!

Where is the heart by chymic truth re-
Th' exploring soul, whose eye had read
mankind?
[heavenly art,]
Where are the links that twined, with His country's interest round the patriot's heart?


Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approved by Heav'n, ordain'd by na-
ture's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the ban-
ers play!
Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's
[death;]
To slumbering babes, or innocence is.
And urgent as the tongue of Heav'n
within,
[sin.
When the mind's balance trembles upon
Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim
should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding chords
should run,
[one.
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the

VARIETY.

Ask what prevailing, pleasing power
Allures the sportive, wandering bee
To roam, untired, from flower to flower
He'll tell you, 'tis variety.

Look Nature round, her features trace,
Her seasons, all her changes see;
And own, upon Creation's face,
The greatest charm's variety.

For me, ye gracious powers above!
Still let me roam, unfix'd and free;
In all things—but the nymph I love,
I'll change, and taste variety.

But, Patty, not a world of charms
Could e'er estrange my heart from thee?

No, let me ever seek those arms,
There still I'll find variety.
TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through Erudition's bowers,
And call the golden fruits of truth,
And gather Fancy's brilliant glories?

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

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flower of fancy brighter.

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If idleness or stern joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'Twill tell thee that the winged day
Or, Can never be chain'd by man's endeavours,
That life and time shall fade away,
While heav'n and virtue bloom forever.

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow,
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now
The very next glance would undo.

Those babies that nestle so sly
Such thousands of arrows have got,
That an oath, on the glance of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot.

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

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

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

TO . . . . .

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

Oh! I had long in freedom roved,
Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'Twas passion when I thought I loved,
'Twas fancy when I thought their fair.

Ev'n she, my muse's early theme,
Beguiled me only while she warm'd us;
'Twas young desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

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

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

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

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

Still, my beloved! still keep a mind,
However far removed from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee!

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

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

SONG.

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

Then, Julia, when thy beauty's flow'r
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair,
Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighter days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.
And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
That sorrow leaves behind.
Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl.
How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet; [there,
Though tears may sometimes mingle
The draught will still be sweet.
Then fill the cup—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope will brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

SONG.

Have you not seen the timid tear,
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark’d the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur’d sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix’d on you alone?
And can you read, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul’s affections move
Dernotly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith be o’er,
If still my truth you’ll try;
Alas, I know but one proof more—
I’ll bless your name, and die!

REUBEN AND ROSE.
A TALE OF ROMANCE.

The darkness that hung upon Willumb-
berg’s walls,
Had long been remember’d with awe
For years not a sunbeam had play’d in
its halls,
And it seem’d as shut out from the re-

Though the valleys were brighten’d by
many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of that castle
And the lighting, which flash’d on the
neighboring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the

“Whum! when shall this horrible darkness
disperse?” [the Cave:—
Sa’d Willumburg’s lord to the Seer of
“It can never dispel,” said the wizard
of verse, [in the wave:"
Till the bright star of chivalry sinks
And who was the bright star of chivalry
then? [of the age?
Who could be but Reuben, the flower
For Reuben was first in the combat of
of men, [name on her page.
Though Youth had scarce written his

For Willumburg’s daughter his young
heart had beat,— [of dawn,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit
When with wand dropping diamonds,
and silvery feet,
It walks o’er the flow’rs of the moun-
tain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally
sever? [the Cave,
Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of
That darkness should cover that castle
forever, [wave!
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless

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

“Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the
great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reu-
ben shall rise!”

Twice, thrice he repeated “Your Reu-
ben shall rise!” [her pain;
And Rose felt a moment’s release from
And wiped, while she listen’d, the tears
from her eyes, [again.
And hoped she might yet see her hero
That hero could smile at the terrors of
death,
[of his Rose,
When he felt that he died for the sire
To the Oder he flew, and there, plung-
ing beneath, [found his repose.—
In the depth of the billows soon
How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
Not long in the waters the warrior
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumburg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide riv-

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And heard but the breathings of night
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would un-
As she look'd at the light of the moon
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

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

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

Was this what the Seer of the Cave had foretold?—
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam; [and cold,
'Twas Reuben, but, ah! he was deathly
And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but
did not.

'Twas a new feeling—something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not;
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every half-breathed sigh,
To speak, but did not.

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

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

TO . . . . . .

That wrinkle, when first I espied it
At once put my heart out of pain;
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it
Disturb'd my ideas again,

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins;
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins.

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another.

TO MRS. . . . .

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

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

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
Though some thy heart hath harbor'd near,
May now repay its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,

Ungenerous man, be first to shun thee,
Though all the world look cold upon thee,
Yet shall thy pureness keep thee still
Unharm'd by that surrounding chill;
Like the famed drop, in crystal found,
Floating, while all was froz'n around—
Uncill'd, unchanging shalt thou be,
Safe in thy own sweet purity.

ANACREONTIC.
—in lacrymas vererà omne merum.

Press the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And, while the drops my soul yet steep,
I'll think in wo the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of wo.

TO . . . . . . . . . .

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

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

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

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

* This alludes to a curious gem, upon which
Claudian has left us some very elaborate epigrams. It was a drop of pure water enclosed within a piece of crystal. See Claudian. Epigram. "de Crystallo cui aqua inemter," Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan; and adds, "It is such a rarity as this

"Should ever freeze, by timid art,
"The flowings of so fond a heart!
"Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, bow'ring like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breathed o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child,—
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my mem'ry, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will smile when critics chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapor round some stagnant pool!

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet;
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
[deceit!
Far dearer were than passion's bland
I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once be
lied.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
[deceived]
And must I say, my hopes were all
Vow, then, no longer that our souls are
[zeal;
That all our joys are felt with mutual
Julia!—'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would seem
to feel.
But shall I still go seek within those arms
A joy in which affection takes no part?
No, no, farewell! you give me but your
charms,
[your heart.
When I had fondly thought you gave

THE SHRINE.

TO . . . . . .

My fates had destined me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love;
And many an altar on my way
Has lured my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.

that I saw at Vendome in France, which
they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour
shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by
an angel, who put it into a little crystal vial,
and made a present of it to Mary Magda-
len."—Adelison's Remarks on several Parts of
Italy.
"The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou 'lt study Heaven's reflect'd ray."
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,  
Is what your pretty saints require:  
To pass, nor tell a single bead,  
With them would be profane indeed!  
But, trust me, all this young devotion  
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;  
And, ev'ry humble altar past,  
I now have reach'd the shrine at last!

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

When, casting many a look behind,  
I leave the friends I cherish here—  
Perchance some other friends to find,  
But surely finding none so dear—  
Haply the little simple page,  
Which votive thus I've traced for thee,  
May now and then a look engage,  
And steal one moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those  
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,  
Let not the eye that seldom flows  
With feeling's tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt  
With pity, never melt with love;  
And such will frown at all I've felt,  
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,  
Which rather loves to praise than blame,  
Should in my page an interest find,  
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him—or, oh! if, gentler still,  
By female lips my name be blest:  
For, where do all affections thrill  
So sweetly as in woman's breast?

Tell her, that he whose loving themes  
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,  
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,  
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That Glory oft would claim the lay,  
And Friendship oft his numbers move;  
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,  
"His sweetest song was giv'n to Love!"

TO JULIA.

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

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

Does she too mourn?—Perhaps she may;  
Perhaps she mourns our bliss so fleet—  
But why is Julia's eye so gay,  
If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have loved that sunny glow  
Of gladness in her blue eye gleaming—  
But can the bosom bleed with wo,  
While joy is in the glances beaming?

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

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

TO .......

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

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

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

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

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

NATURE'S LABELS.  
A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace  
The soul's reflection in the face;  
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,  
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright  
As Plato or the Stagirite;  
And many a sage and learned skull  
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.  
Since then, though art do all it can,  
We ne'er can reach the inward man,  
Nor (howso'er "learn'd Thebans" doubt)  
The inward woman, from without,  
Methinks 'twere well if Nature could  
(And Nature could, if Nature would)  
Some pithy, short description write,  
On tablets large, in black and white,  
Which she might hang about our throats—  
Like labels upon physic-bottles;  
[Yes, and where all men might read—but]  
As dialectic sages say,  
[stay—]  
The argument most apt and ample  
For common use is the example.  
For instance, then, if Nature's care  
Had not portray'd, in lines so fair,  
The inward soul of Lucy Lind-n,  
This is the label she'd have pinned on:  

**LABEL FIRST.**  
Within this form there lies enshrined  
The purest, brightest gem of mind,  
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw  
Upon its charms the shade of wo,  
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,  
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.  

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

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

**TO JULIA.**  
ON HER BIRTHDAY.  
When Time was entwining the garland  
Of years [given,  
Which to crown my beloved was  
Though some of the leaves might be  
Sullied with tears, [heav'n.  
Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in  
And long may this garland be sweet to  
The eye,  
May its verdure forever be new;  
Young Love shall enrich it with many a  
Sigh,  
And Sympathy nurse it with dew.  

**A REFLECTION AT SEA.**  
Seeing how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,  
You little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile,—  
Then murmuring subsides to rest.  
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on Time's eventful sea;  
And, having swell'd a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity!  

**CLORIS AND FANNY.**  
Cloris! if I were Persia's king,  
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;  
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,  
Should but thy humble handmaid be.  
There is but one objection in it—  
That, verily, I'm much afraid  
I should, in some unlucky minute,  
Forsake the mistress for the maid.  

**THE SHIELD.**  
Say, did you not hear a voice of death!  
And did you not mark the paly form  
Which rode on the silvery mist of the heath,  
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?  
Was it the wailing bird of the gloom,  
That shrieks on the house of wo all night?  
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,  
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?  
Twas not the death-bird's cry from the wood, [blast;  
Nor shivering fiend that hung on the  
Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood— [are past.  
It screams for the guilt of days that  
See, how the red, red lightning strays,  
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death.
That shield is blushing with mur'd'rous stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!
Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

TO JULIA, WEEPING.
OH! if your tears are giv'n to care,
If real wo disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
And I will bid your weeping cease.
But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
With dreams of wo your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still.

DREAMS.

TO . . . . . . .
In slumber, I prithee how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are heaven knows where?
Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoes so quiet,
Come ask, whether mine was at home.
And mine let b-- in with delight,
And they talked and they laugh'd the time through;
For, when souls come together at night,
There's no saying what they mayn't do!
And your little Soul, heaven bless her!
Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
By keeping her prison'd all day.
"If I happen," said she, "but to steal"
"For a peep now and then to her eye,
"Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
"Just venture abroad on a sigh;

"In an instant she frightens me in
"With some phantom of prudence or terror,
"For fear I should stray into sin,
"Or, what is still worse, into error!
"So, instead of displaying my graces,
"By daylight, in language and mien,
"I am shut up in corners and places,
"Where truly I blush to be seen!"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declared, as for grace and discretion,
He did not know much of the matter;
"But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit," he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
"I will come when your lady's in bed,
"And we'll talk o'er the subject again.
So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And, just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.
The wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.
But love's an essence of the soul, [clay;
Which sinks not with this chain of
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of with'ring pain or pale decay.
And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's earthly ties,
Love still attends th' immortal breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!
Oh Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love which form'd its treasure here,
Shall be its best of treasures then!
And as, in fabled dreams of old,
Some air-born genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sub-line,
So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray
Thy lover's shade, to thee still wed,
Shall linger round thy earthly way.
Let other spirits range the sky,  
And play around each starry gem;  
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,  
Nor envy worlds of suns to them.  
And when that heart shall cease to beat,  
And when that breath at length is free,  
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,  
And mingle to eternity!

SONG.

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

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

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

THE SALE OF LOVES.

I dreamt that, in the Paphian groves,  
My nest by moonlight lying,  
I caught a flight of wanton Loves,  
Among the rose-beds playing;

Some just had left their silvery shell,  
While some were full in feather;

So pretty a lot of Loves to sell,  
Were never yet strung together.

Come buy my Loves,  
Come buy my Loves,  
Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses!—  
They're new and bright,  
The cost is light,  
For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Cloris came, with looks sedate,  
Their coin on her lips was ready;  
"I buy," quoth she, "my Love by weight,  
"Full grown, if you please, and steady.

"Let mine be light," said Fanny,  
"Such lasting toys undo one;  
A light little Love that will last to-day—  
"To-morrow I'll sport a new one."

Come buy my Loves,  
Come buy my Loves,  
Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses!—  
There's some will keep,  
Some light and cheap,  
At from ten to twenty kisses.

The learned Prue took a pert young  
To divest her virgin Muse with, [thing,  
And pluck sometimes a quill from his  
To indulge her billet-doux with. [wing,  
Poor Cloe would give for a well-fledged  
Her only eye, if you'd ask it; [pair  
And Tabitha begg'd, old toothless fair,  
For the youngest Love in the basket.  
Come buy my Loves, &c. &c.

But one was left, when Susan came,  
One worth them all together;  
At sight of her dear looks of shame,  
He smiled, and pruned his feather."

She wish'd the boy—"twas more than whim—  
"Her looks, her sighs betray'd it;  
But kisses were not enough for him,  
I ask'd a heart, and she paid it!

Good-by, my Loves,  
Good-by, my Loves,  
"Twould make you smile to've seen us  
First trade for this  
Sweet child of bliss,  
And then nurse the boy between us.

TO

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

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,  
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,  
No circling arms to draw me near—  
"Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death!

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

With every gentle smile that cross'd  
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home  
Some feeling, which my heart had lost,  
And peace, which far had learn'd to roam.

"Twas then indeed so sweet to live,  
Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,  
That, though I mourn, I yet forgive  
The ruin they have left behind.

I could have loved you—oh, so well!—  
The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,  
Is but a bright, beguiling spell,  
That only lives while passion glows.
But, when this early flush declines,
When the heart’s sunny morning flees,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets.

Yes, yes, I could have loved, as one
Who, while his youth’s enchantments fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all.

NEVER mind how the pedagogue prose,
You want not antiquity’s stamp;
A lip, that such fragrance discloses,
Oh! never should smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kiss
Hath long set the Loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of bliss,
May take to the blisses of science.

But for you to be buried in books—
Ah, Fanny, they’re pitiful sages,
Who could not in one of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages.

Astronomy finds in those eyes
Better light than the studies above;
And Music would borrow your sighs
As the melody fittest for Love.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
If to count your own charms you endeavor;
And Eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear, that you’ll love me forever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you;—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to pursue.

And, oh!—if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Sweet spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears nor hears my sighs,
Thou wilt I weep, in anguish weep,
Till the last heart’s drop fills mine eyes.

But i: thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery;
Then, then my breaking heart I’ll seal—
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform;
Like thee was that young, orient beam,
Like death, alas, that sullen storm!

Thou wilt not form’d for living here,
So link’d thy soul was with the sky;
Yet, ah, we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wilt not form’d to die.

INCONSTANCY.

And do I then wonder that Julia receives me,
(more common?)
When surely there’s nothing in nature
She vows to be true, and while vowing
she leaves me—
(woman?)
And could I expect any more from a
Oh, woman! your heart is a pitiful
treasure;
(severe)
And Mahomet’s doctrine was not too
When he held that you were but mater-
rials of pleasure, [your sphere,
And reason and thinking were out of
By your heart, when the fond sighing
lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety’s paid;
But, oh, while he’s blest, let him die at the
minute—
[betray’d.
If he live but a day, he’ll be surely

THE NATAL GENIUS. A DREAM.
to . . . . . .

THE MORNING OF HER BIRTHDAY.

In witching slumber of the night,
I dreamt I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smiled;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flowers which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
Heart’s ease along thy path I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy
Nor yet did I forget to bind
[years;
Love’s roses, with his myrtle twined,
And dew’d by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
Bade me to Nona’s image pay;
And were it thus my fate to be
Thy little guardian deity,
How blest around thy steps I’d play!
Thy life should glide in peace along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
That's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever dim thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be beauty, peace, and love.

Indulgent Time should never bring
To thee one blight upon his wing,
So gently o'er thy brow he'd fly;
And death itself should but be felt
Like that of daybeams, when they melt,
Bright to the last, in evening's sky!

ELEGIACT STANZAS,
S U P O S E D T O B E W R I T T E N B Y J U L I A , O N
T H E D E A T H O F H E R B R O T H E R.

THOUGH sorrow long has worn my heart;
Though every day I've counted o'er
Hath brought a new and quick'ning smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before;
Though in my earliest life bereft
Of tender links by nature tied;
Though hope deceived, and pleasure left;
Though friends betray'd and foes belied;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So like the star which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night—
I hoped that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbor in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honor's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
Ah, why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd
To soothe his Julia's every wo; [here
He should have chased each bitter tear,
And not have caused those tears to flow.

We saw within his soul expand
The fruits of genius, nursed by taste;
While Science, with a fost'ring hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw, by bright degrees, his mind
Grow rich in all that makes men
Enlighten'd, social, and refined, [dear—
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well,
And such the hopes that fate denied;
We loved, but ah! I could scarcely tell
How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
Twined with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
The heart is almost broken too.

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL
MISS . . . . . .
IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOT-
TERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.
—Ego pars—
VIRG.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a capi-
tal prize,
Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A sixteenth, Heavn knows! were suffi-
cient for me;
For what could I do with the whole?

A DREAM.

I thought this heart enkindled lay
On Cupid's burning shrine:
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

TO . . . .

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
And you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together.
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weath-
If we had nothing else but spring. [et,

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.
Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down that pathway rove,
While I shall take my way through this.

ANACREONTIC.

"She never look'd so kind before—
"Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
"I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er.
"‘Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said, and, sighing, drain'd
The cup which she so late had tast'd;
Unto whose rim still fresh remain'd
The breath, so oft in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung—
On whom but Lamia could they hang?

Those eyes of hers, that floating shine,
Like diamonds in some Eastern river;
That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her.

That frame so delicate, yet warm'd
With flushes of love's genial hue;—
A mould transparent, as if form'd
To let the spirit's light shine through.

Of these I sung, and notes and words
Were sweet, as if the very air
From Lamia's lip hung o'er the chords,
And Lamia's voice still warbled there!

But when, alas, I turn'd the theme,
And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's seducing dream—
The chord beneath my finger broke.

False harp! false woman!—such, oh such
[ing;--
Are lutes too frail and hearts too will—
Any hand, whate'er its touch,
Can set their chords or pulses thrilling.

And when that thrill is most awake,
And when you think Heav'n's joys
await you,
[will break—
The nymph will change, the chord
Oh Love, oh Music, how I hate you!

* The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweep- ing the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia; but upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find, in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches, of which

TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twined;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever!

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its bloom away.

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies.

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh, lost, forever lost—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day;
No more to Tempé's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
To bear the mystic chaplets home.*

'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By nature warm'd and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
The breathings of a Deity.

Guide of my heart! still hovering round,
Thy looks, thy words are still my own—
I see thee raising from the ground
Some laurel, by the winds o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, "This humble bough
Was planted for a doom divine;"
"And, though it droop in languor now,
Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!"

Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
"Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
A viewless hand shall call it thence,
To bloom immortal in the skies!"

All that the young should feel and know,
By thee was taught so sweetly well,
Thy words fell soft asernal snow,
And all was brightness where they
Fond soother of my infant tear, [fell!—
Fond sharer of my infant joy,
the temple was originally constructed; and
Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music.
"The youth who brings the Tempé laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on
the flute."

Αλλὰ μὴ καὶ τὴν κατασκευὴν
παὶ τον Τεμπεαίαν ἐκεῖ ἡλύσσει παρὸ
μάρτις αὐθηρός.
THE SNAFE.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbor lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid, with thoughtful eyes—
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
"Who could expect such hidden harm
"Beneath the rose's smiling charm?"

Never did grave remark occur
Less a-propos than this from her.

I rose to kill the snake, but she,
Half-smiling, pray'd it might not be.

"No," said the maiden—and, alas,
Her eyes spoke volumes, while she said it—
"Long as the snake is in the grass,
"One may, perhaps, have cause to dread it:"

"But, when its wicked eyes appear,
"And when we know for what they wink so,
"One must be very simple, dear,
"To let it wound one—don't you think so?"

TO JULIA.

Is the song of Rosa mute?
Once such lays inspired her lute!
Never doth a sweeter song
Steal the breezy lyre along.

When the wind, in odors dying,
Woos it with enamour'd sighing.

Is my Rosa's lute unstrung?
Once a tale of peace it sung
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then was he divinely blest!

Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her lute neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.

Silent lute—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are o'er!

TO ROSA.

Is the song of Rosa mute?
Once such lays inspired her lute!
Never doth a sweeter song
Steal the breezy lyre along.

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Silent lute—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are o'er!

ELEGIAIC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!
MARY’S TEARS.

"Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When over the faults of former years
She wept, and was forgiven?"
Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flow'rets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.
Oh, let not tears embalm my tomb,—
None but the dews at twilight given!
Oh, let not sighs disturb the gloom,—
None but the whispering winds of heaven.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.
Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
SECOND, eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove:
Where I love, I must not marry;
Where I marry, cannot love.
Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind;
Learned without affection;
Not deceitful, yet refined;
Wise enough, but never rigid;
Gay, but not too lightly free;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
Fond, yet satisfied with me:
Were she all this ten times over,
All that hear' n to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.
Love will never bear enslaving;
Summer garments suit him best;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.

ANACREONTIC.
I fill'd to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still.
At length I bid an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.
Behold, how bright that purple lip
Now blushes through the wave at me;
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee.
And still I drink the more for this;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And—in the nectar flows again.

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear,
And may that eyelid never shine
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear
Than bathes it in this bowl of mine!

THE SURPRISE.
CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?"
Because I cannot love thee more than now!

TO MISS . . . . .
ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.
I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy radiant eyes,
And bathes upon thy sighing lips:
I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That used to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night?
And I will say—her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where Slumber could repose his wing!
And I will say—her cheeks that flush,
Like vernal roses in the sun,
Have ne'er by shame been taught to blush,
Except for what her eyes have done!
Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impatience care?—
Perhaps, oh sylph! perhaps, 'tis love.

THE WONDER.
COME, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.
Oh! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll ram
To catch one sparkle of her eye!
And if her cheek be smooth and bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night, [eyes.
Till my heart leave me through my
Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh, 'tis the utmost heav'n can do!

LYING.
Che con le lor bugle pafon divini.
Mauro d’Arcano.
I do confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breathed you many a lie;
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay,—look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving.
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do.
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
This world would be in strange confusion,
If ladies' eyes were, every one, [sion.
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy must leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes.
Oh, no, believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your amber locks to golden wire,
Then, only then can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn, [sworn.
We've swearing kisses, and kissing
And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear.
Whenever you may chance to meet
Some loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth.

* It does not appear to have been very difficult to become a philosopher among the ancients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and just wit enough to produce an occasional apothegm, seem to have been all the qualifications necessary for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood, that the founder of a new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his own passions and propensities; so that Mahomet, with a little more learning, might have flourished as a philosopher in those days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to become the rival of Aristippus in morality. In the science of nature, too, though some valuable truths were discovered by them, they seemed hardly to know they were truths, or at least were as well satisfied with errors; and Xenophanes, who asserted that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

For this opinion of Xenophanes, see Plutarch. de Placit. Philosoph., lib. ii. cap. 13. It is impossible to read this treatise of Plutarch, without alternately admiring the genius, and smiling at the absurdities of the philosophers.

ANACREONTIC.

Friend of my soul, this goblet sip;
'Twill chase that pensive tear.
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind:
But, truer than love's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
These flow'rs were cull'd at noon;
—Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon.

For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
Its sweet life blooms no more.

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS,*
TO A LAMP

WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

Dulcis consolatione inerna.

"Oh! love the Lamp," (my Mistress said.)

"The faithful Lamp, that, many a
Beside thy Laís' lonely bed [night,
"Has kept its little watch of light.

"Full often has it seen her weep,
"And fix her eye upon its flame,
"Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
"Repeating her beloved's name.

"Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead
"Thy step through learning's sacred way;
"And when those studious eyes shall read,

"At midnight, by its lonely ray,
"Of things sublime, of nature's birth,  
"Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,  
given,  
"Oh, think that she, by whom 'twas  
"Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"  
Yes—dearest Lamp, by every charm  
On which thy midnight beam has hung:  
The head reclined, the graceful arm  
Across the brow of ivory flung;  
The heaving bosom, partly hid,  
The sever'd lip's unconscious sighs.  
The fringe that from the half-shut lid  
Adown the cheek of roses lies:  
By these, by all that bloom untold,  
And long as all shall charm my heart,  
I'll love my little Lamp of gold—  
My Lamp and I shall never part.  
And often, as she smiling said,  
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays  
Shall guide my visionary tread  
Through poesy's enchanting maze.  
Thy flame shall light the page refined  
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,  
Where still the bard, though cold in death,  
Has left his soul unquench'd behind.  
Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,  
Oh man of Ascra's dreary glades!  
To whom the nightly warbling Nine?  
A wand of inspiration gave,§ shades  
Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that  
The crystal of Castalia's wave.  
Then, turning to a purer lore,  
We'll call the sages' deep-hid store;  
From Science steal her golden clew,  
And every mystic path pursue,  
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,  
Through labyrinths of wonder flies.

"Tis thus my heart shall learn to know  
How fleeting is this world below,  
Where all that meets the morning light,  
Is changed before the fall of night!  
I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,  
"Swift, swift the tides of being run,  
"And Time, who bids thy flame expire,  
"Will also quench ye heaven's suns."

Oh, then if earth's united power  
Can never chain one feathery hour;  
If every print we leave to-day  
To-morrow's wave will sweep away;  
Who pauses to inquire of heaven  
Why were the fleeting treasures given,  
The sunny days, the shady nights,  
And all their brief but dear delights,  
Which heaven has made for man to use,  
And man should think it crime to lose?  
Who that has ever'd a fresh-blow'd rose  
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,  
Unmindful of the blushing ray,  
In which it shines its soul away;  
Unmindful of the scented sigh,  
With which it dies and loves to die?

Pleasure, thou only good on earth!  
One precious moment given to thee—  
Oh! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth  
The sages' immortality.

Then far be all the wisdom hence,  
That would our joys one hour delay!  
Alas, the feast of soul and sense  
Love calls us to in youth's bright day,  
If not soon tasted, flies away.

'Ne'er Wert thou formed, my Lamp, to shed  
Thy splendor on a lifeless page;—  
Whate'er my blushing Lais said  
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage.
"Twas mockery all—her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ."

And, soon as night shall close the eye
Of heaven's young wanderer in the west;
When seers are gazing on the sky,
To find their future orbs of rest;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
Steal to the night-bower of my love.

TO MRS.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF
VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon âme sur mon lèvre était livre toute entière,
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la votre étoit ;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce là restoit.

Votre

How heavenly was the poet's doom,
To breathe his spirit through a kiss
And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss!
And, sure his soul return'd to feel
That it again could ravish'd be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
His life and soul have fled to thee.

RONDEAU.

"Good night! good night!"—And is it
And must I from my Rosa go? [so?]
Oh Rosa, say "Good night!" once
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er, [more,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night."

And still "Good night," my Rosa, say—
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of transport in it;
Till Time himself shall stay his flight,
To listen to our sweet "Good night."

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a
And tell me it is time to fly; [sigh,

* Maupertuis has been still more explicit
than this philosopher, in ranking the pleasures
of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wis-
dom. Speaking of the infant man in his pro-
duction, he calls him, "une nouvelle créature,
qui pourra comprendre les choses les plus
sublimes, et ce qui est bien au-dessus, qui
pourra goûter les mêmes plaisirs." See
Eis Vénus Physique. This appears to be one
of the efforts at Fontenelle's gallantry of man-
er, for which the learned President is so well

And I will vow, will swear to go, ["No!"
While still that sweet voice murmurs
Till slumber seal our weary sight—
And then, my love, my soul, "Good
night!"

SONG.

Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like things eyes of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!
Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!
Why are nature's beauties felt?
Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee!
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee.

TO ROSA.

LIKE one who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.
For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be toss'd;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost!

WRITTEN IN A COMMONPLACE
BOOK, CALLED "THE BOOK OF
FOLLIES!"

IN WHICH EVERY ONE THAT OPENED IT WAS TO
CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

This tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself.

* Maupertuis may be thought to have borrow-
ed from the ancient Aristippus that indiscri-
minate theory of pleasures which he has set forth
in his Essai de Physique Moléculaire, and for
which he was so very justly condemned. Ari-
tippus, according to Laertius, held my διαφθορ 
τον ηλείον και αρνητικά, which irrational sentiment
has been adopted by Maupertuis: "Tant 
qu'on ne considère que l'état présent, tous les
plaisirs sont du même genre," &c. &c.
The book of life, which I have traced,  
Has been, like thee, a motley waste  
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,  
One folly bringing hundreds more.  
Some have indeed been writ so neat,  
In characters so fair, so sweet,  
That those who judge not too severely,  
Have said they loved such follies dearly;  
Yet still, O book! the allusion stands;  
For these were penned by female hands;  
The rest— alas! I own the truth—  
Have all been scribbled so uncoth  
That Prudence, with a withering look,  
Disdainful, flings away the book.  
Like thine, it's pages here and there  
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;  
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,  
Upon some fairer leaves have shone,  
White as the snowlings of that heav'n  
By which those hours of peace were given.  
But now no longer—such, oh, such  
The blast of Disappointment's touch!—  
No longer now those hours appear;  
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:  
Blank, blank is ev'ry page with care,  
Not ev'n a folly brightens there;  
Will they yet brighten?—never, never!  
Then shut the book, O God, forever!  

TO ROSA.  
Say, why should the girl of my soul be  
in tears  
At a meeting of rapture like this,  
When the glooms of the past and the  
sorrow of years  
Have been paid by one moment of  
bliss?  
Are they shed for that moment of blissful  
delight,  
Which dwells on her memory yet?  
Do they flow, like the dews of the  
love-breathing night,  
From the warmth of the sun that has  
Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing  
smile,  
That smile, which is loveliest then;  
And if such are the drops that delight  
can beguile,  
Thou shalt weep them again and again.  

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARPs.  
Light sounds the harp when the comb- 
bat is over,  
[thick;  
When heroes are resting, and joy is in  
When laurels hang loose from the brow  
of the lover,  
[lor's plume,  
And Cupid makes wings of the war- 
ner.  
But, when the foe returns,  
Again the hero burns;  
High flames the sword in his hand once  
more;  
The clang of mingling arms  
Is then the sound that charms,  
And brazen notes of war, that stirring  
trumpets pour;  
Then, again comes the Harp, when the  
combat is over—  
When heroes are resting, and Joy  
is in bloom—  
[of the lover,  
When laurels hang loose from the brow  
And Cupid makes wings of the war- 
rior's plume.  
Light went the harp when the War-God,  
reclining,  
Lay hild'd on the white arm of Beauty  
When round his rich armor the myrtle  
hung twining,  
And flights of young doves made his  
helmet their nest.  
But, when the battle came,  
The hero's eye breathed flame:  
Soon from his neck the white arm was  
flung:  
While, to his wak'ning ear,  
No other sounds were dear  
But brazen notes of war, by thousand  
trumpets sung.  
But then came the light harp, when  
danger was ended,  
And Beauty once more hild'd the War- 
God to rest;  
lay blended,  
When tresses of gold with his laurels  
And flights of young doves made his  
helmet their nest.  

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEA- 
GER.*  
Fill high the cup with liquid flame,  
And speak my Heliodora's name.  
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,  
And let the sound my lips adore,  

* Εγγες, και παλιν ειναι, παλιν, παλις. 'Ηλιοδώρας  
Ειναι, μιαν ακρότητα το γάλα και μεγάλη ώραν.  
Και μα την δημιουργία μυρία της βραδεύσει,  
Μνημοσύνην κειμενικα, αμβιτσει στεφάνων  
Δακρυνει φιλοσωστόν ενώ μολις, ούνεκα κειμεν  
Αλλαθ ε' εν καπνος ημετεροι εαυτα.  
BRUNCK. *Αναλεκτ. τομ. 1. p. 8S.
Live in the breeze, till every tone, 
And word, and breath, speaks her alone. 
Give me the wreath that withers there, 
It was but last delicious night 
It circled her luxuriant hair, 
And caught her eyes' reflected light. 
Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow: 
'Tis all of her that's left me now. 
And see—each rosebud drops a tear, 
To find the nymph no longer here— 
No longer, where such heavenly charms 
As hers should be—within these arms.

---

SONG.

Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me, 
Thou wilt never find any sincerer; 
I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee, 
I can never meet any that's dearer. 
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh, [many; 
That our loves will be censured by 
All, all have their follies, and who will deny 
That ours is the sweetest of any? 
When your lip has met mine, in communion so sweet, 
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?— 
Have we felt as if heaven denied them to meet?— 
No. rather 'twas heaven that did it. 
So innocent, love, is the joy we then sip, 
So little of wrong is there in it, 
That I wish all my errors were lodged 
on your lip, 
And I'll kiss them away in a minute. 
Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed, 
[sipeest; 
From a world which I know thou dost 
And slumber will hover as light o'er our bed 
As e'er on the coast of the wisest. 
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven, 
And thou, pretty innocent, fearless, 
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of heaven, 
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest. 
And, oh! while we lie on our deathbed, my love, 
Looking back on the scene of our errors, 
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above, 
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors.

And each to the other embracing will say, 
"Farewell! let us hope we're forgiven." [way, 
Thy last fading glance will illumine the 
And a kiss be our passport to heaven!

---

THE RESEMBLANCE.

[vo cernend' io] 
Dona, quant'è possibile, in atrum 
La desista vostra forma veta. 
PETRAR. Sonett. 14.

YES, if 'twere any common love, 
That led my pliant heart astray, 
I grant, there's not a power above, 
Could wipe the faithless crime away.

But, 'twas my doom to err with one 
In every look so like to thee 
That, underneath you blessed sun, 
So fair there are but thou and she.

Both born of beauty, at a birth, 
She held with thine a kindred sway, 
And wore the only shade on earth 
That could have lured my soul to stray.

Then blame me not, if false I be, 
'Twas love that waked the fond excess, 
My heart had been more true to thee, 
Had mine eye prized thy beauty less.

---

FANNY, DEAREST.

YES! had I leisure to sigh and mourn, 
Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh; 
And every smile on my cheek should 
To tears when thou art nigh, [turn 
But, between love, and wine, and sleep, 
So busy a life I live, [weep 
That even the time it would take to 
Is more than my heart can give.

Then bid me not to despair and pine, 
Fanny, dearest of all the dears! 
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine, 
Would be sure to take cold in tears. 
Reflected bright in this heart of muna, 
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies; 
But, ah, the mirror would cease to shine, 
If dim'm'd too often with sighs. 
They lose the half of beauty's light, 
Who view it through sorrow's tear; 
And 'tis but to see thee truly bright 
That I keep my eye-beam clear. 
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow 
Fanny, dearest—the hope is vain; 
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow, 
I shall never attempt it with rain.
"All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows:
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse."
THE RING.

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

No—Lady! Lady! keep the ring:
Oh! think, how many a future year,
Of placid smile and downy wing,
May sleep within its holy sphere.

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Though love hath ne'er the myst'ry warm'd;
Yet heaven will shed a soothing beam,
To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But, then, that eye, that burning eye,—
Oh! it doth ask, with witching power,
If heaven can ever bless the tie [eri]
Where love inwreathes no genial flow-

Away, away, bewildering look,
Or all the boast of virtue's o'er;
Go—hie thee to the sage's book,
And learn from him to feel no more.

I cannot warn thee: every touch,
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much—
Ev'n more, alas, than thou dost mine.

Yet, stay,—one hope, one effort yet—
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul a stray.

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal:—
Think, Lady, think, how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel.

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like daybeams through the morning
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there;

The sympathy I then betray'd,
Perhaps was but the child of art,
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
With all those witty nets of heart.

O! thine is not my earliest vow;
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I've lived till now,
With loveless heart or senses cold?

No—other nymphs to joy and pain
This wild and wandering heart hath moved;
With some it sported, wild and vair,
With some it dearly, truly loved.

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
To theirs hath been as fondly laid;
The words to thee I warmly say,
To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a worthless heart,
Worthless alike, or fix'd or free;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And—love not me, oh love not me!

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again:
What, still that look and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
Oh! no, beloved,—nor do I.

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

They try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
[and light,
That you're not a true daughter of ether
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
[storms;
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon
That, in short, you're a woman; your lip
And your eye
As mortal as ever drew gods from the sky.
But I still do not believe them—no, Science, to you
I have long bid a last and a careless
Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
[cause,
And dulling delight by exploring its
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
[that they know.
Is the fiction they dream to the truth
Oh! who, that has o'er enjoy'd rapture
complete,
[sweet;
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is
How rays are confused, or how particles fly
[for a sigh;
Through the medium refined of a glance
Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?

As for you, my sweet-voiced and invisible love,
[that rove
You must surely be one of those spirits,
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
[shines,
When the star of the west on his solitude
And the magical figures of fancy have hung
[with a tongue.
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf
Oh! hint to him then, 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears.

Sweet spirit of mystery! how should I love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to be
To have you thus ever invisibly nigh,
Mid the crowds of the world and the murmur of care,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with distaste from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Then, come and be near me, forever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion
As sweet as, of old, was imagined to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
[put slumber to flight,
When the heart's busy thoughts have
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
[above,
Such as angel to angel might whisper.
Sweet spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear like some fairy-song known,
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twined
With her being forever my heart and my mind,
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile, and weary and hopeless the Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,
Is near; I will think, for that moment, that Cara That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
[my check,
And kisses my eyelid and breathes on And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
[is nigh.
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven

I should be sorry to think that my friend had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story: I rather hope—though the manner of it leads me to doubt—that his design was to ridicule that tempered taste which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the "speciosa miracula" of true poetic imagination.

Fair spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of many an hour;
And, let fortune's realities drown as they will,
Still hope, fancy, and Cara may smile for me.

THE RING.*
A TALE.
Annals ille viri.—Ovid. Amor. lib. ii. eleg. 15.
The happy day at length arrived
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.
As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admired the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.
In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along;
And some the fealty dance amused,
And some the dulcet song.
The younger maids with Isabel Disported through the bowers, [head
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her With motley bridal flowers.
The matrons all in rich attire, Within the castle walls, Sat listening to the chorale strains That echo'd through the halls.
Young Rupert and his friends repair'd Unto a spacious court, To strike the bounding tennis-ball In feat and manly sport.
The bridegroom on his finger wore The wedding-ring so bright, Which was to grace the lily hand Of Isabel that night.
And fearing he might break the gem, Or lose it in the play, He look'd around the court, to see Where he the ring might lay.
Now in the court a statue stood, Which there full long had been; It might a Heathen goddess be, Or else, a Heathen queen.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, Fromman upon Fascination, book iii. part vi. ch. 15. On consulting the work I perceive that Fromman quotes it from Belnaecensis, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting. E.
Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.
And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were weared all,
And messengers announced to them
Their dinner in the hall.
Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went;
But, oh, how shock'd was he to find
The marble finger bent!
The hand was closed upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp!
Then sore surprised was Rupert's mind—
And well his mind might be;
"I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
"When none are here to see."
He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring;
And marvel'd sorely what could mean
So very strange a thing!
The feast was o'er, and to the court
He hied without delay,
Resolved to break the marble hand
And force the ring away.
But, mark a stranger wonder still—
The ring was there no more,
And yet the marble hand ungrasp'd,
And open as before!
He search'd the base, and all the court,
But nothing could he find;
Then to the castle hied he back
With sore bewilder'd mind.
Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procured,
And none the adventure knew.
And now the priest has join'd their
The hours of love advance: [hands,
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's miscarriage.
Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.
And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phoebus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose.
And here my song would leave them
Nor let the rest be told, [both,
If 'twere not for the horrid tale
It yet has to unfold.
Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcass found;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.
He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill!
And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave;
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mould'ring grave!
Ill-fated Rupert!—wild and loud
Then cried he to his wife,
"Oh! save me from this horrid fiend,
"My Isabel! my life!"
But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.
At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came:
(Oh God! while he did hear the words
What terror shook his frame!)
"Husband, husband, I've the ring
"Thou gav'st to-day to me;
"And thou'rt to me forever wed,
"As I am wed to thee!"
And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side, [grasp,
And strain'd him with such deadly
He thought he should have died.
But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left th' affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.
And all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.
And, as the day advanced, he thought
Of coming night with fear:
Alas, that he should dread to view
The bed that should be dear!
At length the second night arrived,  
Again their couch they press’d;  
Poor Rupert hoped that all was o’er,  
And look’d for love and rest.

But oh! when midnight came, again  
The fiend was at his side,  
And, as it strain’d him in its grasp,  
With howl exulting cried:—

“Husband, husband, I’ve the ring,  
“The ring thou gav’st to me;  
“And thou’rt to me forever wed,  
“As I am wed to thee!”

In agony of wild despair,  
He started from the bed;  
And thus to his bewilder’d wife  
The trembling Rupert said:

“Oh Isabel! dost thou not see  
“A shape of horrors here,  
“That strains me to its deadly kiss,  
“And keeps me from my dear!”

“No, no, my love! my Rupert, I  
“No shape of horrors see;  
“And much I mourn the phantasy  
“That keeps my dear from me.”

This night, just like the night before,  
In terrors pass’d away,  
Nor did the demon vanish thence  
Before the dawn of day.

Said Rupert then, “My Isabel,  
“Dear partner of my woe,  
“To Father Austin’s holy cave  
“This instant will I go.”

Now Austin was a reverend man,  
Who acted wonders maint—  
Whom all the country round believed  
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin’s holy cave  
Then Rupert straightway went;  
And told him all, and ask’d him how  
These horrors to prevent.

The Father heard the youth, and then  
Retired awhile to pray;  
And, having pray’d for half an hour,  
Thus to the youth did say:

“There is a place where four roads meet,  
“Which I will tell to thee;  
“Be there this eve, at fall of night,  
“And list what thou shalt see:

“Thou’lt see a group of figures pass  
“In strange disorder’d crowd,

“Travelling by torchlight through the roads,  
“With noises strange and loud.

“And one that’s high above the rest,  
“Terrific towering o’er,  
“Will make thee know him at a glance,  
“So I need say no more.

“To him from me these tablets give,  
“They’ll quick be understood;  
“The fiend’st not fear, but give them straight,  
“I’ve scar’d them with my blood!”

The nightfall came, and Rupert all  
In pale amazement went  
To where the crossroads met, as he  
Was by the Father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came  
In strange disorder’d crowd,  
Travelling by torchlight through the  
With noises strange and loud. [roads,

And, as the gloomy train advanced,  
Rupert beheld from far  
A female form of wanton mien  
High seated on a car.

And Rupert, as he gazed upon  
The loosely vested dame,  
Thought of the marble statue’s look,  
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk’d a hideous form,  
With eyeballs flashing death;  
Whene’er he breathed, a sulphur’d smoke  
Came burning in his breath.

He seem’d the first of all the crowd,  
Terrific towering o’er;  
“Yes, yes,” said Rupert, “this is he,  
“And I need ask no more.”

Then slow he went, and to this fiend  
The tablets trembling gave,  
Who look’d and read them with a yell  
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl’d  
His eyes with fury shine; [name,  
“I thought,” cries he, “his time was  
“But he must soon be mine!” [out,

Then darting at the youth a look  
Which rent his soul with fear,  
He went unto the female fiend,  
And whisper’d in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard  
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took.
And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breathed of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
Which he remember'd well:
"In Austin's name take back the ring,
'The ring thou gav'st me;
And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
"Nor longer I to thee."
He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home returnd again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

TO ..... ..... ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A RICH GIRDLE.

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh!
Let weeping angels view it;
Your cheeks belle its virgin snow,
And blush repenting through it.
Put off the fatal zone you wear;
The shining pearls around it
Are tears that fell from Virtue there,
The hour when Love unbound it.

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

Here is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant comer find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Oh ! it should be my sweetest care
To write my name forever there!

TO MRS. BL——.
WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

They say that Love had once a book
(The urchin likes to copy you,
Where, all who came, the pencil took
And wrote, like us, a line or two.
'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line
Or thought profane should enter there:

And daily did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before.
Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas, as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.
A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snow-white leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again.
But, ah ! there came a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
That all who read them sigh'd for more.
And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book.
For, oft a Bacchant cup he bore,
With earth's sweet nectar sparkling bright,
And much she fear'd lest, mantling o'er,
Some drops should on the pages light.
And so it chanced, one luckless night,
The urchin let that goblet fall
O'er the fair book, so pure, so white,
And sullied lines and margin and all!
In vain now, touch'd with shame, he tried
To wash those fatal stains away;
Deep, deep had sunk the sullying tide,
The leaves grew darker every day.
And Fancy's sketches lost their hue,
And Hope's sweet lines were all effaced,
And Love himself now scarcely knew
What Love himself so lately traced.
At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas ! could Pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
Reluctant flung the book away:
The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some earthy stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure.
And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more, 
And thinks of lines that long have 
   faded.
I know not if this tale be true, 
But thus the simple facts are stated; 
And I refer their truth to you, 
Since Love and you are near related.

TO CARA,
AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

Conceal'd within the shady wood 
A mother left her sleeping child, 
And flew, to call her rustic food; 
The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her pathway rise, 
The mother roams astray and weeping; 
Far from the weak appealing cries 
Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears; a light is seen, 
And gentle blows the night wind's 
   breath; 
Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen, 
The infant may be chill'd to death!

Perhaps, ev'n now, in darkness shrouded, 
His little eyes lie cold and still:— 
And yet, perhaps, they are not clouded, 
Life and love may light them still.

Thus, Cara, at our last farewell, 
When fearful ev'n thy hand to touch, 
I mutely ask'd those eyes to tell 
If parting pain'd thee half so much:

I thought,—and, oh, forgive the thought, 
For none was e'er by love inspired 
Whom fancy had not also taught 
To hope the bliss his soul desired,—

Yes, I did think, in Cara's mind, 
Though yet to that sweet mind un- 
I left one infant wish behind, [known, 
One feeling which I call'd my own.

Oh blest! though but in fancy blest, 
How did I ask of Pity's care, 
To shield and strengthen, in thy breast, 
The nursing I had cradled there.

And, many an hour, beguiled by pleas- 
   ure, 
And many an hour of sorrow num-
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure, 
I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it, 
Haply, it yet a throb may give— 
Yet, no—perhaps, a doubt has kill'd it; 
Say, dearest—does the feeling live?

TO CARA,
ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

When midnight came to close the year, 
We sigh'd to think it thus should take 
The hours it gave us—hours as dear 
As sympathy and love could make 
Their blessed moments,—every sun 
Saw us, my love, more closely one.

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh 
Which came a new year's light to shed, 
That smile we caught from eye to eye 
Told us, those moments were not fled: 
Oh, no,—we felt, some future sun 
Should see us still more closely one.

Thus may we ever, side by side, 
From happy years to happier glide; 
And still thus may the passing sigh 
We give to hours, that vanish o'er us, 
Be follow'd by the smiling eye, 
That Hope shall shed on scenes be- 
fore us!

TO . . . . . , 1801.

To be the theme of every hour 
The heart devotes to Fancy's power, 
When her prompt magic fills the mind 
With friends and joys we've left behind, 
And joys return and friends are near, 
And all are welcomed with a tear:— 
In the mind's purest seat to dwell, 
To be remembered oft and well 
By one whose heart, though vain and wild, 
By passion led, by youth beguiled, 
Can proudly still aspire to be 
All that may yet win smiles from thee:— 
If thus to live in every part 
Of a lone, weary wanderer's heart; 
If thus to be its sole employ 
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy, 
Believe it, Mary,—oh! believe 
A tongue that never can deceive, 
Though, erring, it too oft betray [say,— 
Ev'n more than Love should dare to 
In Pleasure's dream or Sorrow's hour, 
In crowded ball or lonely bower, 
The business of my life shall be, 
Forever to remember thee, 
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since Love is life and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image as the form.
Of one whom Love had fail'd to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is worship'd still—
I'll take it, where'er I stray,
The bright, cold burden of my way.
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its lasting tomb,
And Memory, with embalming care,
Shal, keep it fresh and fadless there.

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THE GENIUS OF HARMONY,
AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam canere mundum,
Cicero de Nat. Doctr., lib. iii.

There lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding crewh'd,
Such as of old
Echoed the breath that warbling sea-

maids breathed;
This magic shell,
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that
Parted Sicilia's sands of gold.

*In the "Histoire Naturelle des Antilles," there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curacao, on the block of which were lines, filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect, that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them."

"On les noms de ces concordances, et les deux autres, on trouve en la liste des marchands, qui ont une espèce de clé pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l'on divise qu'ils ne manque que la lettre à cette tablature naturelle. Ce curieux gentilhomme (M. du Montel) rapporte qu'il en avait un qui avait cinq lignes, une cié, et des notes, qui fermaient un accord parfait. Quelqu'un y avait ajouté la lettre, que la nature avait oubliée et qu'elle sait chanter en forme de trio, dont l'air était fort agréable."—Chap. xix. art. 11. The author adds, a poet might imagine that these shells were used by the syrens at their concerts.

According to Cicero, and his commentator, Macrobius, the mariner took the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord. "Quam ob causam summus ille coeli stellarum cursus, cumus conversio est concordans, aceto et exceleo movetur soni; gravissimo autem hic lunari atque imimus."—Somm. Scip. Because says Macrobius, "spirtu ut in extremitate luna est multa, et propter angustias quiubus pensuum orbita surcurat impetu lectore conueertit."—In Somm. Scip., lib. ii. cap. 4. In their musical arrangement of the heavenly bodies, the ancient writers are not very intelligible. See *Ipoten.,* lib. iii.

It bears
Upon its shinning side the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs,* [swell,
The genii of the deep were wont to
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music roll'd!
Oh! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats;
And, if the power [dear,
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be
Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
[dreams
And I will fold thee in such downy
As lap the Spirit of the Seventh Sphere [on his ear!]
When Luna's distant tone falls faintly
And thou shalt own,
That, through the circle of creation's zone,
[spirit beams;
Where matter slumbers or where
From the pelucid tides;* that whisl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill, that weeps along
Murmuring o'er beds of pearl:
From the rich sigh [sky,]*
Of the sun's arrow through an evening
To the faint breath the tuneful osier
Yields
On Afric's burning fields;]

Leoncub Hecube, in pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal laws.

"Non pero manca fra loro il perfetto e reciproco amore: la causa principale, che ne mostra il loro amore, è la loro meravigliae armonie e la concordanza, che perpetuamente si trova in loro."—Dialog. ii. di Amore, p. 55. This "reciproco amore" of Leoncub is the *phileus* of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his Love and Hate of the Elements, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion. See the fragment to which I allude in *Laerciuni, Alcmene, et filius, Untum, conuenien*; c. 7. A., lib. viii. cap. 2. p. 12.

Leoncubus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras, and possibly suggested to Descartes.

Heraclides, upon the allegations of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

[In the account of Africa which D'Abblancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country whose branches when shaken by the hand produce very sweet sounds. "La même auteur (Abennaga) dit, qu'il y a un certain arbre, qui produit des gantes comme des oiseaux, et qu'en les pressant à la main et les branslant, elles font une espèce d'harmonie fort agréable."—&c. 

JUVENILE POEMS. 137

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&c.—*L'Afrique de Marmol.*
THOU'LT wondering own this universe divine
Is mine!
"what I breathe in all and all in me,
\* mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony.
Welcome, welcome, mystic shell! Many a man has ceased to burn, *
Many a tear has Saturn's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean
Since thy aerial spell [wept,†}
Hath in the waters slept.
Now blest I'll fly
With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
Where she, who waked its early swell,
The Syren of the heavenly choir,
Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre;* Or guides around the burning pole
The winged chariot of some blissful While thou— [soul.] Oh son of earth, what dreams shall rise for thee!
Beneath Hispania's sun,
Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
*Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance, of some of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns, attended by its system. Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.
† Porphyry says, that Pythagoras held the sea to be a fire. Τόν γαλαταν μεν εκτοιειν εις ἀκρογον, (De Vida;) and some one else, if I mistake not, has added the planet Saturn as the source of it. Empedocles, with similar affection, called the sea "the sweat of the earth." ήμωτα της γης. See Ritterhusius upon Porphyry, Num. 41.
* The system of the harmonized orbs was styled by the ancients the Great Lyre of Orpheus, for which Lucian thus accounts:— "he is Ares επίσταντος ευκατα την των κυψευην στρων ἁμονοιον συνεβάλλετο, κ. τ. λ. in Astrologia.
§ Μεν εἶσξεν ὑπερήφανα τοις αστραῖς, ενμείριν ἐκείνων προς ἐκατόν, καὶ εἰμιβαστάς ης ἐκς οὐκομα.—Distributing the souls severally among the stars, and mounting each soul upon a star as on its chariot."—Plato, Symposium. || This musical river is mentioned in the romance of Achilles Tatius. Εἰς τούτοις, ηπ. δε κοιναὶ γείτοι την ὑδάτω ἁλωσίων. The Latin version, in supplying the hiatus which is in the original, has placed the river in Hispæia. "In Hispæia quoque fluvius est, quem primo aspectu," &c. &c.
¶ These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles Tatius. Εἵνα γαρ ὁλογον ανελοις εἰς τας εἴσι σκέψιν, το μεν ύδωρ ὡς χρόνον
Which I've imbued with breathing melody;* [current die,
And there, when night-winds down the Thou'lt hear how like a harp its waters sigh:
A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that blows. ¶
There, by that wondrous stream,
Go, lay thy languid brow,
And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
[him,** As never bless'd the slumberers even of
Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,† [mount,‡
Satè on the chill Pangean
And, looking to the orient dim,
Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
[sire. From which his soul had drank its
Oh ! think what visions, in that lonely hour.
Stole o'er his musing breast;
What pious ecstasy §§
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
Whose seal upon this new-born world impress'd[¶]
κρούταν, το δε πέμπει του ὑδάτω πλεκτρον γυνεία, το μεν δε ὡς χρόνον ἃλαλει. Lib. ii.
** Orpheus,
†† They called his lyre αρχαίων ἐπαρχορνικόν ὑδάτων ὑδάτων ὑποτέκες. See a curious work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled "Hebdomades, sive septem de septenario Ebrí."—Lib. iv. cap. 3, p. 171.
‡‡ Eratotheneis, in mentioning the extreme veneration of Orpheus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pangean mountain at daybreak, and there wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams.—Ἐνεγειρομενος τε της τραγούς, κατα την υμνημεν επι το θρόων κολλοφύιον Παγνειον, προσεμένει τα ανατολιναι, ἐκ του τον Πάνο πρωτον. —Καταστροφι. 24. §§ There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. For instance, those which Justin Martyr has produced:
It is thought by some that these are to be reckoned among the fabrications, which were frequent in the early times of Christianity. Still, it appears doubtful to whom they are to be attributed, being too pious for the Pagan, and too poetical for the Fathers.
¶¶ In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured soul to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.
The various forms of bright divinity!
Or, dost thou know what dreams I
wove,
"Mid the deep horror of that silent how-
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy
When, free
From earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from
bonds of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of nature's fontal
number,†
And saw, in mystic choir, around him
The stars of song, Heaven's burning min-
strels!
Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
I swear
By the great diadem that twines my
And by the seven gems that sparkle
Mingling their beams [there,†
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
Oh, mortal! such shall be thy rad-
ant dreams.

I found her not—the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
And left behind their odorous trace!
It felt, as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,

* Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mys-
teries of his philosophy. Iamblich, de Vit. This, as Holstenius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.

† The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called παν θεναι ψωφις,
"the fountain of perennial nature." Lucian has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very cleverly in his Salo Philosopher-
s. This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the
prismatic colors. We find in Plutarch a vague i
imitation of this kindred harmony in colors and
sounds.—Οφις τε και άκον, μετά δέωνε τε και
ψωφις την άρθρων επιφωνίων.—De Musica.
Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music
to Boethius, "Ut diemina ocult, varia luce
geimmerum, sic cytherea diversitata soni, blan-
ditar auditui," This is indeed the only tolera-
ble thought in the letter.—Isa. lii. Variar.

See the Story in Apuleius. With respect to this
beautiful allegory of Love and Psyche, there is an ingenious idea suggested by the wa
senator Buonarroti, in his "Osservazioni sopra
aluni frammenti di vasi anticli." He thinks the
fable is taken from some very occult mys-
teries, which had long been celebrated in honor
of Love; and accounts, upon this supposition,
for the silence of the more ancient authors upon
the subject, as it was not till towards the
end of pagan superstition, that writers could
venture to reveal or discuss such ceremonies.
Accordingly, observes this author, we find Lu-
cian and Plutarch treating, without reserve, of
the Dea Syria, as well as of Isis and Osiris; and
Apuleius, to whom we are indebted for the beau-
tiful story of Cupid and Psyche, has also de-
tailed some of the mysteries of Isis. See the
Gionale di Litterati d'Italia, tom. xxvii. artic
1. See also the observations upon the ancient
gems in the Museum Florentinum, vol. 1. p. 156.

I cannot avoid remarking here an error into
which the French Encyclopédistes have been
led by M. Spon, in their article Psyche. They
say "Petronius fait un rituel de la pompe nuptiale
de ces deux amans, (Amour et Psyche.) Dejä,
dit-il," &c. &c. The Psyche of Petronius
however, is a servant-maid, and the marriage
which he describes is that of the young Painy-
chis. See Spon's Recherches curieuses, &c
Dissert. 5.
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MOORE'S WORKS.

Did ever Muse's hand so fair
A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such fragrance o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreaked;
But all her sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd as she breathed.

Oh! you, that love's celestial dream,
In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
Too strongly through the vision glow.

Love safest lies, conceal'd in night, [lie;
The night where heaven has bid him
Oh! shed not there unhallow'd light,
Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly.

Sweet Psyche, many a charmed hour,
Through many wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower
Have I, in dreams, thy light foot traced!

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow,
Hath bound thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along whose verge our spirits stray,—
Half sunk beneath the shadowy rim,
Half bright'ned by the upper ray,—

Thou dwellest in a world all light,
Or, lingering here, dost love to be,
To other souls the guardian bright
That Love was, through this gloom, to thee,—

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
The song, whose gentle voice was given
To be, on earth, to mortal ear,
An echo of her own, in heaven.

* Allusions to Mrs. Tighe's Poem.
** Constancy

By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

This poem, as well as a few others that occurred afterwards, formed part of a work which I had early projected, and even announced to the public, but which, luckily perhaps for myself, had been interrupted by my visit to America in the year 1803.

Among those impostures in which the priests of the pagan temples are known to have indulged, one of the most favorite was that of announcing to some fair votary of the shrine, that the god himself had become enamored of her beauty, and would descend in all his glory, to

FROM THE HIGH PRIEST OF APOLLO

TO A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

Can digna digna . . . . . Sulpicia

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
With eyes of fire, and foot of air,
Whose harp around my altar swells,
The sweetest of a thousand shells?"
'Twas thus the deity, who treads
The arch of heaven, and proudly shed
Day from his eyelids—thus he spoke,
As through my cell his glories broke.

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,
With eyes of fire and golden hair,
Aphelia's are the airy feet,
And hers the harp divinely sweet;
For foot so light has never trod
The laurel'd caverns of the god,
Nor harp so soft hath ever given
A sigh to earth or hymn to heaven.

"Then tell the virgin to unfold,
"In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
"And bid those eyes more fondly shine
"To welcome down a Spouse Divine;
"Since He, who lights the path of years—
"Even from the fount of morning's tears
"To where his setting splendors burn
"Upon the western sea-maid's urn—
"Doth not, in all his course, behold
"Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold.
"Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
"His lip yet sparkling with the tide
"That mantles in Olympian bowls,—
"The nectar of eternal souls!
"For her, for her he quits the skies,
"And to her kiss from nectar flies.
"Oh, he would quit his star-throned height,
"And leave the world to pine for light,
"Might he but pass the hours of shade,
"pay her a visit within the recesses of the face.

An adventure of this description formed an episode in the classic romance which I had sketched out; and the short fragment, given above, belongs to an epistle by which the story was to have been introduced.

In the 9th Pythe of Pindar, where Apollo in the same manner, requires of Chiron some information respecting the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying, very gravely apologizes for telling the God what his omniscience must know so perfectly already.

Ei de ye xepo kai par yvonn antiversity,
Epyou.

'ALLI' eis evounvthi ysva bempouma tate.
EUHYID. ION. v. 76.
"Beside his peerless Delphic maid,
"She, more than earthy woman blest,
"He, more than god on woman's breast!"

There is a cave beneath the steep,*
Where living rills of crystal weep
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begemmed with dew.
There oft the greensward's glossy tint
Is brightened by the recent print
Of many a faun and naiad's feet,—
Scarcely touching earth, their step so fleet,—

That there, by moonlight's ray, bad trod,
In light dance, o'er the verdant sod.
"There, there," the god, impassion'd, said,
"As soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
"And the dim orb of lunar soul's
"Along its shadowy pathway roll'd—
"There shall we meet,—and not e'er He,
"The God who reigns immortally,
"Where Babel's turrets paint their pride
"Upon th' Ephractos' shining tide,—
"Not e'er when to his midnight loves
"In mystic majesty he moves,
"Lighted by many an odorous fire,
"And hymn'd by all Chaldea's choir,—
"E'er yet, o'er mortal brow, let shine
"Such influence of Love Divine,
"As shall to-night, blest maid, o'er thine."

Happy the maid, whom heaven allows
To break for heaven her virgin vows!
Happy the maid!—her robe of shame
Is whitened by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race!§

FRAGMENT.

Pity me, love! I'll pity thee,
If thou indeed hast felt like me.

* The Corycian Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The Inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Plistus.
† See a preceding note, p. 85. t. It should seem that lunar spirits were of a purer order than spirits in general, as Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon. The heresecch Mancs, in the same manner, imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Christ, and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight to those orbs.
‡ The temple of Jupiter Belus, at Babylon; in one of whose towers there was a large chapel.

All, all my bosom's peace is o'er!
At night, which was my hour of calm,
When, from the classic page of lore
From the pure fount of ancient lay
My soul has drawn the placid balm,
Which charmed its every grief away,
Ah! there I find that balm no more.
Those spells, which make us oft forget
The fleeting troubles of the day
In deeper sorrows only whet
The stings they cannot tear away.
When to my pillow rack'd I lay,
With weared sense and wakeful eye:
While my brain maddens, where, oh,
Is that serene consoling prayer, [where
Which once has harbingerd my rest.
When the still soothing voice of Heaven
Hath seem'd to whisper in my breast,
"Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven!"
No, though I still in semblance pray,
My thoughts are wandering far away,
And even the name of Deity
Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with anxious veil,
Obscures you harshful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!
'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen.

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more,
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
set apart for these celestial assignations. "No man is allowed to sleep here," says Herodorus, "but the apartment is appropriated to a female, whom, if we believe the Chaldean priests, the deity selects from the women of the country, as his favorite." Lib. i. cap. 18. § Fontenelle, in his playful riferimento of the learned materials of Van-Dale, has related in his own inimitable manner an adventure of this kind which was detected and exposed at Alexander. See L'Histoire des Oracles, dissert. 2. chap. vii. Crebillon, too, in one of his most amusing little histories, has made the Gene Mane-Tapels of the Isle Jonquille, assert this privilege of spiritual beings in a manner rather formidable to the husbands of the island.
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou'rt absolved by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Fly, swift as breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul
Come blushing to this ardent breast.
Then, while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all enamor'd sink
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last!"

**SONG.**

**Think** on that look whose melting ray
For one sweet moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think on thy ev'ry smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
Nor tell me it is sin to love.
Oh, not to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Fate's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destined still to win,
As I am destined to be won!

**THE CATALOGUE.**

"Come, tell me," says Rosa, as kissing
and kiss'd,
One day she reclined on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
[caress'd]."

"Of the nymphs you have loved and
Oh Rosa! 'twas only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many
I've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee.
My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I loved like
a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow:
I have had it by rote very often before,
But never by heart until now.
Pretty Martha was next, and my soul
was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance
That I fancied her into some chivalry
dame,
And I was her knight of the lance.
But Martha was not of this fanciful
school, [knight;]
And she laugh'd at her poor little
While I thought her a goddess, she
thought me a fool, [right.]
And I'll swear she was most in the
My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's
Again I was tempted to rove; [looks,
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in
books
That she gave me more logic than love.
So left this young Sappho, and hasten'd
to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss, [eye,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling
And convince us at once with a kiss.
Oh! Susan was then all the world unto
But Susan was piously given; [en,
And the worst of it was, we could never
agree [en.]
On the road that was shortest to Heavy
"Oh, Susan!" I've said, in the moments
of mirth,
"What's devotion to thee or to me?
I devoutly believe there's a heaven on
earth, [thee]
"And believe that that heaven's in

**IMITATION OF CATULLUS.**

**TO HIMSELF.**

Miser Catulle, desinas inquit, &c.

Cease the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas, have falsely flown.
What hours, Catullus, once were thine
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl whose smile was then so sweet—
The girl thou loved'st, with tender pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again.

Ye met—your souls seem'd all in one,
Like tapers that commingling shine;
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, in truth, was nothing loath.

Such were the hours that once were thine:
But, ah! those hours no longer shine.
For now the nymph delights no more
; In what she loved so much before;
And all Catulus now can do, 
Is to be proud and frigid too; 
Now follow where the wanton flies, 
Nor sue the bliss that she denies. 
False mail! he bids farewell to thee, 
To love, and all love's misery; 
The heyday of his heart is o'er, 
Nor will he court one favor more.

Fly, perjured girl!—but whither fly? 
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye? 
Who now will drink the syren tone, 
Which tells him thou art all his own? 
Oh, none:—and he who loved before 
Can never, never love thee more.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!" 
St. John, chap. viii.

Or woman, if through sinful wile 
Thy soul hath stray'd from honor's 
'Tis mercy only can beguile, [track, 
By gentle ways, the wand'r'rer back. 
The stain that on thy virtue lies, [stay; 
Wash'd by those tears, not long will 
As clouds that sully morning skies 
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go, be innocent,—and live; 
The tongues of men may wound thee 
But Heaven in pity can forgive, [sore; 
And bid thee "go, and sin no more!"

NONSENSE.

Go on reader! if you e'er have seen, 
When Phæbus hastens to his pillow, 
The mermaids, with their tresses green, 
Dancing upon the western bellow: 
If you have seen, at twilight dim, 
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn 
Floats wild along the winding shore— 
If you have seen, through mist of eve, 
The fairy train their ringlets weave, 
Glancing along the spangled green:— 
If you have seen all this, and more, 
God bless me, what a deal you've seen!

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no one Muse does she her glance confine, 
But has an eye at once, to all the Nine!

TO ......

Moria pur quando vol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser nu Angelo.*

DIE when you will, you need not wear 
At Heaven's Court a form more fair 
Than Beauty here on earth has given; 
Keep but the lovely looks we see— 
The voice we hear—and you will be 
An angel ready-made for Heaven!

TO ROSA.

A fa conserva, e cumulo d'amanti. 
Post. Pid.

And are you then a thing of art, 
Seducing all, and loving none; 
And have I strove to gain a heart 
Which every coxcomb thinks his own? 
Tell me at once if this be true, 
And I will calm my jealous breast; 
Will learn to join the dangling crew, 
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,— 
Oh! if another share that heart, 
Tell not the hateful tale to me, 
But mingle mercy with your art. 
I'd rather think you "false as hell," 
Than find you to be all divine,— 
Than know that heart could love so well, 
Yet know that heart would not be mine!

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, you little rosy rake, 
That heart of yours I long to rifle; 
Come, give it me, and do not make 
So much ado about a trifle!

TO A LADY, 
ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel 
Those soothing thoughts of heav'ly love, 
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal 
When list'ning to the spheres above!

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, to the beautiful nun at Murano.—See his Life.
When, tired of life and misery,
I wish, Emma! I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death.
And if along thy lip and check
That smile of heav'ly softness play,
Which,—ah! forgive a mind that's weak,—
So oft has sto'n my mind away;
Thou'st seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss:
I'll gaze and die—Who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

SONG. ON THE BIRTHDAY OF
MRS. ————

WRITTEN IN IRELAND. 1799.
Of all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and ev'ry eye
Hath kindled with the light of pleasure,
An hour like this I ne'er was given
So full of friendship's purest blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is,
Then come, my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!
Oh! banish ev'ry thought to-night,
Which could disturb our soul's communion;
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We'll ev'n for once forget the Union!
On that let statesmen try their pow'r's,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die
The union of the soul be ours, [for;
And ev'ry union else we sigh for.
Then come, my friends, &c.

In ev'ry eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart overflowing;
From ev'ry soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing.
Oh! could such moments ever fly;
Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.
Then come, my friends, &c.

For me, what'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving;
This day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever fate may cast your rover;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over!
Then come, my friends, &c.

SONG.*
MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blessed in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.
Fare thee well!
Few have ever loved like me,—
Yes, I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas! deceived me too severely.
Fare thee well!—yet think awnile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee!
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee.
Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see, [en!—
My peace is gone, my heart is brok—
Fare thee well!

MORALITY.
A FAMILIAR EPISTLE ADDRESSED TO J.
AT—NS—N, ESQ., M. R. I. A.
THOUGH long at school and college dosing [ing,
O'er books of verse and books of pros—
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for making sages;
Though long with those divines at school
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heaven or money's sake,
What steps we are through life to take:
Though thus, my friend, so long em-
ploy'd,
With so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I've only learned to doubt at last.
I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all cliques and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality.
*These words were written to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water."
"Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone, 
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise, 
As modes of being great and wise, 
That we should cease to own or know 
Th: luxuries that from feeling flow ;—
"Reason alone must claim direction, 
And Apathy's the soul's perfection. 
"Like a dull lake the heart must lie; 
"Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh, 
"Though Heav'n the breeze, the breath, 
supplied, 
"Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan 
To form his philosophic man; 
Such were the modes he taught mankind 
To wear the garden of the mind's [true, 
They tore from thence some weeds, 'tis 
But all the flow'rs were ravaged too!

Now listen to the wily strains, 
Which, on Cyrene's sandy plains, 
When Pleasure, nymph with loose'ld 
Usury'd the philosophic throne, — [zone, 
Hear what the courtly sage's* tongue 
To his surrounding pupils sung:—
"Pleasure's the only noble end [tend, 
"To which all human pow'rs should 
"And Virtue gives her heart'ly lore, 
"But to make Pleasure please us more, 
"Wisdom and she were both design'd 
"To make the senses more refined, 
"That man might revel, free from clov-
ing, [ing!"
"Then most a sage when most enjoy-
Is this morality?—Oh, no! 
Ev'n a wiser path could show. 
The flow'rs within this vase confined, 
The pure, the unfading flow'rs of mind, 
Must not throw all its sweets away 
Upon a mortal mould of clay: 
No, no,—its richest breath should rise 
In virtue's incense to the skies.

But thus it is, all sects we see 
Have watchwords of morality: 
Some cry out Venus, others Jove; 
Here 'tis Religion, there 'tis Love. 
But while they thus so widely wander, 
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder; 
And some, in dialectics firm, [der; 
Seek virtue in a middle term; 
While thus they strive, in Heaven's de-
To chain morality with science; [iance, 
The plain good man, whose actions teach

* Aristippus.

More virtue than a sect can preach, 
Pursues his course, unsagely bless'd, 
His tutor whispering in his breast; 
Nor could he act a purer part, 
Though he had Tully all by heart. 
And when he drops the tear on wo, 
He little knows or cares to know 
That Epicurus blamed that tear, 
By Heaven approved, to virtue dear!

Oh! when I've seen the morning beam 
Floating within the dimpled stream; 
While Nature, wak'ning from the night, 
Has just put on her robes of light, 
Have I, with cold optician's gaze, 
Explored the doctrine of these rays? 
No, pedants, I have left to you 
Nicely to separate hue from hue. 
Go, give that moment up to art, 
When Heaven and nature claim the heart;

And, dull to all their best attraction, 
Go—measure angles of refraction. 
While I, in feeling's sweet romance, 
Look on each daybeam as a glance 
From the great eye of Him above, 
Wak'ning his world with looks of love!

— THE TELL-TALE LYRE. 

I've heard, there was in ancient days 
A Lyre of most melodious spell; 
"Twas heav'n to hear its fairy lays, 
If half be true that legends tell. 
"I was play'd on by the gentlest sighs, 
And to their breath it breathed again 
In such entrancing melodies 
As ears had never drunk till then! 

Not harmony's serenest touch 
So stillly could the notes prolong; 
They were not heavenly song so much 
As they were dreams of heavenly song 
If sad the heart, whose murm'ring air 
Along the chords in languor stole, 
The numbers it awaken'd there 
Were eloquence from pity's soul. 
Or if the sigh, serene and light, 
Was but the breath of fancied woes 
The string, that felt its airy flight, 
Soon whisper'd it to kind repose 
And when young lovers talk'd alone, 
If, 'mid their bliss that Lyre was near,
Moore's Works.

It made their accents all its own, And sent forth notes that Heaven might hear.

There was a nymph, who long had loved, But dared not tell the world how well: The shades, where she at evening roved, Alone could know, alone could tell.

’Twas there, at twilight time, she stole, When the first star announced the night,— With him who claim’d her inmost soul, To wander by that soothing light.

It chanced that, in the fairy bower Where bless’d they woo’d each other’s smile, This Lyre, of strange and magic power, Hung whispering o’er their heads the while.

And as, with eyes commingling fire, They listen’d to each other’s vow, The youth full oft would make the Lyre A pillow for the maiden’s brow:

And, while the melting words she breathed, Were by its echoes wafted round, [ed, Her locks had with the cords so wreath’d One knew not which gave forth the sound.

Alas, their hearts but little thought, While thus they talk’d the hours away, That every sound the Lyre was taught Would linger long, and long betray.

So mingled with its tuneful soul Were all their tender murmurs grown, That other sighs unanswer’d stole, Nor words it breathed but theirs alone.

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung To every breeze that wander’d by; The secrets of thy gentle tongue [sky, Were breathed in song to earth and sky.

The fatal Lyre, by Envy’s hand Hung high amid the whispering groves, To every gale by which ’twas fann’d, Proclaim’d the myst’ry of your loves.

Nor long thus rudely was thy name To earth’s derisive echoes given; Some pitying spirit downward came, And took the Lyre and thee to heaven.

There, freed from earth’s unholy wrongs, Both happy in Love’s home shall be;

Thou, uttering naught but seraph songs, And that sweet Lyre still echoing thee!

Peace and Glory.

Written on the Approach of War.

Where is now the smile, that lighten’d Every hero’s couch of rest? Where is now the hope, that brighten’d Honor’s eye and Pity’s breast? Have we lost the wreath we braided For our weary warrior men? Is the faithless olive faded? Must the bay be pluck’d again?

Passing hour of sunny weather, Lovely, in your light awhile, Peace and Glory, weel together, Wander’d through our blessed isle. And the eyes of Peace would glisten, Dewy as a morning sun, When the timid maid would listen To the deeds her chief had done, Is their hour of daliance over? Must the maiden’s trembling feet Waft her from her warlike lover To the desert’s still retreat? Fare you well! with sighs we banish nymph so fair and guests so bright; Yet the smile, with which you vanish, Leaves behind a soothing light;

Soothing light, that long shall sparkle O’er your warrior’s sanguine way, Through the field where horrors darkle, Shedding hope’s consoling ray. Long the smile his heart will cherish, To its absent idol true; While around him myriad perish, Glory still will sigh for you!

Song.

Take back the sigh, thy lips of art In passion’s moment breathed to me; Yet, no—it must not, will not part, ’Tis now the life—breath of my heart, And has become too pure for thee. Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh With all the warmth of truth impress’d; Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie, Upon thy lip its sweets would die, Or bloom to make a rival blest. Take back the vows that, night and day, My heart received, I thought, from thine:
JUVENILE POEMS.

Yet, no,—allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine.

LOVE AND REASON.

"Quand l'homme commence à raisonner,
Il cesse de sentir."  
*J. J. Rousseau.*

'Twas in the summer time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason !

Love told his dream of yesternight,
While Reason talk'd about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together:

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno, stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell o'er the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would stalk between the sun and him.

"This must not be," said little Love—
"The sun was made for more than you!"

So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu.

Now gayly roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He call'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flow'rs,
Till taste was gone and odor fade.

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the sultry plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins.

*Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre's Etudes de la Nature.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with healthy bloom he smiled—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turned.
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

"Oh! take me to thy bosom cold,"
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason oped her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lulled his pulse to rest;
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expired on Reason's breast!

NAY, do not weep, my Fanny dear;
While in these arms you lie,
This world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to cost that eye a tear,
That heart, one single sigh.

The world!—ah, Fanny, Love must shun
The paths where many rove;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart to be his only-one,
Are quite enough for Love.

What can we wish, that is not here
Between your arms and mine?
Is there, on earth, a space so dear
As that within the happy sphere
Two loving arms entwine?

For me, there's not a lock of jet
Adown your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
All, all this worthless world.

'Tis in those eyes, so full of love,
My only worlds I see;
Let but their orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above,
May frown or smile for me.

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning, many an hour
In dalliance met; and Learning smiled
With pleasure on the playful child,
Who often stole, to find a nest
Within the folds of Learning's vest.
There, as the list'ning statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their color from Aspasia's look.
Oh happy time, when laws of state,
When all that ruled the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plan'd between two snow-white arms!

Blest times! they could not always fast—
And yet, ev'n now, they are not past.
Though we have lost the giant mould,
In which their men were cast of old—
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While beauty breathes through soul or frame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

No, Fanny, love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away;—
Give but the universe a soul
Attuned to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will.

THE GREECAN GIRL'S DREAM OF
THE BLESSED ISLANDS.*

TO HER LOVER.

—γάς τε καλὸς
Ποιητῶνορ, ἄστοσ τε χωρὸν στραβᾶν κρατοῖς.
Ἀπὸλλων ἐπὶ Παλαινόν.

Oracul. Metrie, a Jann. Oeop. collecta.

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That call'd thee, dearest, from these

* It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating, luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accordingly we find that the word Ἱερακος was sometimes synonymous with ἀρχος, and death was not unfrequently called Ἱερακος ποτε, or the passage of the ocean.

† Euphanes, in his life of Iamblichus, tells us of two beautiful spirits or loves, which Iamblichus raised by enchantment from the warm springs at Gadara; "diens astibulasis (says the author of the Dil Fatidie, p. 169) likes esse loci Genios;" which words, however, are not in Euphanes.

I find from Cellarius, that Amathua, in the neighborhood of Gadara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetic name than Gadara. Cellarius quotes Hieronymus, "Est et alia villa in viam

Sorare bastis thou left me, when a dream of night.

Came o'er my spirit so distinct and bright.
While I yet can vividly recall
Its witching wonders, thou shalt hear them all.

Methought I saw, upon the lunar beam,
Two winged boys, such as thy muse might dream,
Descending from above, at that still hour,
And gliding, with smooth step, into my bower.

Fair as the beauteous spirits that, all day,
In Amatha's warm founts imprison'd stay,†
But rise at midnight, from th'enchanted
To cool their plumes upon some moon-light hill.

At once I knew their mission—'twas to bear
My spirit upward, through the paths of air,
[beams To that ethereal realm, from whence they stray.
So oft, in sleep, had visited my dreams,
Swift at their touch dissolved the ties,
that clung.

All earthly round me, and aloft I sprang;
While, heav'nward guides, the little genie flew
[oven's own dew,
Thro' paths of light, refresh'd by hear;
And fan'd by airs still fragrant with the breath
[not death,
Of cloudless climes and worlds that know

Thou knowest, that, far beyond our nether sky,
And shown but dimly to man's erring eye,
A mighty ocean of blue ether rolls;†
Gem'd with bright islands, where the chosen souls,


† This belief of an ocean in the heavens, or "waters above the firmament," was one of the many physical errors in which the early fathers bewildered themselves. Le P. Baltus, in his "Défense des Saints Pères accusés de Platonisme," taking it for granted that the ancients were more correct in their notions, (which by no means appears from what I have already quoted,) deduces the obstinacy of the fathers, in this whimsical opinion, as a proof of their re- joissance to even truth from the hands of the philosophers. This is a strange way of defending the fathers, and attributes much more than they deserve to the philosophers. For an abstract of this work of Baltus, (the opposer of Fontenelle Van Dale, &c., in the famous Oracle controversy,) see "Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclesiast. du 18e Siecle," part 1, tom. ii.
Who've pass'd in love and love their earthly hours, 
Repose forever in untiring bowers.
That very moon whose solitary light
So often guides thee to my bower at night,
Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
Floating in splendor through those seas above,
[grown, [grown, And people'd with bright forms, aerial
Nor knowing aught of earth but love alone.
[way—
Thither, I thought, we winged on airy
Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,
While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
Reclined the spirits of the immortal Bost.*
[maids, Oh! there I met those few congenial 
Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades; [breast,
There still Leontium,† on her sage's 
Found love and love, was tutor'd and 
caress'd; [arms
And there the clasp of Pythia's gentle 
Repaid the zeal which defied her charms.
The Attic Master,§ in Aspasia's eyes, 
Forgot the yoke of less endearing ties,

* There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to their lunar establishment; some made it an elysian and others a purgatory; while some supposed it to be a kind of embrae between heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies, and those that were on their way to join them, were deposited for other abodes. Hesiod names it, till further orders. Theo per oloypor apx xevxov, autas katokieis, kai ap' autops kato xwv kis tev pereviov gevelov. —Stob. lib. I. Eloc. Physic.

‡ The pupil and mistress of Epicurus, who called her his "dear little Leontium," (Aeotatra-
por,) as appears by a fragment of one of his letters in Lucerius. This Leontium was a 
woman of talent; "she had the impudence (says Cicero) to write against Theophrastus;" and Cicero, at the same time, gives her a name which is neither polite nor translatable. "Meth-
"iricians esteem Leontium contra Theophras-
tum scribere unabest." —De Natur. Deor. She 
left a daughter called Danas, who was just as 
rigid an Epicurean as her mother, something 
like Wieland's Danas in Agathon. 
It would sound much better, I think, if the 
name were Leontia, as it occurs the first time 
in Lucerius; but M. Menage will not hear of this 
reading.

§ Pythia was a woman whom Aristotle loved, 
and to whom after her death he paid divine 
 honors, solemnizing her memory by the same 
sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the 
 Goddess Ceres. For this impious gallantry the 
philosopher was, of course, censured; but it 
would be well if a strain of our modern Stagy-
Oh, my beloved, how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits
meet!
Like him, the river-god,* whose waters
flow,
With love their only light, through caves
below,
Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings, with which Olympic
maids
Have deck'd his current as an offering
To lay at Arethusa's shining feet. [meet
Think, when he meets at last his foun-
tain-bridal,
What perfect love must thrill the blended
Each last in each, till, mingleing into one,
Their lot the same for shadow or for sun,
A type of true love, to the deep they run.
'Twas thus—
But, Theon, 'tis an endless theme,
And thou grow'st weary of my half-told
dream.
Oh would, my love, we were together
now,
I know, And I would woo sweet patience to thy
And make thee smile at all the magic
tales
Of starlight bowers and planetary vales,
Which my fond soul, inspired by thee
and love,
In slumber's loom hath fancifully wove.
But no; no more—soon as to-morrow's
ray
O'er soft Illissus shall have died away,
I'll come, and, while love's planet in the
west,
Shines o'er our meeting, tell thee all the

TO CLOE.
IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.
I could resign that eye of blue,
However its splendor used to thrill me;
And on that check of roseate hue,—
To lose it, Cloc, scarce would kill me.
That snowy neck I never should miss,
However much I've raved about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
I think I could exist without it.
In short, so well I've learn'd to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not
whether

* The river Alpheus, which flowed by Pisa
or Olympia, and into which it was customary
to throw offerings of different kinds, during the
celebration of the Olympic games. In the pret-
ty romance of Chitothen and Leucippe, the
I might not bring myself at last,
To—do without you altogether.

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.
I bring thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee, too, a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flow'rets long shall sweetly
breathe.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.
The chain is form'd of golden threads,
Bright as Minerva's yellow hair,
When the last beam of evening sheds
Its calm and sober lustre there.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
With sun-lit drops of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, call'd by Love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.
Yes, yes, I read that ready eye, [loath.
Which answers when the tongue is
Thou lik'st the form of either tie, [both.
And spread'st thy playful hands for
Ab!—if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended off:
The Chain would make the Wreath so
strong! [soft!
The Wreath would make the Chain so
Then might the gold, the flow'rets be,
Sweet sweeters for my love and me.
But, Fanny, so unblest'd they twine,
That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season.
Whether the Chain may press too much,
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
And all their bloom, their glow is
Oh! better to be always free, [faded !
Than thus to bind my love to me.

THE timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
Across her brow's divine expanse.
Just then, the garland's brightest rose
Gave one of its love-breathing sighs—
Oh! who can ask how Fanny chose,
river is supposed to carry these offerings
as bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa. Ka-
per. tov Ἀρεθυσαν ὀπίω τοῦ Ἀλπείων ρέμα-
τολεί, ὧν οὖν οὐ τοιούτων ὀργίας, κ.τ.λ.
Lib. L.
TO . . . . \n
AND hast thou marked the pensive shade, 
That many a time obscures my brow; 
Midst all the joys, beloved maid, 
Which thou canst give, and only thou? 

Oh! 'tis not that I then forget 
The bright looks that before me shine; 
For never throb'd a bosom yet 
Could feel their witchery, like mine. 

When bashful on my bosom hid, 
And blushing to have felt so bless'd, 
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid, 
Again to close it on my breast;— 

Yes,—these are minutes all thine own, 
Thine own to give, and mine to feel; 
Yet ev'n in them, my heart has known 
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal. 

For I have thought of former hours, 
When he who first thy soul possess'd, 
Like me awaked its witching powers, 
Like me was loved, like me was blest. 

Upon his name thy murmur'ring tongue 
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt; 
Upon his words thine ear hath hung, 
With transport all as purely felt. 

For him—yet why the past recall, 
To damp and whither present bliss? 
Thou'rt now my own, heart, spirit, all, 
And Heaven could grant no more than this! 

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive; 
I would be first, be sole to thee, 
Thou shouldst have but begun to live, 
The hour that gave thy heart to me. 

Thy book of life till then effaced, 
Love should have kept that leaf alone 
On which he first so brightly traced 
That thou wert, soul and all, my own. 

* Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timeaus held Form to be the father, and Mat—

TO . . . . . 'S PICTURE. 

Go then, if she, whose shade thou art, 
No more will let thee soothe my pain; 
Yet, tell her, it has cost this heart 
Some pangs, to give thee back again. 

Tell her, the smile was not so dear, 
With which she made thy semblance 
As bitter is the burning tear, [mine, 
With which I now the gift resign.] 

Yet go—and could she still restore, 
As some exchange for taking thee, 
The tranquil look which first I wore, 
When her eyes found me calm and free; 

Could she give back the careless flow, 
The spirit that my heart then knew— 
Yet, no, 'tis vain—go, picture, go— 
Smile at me once, and then—adieu! 

FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL 
HYMN TO LOVE.* 

BLEST infant of eternity! 
Before the day-star learn'd to move, 
In pomp of fire, along his grand career 
Glancing the beamy shut's of light 

From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere, 
Thou wert alone, oh Love! 
Nestling beneath the wings of an 

Chief Night, [lowing thee. 

Where horrors seem'd to smile in shad— 

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye, 
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide; 

No kindred spirit caught thy sigh, 
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died. 

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power 
That latent in his heart was sleeping,— 
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour 

Saw Love himself thy absence weeping. 

But look, what glory through the dark— 

ness beams, 
Celestial airs along the water glide:— 

later the mother of the World; Elian and Ber- 

o, I think, are Sanchoniatto's first spiritual 
lovers. And Mamo-capre and his wife intro— 
duced creation amongst the Peruvians. In 
short, Harlequin seems to have studied cos— 

gogony, when he said "unto il mondo è far 
to come la nostra famiglia."
What Spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So beautiful? oh, not of earth,
But, in that glowing hour, the birth
Of the young Godhead's own creative
'Tis she!
dreams.
Psyche, the firstborn spirit of the air.
To thee, oh Love, she turns,
On thee her eyebeam burns;
Blest hour, before all worlds or-
They meet—
*daim'd to be!
The blooming god—the spirit fair
Meet in communion sweet.
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's
dawn!

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE
DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,
ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADE-
LAIDE FORBES.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's
spell,
Hove'er remote, howe'er refined,
And o'er the kindling cauus tell
The silent story of the mind;
O'er nature's form to glance the eye,
And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly;
Her evening blushes, ere they fade—
Yes, these are Painting's proudest powers;
The gift, by which her art divine
Above all others proudly towers,—
And these, oh Prince! are richly thine.
And yet, when Friendship sees thee
trace,
In almost living truth express'd,
This bright memorial of a face
On which her eye delights to rest;
While o'er the lovely look serene,
The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
The cheek, that blushes to be seen,
The eye that tells the bosom's truth;
While o'er each line, so brightly true,
Our eyes with ling ring pleasure rove,
Blessing the touch whose various hue
Thus brings to mind the form we love;
We feel the magic of thy art,
And own it with a zest, a zeal,
A pleasure, nearer to the heart.
Thus critic taste can ever feel.

THE FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.*

'TwAS on a day
When the immortals at their banquet
The bowl [lay;]
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad orbs of
Light.
Within whose orbs, the almighty
At nature's dawning hour,
Stored the rich fluid of ethereal soul;
Around, [their flight
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing
From eastern isles,
us lib. i. cap. 2.) has given, amongst his Val-
denmine, a Dithyrambic, "all uso de Greel;" full of those compound epithets, which, we are
told, were a chief characteristic of the style,
(su/er/ov et uc tet c/ouoe.—Suid. Διθυραμ-
bo/δις;) such as
Briglidorato Pegaso
Nubicalpestarator.

But I cannot suppose that Pindar, even amidst all the license of dithyrambs, would ever have
descended to ballad-language like the follow-
ing:

Bella Filii, e bella Clori,
Non più dar pregio a tue bellezze e taci,
Che sc Bacco fa voci alle mie labbra
Fe le fiche a' nostri baci.
Essi vorrei Copper,
E se troppo desiro
Deh fossi io Bottiglier,
Rime del Chiabrera, part ii. p. 352.
This is a Platonic fopner. The philosopher
supposes, in his Timaeus, that, when the Deity
had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to
the composition of other souls, in which pro-
Juvenile Poems.

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(Where they have bathed them in the
orient ray,
And with rich fragrance all their bosoms
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd.

All, all was luxury!
All must be luxury, where Lycurgus
His locks divine [smiles.
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath
of wine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils
play'd:
While mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clustering buds of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy.

Upon his bosom Cytherea's head [sung
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens
Her beauty's dawn, [drawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, un-
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Hung lingering on her eyes and lip,
With looks of ecstasy.
Now, on his arm,
In blushes she reposed, [charm
And, while he gazed on each bright
To shade his burning eyes her hand in
dalliance stole.

And now she raised her rosy mouth
The nectar'd wave [to sip
Lyceus gave,
And from her eyelids, half-way closed,
Sent forth a melting gleam, [bowl: Which fell, like sun-dew, in the
cess, says Plato, he made use of the same cup,
though the ingredients he mingled were not
quite so pure as for the former; and having
mixed the mixture with a little of his own es-
cence, he distributed it among the stars, which
served as reservoirs of the fluid.—Taut' ειτε
καὶ πάλιν επὶ τον προτερν κρατηρα εν ω την τον
πρωτος ψυχην κεραυνος ειμιγε, κ. τ. λ.

* We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses
of Cyrene were particularly fragrant.—Ευσο-
μακτα τα ἤ ἢ τα κεραυνοι ροδα.
† Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a
spark of the stellar essence.—" Scintilla stel-
laris essentia."—Machonius, in Sonn. Sepi.
lib. i. cap. 14.

; The country of the Hyperboreans. These
people were supposed to be placed so far north
that the north wind could not affect them; they
lived longer than any other mortals; passed
their whole time in music and dancing, &c.

While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Adown her cheek's luxurious glow,
Hung o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected in its crystal tide,
Like a bright coruscous flower, [hour
Whose sunny leaves, at evening
With roses of Cyrene blending," Hang o'er the mirror of some silvery
stream.

The Olympian cup
Shone in the hands [feet
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her
Up
The empyreal mount, [mount; Up
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar
And still
As the resplendent rill
Gush'd forth into the cup with mant.
Her watchful care [ling heat,
Was still to cool its liquid fire
With snow-white sprinklings of
that feathery air
The children of the Pole respire,
In those enchanted lands, Up
Where life is all a spring, and north
winds never blow.

But oh !
Bright Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy feet along the studded sphere,
With a bright cup for Jove himself to
drink,
[tread,
Some star, that shone beneath thy
Raising its amorous head
To kiss those matchless feet,
Check'd thy career too fleet,
And all heaven's host of eyes
&c. But the most extravagant fiction related
of them is that to which the two lines preced-
ing allude. It was imagined that, instead of
our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans
breathed nothing but feathers! According to
Herodotus and Phiny, this idea was suggested
by the quantity of snow which was observed to
fall in those regions; thus the former: Τα ων
πτερα εικαστατα την χιονα τους Σκυθας τε και
τους περισσας δοκειοι λεγει.—Hieronot. lib. iv.
cap. 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise: see
Metamorph. lib. xv.

Mr. O'Halloran, and some other Irish anti-
quarins, have been at great expense of learn-
ing to prove that the strange country, where
they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and
that the famous Abaris was an Irish Druid.
Mr. Rowland, however, will have it that Abar-
is was a Welshman, and that his name is only
a corruption of Αρης!
MOORE'S WORKS.

Enraptured, but fearful all,
Saw thee, sweet Hebe, prostrate fall
Upon the bright floor of the azure skies;* [lay,
Where, mid its stars, thy beauty
As blossom, shaken from the
Of a spring thorn, [spray
Lies mid the liquid sparkles of the morn.
Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The worshippers of Beauty's queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
Upon a diamond shrine.

The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,
And sported mid the tresses uncon-
Of her bright hair, [fined
Now, as she fell,—oh wanton breeze!
Ruffled the robe, whose graceful flow
Hung o'er those limbs of unsunn'd snow,
Purely as the Eleusian veil
Hangs o'er the Mysteries!†
The brow of Juno flush'd—
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd;
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye look'd laughing through the strings.

But the bright cup! the nectar'd draught
Which Jove himself was to have quaff'd? Alas, alas, upturn'd it lay
By the fall'n Hebe's side;
While, in slow lingering drops, th' ethereal tide,
[eb'd away,
As conscious of its own rich essence,
Who was the Spirit that remember'd Man,
In that blest hour,
And, with a wing of love,

* It is Serrinus, I believe, who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer; and Hoffman tells it after him: "Cum Hebe pocula Jovi administrans, parce librumcum minus cauté heedit, cecidisset." &c.
† The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the elista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "asinas portat mysturia." See the Divine Legation, book ii. sect. 4.
‡ In the Geoponicon, lib. ii. cap. 17. there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. En oryph tis deon eowkhomewin, kai to vektoros polllov parakaimewn, anaskiristhe xopria ton Erota kai xusseiai ton peperon en kaptrois tis bainov, kai periterizetan en autou to de vektor eis tis yw.

Brush'd off the goblet's scatter'd tears,
As, trembling, near the edge of heaven
they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb—
Essence of immortality! [low?]
The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres;
While all around new tints of bliss,
New odors and new light,
Enrich'd its radiant flow.
Now, with a liquid kiss,
It stole along the thrilling wire
Of Heaven's luminous Lyre,§
Stealing the soul of music in its flight;
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fam'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole,
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld this rosy flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas some planet, whose empyreal frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolved
Around its fervid axle, and dissolved
Into a flood so bright!
The youthful Day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower;†
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,

ex ovo. RV. Vld. Antor. de Re Rer. edit. Cantab. 1764.
§ The constellation Lynx. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendant, which are enumerated by Fontano, in his Urania:
—Ece novem em pectine chordas
Emodulans, nucleoque novo vaga sidera cantu,
Quo captus nascentium animae concordia deunt
Pectora, &c.
†† The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotus. Exe legepov enwphew ino khrn enasthun epwvou eno-

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such a confusion among the gods, as to make them seem to be the same person. Phis-
tarch, peri tov mu khran emeter. See also his
This symbol of a Youth sitting upon a lotus is
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid
But, when the waking boy shed
Waved his exhalings tresses through the sky.
O morn of joy!
The tide divine,
All glorious with the vermil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
And every dross was wine, was heavenly wine!
Blest be the sod, and blest the flower
On which descended first that shower,
All fresh from Jove's nectareous springs;
Oh far less sweet the flower, the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the Rainbow rings
The magic mantle of her solar God!

RINGS AND SEALS.

Γενέας σφραγισμένος τε δίκαιος.
Achilles Tatius, lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
"The charm is broken—once betray'd,
"Never can this wrong'd heart rely
"On word or look, on oath or sigh,
"Take back the gifts, so fondly given,
"With promised faith and vows to heaven;
"That little ring which, night and morn,
"With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
"That seal which oft, in moments blest,
"Thou hast upon my lip impress'd,
"And sworn its sacred spring should be
"A fountain seal'd for only thee;
"Take, take them back, the gift and vow;
"All sullied, lost and hateful now!"

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While, oh, her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled.
Gently I whisper'd, "Fanny, dear!

very frequent on the Abraxas, or Basphilian stones. See Montfaucon, tom. ii. pl. 123, and the "Supplement." &c. tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

The ancients esteemed these flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which the smile of Iris had commemorated. Pintarch. Sympo.
lib. iv. cap. 2, where (as Vossius remarks) καλωσί, instead of καλωσίν, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius for some curious particularities of the rainbow.

"Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
"Say, where are all the kisses given,
"From morn to noon, from noon to even,
"Those signs of true love, worth more
"Than Solomon's own seal of yore,—
"Where are those gifts, so sweet, so many?
"Come, dearest,—give back all if any."

While thus I whisper'd, trembling too,
Lest all the nymph had sworn was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet in mid-air hangs the dew.
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine;
One kiss was half allow'd, and then—
The ring and seal were hers again.

TO MISS SUSAN B.—CKF—D.

ON HER SINGING.

I more than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lip hath given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who look'd and breathed, like thee, of heaven.

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Why should the night-witch, Fancy, keep
"These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth
And yet, in all that flowery maze,
Through which my path of life has led
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of rosiest lustre shed;
When I have felt the warbled word
From Beauty's lip, in sweetness vying

De Origin. et Progress. Riolat. lib. iii. cap. 12.

"There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighborhood of Bethle-
hem. The friars show a fountain, which, they say, is the 'sealed fountain' to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking."—Maundrell's Travels. See also the notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.

The present Duchess of Hamilton.
With music’s own melodious bird,
When on the rose’s bosom lying;
Though form and song at once combined
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh’d, my ear hath pined
For something lovelier, softer still:—
Oh, I have found it all, at last,
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre
Through which the soul of song e’er pass’d,
Or feeling breathed its sacred fire.
All that I e’er, in wildest flight
Of fancy’s dreams, could hear or see
Of music’s sigh or beauty’s light,
Is realized, at once, in thee!

IMPROMPTU,
ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.
C dulces comitum valete cocus! Catullus.
No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted.
If fond regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that’s far away!
Long be the light of memory found
Alive within your social glass;
Let that be still the magic round,
O’er which Oblivion dares not pass.

A WARNING TO . . . . . .
On fair as heaven and chaste as light!
Did nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst e’er be brought to weep
O’er languid virtue’s fatal sleep,
O’er shame extinguish’d, honor fled,
Peace lost, heart wither’d, feeling dead?

No, no! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity.
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of light such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore.
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose mind and form were both array’d
In nature’s purest light, like thine;—
Who wore that clear, celestial sign,
Which seems to mark the brow that’s fair
For destiny’s peculiar care:
Whose bosom too, like Dian’s own,
Was guarded by a sacred zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes had, in their light, a charm
Against all wrong, and guile, and harm.
Yet, hapless maid, in one sad hour,
These spells have lost their guardian power:
The gem has been beguiled away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray.
The modest pride, the guiltless shame
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind;
The ruins of a once pure shrine,
No longer fit for guest divine.
Oh! ’twas a sight I wept to see—
Heaven keep the lost one’s fate from thee!

TO . . . . . .
’Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
One minute’s thought to stray from thee.
Oh! thou becom’st each moment dearer,
Every chance that brings me nigh
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer— [thee,
I am lost, unless I fly thee.

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
Doom me not thus so soon to fall;
Duties, fame, and hopes await me,—
But that eye would blast them all!

For, thou hast heart as false and cold
As ever yet allure’d or swav’d,
And couldst, without a sigh, behold
The ruin which thyself hath made.

Yet,—could I think that, truly fond,
That eye but once would smile on me,
Eyen as thou art, how far beyond [be!
Fame, duty, wealth, that smile would

Oh! but to win it, night and day,
Inglorious at thy feet reclined,
I’d sigh my dreams of fame away,
The world for thee forgot, resign’d

But no, ’tis e’er, and—thus we part,—
Never to meet again—no, never.
False woman, what a mind and heart;
Thy treach’ry has undone forever:
SPIRIT OF JOY.

"The child who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
And wounds his finger with the thorn."
WOMAN.

Away, away, you're all the same,
A smiling, flutt'ring, jiling throng;
And, wise too late, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long.

Slow to be won, and quick to rove,
From folly kind, from cunning loath,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both;

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,—
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest.

Away, away—your smile's a curse—
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind pitying Heaven, by death or worse,
If e'er I love such things again.

TO

Noces ta filastato. Euphides.

COME, take thy harp—tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see;
Ch! take thy harp and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

Sing to me, love!—though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul for
Nay, may, in pity, dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet.

Let me but see that snowly arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh.

Give me that strain of mournful touch,
We used to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas! they bleed to know.

* In Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles. Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with. After long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year, this supernatural personage appeared to mortals and conversed with them; the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the nymphs. Peri twn ephih'xen gilastwv enwv, anep'wvou arav pvou sctkaxwv, sXoXal xla de sxwv, sney'xh ai kai daomai, XO efsh'xhe. He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place: thevnhmatoj de tov tonv enwv kateXhe, tov stoitou hulou tov ovtuvon. From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

† The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so smiling then,
Now vanish'd, lost—oh pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again.

Art thou, too, wretched? yes, thou art
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'TWAS on the Red Sea coast, at morn we met
The venerable man;* a healthy bloom
Mingled its softness with the vigorous thought
[he spoke],
That tower'd upon his brow; and, when
'Twas language sweeten'd into song—
such holy sounds [hear],
As oft, they say, the wise and virtuous
Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
When death is nigh; and still, as he unclosed
His sacred lips, an odor, all as bland
As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in elysium; breathed around.

With silent awe we listen'd, while he tou,
The deep veil which many an age had
hung
[man],
O'er Nature's form, till, long explored by
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
[shone thro':—
And glimpses of that heavenly form
Of magic wonders, that were known and
Taught
By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
Who mus'd amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore;
And gathering round him, in the sacred
ark,
of music in the air. See the poem of Heinsius,
"In harmoniam quam paulo ante obitum aurea stil visum est Donae." Page 301.

†—εινα μακαρων ναραν κεκαινεις αυραι πεπεπεθεναι αν αν
ομα δε χαρονον φαγει. PINDAR. OLYMP. II.

§ Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable substances. In order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article, Cham. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus, (or rather the impostor Annius,) and a few
The mighty secrets of that former globe,
Let not the living star of science* sink
Beneath the waters, which engulf'd a world!—
Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
To him,* who traced upon his typic
lyre
The diapason of man's mingled frame,
more such respectable testimonies. See Naudé's Apologie pour les Grands Hommes, &c., 4to, where he takes more true features, than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.
Dumısins, in his Hebdomades, cap. 2, lib. iii., has endeavored to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, or octave, made up of a diatessaron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body. These frequent allusions to music, by which the ancient philosophers illustrated their sublime theories, must have tended very much to elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with associations of the grandest and most interesting nature. See a preceding note, for their ideas upon the harmony of the spheres.
Heraclitus compared the mixture of good and evil in this world to the blended varieties of harmony in a musical instrument. (Plutarch, de Animae Procreat.,) and Erasphus, the Pythagorean, in a fragment preserved by Stobæus, describes human life, in its perfection, as a sweet and well-tuned lyre. Some of the ancient attributes of the one and the other are so similar as to make it appear that the operations of the memory were regulated by a kind of musical cadence, and that ideas occurred to it "per arsin et thesis," while others conceived the whole man into a mere harmonized machine, whose motion depended upon a certain tension of the body, analogous to that of the strings in an instrument. Cicerò indeed ridicule Aristoctenus for this fancy, and says, "Let him teach singing, and leave philosophy to Aristotle:" but Aristotle himself, though decidedly opposed to the harmonic speculations of the Pythagoreans and Platonists, could sometimes descend to calvin his doctrines by reference to the beauties of musical science; as, in the treatise De ratione melodiae, attributed to him, Καθαρία δε εις χορόν κυρίανον κατακάθαρ- τος, κ. τ. Λ.

MORRIS'S WORKS.

And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven.
With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
Told to the young and bright-haired vis-
[flow
Of Carmel's sacred mount.—Then, in
descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have commemorated this mount, no more true features than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.
Dumısins, in his Hebdomades, cap. 2, lib. iii., has endeavored to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, or octave, made up of a diatessaron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body. These frequent allusions to music, by which the ancient philosophers illustrated their sublime theories, must have tended very much to elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with associations of the grandest and most interesting nature. See a preceding note, for their ideas upon the harmony of the spheres.
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The Abbe Batteux, in his inquiry into the doctrine of the Stoics, attributes to those philosophers the same mode of illustration: "L'ame était en eux active voces ascœr, le corps carminatif, etc., etc. C'est l'une agissant dans l'autre, etc., prenant, par solution meme, un caractère, des formes, des modifications, qu'elle n'avait pas par elle-même; a peu près comme l'air, qui, clos dans un instrument de musique, fait connoître, par les differens sons qu'il produit, les diferentes modifications qu'il y reçoit. See a fine simile founded upon this notion in Cardinal Polignate's poem, lib. 5, v. 234.

* Pythagorus is represented in Lamblichus as

De Civitat. Del. lib. xii. cap. 12. Vanini, in his dialogues, has given us a similar explication of the periodic revolutions of the world. "Edi...
Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
Through many a maze of Garden and of
Porch,
de causâ, qui nunc sunt in usu ritus, centes
millies fuerant, utique renascetur quotes
consideratur." 52.
The paradoxical notions of the Stoics upon
the beauty, the riches, the dominion of their
imaginary sage, are among the most distin-
guishing characteristics of their school, and,
according to their advocate Lipsius, were pecu-
liar to that sect. "Priora hic (decreta) quae
passi in populo, antiquitatem omnium institu-
tum, quae peculiaria haec sectae et habent con-
tradictionem: e. e. paradoxo."—Mammiel. ad
Stoic. Philos. lib. ili. dissertat. 2. But it is evi-
dent that the law Garden has remarked. Me-
moires de l'Acad. tom. xxxvii. that even these
absurdities of the Stoics are borrowed, and that
Plato is the source of all their extravagant
paradoxes. We find their dogmas, "divae qui
sapiens," (which Clement of Alexandria has
transferred from the Philosopher to the Chris-
tian Church) expressed in the prayer of Socrates
at the end of the Phædrus.
Ω χιλιοι Πατ η τα χαι άλλα τα τραξ θης, θαυμη
και καλα γενεσθαι ταδενθεν τοσοντες έν τα εχε
και οτα παντες ειναι μη υιλας πλωνοντο δε ζυμαζουν
tον ταροφ. And many other instances might
be adduced from the Astereostai, the Halmykos,
&c., to prove that these weeds of paradox
were all gathered among the bowers of the
Academy. Hence it is that Cicero, in the pro-
face to his Paradoxes, calls them Stoicæ; and
Lipsius, existing in the patronage of Socrates,
says: "Ille totus est noster." This is,
indeed, a condition, which evinces as much
as can be wished the confused simultaneity of an-
ciers. His philosophy, such as it was, is per-
ticism is here enrolled among the founders of
the Portico; he whose best knowledge was
that of his own ignorance, is called in to author-
ize with respect to the most obstinate dog-
mats in all antiquity.
Rutilius, in his Itinerarium, has ridiculed the
sabbath of the Jews, as "thussati modia imagine
Dei;" but Epicurus gave an eternal holiday to
his gods, and, rather than disturb the slumber
of Olympus, denied at once the interference of a
Providences. He does not, however, seem to
have been singular in this opinion. Theophelos
of Antioch, if he deserve any credit, imputes a
similar belief to Pythagoras.—Φρατριός (Πυθαγόρας)
to τον τεσσαρας μεσος ανθρώπων μπλενών ορέστεια.
And Plutarch, though so hostile to the follow-
era of Epicurus, has unaccountably adopted
the very same theological error. Thus, after
quoting the opinion of Anaxagoras and Plato
upon divinity, he adds, Κοινοι οιν παράστασις
αμπέλων, οτ. του μέσον επισχύς επιστρέ
ποντας, which the Porph. Eunapi. lib. i. cap. 7.
Ptolemy himself has attributed a
degree of indifference to the gods, which is
not far removed from the apathy of Epicurus's
heaven; as thus, in his Philocho, where Pro-
tarchus asks, Ουκ οιον ειναι γε οτα χαριν μεσον,
οτε οτε επιστρε τοι και οριστααι απαντεις
γεγυμνομεν εστιν;—while Aristotle supposes
a still more absolute neutrality, and concludes by
Through many a system, where the scat-
terd light
Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam
no very flattering analogy, that the deity is as
incapable of virtue as of vice. And if ovos
ως ον ουκ οιον επιστρε παράστασις τοι καλα, ουκ
αρηται, ουτοι οιον ουκ αρετοι φλροιν ουκ οιον;
Ethic. Nicomach. lib. vii. cap. 1. In
truth, Aristotle, upon the subject of Provi-
dence, was little near Epicurus. He supposed the
moon to be the limit of Divine
interference, excluding, of course, this sublu-
mary world from its influence. The first defini-
tion of the world in his treatise has broken
(if this treatise be really the work of Aristotle.)
grees, almost verbatim, with that in the
letter of Epicurus to Pythocles; and both omit
the mention of a deity. In his Ethics too, he
intimates a doubt whether the gods feel any
interest in the concerns of mankind.— Ει γα
tες τις διάδραμε των συνθηκον των θεών γελατω
It is true, he adds ως ποσικη, but even this is
very skeptical.
In these erroneous conceptions of Aristotle,
we trace the cause of that deity, of which
which his philosophy experienced among the
early Christians. Plato is seldom much more
orthodox, but the obscure enthusiasm of his
style allowed them to accommodate all his
fancies to their own purpose. Such glowing
steel was easily moulded, and Platonism became
a sword in the hands of the fathers.
The Providence of the Stoics so vaunted in
their school, was a power as contemptibly In-
efficient as the rest. All was fate in the system
of the Portics. The chains of destiny were
thrown over Jupiter himself, and their deity
was like τις Βορίας of the Epicureanists, "et
Cæsar et nihil." Not even the language of
Seneca can reconcile this dead necessity.
"Ille ipse omnium condition ad rector
scriptum quidem fata, sed sequitur; sperat pactum,
seculi suscit."—Lib. de Providentia, cap. 5.
With respect between the Stoics, Peripatetics and
Academics, the following
words of Cicero prove that he saw but
little to distinguish them from each other—
"Peripateticos et Academicos, nominibus differ-
entes, re congruentes; a quibus Stoici ipsi ver-
bis magis quam sententias dissensuerunt."—
Academic. lib. ii. 5 and perhaps what Read has
remarked upon one of their points of contro-
versy might be applied as effectually to the
renouncement of all the rest. "The dis-
p pute between the Stoics and Peripatetics was
probably all for want of definition. The
one said they were good under the control of
reason, the other that they should be evaluated."—
Essays, vol. iii. In short, it appears a no less
difficult matter to establish the boundaries of
opinion between any two of the Philosophical
sects, than it would be to fix the boundaries of
those estates in the moon, which Ricciusus
so generously allotted to his brother astronomers.
Accordingly we observe some of the greatest
men of antiquity passing without scruple from
school to school, according to the fancy or con-
venience of the moment. Cicero, the father of
Roman philosophy, is sometimes an Epicure-
ian, sometimes a Stoic; and, more than once,
he acknowledges a conformity with Epis...
From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still, *
And bright through every change!—he spoke of Him,
The lone, eternal One, who dwells above,
And of the soul’s untraceable descent
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
Nor yet even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still.
As some bright river, which has roll’d along
[lines of gold, Through meads of flowery light and When pour’d at length into the daisy deep,
Dissolved to take at once its briny taint,
But keeps unchanged awhile the lustrous ring,
Or bary freshness, of the scenes it left!]

And here the old man ceased—a winged train
Of nymphs and genius bore him from our

that however the Epicurean sect might have relaxed from its original purity, the morals of its founder were as correct as those of any among the ancient philosophers; and his doctrine, though seduced from the true path, explained in the letter to Menoeceus, are rational, amiable, and consistent with our nature. A late writer, De Sablonis, in his Grandes Hommes venge, expressed his sententious indignation against the Epicurean philosographers for their jest and animated praises of Epicurus, and discussing the question, “si est philosophus et actu vertuex,” denies it upon no other authority than the calumnies collected by Pintarch, who himself confesses that, on this particular subject, he consulted only opinion and report, without pausing to investigate their truth.—Alla tev debo, ov tu alpean examenes. To the fictitious zeal of his illiberal rivals, the Stoics, Epicurus chided over these gross misrepresentations of the life and opinions of himself and his associates, which, notwithstanding the learned exertions of Gassendi, have still left an odium on the name of his philosophy, and we ought to examine the authentic accounts of this philosopher with about the same degree of cautious belief which, in reading ecclesiastical history, we yield to the inferences of the fathers against the hereticks,— trusting as little to Pintarch upon a dogma of Epicurus, as we would to the vehement St. Cyril upon a text of Nestorius. (182.)

The preceding remarks, I wish the reader to observe, were written at a time when I thought the studies to which they refer much more important as well as more amusing than, I freely confess, they appear to me at present.

Lucianus asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that any one who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian.

'Si extitisset aliquid, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusam coiglaret in unum, ac refugiat in corpus, est profecto non dissersciet a nobis.'—Inst. lib. vi. c. 7.

To Moore’s Epistle.

This bold Platonic Image I have taken from a passage in Father Bouche’t letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in Pierart’s Cérém. Relig. tom. iv.
The fair illusion fled! and, as I waked,
'Twas clear that my rapt soul had roam'd
The while,
[spirit-world,
To that bright realm of dreams, that
Which mortals know by its long track
Of light
O'er midnight's sky, and call the Galaxy.*

TO MRS. . . . .
To see thee every day that came,
To find thee still each day the same;
In pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear
To me still ever kind and dear;—
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chased,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.

Where are the chords she used to touch?
The airs, the songs she loved so much?
Those songs are hush'd, those chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of feeling soon be hush'd to rest,
Which late I waked in Anna's breast.
Yet, no—the simple notes I play'd
From memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna loved to hear,
May vanish from her heart and ear;
But friendship's voice shall ever find
An echo in that gentle mind,
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies that tremble there.

TO LADY HEATHCOTE,
ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

"Tunbridge est à la même distance de Lon-
dres, que Fontainebleau est de Paris. Ce qu'il
y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans
l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au temps des eaux.
La compagnie," &c. &c. See Mémoires de
Grammont, Second Part, chap. iii.

Tunbridge Wells.

WHEN Grammont graced these happy
springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,

* According to Pythagoras, the people of
Dreams are souls collected together in the
Galaxy.—νους ας συνιείς, κατά Πυθαγόραα, αι
άναριας ας καλλιεργούσι καπνις τοις γαλαξίοις.—
Porphyr. de Astro Nymph.

The merriest wight of all the kings [isles;
That ever ruled these gay, gallant
Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,
And lovely Stewart smiled like you.

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
Because,—as yet, she knew no better.
Each night they held a coterie,
Where, every fear to slumbercharms,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd.
Then call'd they up their school-day
pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense to be:
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show'd wit, and ladies tech:
As—"Why are husbands like the mint?"
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is but to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.
"Why is a rose in nettles hid
"Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
Because 'tis sighing to be rid
Of weeds, that "have no business
there!"

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,
And now they struck and now they
married;
And some lay in of full grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.
'Twas one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring
For breaking grave conundrum-rites,
Or punning ill, or—some such thing:
From whence it can be fairly traced,
Through many a branch and many a
bough,
From twig to twig, until it raced
The snowy band that wears it now.
All this I'll prove, and then, to you,
Oh Tunbridge! and your springs
ironical,
I swear by Heathcote's eye of blue
To dedicate the important chronicle.
Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's loves in Heathcote live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers
Let no pedantic fools be there;  
Forever be those tops abolish'd,  
With heads as wooden as thy ware,  
And, Heaven knows! not half so pol¬ish'd.

But still receive the young, the gay,  
The few who know the rare delight  
Of reading Grammont every day,  
And acting Grammont every night.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS.

A FRAGMENT.

* * *

But, whither have these gentle ones,  
These rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,  
With all of Cupid's wild romancing,  
Led my truant brains a dancing?  
Instead of studying tomes scholastic,  
Ecclesiastic, or monastic,  
Off I fly, carreering far  
In chase of Polly's, prettier far  
Than any of their namesakes are,—  
The Polyaths and Polyhistors,  
Polygots and all their sisters,  
So have I known a hopeful youth  
Sit down in quest of lore and truth,  
With tomes sufficient to confound him,

* Mamurra, a dogmatic philosopher, who never doubted about any thing, except who was his father. — "Nulla de re magnum praeter quam de patre dubitavit."—In Vit. He was very learned,—"Le-ducums, (that is, in his head when it was opened.) le Puniue heurte le Person, (Hébreu chose l'Arabique, pour ne point par¬er de la mauvaise intelligence du Latin avec le Fre,"

† Bombastus was one of the name of that great scholar and quack Paracelsus.—"Philippus Bombastus lateb sub splendido tegmine Aurelii Theophrasti Paracelsi," says Stelius de circumf'ormato Literatorum vanitate. He used to light the devil every night with a broad¬sword, to the no small terror of his pupil Oper¬inus, who has recorded the circumstance. (Vide Operinus, Vit. apud Christian. Gryph. Vit. Select. quaternum Erudississimorum, &c.) Paracelsus led but a poor opinion of Galen:—"My very heard (says he in his Paragrunum) has more perceiving in it than either Galen or Avicenna."

‡ The angel who scolded St Jerome for read¬ing Cicero, as Gratian tells the story in his "Concordantia discordantium Canonum," says, and that for this reason bishops were not al¬lowed to read the Classics: "Episcopus Gentilium librum non legat."—Dict. 77. But

Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him,—  
Mamurra" stuck to Theophrastus,  
And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus.†  
When lo!, while all that's learn'd and wise  
Absorb's the boy, he lifts his eyes,  
And through the window of his study  
Beholds some damsels fair and pretty,  
With eyes, as brightly turn'd upon him as  
The angel's were on Hieronymus.

Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,  
Old Homer's laurel'd brow is batter'd,  
And Sappho, headlong sent, flies just in  
The revered eye of St. Augustin.

Raptured he quits each dozing sage,  
Oh woman, for thy lovelier page;  
Sweet book!—untike the books of art,—  
Whose errors are thy fairest part;  
In whom the dear errata column  
Is the best page in all the volume!§

But to begin my subject rhyme—  
"Twas just about this devilish time,  
When scarce there happen'd any frolics  
That were not done by Diabolies,  
A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,  
Who woman scorn'd, nor saw the use o.  
A branch of Dagon's family,  
(Which Dagon, whether He or She,  
Is a dispute that vastly better is  
Referr'd to Scaliger* et ceteris,)  
Finding that, in this cage of fools,  
The wisest sorts adorn the schools,  
Gratian is notorious for lying—besides, angels,  
As the illustrous pupil of Panteum assures us,  
Have got no tongues. Oui, wo han to wta,  
Oute evkeves y wamata sou av orouga tis avow  

§ The idea of the Rabbins, respecting the origin of women, is not a little singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage, and made woman of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is founded—

If such is the tie between women and men,  
The marry who scolds is a pitiful elf,  
For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,  
And thus makes a deplorable ape of himself.

Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,  
Every husband remembers' th' original plan.  
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,  
Why he—leaves her behind him as much as  
he can.

* Scaliger, de Emendat. Tempor.—Dagon was thought by others to be a certain sea¬monster, who came every day out of the Red Sea to teach the Syrians husbandry.—See Jacques Gaffarel, (Curiositates inomites, chap. 1.) who says he thinks this story of the sea-monster  
"carries little show of probability with it."
Took it at once his head Satanic in,
To grow a great scholastic manikin,—
A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,*
Lully, Hales Irefragabils,
Or any doctor of the rabble is,
In languages,† the Polyglots
Compared to him, were Babel sots;
He chatter'd more than ever Jew did,
Sanhedrin and Priest included;—
Priest and holy Sanhedrin
Were one-and-seventy fools to him;
But chief the learned demon felt a
Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
That, all for Greek and learning's glory,‡
He nightly tipped "Greeco more,"¶
And never paid a bill or balance
Except upon the Grecian Kalends:—
From whence your scholars, when they
Want tick,
Say, to be Attic's to be on tick;
In logic he was quite Ho Pau,§
Knew as much as ever man knew.
He fought the combat syllogistic
With so much skill and art eristic, jrite,
That though you were the learn'd Stagi-
At once upon the hip he had you right.

"I wish it were known with any degree of
certainty whether the Commentary on Boethius,
attributed to Thomas Aquinas be really the
work of this Angelic Doctor. There are some
bold assertions hazarded in it: for instance, he
says that Plato kept school in a town called
Academia, and that Alciabides was a very
beautiful woman whom some of Aristotle's pu-
pils fell in love with;—" Alciabides mother have
plucherrina, quam violenta quidam discipuli
art. 86. tom. 1.

The following compliment was paid to Lan-
rentius Valla, upon his accurate knowledge of
the Latin language:
Nunc postquam manes defunctos Valla petivit,
Non audivit Plato verba Latina loqui.
Since Val arrived in Plato's shade,
His nouns and pronouns all so put in,
Pluto himself would be afraid
To say his soul's his own in Latin !
See for these lines the "Auctorum Censio" of Du Verdier (page 19.)

† It is much to be regretted that Martin Lu-
ther, with all his talents for reforming, should
yet be vulgar enough to laugh at Camerarius
for writing to him in Greek. " Master Josephin
(says he) has sent me some dates and some
raisins, and has also written me two letters in
Greek. As soon as I am recovered, I shall
answer them in Turkish, that he too may have
the pleasure of reading what he does not under-
stand." "Greece sunt, legit non possessit," is the
ignorant speech attributed to Accursius; but
In music, though he had no ears
Except for that among the spheres
(Which most of all, as he aver'd it,
He dearly loved, 'cause no one heard.)
Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
And find, by Euclid's corollary.
The ratios of a jig or aria
But, as for all your warbling Delias,
Orphenses and Saint Cecilias,
He own'd he thought them much sur-
pass'd
By that redoubted Hyaloclast!
Who still contrived by dint of throttle,
Where'er he went to crack a bottle.

Likewise to show his mighty knowl-
dge, he,
On things unknown in physiology,
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
(Like that great little man Albertus,)
Wherein he show'd the reason why,
When children first are heard to cry;
If boy the baby chance to be,
He cries O A !—if girl, O F!—
Which are, quotb he, exceeding fair hints
Respecting their first sinful parents;
very unjustly—for, far from asserting that
Greek could not be read, that worthy juris-
consult upon the Law 6. de Honor. Possess. ex-
pressly says, "Graecae literae possunt intelligi
Fascic. IV.)—Scipio Carroccornachus seems
to have been of opinion that there is no salva-
tion out of the pale of Greek Literature: " Via
Primam salutis Graecis pandetur ab urbe Romana, et
the zeal of Laurentius Rhodomanus cannot be
sufficiently admired, when he exhorts his coun-
trymen, "per gloriam Christi, per salutem
patriae, per reipublica decent et emolumentum,"
to study the Greek language. Nor must we
forget Phavorinus, the excellent Bishop of
Nocera, who, careless of all the usual commen-
tations of a Christian, required no further eu-
logium on his tomb than " Here lieth a Greek
Lexicographer."

§ O scab. — The introduction of this language
into English poetry has a good effect, and ought
to be more universally adopted. A word or
two of Greek in a stanza would serve as ballast
to the most "light o'love" verses. Anonius,
among the ancients, may serve as a model:—

Or yap no gaw gaetv cotv in hist regjone rappro:
Aeons ab nostris cras et eae evasam."

Ronsard, the French poet, has enriched his
sonnets and odes with many an excellent mor-
sel from the Lexicon. His "chere Entcle-
chic," in addressing his mistress, can only be
equalled by Cowley's " Antiperistasis."

If Or Glass-Breaker.—Morphoëus has given an
account of this extraordinary man, in a work,
published 1625,—" De vitree scyphe fraxto," &c.
"Oh Eve!" exclaimed little madam, While little master cries, "Oh Adam!

But 'twas in Optics and Dioptrics, Our demon play'd his first and top tricks. He held that sunshine passes quicker Through wine than any other liquor; And though he saw no great objection To steady light and clear reflection, He thought the aberrating rays, Which play about a bumper's blaze, [on, Were by the doctors look'd, in common, As a more rare and rich phenomenon. We wisely said that the sensorium Is for the eyes a great empirium, To which these noted picture-stealers Send all they can and meet with dealers. In many an optical proceeding The brain, he said, show'd great good-breading:

For instance, when we egle women A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in,) Although the bears are apt to get in a Strange position on the retina, Yet instantly the modest brain Doth set them on their legs again!

Our doctor thus, with "staff'd sufficiency"

Of all omnigenous omniscience, Began (as who would not begin That had, like him, so much within?) To let it out in books of all sorts, Folios, quartos, large and small sorts; Poems, so very deep and sensible That they were quite incomprehensible; Prose, which had been at learning's Fair, And bought up all the trumpery there, The tatter'd rags of every vest, In which the Greeks and Romans dress'd, And o'er her figure swell'd and antic Scatte'd them all with airs so frantick, That those, who saw what fits she had, Declared unhappy Prose was mad! Epics he wrote and scores of rebuses, All as neat as old Turnebus's; Eggs and altars, cyclopædias, Grammars, prayer-books—oh! 'twere tedious, Did I but tell the half, to follow me; Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy, No—nor the hoary Trismegistus, (Whose writings all, thank heaven! have miss'd us,) E'er fill'd with lumber such a wareroom As this great "porcus literarum!"

* * * *

*Translated almost literally from a passage In Albertus de Secretis, &c. Alluding to that habitual act of the judgment, by which, notwithstanding the inversion of the image upon the retina, a correct impression of the object is conveyed to the sensorium. Under this description, I believe "the Devil among the Scholars" may be included. Yet Leibnitz found out the uses of incomprehensibility, when he was appointed secretary to a society of philosophers at Nuremberg, chiefly for his ingenuity in writing a cabalistical letter, not one word of which either they or himself could interpret. See the Eloge Historique de M. de Leibnitz, L'Europe Savante.—People in all ages have loved to be puzzled. We find Cicero thanking Atticus for having sent him a work of Scaevola "ex quo (says he) quidem ego (quil inter nos licet dicer) millesimam partem vix intelligi." Lib. ii. epist. 4. And we know that Avicenna, the learned Arabian, read Aristotle's Metaphysics forty times over for the mere pleasure of being able to inform the world that he could not comprehend one syllable through out them. (Nicolas Massa in Vit Avicen.)
TO FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,
GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,
MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE,
CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, ETC.

My Lord,—It is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall, therefore, be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honor to present.

I am, my Lord,
With every feeling of attachment and respect,
Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

27 Bury Street, St. James's,
April 10, 1806.

PREFACE.*

The principal poems in the following collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie. How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavorable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as, in short, the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. In all these flattering expectations I found myself completely disappointed, and felt inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "Intentata Epistlas," of which, hitherto, the poems relating to my American tour have formed a part—Epistles VI., VII., and VIII.

* This Preface, as well as the Dedication which precedes it, were prefixed originally to the miscellaneous volume entitled "Odes and Epistles," of which, hitherto, the poems relating to my American tour have formed a part.
nites." Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal imbibers all social intercourse; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party whose views appeared to me the more pure and rational, yet I am sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancor, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride of civilization, while they are still so far removed from its higher and better characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, must repress every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface prevent me from entering into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defense. My reader, however, is apprized of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms as I have here brought in conflict together.* To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller, is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfection productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy which is as favorable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I most sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

**POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.**

**TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.**

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.

SWEET Moon! if, like Crotona's sage, I By any spell my hand could dare To make thy disk its ample page, And write my thoughts, my wishes there; How many a friend, whose careless eye Now wanders o'er that starry sky, Should smile, upon thy orb to meet The recollection, kind and sweet, The reveries of fond regret, The promise, never to forget, And all my heart and soul would send To many a dear-loved, distant friend.

How little, when we parted last, I thought those pleasant times were past, Forever past, when brilliant joy Was all my vacant heart's employ:

* See the foregoing Note, p. 165. ¶ Pythagoras; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon by the means of a magic mirror.—See BAYLE, art. Pythag.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too slow;
Our only use for knowledge then
To gather bliss from all we knew.
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh to-
gether,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feath-
Little I thought that all were fled, [er.
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world.

And yet, 'twas time; — in youth's
sweet days,
To cool that season's glowing rays,
The heart awhile, with wanton wing,
May dip and dive in Pleasure's spring;
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will chill, the heart will
freeze,
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,—
Oh! she awaked such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter heart could bound along,
Or pant to be a wand'ring more!*

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with
bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a slivery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height, f
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this hea'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

* Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th
Carmen of Catullus:—
Jam mens pretredipidas avet vagari,
Jam lari studio pedes vigescunt!
† A very high mountain on one of the Azores,
from which the island derives its name. It is

N. w. could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the beaming smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,—
Oh! I should have full many a tale,
To tell of young Azorian maids.†
Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,
Some lover (not too idly blest,
Like those, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from Rapture
stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.§
Oh! could the lover learn from thine,
And breathe them with thy graceful
tone,
Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy [own.
Would make the coldest nymph his
But, hark! — the boatswain's pipings
tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells:—the middle watch is set;
Good night, my Strangford! — ne'er for-
get
That, far beyond the western sea
Is one, whose heart remembers thee.

STANZAS.

A BEAM of tranquillity smiled in the
west,
[no more;
The storms of the morning pursued us
And the wave, while it welcomed the
moment of rest, [were o'er.
Still heaved, as remembering ills that
Serenely my heart took the hue of the
hour, [as the dead;
Its passions were sleeping, were mute
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd
their power, [that was fled.
As the billow the force of the gale
said by some to be as high as the peak of Tene-
ritte.
† I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the in-
habitants of the Azores are much addicted to
gallantry. This is an assertion in which even
Guthrie may be credited.
§ These islands belong to the Portuguese.
I thought of those days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
Was pity for those who were wiser
I reflected, how soon in the cup of Desire
The pearl of the soul may be melted
How quickly, alas, the pure sparkles of fire [quench'd in the clay];
We inherit from heav'n, may be
And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame, [dim];
That Pleasure no more might its purity
So that, sullied but little, or brightly the same, [rowed from him].
I might give back the boon I had borne;
How blest was the thought! it appear'd as if Heaven [shown];
Had already an opening to Paradise
As if, passion all chas'ed and error forgiven, [own].
My heart then began to be purely its
I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky, [clouded no more:
Which morning had clouded, was "Oh! thus," I exclaim'd, "may a heavenly eye [darken'd before]."
"Shed light on the soul that was

TO THE FLYING FISH.*

When I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white,
So gayly to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rolls not, pent
Within this world's gross element,
But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heav'n!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;

* It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between

Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink.

Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dripping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;
But when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long.
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there.

TO MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

In days, my Kate, when life was new
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unhorned bed,
And, mild as evening's matron hour
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw her eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose;
Then, haply if a week, a day,
I linger'd from that home away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!

Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere ev'n that seal can reach mine eye,
Which used so oft, so quick to come,
Still breathing all the breath of home,—
As if, still fresh, the cordial air
From lips beloved were lingering there.
But now, alas,—far different fate!
It comes o' er ocean, slow and late,
When the dear hand that filled its fold
With words of sweetness may lie cold.

them; συγγεγραμμένος τοις πετολεμοισ προς τα κρήτα. With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying Fish, we could almost fancy that we are present at the moment of creation and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA. 169

But hence that gloomy thought! at last,
Beloved Kate, the waves are past:
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dyes.
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun, and soul!
Far from the shocks of Europe—far
From every wild, elliptic star,
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurled
The systems of the ancient world.

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the freedom won
For earth and shrine, for sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride,
While Peace, with sunny checks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlored soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there.
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unceasing woes,
May shelter him in proud repose:
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
The stranger in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultured field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here.

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That Fancy long, with florid touch,
Had painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty.

Oh! ask me not, if Truth have yet
Her seal on Fancy's promise set;
If ev'n a glimpse my eyes behold
Of that imagined age of gold;—
Alas, not yet one gleaming trace!*—
Never did youth, who loved a face
As sketch'd by some fond pencil's skill,
And made by fancy lovelier still,
Shrink back with more of sad surprise,
When the live model met his eyes,
Than I have felt, in sorrow felt,
To find a dream on which I've dwelt
From boyhood's hour, thus fade and flee
At touch of stern reality!

But, courage, yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part;†
Till thou hast traced the fabric o'er—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to Freedom's fame;
And, though a sable spot may stain
The vestibule, 'tis wrong; 'tis sin
To doubt the godhead reigns within!
So hero I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you, and those dear friends, whose fate
Touches more near this home-sick soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole,
One word at parting—in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simple strain I send you here,†
Wild though it be, would charm your ear;
Did you but know the trance of thought
In which my mind its numbers caught:
'Twas one of those half-waking dreams,
That haunt me oft, when music seems
To bear my soul in sound along,
And turn its feelings all to song.
I thought of home, the according lays
Came full of dreams of other days;
Freshly in each succeeding note
I found some young remembrance float,
Till following, as a clew, that strain,
I wander'd back to home again.

Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip, in accents soft.
Say that it tells you, simply well,
† Norfolk, it must be owned, presents an unfavorable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odor that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.
‡ A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this Epistle.
All I have bid its wild notes tell,
Of Memory's dream, of thoughts that yet
Glow with the light of joy that's set,
And all the fond heart keeps in store
Of friends and scenes beheld no more.
And now, adieu!—this artless air,
With a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;
But when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destin'd isle,
You shall have many a cowslip-bell,
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
In which that gentle spirit drew
From honey flowers the morning dew.

A BALLAD.
THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.
WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man, who lost his
mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who,
suddenly disappearing from his friends, was
never afterwards heard of. As he had fre-
quently said, in his ravings, that the girl
was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp,
it is supposed that he had wandered into that
drearv wilderness, and had died of hunger, or
been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—
A son.

"La Poule a ses monstres comme la na-
ture."—D'ALEMBERT.

"They made her a grave, too cold and
damp
"For a soul so warm and true;
"And she's gone to the Lake of the
Dismal Swamp,† [lump,
"Where, all night long, by a fire-fly
"She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
"And her paddle I soon shall hear;
"Long and loving our life shall be,
"And I'll hide the maid in a cypress
tree,
"When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent
And man never trod before. [feeds,
And, when on earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,

* Bermuda.
† The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve
miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in
the middle of it (about seven miles long) is
called Drummond's Pond.
 tense.
‡ Lady Donegall, I had reason to suppose,

He lay, where the deadly vine deth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the
brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his
Till he started cried, from his dream

"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
"And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—[light!]
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's
And the dim shore echoed, for many a
night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen
bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were
dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER
OF DONEGALL.
FROM ERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

LADY ! where'er you roam, whatever
land [hand;
Woos the bright touches of that artist
Whether you sketch the valley's golden
meads, [leads;
Where may Linth his lingering current
Emam'd catch the mellow hues that
sleep,
At eve, on Melville's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's de-
cline, [shrine,§
Mark the last shadow on that holy
Where, many a night, the shade of
Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,

"Tell me ist still in Switzerland, where the
well-known powers of her pencil must have
been frequently awakened.

§ The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of
Lucerne.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

Turn from the canvas that creative eye, And let its splendor, like the morning ray Upon a shepherd’s harp, illumine my lay. Yet, Lady, no—for song so rude as mine; Chase not the wonders of your art di-Still, radiant eye, upon the canvas dwell; [spell;] Still, magic finger, weave your potent And, while I sing the animated smiles Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles, Oh, might the song awake some bright design, [line,] Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy Proud was my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting’s mirror so divinely caught; While wondering Genius, as he lean’d to trace The faint conception kindling into grace, Might love my numbers for the spark they threw; [You,]
And bless the lay that lent a charm to say, have you ne’er, in nightly vision, stray’d To those pure isles of ever-blooming past [placed] Which bards of old, with kindly fancy, For happy spirits in th’ Atlantic waste? There listening, while, from earth, each breeze that came [fame,] Brought echoes of their own undying In eloquence of eye, and dreama of song, They charmed their lapses of nightless hours along:— [suit,] Nor yet in song, that mortal ear might For every spirit was itself a lute, Where Virtue wak’d, with elysian [monies,] breeze, Pure tones of thought and mental har-—Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland

"M. Gebelin says, In his Monde Primitif, "Lorsque Strabon écrit que les anciens théoloe- giens et poètes plaçaient les champs élysés dans les isles de l’océan Atlantique, il n’entendait rien à leur doctrine." M. Gebelin’s suppo- sition, I have no doubt, is the more correct; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

Nothing can be more romantic than the lit- tle harbor of St. George’s. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding forever between the islands and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into

Floated our bark to this enchanted land— These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown, Like studs of emerald o’er a silver zone,— Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy To blessed arbors o’er the western wave, Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime, Of flowers ethereal, and the Spirit’s clime.

Bright rose the morning, every wave was still, When the first perfume of a cedar hill Sweetly awaked us, and, with smiling charms, The fairy harbor wo’d us to its arms.† Gently we stole, before the whispering wind, [vales;] Through plantain shades, that round. And kiss’d on either side the wanton sails, [suit,] Breathing our welcome to these eternal While, far reflected o’er the wave serene, Each wooded island shed so soft a green That the enamor’d keel, with whispering play, Through liquid herbage seem’d to steal

Never did weary bark more gladly glide, Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide! Along the margin, many a shining dome, White as the palace of a Lapland gnome, Brighten’d the wave;—in every myrtle grove Secluded bashful, like a shrime of love, Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade; And, while the foliage interposing play’d, Lending the scene an ever-changing grace, [trace,] Fancy would love, in glimpses vague, to The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch; [torch,] And dream of temples, till the kindling

another, formed altogether as lovely a minia- ture of nature’s beauties as can well be imag- ined.

† This is an allusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages, scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appear- ance of little Grecian temples; and a vivid fancy may embellish the poor fisherman’s hut with columns such as the pencil of a Claude might imitate. I had one favorite of seas of this
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seem'd to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the urnage of some Naiad's
tune.

Then thought I, too, of thee, most
sweet of all
The spirit race that come at poet's call,
Delineate Ariel! who, it brighter hours,
Lived on the perfume of these honey'd
bowers,
In velvet buds, at evening, loved to lay,
And win with music every rose's sigh.
Though weak the magic of my humble
strain
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, oh, for her, beneath whose smile I
sing,

Wing
For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and, like its
dye),

Sphere,
Descend a moment from your starry
And, if the lime-tree grove that once was
dear,
[bill],
The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy
The sparkling grotto can delight you
still,

Light,
Oh call their choicest tints, their softest
Weave all these spells into one dream of
night,
[lies],
And, while the lovely artist slumbering
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental
eyes;
Take for the task her own creative spells,
And brightly show what song but faintly
tells.

kind. In my walks, which the hospitality of its
owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him.
He was a plain good man, and received me well
and warmly, but I could never turn his house
into a Grecian temple again.

* This gentleman is attached to the British
consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy
of a much higher sphere; but the excellent es-
positions of the family with whom he resides,
and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some
of the choicest hearts in the world, should be al-
most enough to atone for him for the worst ex-
prices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel
Hamilton, is one among the very few instances
of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet
beloved by the Americans. His house is the
very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity
the heart of that stranger who, warm from the
welcome of such a board, could sit down to
write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a
modern philosopher. See the Travels of the
† We were seven days on our passage from

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.,
OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.*
FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Kept the presomptuous, and an apostle, who, after his
appearance, and was allowed to pass, with the
poet's consent.

CALLIMACH. HYMN TO DELI. V. 11.

Oh, what a sea of storm we've pass'd!—
High mountain waves and foamy
shower,
And setting winds whose savage blast
But ill agrees with one whose hours
Have pass'd in old Aeneas's bowers?
Yet think not poetry's bright charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm:—
When close they reach'd the timid sail,
When, every plank complaining loud,
We labor'd in the midnight gale,
And ev'n our buoyant mainmast
bend,
Even then, in that unhappy hour, [er,
The Muse still brought her soothing pow'r.
And, midst the war of waves and wind,
In song's Elysium lapp'd my mind.
Nay, when no numbers of my own
Responded to her wakening tone,
She open'd, with her golden key,
The casket where my memory lays,
Those gems of classic poetry,
[days,
Which time has saved from ancient
lines.
Take one of these, to Lais sung,—
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon 'Suspended Animation!'

Sweet is your kiss, my Lais dear,
But, with that kiss I feel a tear

Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we
were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The
Driver sleep of war, in which I went, was built
at Bermuda of cedar, and is accounted an ex-
cellent sea-boat. She was then commanded by
my very much regretted friend Captain Com-
ton, who in July last was killed aboard the Lily
in an action with a French privateer. Poor
Compton! he fell a victim to the strange im-
policy of allowing such a miserable thing as the
Lily to remain in the service: so small, crank,
and unmanageable, that a well-manned mer-
chant-ship was at any time a match for her.
† This epigram is by Paul the Silentiary, and
may be found in the Annales of Bracken, vol.
ii. p. 72. As the reading there is somewhat dif-
ferent from what I have followed in this trans-
literation, I will give it as I had it in my memory
at the time, and as it is in Heinsius, who, I be-
dive, first produced the epigram. See his
Poemata.

"Hic mun esti fulgura to Lambou' houn de anton
Pstopoknwn abxou kheus abhfarov."
Gush from your eyelids, such as start
When those who've dearly loved must part.
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And mute those arms around me twine,
Your hair adown my bosom spread,
All glittering with the tears you shed.
In vain I've kiss'd those lids of snow,
For still, like ceaseless fountains they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, when'er they meet.
Why is it thus? do tell me, sweet!
Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is to-night
Our last — go, false to heaven am I! Your very tears are treachery.

Such, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio!
The muse and I together sung,
With Boreas to make out the trio.
But, bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly after all our ills,
We saw the sunny morning smile
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills;
And felt the pure, delicious flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow
Freshly as ev'n the gales that come
'Ver our own healthy hills at home.

Could you but view the scenery fair,
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think, that nature lavish'd there
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep.*

The fainting breeze of morning sails;
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
As loose they flap around the mast.
The noontide sun a splendor pours
That lights up all these leafy shores;
While his own heav'n, its clouds and beams,
So pictured in the waters lie,
That each small bark, in passing, seems
To float along a burning sky.

Oh for the pinnace lent to thee,
Blest dreamer, who, in vision bright,
Didst sail o'er heaven's solar sea
And touch at all its isles of light.

Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
Within thy orb's ambrosial round! —
There spring the breezes, rich and warm.
That sigh around thy venerable car;
And angels dwell, so pure of form
That each appears a living star.

These are the sprites, celestial queen!
Thou sendest nightly to the bed
Of her I love, with touch unseen
Thy planet's bright'ning tints to shed;
To lend that eye a light still clearer,
To give that cheek one rose-blush more,
And bid that blushing lip be dearer,
Which had been all too dear before.

But, whither means the muse to roam?
'Tis time to call the wand'ring home.
Who could have thought the nymph
Would perch her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?

So, health and love to all your mansion!
Long may the bowl that pleasures

Theodolactus a boat of asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmio) habeas abestominum naviculum commoditi. tuum preparatum." —Itinerar. I. Dial. i. cap. 3. This work of Kircher abounds with strange fancies.

When the Genius of the world and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odors and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis infusoria" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodolactus, and he asks, "Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?" — "An aquis globi Veneris baptismus instiitum possit?" to which the Genius answers, "Certainly."

*This idea is Father Kircher's. "Tot animatos solea diisies." —Itinerar. I. Dial. i. cap. 5
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
Mirth and song, your board illumine.
At all your feasts, remember too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
And, oh! as warmly drink to him.

LINES,
WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

That sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in passion's young emotion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this that ne'er was given
To pleasure's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still.

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep.

Well!—there awesome, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
Oh! most to him,
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round sorrow's brim.

Yes—he can smile serene at death:
Kind heaven, do thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

ODES TO NEA;
WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA τοπαπελ.—EURIPID. Medea, v. 967.

NAY, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet.
But, oh, this weary heart hath run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not ev'n for thee, thou lovely one,
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be elimes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, or pain,
Nor let me to earth again.
Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,
Though little prized when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamoring shone,—
What hours and days have I seen glide,
While fix'd, enchanted by thy side,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
I've let life's dream dissolve away.
O bloom of youth profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly sped,
Yet sweetly too—for Love perfumed
The flame which thus my life consumed;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours.

Say, Nea, say, couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
This thoughtless soul might wish to wander,—
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till ev'n this heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fix'd than ever?
No, no—on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast;
And sure on earth but one alone
Could make such virtue false at last!

Nea, the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine—
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine
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on? thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign:
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.


I pray you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little bay, where turning in
From ocean's rude and angry clod,
As lovers steal to bliss,
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow back into the deep again,
As though they did not kiss.

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That ever lent its shade to love,
No eye but heaven's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All we then look'd and thought;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal.
'Twas ev'ry thing that young hearts feel,
By Love and Nature taught.

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that on the golden sand
Before us faintly gleam'd;
I trembling raised it, and when you
Had kiss'd the shell, I kiss'd it too—
How sweet, how wrong it seem'd!

Oh, trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er the tempter's power
Could tangle me or you in;
Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks may be our ruin.

You read it in these spell-bound eyes,
And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said.
Then dread no more; I will not speak;
Although my heart to anguish thrill,

I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still.

Heard you the wish I dared to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight!

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that sunny glance,
As if to light your steps along.

Oh! how could others dare to touch
That hallow'd form with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but Love and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, but you alone,—
And you, at least, should not condemn
If, when such eyes before me shine,
My soul forgot all eyes but them,—
I dared to whisper passion's vow,—
For love had ev'n of thought bereft me,—
Nay, half-way bent to kiss that brow,
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
Forgive it, if alas! you can; [sense—
'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and
'Twas all that's best and worst in man.

That moment, did th' assembled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness view,
[skies,
I should have seen, through earth and
But you alone—but only you.

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;
Enough for me to win your love,
And die upon the spot when won.

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I just had turn'd the classic page,
And traced that happy period over,
When blest alike were youth and age,
And love inspired the wisest sage,
And wisdom graced the tenderest lover.
Before I laid me down to sleep,
A while I from the lattice gazed
Upon that still and moonlight deep,
With isles like floating gardens raised
For Ariel there his sports to keep;
While, gliding 'twixt their leafy shores,
The lone night-fisher plied his oars.

I felt,—so strongly fancy's power
Came o'er me in that witching hour,—
As if the whole bright scenery there
Were lighted by a Grecian sky.
And I then breathed the blissful air,
That late had thrill'd to Sappho's sigh.

Thus, waking, dream'd I,—and when I slept
Came o'er me sense, the dream went
Nor, through her curtain dim and deep,
Hath ever lovelier vision shone.
I thought that, all enrap't, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade,
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish virtue's native brightness,—
As pearls, we're told, that fondling lover
Have play'd with, wear a smoother
Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day draws with half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm, and peace.

And thou wert there, my own beloved,
And by thy side I fondly roved
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where Beauty learn'd what Wisdom taught,
And sages sigh'd and lovers thought;
Where schoolmen comm'd no maxims stern,
But all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the duldest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love.

"Gassendi thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions in his first book, were those of Epicurus; and Stuart says, in his Antiquities of Athens, "Near this convent (the convent of Hagioi Aesomatos) is the place called at present Kopoi, or the Gardens; and Ampelos Kopos, or the Vineyard Garden; these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited." Vol. i. chap. 2.

"This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the faithful Cardinal, de Rerum Variatet. Lib. vii. cap. 34.

"In Hercynio Germaniae salutis insitutata genera altum accipiarum, quorum plurum, ignium modo, coloniae nocturni.—Plin. lib. x. cap. 47.

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
To lead us through enchanted ground
Where all that hand has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around.
Oh! 'twas a bright, bewild'ring scene—
Along the alley's deep'ning green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illum'd the bowers.
Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appeal those countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way;—
'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
Through which the soul perchance may roam,
When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home.
And, Nea, thou wert by my side,
Through all this heav'nward path my guide.

But, lo, as wand'ring thus we ranged
That upward path, the vision changed;
And now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever hied in Teian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story.

And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
[signs; Seem'd soften'd o'er with breath of
Whose ev'ry ringlet, as it wreath'd,
A mute appeal to passion breathed.
Some flow, with amber cups, around,
Pouring the flowery wines of Crete:—
And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
The onyx shone beneath their feet;—
While others, waving arms of snow
Entwined by snakes of burnish'd gold,

And showing charms, as loath to show,
§ The Milesaen, or Milesian fables, had their origin in Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See Plutarch (in Crasso) who calls them ακολουθα Βιβλια. § "Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenians call σως σοφασμα, from their frequency resembling that of the finest flowers."—Barry on Wines, chap. vii.

"It appears that in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial: "Calculatque tuo sub pede lucet onyx." Epigr. 50, lib. xii.

§ Bracelets of this shape were a favorite ornament among the women of antiquity. O. etp. καρποι φοιται και αι χρυαντων πεδα Θολος και
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

Through many a thin Tarentian fold,*
Glimed among the festal throng
Bearing rich urns of flowers along.
Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
And the young bee-grape,† round them
Wreathing,
Hung on their blushed warm and meek,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek.

Oh, Nea! why did morning break
The spell that thus divinely bound me?
Why did I wake? how could I wake
With thee my own and heaven around me!

WELL—peace to thy heart, though another's it be, [bloom not for me! And health to that cheek, though it To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves;\*]

Where nightly the ghost of the Caribee And, far from the light of those eyes, I may yet [dor forget.

Their allurements forgive and their splen-

Farewell to Bermuda,§ and long may the bloom [flame;
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys per-
May spring to eternity hallow the shade, Where Ariel has warbled and Waller|| has stray'd. [happen to roam
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home, [were done, Where oft, when the dance and the revel And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun, [the way I have led thee along, and have told by What my heart all the night had been burning to say— [those times, Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to And a blessing for me to that alley of limes.

Arsystgore ar aiilopofopiphak.-Philostrat. Epist. x. Lucian, too, tells us of the χαλκωτα χαλακτα. See his Amores, where he describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady, and we find the "silver vase," the rouge, the tooth-powder, and all the "mystic order" of a modern toilet.

Тареотомйон, διαφανει τονδα, φωναγαγειν αυτο τη ταρατοιων χρησεω και τρφων.— Pollux.

1 Apiana, mentioned by Phily, lib. xiv., and "now called the Muscatel, (a muscarum, till," says Pancrulius, book i. sect. 1, chap. 17.

2 I had, at this time, some idea of paying a visit to the West Indies.

3 The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commen-

tators on the words "still-vox'd Bermoothes," in the Tempest. I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen that, possibly, the discoverer of this "island of hogs and devils" might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period (the beginning of the sixteenth century) was sent Patriarch of the Latin church to Ethiopia, and has left us most won-
derful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered.—Travels of the Jesuits, vol. i. I am afraid, however, it would take the Patriarch rather too much out of his way.

|| Johnson does not think that Waller was ever at Bermuda: but the "Account of the European Settlements in America" affirms it confidently, (vol. ii.) I mention this work,
THE SNOW SPIRIT.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element
An island of lovelier charms — [steep
It blooms in the giant embrace of the
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms, [deep,
The blush of your bower is light to the eye,
And their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow Spirit never comes here.

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
[part,
That shines through thy lips when they
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmuring thine on the heart.
Oh! fly to the elime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bower's and balmy their breath,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,

And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.
Yet think not the veil he so chillingly
Is the veil of a vestal severe; feasts
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow Spirit ever come here.

But fly to his region — lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
[him.
Should not melt in the daybeam like
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear —
Fly, fly, my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

T'was noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
When love-thoughts in her bosom rise.
Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light along the water's brim
I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, Love had sent
This gentle bird with kind intent
To lead my steps, where I should meet
I knew not what, but something sweet.

And — bless the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by Love,
To guide me to a scene so dear
As fate allows but seldom here;
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
That, like the aloe's lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span.

Just where the margin's op'ning shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird reposed his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
Oh vision bright! oh spirit fair!
What spell, what magic raised her there?
'Twas Nao! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child,
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps.

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil
One little beam alone could win [grace;
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to a —
New lustre to each beauty lent —
Itself all trembling as it went!

Dark lay her eyelid's jFetti fringe
Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge
Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light
Just touching on the verge of night.
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through the ivory lid,
And, as I thought, a lustre threw
Upon her lip's reflecting dew —
Such as a night-lamp, left to shine

The Agraie. This, I am aware, is an erroneous notion; but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be "three removes from truth" τρισδήποτε αἱ ἀλλήλαις.
**POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.**

Alone on some secluded shrine,
May shed upon the votive wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever vision half so sweet? [beat,
Think, think how quick my heart-pulse
As o'er the rustling bank I stole:—
Oh! ye, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you alone to guess,
That moment's trembling happiness.

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**A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.**

 Behold, my love, the curious gem
 Within this simple ring of gold;
 'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
 Who lived in historic times of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
 Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that time's succeeding lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid.

Look, dearest, what a sweet design!
The more we gaze, it charms the more;
Come—closer bring that cheer to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
By some enamor'd nymph embraced—
Look, as she leans, and say in sooth,
Is not that hand most fondly placed?

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie,*
Yet presses gently, half inclined
To bring the truant lip more nigh.

Oh happy maid! too happy boy!
The one so fond and little loath,
The other yielding slow to joy—
Oh rare, indeed, but blissful both.

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling;
Imagine, too, that thou art she.
But quite as gay as she is willing:

*Somewhat like the symplegma of Cupid
And Psyche at Florence, in which the position
Of Psyche's hand is finely and delicately expressive of affection. See the museum Florentine, tom. ii. tab. 43. 44. There are few subjects on which poetry could be more interestingly employed than in illustrating some of these ancient statues and gems.

Pikerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library," but there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissi-

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So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twined,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wraithed locks behind:

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move;
And thus our lips together meet, [love,
And thus,—and thus,—I kiss thee

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**TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.**

*From Bermuda.*

"The daylight is gone—but, before we depart,
[my heart,
"One cup shall go round to the friend of
"The kindest, the dearest—oh! judge
by the tear
[and how dear."

"I now shed while I name him, how kind

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The people have been so indolent, and
tudes, the people have been so indolent, and
their trade so limited. That there is but little
which the historian could amplify into import-
ance: and, with respect to the natural pro-
ductions of the country, the few which the in-
habits are induced to cultivate are so com-
mon in the West Indies, that they have been
Described by every naturalist who has
written any account of those islands.
It is often asserted by the trans-Atlantic
politicians that this little colony deserves more
attention from the mother-country than it re-
ceives, and it certainly possesses advantages of
situation, to which we should not be long in
'Twas thus in the shade of the Calabash-Tree, [her like me, with a few, who could feel and remember. The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I throw [on you. Was a sigh to the past and a blessing.

Oh! say, is it thus, in the mirth-bringing hour, [in full flower, when friends are assembled, when wit, shoots forth from the lip, under Baccus's dew, [new— In blossoms of thought ever springing, Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim

Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him [so fair, Who is lonely and sad in these valleys And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there!

Last night, when we came from the Calabash-Tree, [was free, when my limbs were at rest and my spirit. The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day [play, Set the magical springs of my fancy in
And oh, such a vision as haunted me then [again. I would slumber for ages to witness The many I like and the few I adore. The friends who were dear and beloved before, But never till now so beloved and dear, At the call of my fancy, surrounded me here;

sensible if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War; "with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world." And there is no doubt it lies so conveniently in the track of the West Indies, that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harassing impediment.

The plan of Bishop Berkeley for a college at Bermuda, where American savages might be converted and educated, though concurred in by the government of the day, was a wild and useless speculation. Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the island some years since, proposed, if I mistake not, the establishment of a marine academy for the instruction of those children of West Indians, who might be intended for any naval employment. This was a more rational idea, and for something of this nature the island is admirably adapted. But the plan should be much more extensive, and embrace a general system of education; which would relieve the And soon,—oh, at once, did the light of their smiles
To a paradise brighten this region of isles;
More lucid the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd, And brighter the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd.
Not the valleys Herean, (though water'd by rills Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills, [meval and wild, Where the Song of the Shepherd, pri Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child.
Could boast such a lustre o'er land and As the magic of love to this paradise gave.

Oh magic of love! unembellish'd by you, [scape a hue? Hath the garden a blush or the land shines there a vista in nature or art, Like that which Love opes thru' the eye to the heart?

Alas, that a vision so happy should fade! [fancy play'd. That, when morning around me in brill The rose and the stream I had thought of at night [bright; Should still be before me, unfadingly While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream, [dream. And to gather the roses, had fled with my colonists from the alternative to which they are reduced at present, of either sending their sons to England for instruction, or intrusting them to colleges in the states of America, where ideas, by no means favorable to Great Britain, are very sedulously inculcated. The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectation of languor in their look and manner, which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet aimaute seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls—that predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilized; and the old philosopher, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into mules, and women into turtle-doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda. 1 Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bacchic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains by Diodorus Siculus, lib. iv. 1 Πραγα γαρ ως κατα την Σικυον κοτιν, α βασι καλατ, κ. Τ. λ.
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But look, where, all ready, in sailing array, The bark that's to carry these pages away,* Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind, [behind. And will soon leave these islets of Ariel What billows, what gales is she fate to prove, [I love! Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that Yet pleasant the swell of the billows would be; [music to me. And the roar of those gales would be Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew, [eve dew, Not the sunniest tears of the summer Were as sweet as the storm, or as bright as the foam [derer home. Of the surge, that would hurry your wan—

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG,
WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE 28TH APRIL.†

When freshly blows the northern gale, And under courses snug we fly; Or when light breezes swell the sail, And royals proudly sweep the sky; 'Longside the wheel, unwearied still I stand, and, as my watchful eye Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill, I think of her I love, and cry, Port, my boy! port. When calms delay, or breezes blow Right from the point we wish to steer; When by the wind close-haul'd we go, And strive in vain the port to near; I think 'tis thus the fates defer My bliss with one that's far away, And while remembrance springs to her, I watch the sails and sighing say, Thus, my boy! thus. But see, the wind draws kindly aft, All hands are up the yards to square, And now the floating stun-sails wait Our stately ship through waves and air.

Oh! then I think that yet for me Some breeze of fortune thus may spring, Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee— And in that hope I smiling sing, Steady, boy! so.

TO THE FIRE-FLY.‡

At morning, when the earth and sky Are glowing with the light of spring, We see thee not, thou humble fly! Nor think upon thy gleaming wing. But when the skies have lost their hue, And sunny lights no longer play, Oh then we see and bless thee too For sparkling o'er the dreary way. Thus let me hope, when lost to me The lights that now my life illumine, Some milder joys may come, like thee, To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom!

TO THE LORD VISCONT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

If former times had never left a trace Of human frailty in their onward race, Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran, One dark memorial of the crimes of man; If every age, in new unconscious prime, Rose like a phœnix, from the fires of time, To wing its way unguided and alone, The future smiling and the past unknown: [new, Then ardent man would to himself be Earth at his foot and heaven within his view: [scheme Well might the novice hope, the sanguine Of full perfection prompt his daring dream, [lore, Ere cold experience, with her veteran Could tell him, fools had dreamt as much before. [clime, But, tracing as we do, through age and

† The lively and varying illumination, with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. "Puis ces mouches se développant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyons sur les orangeraies voisins, qu'ils mettent tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beautes dorées que l'on n'avait ravie." &c. &c.—See L'Histoire des Antilles, art. 2, chap. 4, liv. i.

*A ship, ready to sail for England. † I left Bermuda in the Boston about the middle of April, in company with the Cambronian and Leander, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divided his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston, after a short cruise, proceeded to New York.
The plans of virtue amidst the deeds of crime, 
The thinking follies and the reasoning Of man, at once the idiot and the sage; 
When still we see, through every varying frame 
Of arts and polity, his course the same, 
And know that ancient fools but died, to make 
A space on earth for modern fools to view, 
That Wisdom's self should not be tutor'd, 
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth 
Of pure perfection amidst the sons of Oh! nothing but that soul which God has given, 
Could lead us thus to look on earth for O'er dross without to shed the light within, 
And dream of virtue while we see but sin. 

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream, 
Might sages still pursue the flatt'ring 
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate, 
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state, 
And plant perfection in this world at last! "Here," might they say, "shall power's divided reign 
Evince that patriots have not bled in 
Here godlike liberty's herculean youth, 
Cradled in peace, and nurtured up by truth. 
"To full maturity of nerve and mind, 
"Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind," [draught 
"Here shall religion's pure and balmy 
In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd, 
But flow for all, through nation, rank, 
Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect. 
Around the columns of the public shrine 
"Shall growing arts their gradual wreath intwine, 
"Nor breathe corruption from the flow'r'ing braid, 
"Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade. 
"No longer here shall justice bound her 
"Or wrong the many, while she rights the few; 
"But take her range through all the so- 
"Pure and pervading as that vital flame 
"Which warms at once our best and meanest part, 
"And thrills a hair while it expands a 
Oh golden dream! what soul that loves to scan 
The bright disk rather than the dark of That owns the good, while smarting with the ill, [still,— And loves the world with all its frailty Which ardent bosom does not spring to meet [enly heat, The generous hope, with all that heav'n Which makes the soul unwilling to resign The thoughts of growing, even on earth, [think Yes, dearest friend, I see the glow to The chain of ages yet may boast a link Of purer texture than the world has known, And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne. 

But, is it thus? doth even the glori ous dream [gleam, Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain Which tempts us still to give such fanc'ies scope, [hope? As she doth not reason, while they nourish No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—'tis now, While yet upon Columbia's rising brow The showy smile of young presumption plays, [says, Her bloom is poison'd and her heart de-Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath [their death; Burns with the taint of empires near And, like the nymphs of her own with'ring elime, She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime.†
Already has the child of Gallia's school,
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
[hearts, Begot by brilliant heads on worthless Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood, [mud,—
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear;
[trace, Already blighted, with her black'ning
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rs of her fruit.

And were these errors but the wanton tide [pride; Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd
The fervid follies and the faults of such As wrongly feel, because they feel too much; [less, Then might experience make the fever Nay, graft a virtue on each warm ex-
But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill;
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice.

Long has the love of gold, that mean-
est rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
[strife,
While nobler passions wage their heated Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear,—

morial may be found in Porcupine's Works, vol. I. p. 279. It remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side, and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend the perusal of it to every honest polit-
tician, who may labor under a moment's delu-
sion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

"Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on traque de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales."—Montesquieu, de l'Esprit des Lois, liv. xx. chap. 2.

1 Trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English gov-
ernment which the colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motive of some of the leading American demagogues.

POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA. 153

Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land:
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made [trade.

To rise and fall, like other wares of

Already in this free, this virtuous state, [by fate
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordained
To show the world, what high perfection springs [kings.
From rabble senators, and merchant
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
[fire,
And, guardians of the country's sacred
Like Arie's priests, let out the flame for hire.
[rose
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly
From England's debtors to be England's foes," forget,
Who could their monarch in their purse
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt; [tempting hie
Have proved, at length, the miner's,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too." [cant.
Oh! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant [ber'd all
Of purified madmen, were they num-
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
[base,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
[be lords,
Form'd to be slaves, yet struggling to

The most persevering enemy to the inter-
eats of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginia mer-
chant, who, finding it easier to settle his con-
science than his debts, was one of the first to
raise the standard against Great Britain, and
has ever since endeavored to revenge upon the
whole country the obligations which he has un-
der to a few of its merchants.

§ See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcu-
pine's works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer than to the occurrences which he has related and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be sus-
pected of bias, but facts speak for themselves
Strut forth, as patriots, from their negro-marts,
And shout for rights, with rape in
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic
And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee with a tyrant's
O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
In climes where liberty has scarce been named,
Nor any right, but that of ruling, claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where—solitary laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilye slaved and madly
Like the bond and license suit,
The brute made ruler and the man made brute.

But, while I thus, my friend, in flowerless song,
So feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world,
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerves,
Throne they served—
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the
Thou, calmly lul'd in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumined and by sages taught,
Past't to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard had fancied or that sage had been.

* In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master races of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment; as the numerous emigrations, which are expected to take place, from the southern states to this newly-acquired territory, will considerately diminish the white population, and thus

Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
[thy heart.
Bright'ning the young conceptions o
Forgive me, Forbes—and should the
song destroy joy.
One generous hope, one throbb of social
One high pulsation of the zeal for man;
Which few can feel, and bless that few
who can,—
[Eyes
Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him.
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet.

TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M. D.
FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Διηγησαμαι δειγματα ων απο τα κοινων της Κεντρων αν ουκ εχουμεν.

ΣΧΕΔΙΟΝΗΣ. Εφεσους. Ephesians lib. v.

Tis evening now; beneath the western star
Cigar.
Soft sighs the lover through his sweet
And tills the ears of some consenting the
With palms and vows, with smoke and
colony,
Thes patriot, fresh from Freedom's coun
Now pleased retires to lash his slaves at
home;
[arms,
Or woo, perhaps, some black Aspasia's
And dream of freedom in his bondmaid's

In fancy now, beneath the twilight
gloom,
Rome!"
Come, let me lead thee o'er this "second

strengthen the proportion of negroes, to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous.
† The "black Aspasia" of the present * * * * * * * of the United States, inter Anvers and Lipotesidae nymphas, has given rise
† The "black Aspasia" of the present * * * * * * * * of the United States, inter Anvers and Lipotesidae nymphas, has given rise
to much pleasantness among the anti-democrat wits in America.

"On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld), the identical spot on which the capital now stands was called Rome. This
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi
down, [her now:—*]
And what was Goose-Creek once is Ti-
This embryo capital, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sighted seers, ev' n now,
adorn [born.
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet un-
Though naught but woodst and ——n
they see, [to be.
Where streets should run and sages ought
And look, how calmly in you radiant
wave.
The dying sun prepares his golden grave.
Oh mighty river! oh ye banks of shade!
Ye matchless scenes, in nature's morn-
ing made,
While still, in all th' exuberance of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with hum-
bler care, [fair;—
From grand to soft, from wonderful to
Say, were your towering hills, your
boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and her-
roes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve
Oh say, was world so bright, but born to
grace
Its own half-organized, half-minded race;
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its
breast,
Anecdote is related by many as a certain
prognostic of the future magnificence of this
city, which is to be, as it were, a second
Rome."—Weld's Travels, letter iv.
* A little stream runs through the city,
which, with inolerable affection, they have
styled the Tiber. It was originally called
Goose-Creek.
† To be under the necessity of going
through a deep wood for one or two miles,
perhaps in order to see a next-door neighbor, and
in the same city, is a curious, and, I believe,

a novel circumstance."—Weld, letter iv.
The Federal City (if it must be called a city)
has been much increased since Mr. Weld
visited it. Most of the public buildings, which
were then in some degree of forwardness, have
been since utterly suspended. The hotel is al-
ready a ruin; a great part of its roof is fallen
in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gra-
tuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish
emigrants. The President's house, a very no-
bble structure, is by no means suited to the phi-
losophical humility of its present possessor, who
inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself,
and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly
desolation, which those who are not philoso-
phers cannot look at without regret. This
grand edifice is encircled by a very rude pal-
Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil
their home,
Where none but demigods should dare to
roam?
Or worse, thou wondrous world! oh! 
doubly worse, [nurse
Did heaven design thy lordly land to
The motley drags of every distant clime;
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
Which Europe shakes from her perturb-
ed sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?
But hold,—observe you little mount of
pines, [fly shines.
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-
There let thy fancy range, in bold relief,
The sculptured image of that veteran chief
§ Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And climb'd o'er prostrate loyalty to
fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot
train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob
might reign.
How shall we rank thee upon glory's
page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than
Of peace too fond to act the conqueror's
part,
[art,
Too long in camps to learn a statesman's
ing, through which a common rustic style intro-
duces the visitors of the first man in America.
With respect to all that is within the house, I
shall imitate the prudent forbearance of her-
dom, and say, ex he aera annoppyn.
The private buildings exhibit the same char-
acteristic display of arrogant speculation
and premature rule; and the few ranges of
houses which were begun some years ago have
remained so long waste and unfinished, that
they are now for the most part compulated.
The picture which Luton and De Pauw
have drawn of the American Indian, though
very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much
more correct than the flattering representations
which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the
Notes on Virginia, where this gentleman en-
devours to disprove in general the opinion
maintained so strongly by some philosophers,
that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it) be-
littlee her productions in the western world. M.
de Pauw attributes the imperfections of animal
life in America to the ravages of a very recent
debacle, from whose effects upon its soil and at-
mosphere it has not yet sufficiently recover-
ed.—Recherches sur les Américains, part i.
Tom. 1, p. 102.
§ On a small hill near the Capitol there is to
be an equestrian statue of General Washington.
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold.

While loftier souls command, nay,
Make their fate, [be great.
Thy fate made thee and forced thee to
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
*Found thee undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, seeming to be more;
Less moved by glory's than by duty's claim,
[aim! Renown the need, but self-applause the All that thou Wert reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou didst forbear to be.
Nor yet the patriot of one land alone,—
For thine's a name all nations claim their own; [good and brave,
And every shore, where breathed the Echo'd the plaudits thy own country gave.

Now look, my friend, where faint the moonlight falls
[halls,—
On yonder dome, and, in those princely If thou canst hate, as sure that soul must hate,
[great,—
Which loves the virtuous and reverses the If thou canst loathe and execrate with me [phy,
The poisonous drug of French philoso-
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,[erimes,—
With which false liberty dilutes her
If thou hast got within thy free-born breast,[the rest,
One pulse that beats more proudly than
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,[ble's nod,
Which courts the rable's smile, the rab.-And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god,[tongue, forbear!
There, in those walls—but, burning

Rank must be reverenced, even the rank that's there: [we part:
So here I pause—and now, dear Hume,
But oft again, in frank exchange of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear [here.
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs, [and frogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes [spise.*
With me shall wonder, and with me de-
While I, as oft, in fancy's dream shall rove,
[I love,
With thee conversing through the land Where, like the air that fans her fields of green, [rene;
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and se-
And sovereign man can condescend to see [than he,
The throne and laws more sovereign still

LINES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

—Τηπε του σολυν φιλων
Ευπορι απεσν γαρ.

SOPHOCLE. Εdip. Colon. v. 708.

ALONE by the Schuykill a wanderer roved,
[his eye
And bright were its flowery banks to But far, very far were the friends that he loved,
[a sigh.
And he gazed on its flowery banks with Oh Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays, [ingly thrown,
O'er the brow of creation enchant-Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays [our own.
In a smile from the heart that is fondly Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain [guish'd to meet;
Unbless'd by the smile he had lann-

* In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of Jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent violations of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been press'd by his feet.
But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
[s]o humble a name;
And they loved what they knew of
And they told him, with flattering welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something better than fame.

Nor did woman—oh woman! whose
form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each
path to pursue
[at the pole],
Whether sum'd in the tropics or chill?.
If woman be there, there is happiness:
too—:

Nordid she her enamoring magic deny.—
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long.
Like eyes he had loved was her eloquent
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.
Oh, bless'd be the tear, and in memory oft
[d]erer's dream;
May its sparkle be shed o'er the wan
Thrice bless'd be that eye, and may passion as soft
[beam]!
As free from a pang, ever mellow its

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
[foils he has known,
When at home lie shall talk of the
To them with a sigh, what endearments be met,
[Schnyrlkill alone,
As he stray'd by the wave of the

LINES
WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE
MOHAWK RIVER.*

Già era in loco ore s' udia lirimbombo
Dell' acqua—.
DANTE.

From rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;

And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flow-
ers that smiled,
Flying by every green recess
That wou'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind,—
Oh have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim:
Through what alternate wastes of wo
And flowers of joy my path may go;
How many a shelter'd, calm retreat
May wou the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unbless'd,
I wander on, nor dare to rest;
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I feel the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take—:
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine!
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

SONG
OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.†

Qua via difficilis, quamque est via nulla.
Ovid. Metam. lib. iii. v. 29

Now the vapor, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful auge's shivering chill!

* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighborhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Falls is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chauster-mes makes it seventy.

† The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo, upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.
Hark! I hear the traveller’s song,
As he winds the woods along:—
Christian, *tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, might is near,
And the wild thou dar’st to roam—
Think, *twas once the Indian’s home!*

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wherefore’er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the caymant loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shudd’ring murderer sits;†
Lone beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his poison’d food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither! Cross the wand’ring Christian’s way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of maddening error,
Through the maze of night and terror
Till the morn behold him lying
On the damp earth, pale and dying.
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that’s dug
For the soul and famish’d brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O’er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
TrIBUTES, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there!§

Then, when night’s long labor past,
Wilder’d, faint, he falls at last,

**“The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehanna and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped.” — M’Culloch’s American Geography.**

† The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

‡ This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons.

Sinking where the causeway’s edge
Moulders in the slinky sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-trod taint him over,
Round him let moschetoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO THE HONORABLE W. R. SPENCER.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata Getas.
OV. EX PONTO, lib. i. ep. 5.

Thou oft hast told me of the happy hour
Enjoy’d by thee in far Italia’s bowers,
Where, ling’ring yet, the ghost of an cient wit
[lit,
Midst modern monks profanely dares to
And pagan spirits, by the pope unlaid,
Haunt every stream and sing through every shade.
[be
Thence still the bard who (if his numbers
His tongue’s light echo) must have talk’d like thee,—
[has caught
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind
Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
In which the spirit baskingly reclines,
Bright without effort, resting while it shines.—
[to see
There still he roves, and laughing loves
How modern priests with ancient rakes agree;
[land shines,
How, ’neath the cowl, the festal gar.
And Love still finds a niche in Christian shrines.

“‘They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcasses, not only on himself but on his food.”

§ “We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco-ears of mine, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places.” — Charlevoix’s Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony; he also says, “We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Anthony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi.” — See Hennepin’s Voyage into North America.
There still, too, roam those other souls
of song, [long, With whom thy spirit hath communed so That, quick as light, their rarest gifts of thought, [brought. By Memory's magic to thy lip are But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake, As, far from such bright haunts my course I take, [plays, No proud remembrance o'er the fancy No classic dream, no star of other days Hath left that visionary light behind. That lingers' radiance of immortal mind, [scene, Which gilds and hallows even the rudest The humblest shed, where genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes [blooms; Of grand or lovely, here aspire and Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow, [ers flow; Bright lakes expand, and conquering riv- But mind, immortal mind, without whose ray, [clay, This world's a wilderness and man but Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose, Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows. [and all

Take Christians, Mohawks, democrats, From the rude wigwam to the congress-hall, [or free, From man the savage, whether slave To the civilized, less tame than he,— "Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life; [brev Where every ill the ancient world could Is mix'd with every grossness of the new; Where all corruptions, though little can entice, And naught is known of luxury, but its vice!

* This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. - I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Missis- sippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore, without mixing them; afterwards it gives its color to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea."—Letter xxvii. I Alluding to the fanciful notion of "words concealed in northern air." [In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends

Is this the region then, is this the clime For souring fauces? for those dreams sublime, Which all their miracles of light reveal To heads that meditate and hearts that feel? Alas! not so—the Muse of Nature lights Her glories round; she scales the mount- tain heights, And roams the forests; every wondrous spot Burns with her step, yet man regards it not. [air, She whispers round, her words are in the But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,† Without one breath of soul, divinely strong, One ray of mind to thaw them into song.

Yet, yet forgive me, oh ye sacred few, Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew; [a social eve, Whom, known and loved through many "Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave,† [scam'd Not with more joy the lonely exile The writing traced upon the desert's sand, [find Where his lone heart but little hoped to One trace of life, one stamp of human kind, [seal, Than did I hail the pure, th' enlighten'd The strength to reason and the warmth to feel, The manly polish and the illumined taste, Which,—mid the melancholy, heartless waste [few! My foot has traversed,—oh you sacred I found by Delaware's green banks with you.

Long may you loathe the Gallic dress that runs

at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in dif- fusing through this cultivated little circle that love for good literature and sound polities, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his coun- trymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defi it; and in learning from them what Americans can be, I but see with the more indignation what Amer- icans are.
Through your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long live the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor doom'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her
She yet can raise the crown'd, yet civic brow
Of single majesty,—can add the grace
Of rank's rich capital to Freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feeble prove
For the fair ornament that flowers
If yet released from all that pedant throng,
So vain of error and so pledged to
Who hourly teach her, like themselves,
To hide
Weakness in vaunt, and barrenness in
She yet can rise, can wreath the Attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along;
It is to you, to souls that favoring heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given:
Oh! but for such, Columbia's days were
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er.

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuykill winds his way through
Though few the days, the happy even-
ings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind
That my charm'd soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home.
And looks I met, like looks I'd loved before,
And voices too, which, as they trembled
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their
Yes,—we had nights of that communion free,
That flow of heart, which I have known
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,

Of whims that taught, and follies that refined.
When shall we both renew them? when, restored
To the gay feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies
Even now, as wand'ring upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
Sigh for home,—alas! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet.

BALLAD STANZAS.
I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully cur'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world, [for it here!]
"A heart that was humble might hope
It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee:
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hol
And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclam'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul
Who would blush when I praised her,
And weep if I blamed,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!
"By the shade of yon sumach, whose
red berry dips [sweet to recline
"In the gush of the fountain, how
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on by

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.
WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.*

Quintilian.

Faithly as trolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our ears keep time.

* I wrote these words to an air which our coastmen sung to us frequently. The wind was
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA. 191.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.*
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Not many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun, beneath whose even
Our boat glides swiftly past these wooded shores,
Saw me where Trent his mazy current
So unfavorable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties.

Our voyageurs had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins,

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré Deux cavaliers trois bien montés; And the refrain to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the And Donington's old oaks, to every breeze,
Whisper the tale of bygone centuries;— Those oaks, to me as sacred as the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian And hears the spirit-voice of sire, or chief.
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf. There, oft, dear Lady, while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've On every tuneful accent! proud to feel That notes like mine should have the fate to steal
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd Such breath of passion and such soul of song.

Who sings, on Sabbath-eye, his strains of joy,
And when he hears the wild, untutor'd
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his

I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world.
See all its store of inland waters hurled!
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the finest masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those voyageurs who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

* "At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyageurs."—Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.

** "Andrino essi per costume di avere in venerazione gli alberi grandi et antichi, quasi che sino spesso rispettaccioli di anime beate."—Pietro della Valle, part. second., lettera 10 da giardini di Sciaraz.
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,  
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed  
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed:  
[glide]  
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and  
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide  
Through massy woods, mid islets flowering fair  
[ful pair]  
And blooming glades, where the first sinterconsolation might have weeping trood,  
When banish'd from the garden of their God.  
[man]  
Oh, Lady! these are miracles, which  
Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,  
[must see]  
Can scarcely dream of,—which his eye  
To know how wonderful this world can be!  

But lo,—the last tints of the west decline,  
[of pine]  
And night falls dewy o'er these banks  
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat  
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note  
[flutes]  
Dies like a half-breathed whispering of  
Along the wave the gleaning porpoise shoots,  
And I can trace him, like a watery star,*  
Down the steep current, till he fades afar  
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,  
Where von rough rapids sparkle through the night.  
[stray]  
Here, on this shadowy bank I  
And the smooth glass-snake:—glimmering o'er my way,  
[scaly form]  
Shows the dim moonlight through his  

* Anburey, in his Travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the river St. Lawrence.—Vol. i. p. 29.  
† The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.  
‡ "The decentered spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove."—Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada. See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Laftan, tom. i. p. 492.  
§ "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistered in the sun, and were called by the Indians maneto asen- 
lah or spirit stones."—McKenzie's Journal.  
¶ These lines were suggested by Carver's description of one of the American lakes. "When it was calm," he says, "and the sun shines bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upward of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been benned, the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene."  
¶¶ Après avoir traversé plusieurs îles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes le quatrième jour une fameuse nommée l'Ile de Manion- 
lin.—Voyages du Baron de Loubat, tom. i. let. 15. Manatoulin signifie un Place de Spir- 
its, and this island in Lake Huron is held sa- 
cred by the Indians.  
++++ The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the Bird of Paradise, re- 
ceives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon- 
Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit."—More.  
§§ The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond- 
lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the sur- 
face of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks or ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scatter'ring every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip.

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread* loves to creep,
Call from them a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,†
Till, with dreams of honey bless,
Haunted, in his downy nest,
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers.

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Aft along the ruffled lakes,
When the gray goose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird; soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears.
There, amid the island-sea,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Sparkling as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung.

* "The gold thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfulls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow."—More.
† "L'Oiseau monche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs vives et changeantes; il tire sa subsistance des fleurs comme les abeilles; son nid est fait d'un coton tres-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre."—Voyages aux Isles Occidentales, par M. Bossu, seconde part lett. xx.

Virgins,§ who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away:
And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams!

Once more embark'd upon the glittering gles
Our boat flies light along the leaful shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar,
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divine, dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,

While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet, oh! believe me, mid this mingled maze
Of nature's beauties, where the fancy
From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
Is new,—

Hath something strange, and every leaf
I never feel a joy so pure and still,
So inly felt, as when some brook or bill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well.

Some mountain echo, or some wild
(For, who can say by what small fairy tie,
The mem'ry clings to pleasure as it flies?)
Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream

I once indulged by Trent's inspiring
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights

On Donnington's green lawns and

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er

§ Lafitau supposes that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians—Mémoirs des Sauvages Amérindiens, &c., tom. 1. p. 173.

|| Vedi che sdegnò gli argomenti umani;
Si che remo non vuol, ne altro veo,
Che t' ale sno tra lit t si lontani.

Vedi come? ha dritte verso il cielo
Trattando l' aere con l' etere penne;
Che non si mutan, come mortal pei.

DANTE, Purgat., cant. II.
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!  
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high 
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine 
Turn to the living hero, while it read, 
For pure and bright'ning comments on the dead;—

Or whether memory to my mind recalls 
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls, 
When guests have met around the sparkling board, 
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd; 

When the bright future star of England's throne, 
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone, 
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won, 
But tempering greatness like an evening 
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire, 
Radiant, but mild, all softness, yet all 
Whatever hue my recollections take, 
Even the regret, the very pain they wake, 
Is mix'd with happiness;—but, ah! no more—

Lady! adieu—my heart has linger'd, 
Those vanish'd times, till all that round me lies, 
(on my eyes) 
Streams, banks and bowers have faded

IMPROMPTU,
AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. ——, OF MONTREAL.

TWAS but for a moment—and yet in that time 
She crow'd th' impressions of many 
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her eline, 
Which waked every feeling at once 
Oh! could we have borrow'd from Time but a day, 
To renew such impressions again and The things we should look and imagine and say 
Would be worth all the life we had

What we had not the leisure or language to speak, 
We should find some more spiritual mode of revealing, 
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week [in feeling. 
As others would take a millennium

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEAD MAN'S ISLAND,*
IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

See you, beneath you cloud so dark, 
Fast-gilding along a gloomy bark? 
Her sails are full,—though the wind is still, 
And there blows not a breath her sails 

Say what doth that vessel of darkness bear? 
The silent calm of the grave is there, 
Save now and again a death-knell rung, 
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore 
Of cold and pitless Labrador; 
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost, 
Full many a mariner's bones are toss'd.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck, 
And the dim blue fire that lights her 
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew 
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast, 
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast; 
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled, 
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on, 
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone, 
Nor let morining look on so foul a sight 
As would blanch forever her rosy light:

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Canning. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, 'the flying Dutchman.'

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled

by the truly splendid hospitality of my friends of the Phaeton and Boston, that I was but ill-prepared for the miseries of a Canadian vessel. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.
TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,*
ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,
OCTOBER, 1804.

PINDAR. Pyth. 4.

With triumph this morning, oh Boston! I hail
[thy sail,
The stir of thy deck and the spread of
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted,
in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and
And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand?
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well—peace to the land! may her sons
know, at length, [strength,
That in high-minded honor lies liberty's
That though man be as free as the fret
Saltless wind, [unbind,
As theuantest air that the north can
Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten
the blast,
it pass'd,
If no harvest of mind ever sprung where
Then unbiest is such freedom, and bale
ful its might,— [blight!
Free only to ruin, and strong but to

Farewell to the few I have left with
regret; [not forget,
May they sometimes recall what I can
The delight of those evenings,—too brief a
delight!
When in converse and song we have
stolen on the night;
When they've asked me the manners, the
mind, or the mien [I had seen,
Of some bard I had known or some chief
Whose glory, though distant, they long
had adored,
Whose name had oft hallow'd the wine
cup they pour'd;
And still as, with sympathy humbly but
ture, [I knew,
I have told of each bright son of fame all
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the
powerful stream [dream,
Of America's empire should pass, like a

Without leaving one relic of genius, to
say [vanish'd away!
How sublime was the title which had
Farewell to the few—though we never
may meet [sweet
On this planet again, it is soothing and
To think that, whenever my song or my
name [the same
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me
I have been to them now, young, un
thoughtful, and blest, [press'd.
Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow de

But, Douglas! while thus I recall to
my mind [behind,
The elect of the land we shall soon leave
I can read in the weather-wise glance of
thing ere,
As it follows the rack flitting over the
That the faint coming breeze will be fair
for our flight, [of night
And shall steal us away, ere the falling,
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thy
by my side, [courage to guide
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy
There is not a bleak isle in those sun
merless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or
shines but to freeze, [shore,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous
That I could not with patience, with
pleasure explore! [now,
Oh think then how gladly I follow thee
When Hope smooths the billowy path
of our prow, [springing wind
And each prosperous sigh of the west
Takes me nearer the home where my
heart is enshrined; [me again,
Where the smile of a father shall meet
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into
pain; [steal to my heart,
Where the kind voice of sisters shall
And ask it, in signs, how we ever could
part?

But see!—the bent top-sails are ready
to swell— [farewell!
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia,
from Halifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly
surprised by the beauty and fertility of the coun
try which opened upon us after the bleak and
rocky wilderness by which Halifax is sur
rounded.—I was told that, in travelling on
wards, we should find the soil and the scenery
improve, and it gave me much pleasure to know
that the worthy Governor has by no means such
an "immutable regnum" as I was, at first sight
inclined to believe.
CORRUPTION, AND INTOLERANCE:

TWO POEMS:

ADDRESS TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.

1808.

PREFACE.

The practice which has been lately introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses, appears to me rather a happy invention; as it supplies us with a mode of turning dull poetry to account; and as horses too heavy for the saddle may serve well enough to draw lumber, so Poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any service deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, "Quod supra nos nihil ad nos."

In the first of the two following Poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution of 1688 in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman might be reproached with ingratitude, for depreciating the merits and results of a measure which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties—however ungrateful it might appear in Alderman B——nch to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations—yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge; to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of Molyneux was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded—an Irishman may be allowed to criticise freely the measures of that period, without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or to the suspicion of being influenced by any Papish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties forever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H——ksey eulogizes the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages, accordingly, were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative,—that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm,—it diminished the only interference of the Crown, which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to
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their senses and capacities. Like the myrte over a celebrated statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skillfully veiled from the public eye the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the whiggish reigns that succeeded; till at length this spirit of influence has become the vital principle of the state,—an agency, subtle and unseen, which pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible whip or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

Iam, quiequid azit, quoquo vestigia sectit, Composita fortun subsecularique."

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated in the minds of Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former. But assuredly nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion. The very object, indeed, which my humble animadversions would attain is, that the crisis to which I think England is now hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 should be remedied, and, as it was then her fate to experience a Revolution without Reform, so she may now endeavor to accomplish a Reform without Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions

* Angill non ac sua omnis impune miratur; earnas nations despectul habent.—Barclay, (as quoted in one of Dryden's prefaces.)

† England began very early to feel the effects of cruelty towards her dependencies. "The have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with whiggism of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness. As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that name be monopolized by any party whatsoever. Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend.

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I here menace my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the task, than that of giving a new form to claims and remonstrances, which have often been much more eloquently urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION.

AN EPISTLE.

Nov δ' ἐπανδ" ὠστερ εχ αγοράς εκπεφαστας ταυτα εναληθητα εκ αυτο τωνων, βο' αν απαλωκε ει και μνημου πη ἐλλα. Ταυτα δ' εστις ζημος, ει τις ειληφε τι τ' ἡλεων αν ἡμολογην συγγιγων τοις ελεγχουμενοις μισος, αν τοτοις τις εκάτω τ' αλλα πάντα, δια ει των ἐναληθες νηπηται. DEMOSTH. PHILIPP. III.

BOAST on, my friend—though stripp'd of all beside, [pride;]
Thy struggling nation still retains her That pride, which once in genuine glory woke [St. John spoke;]
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,
Outlives even Wh-tel-cke's sword and H-wk-sbry's tongue! [islet Boaston, my friend, while in this humbled severity of her government (says Macpherson) contributed more to deprive her of the continental dominions of the family of Plantagenet than the arms of France.—See his History vol. I.
Where Honor swarms and Freedom fears to smile,
Is known Where the bright light of England's fame
But by the shadow o'er our fortunes thrown;
*Erroneous and slight's*
Where, doom'd ourselves to naught but
We hear you boast of Britain's glorious rights,
As wretched slaves, that under hatches
Hear those on deck extoll the sun and sky;
*Native haunts, Boast on, while wandering through my*
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts;
And feel, though close our wretched countries twine,
From thine, more sorrow for my own than pride.
Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
Which hears no news but W—rd's gazetted lies;
*Pye's—*
And loves no politics in rhyme but
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of "Church and State," and "William's matchless laws,"
*Eight—*
And "Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-
Things, which now a century out of date,"
[Words],
Still serve to ballast, with convenient

---

* "By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland, in 1601, (says Burke,) the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure, too, of the first races of the English, was completely accomplished. The new English interest was settled with so solid a stability as any thing in human affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression, which were made after the last event, were manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke." Yet this is the era to which the wise Common Council of Dublin refer us for "invaluable blessings." &c.

† It never seems to occur to those orators and addressers who raved off so many sentences and paragraphs with the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, &c., that most of the provisions which these Acts contained for the preservation of parliamentary independence have been long laid aside as romantic and troublesome. I never meet, I confess, with a politician who quotes seriously the Declaration of Rights, &c., to prove the actual existence of English liberty, that I do not think of that marquis whom Montesquieu mentions,* who set about looking for mines in the Pyrenees, on the strength of authorities which he had read in some ancient authors. The poor marquis tolled

A few crank arguments for speaking lords, —†
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found, (deadliest wound.
Where most she look'd for life, her
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen, [a screen; —
How faint since influence lent that toe
How strong o'er James and Popery she prevailed, [assail'd:
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold

While kings were poor, and all those
schemes unknown [throne;
Which drain the people to enrich the
Yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied; [creep
Then proud Prerogative, untangled to
With bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,
Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
That claim'd a right from God to trample man! [roused mankind
But Luther's schism had too much
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind;
[Fallen so low, Nor then, when king-like popes had
Could pope-like kings escape the leveling blow. [we bow
That ponderous sceptre, (in whose place
and searched in vain. He quoted his authori-
ties to the last, but found no mines after all.
The chief, perhaps the only advantage which
has resulted from the system of influence, is that
transquil course of uninterrupted action
which it has given to the administration of gov-
ernment. If kings must be paramount in the state, (and their ministers for the time being always think so,) the country is indebted to the
Revolution for enabling them to become so quietly, and for removing skilfully the danger of those shocks and collisions which the alarming efforts of prerogative never failed to pro-
duce.

Instead of vain and disturbing efforts to es-
tablish that speculative balance of the constitu-
tion, which, perhaps, has never existed but in
the pages of Montesquieu and De Lambe, a pre-
ponderance is now silently yielded to one of the
three states, which carries the other two most insensibly, but still effectually, along with it; and even though the path may lead eventu-
ally to destruction, yet its specious and gild-
ed smoothness almost atones for the danger;
and, like Milton's bridge over Chaos, it may be
said to lead,

"Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to —."

‡The drivelling correspondence between James I., and his "Dog Steenie," (the Duke of Buckingham,) which we find among the Hard-
wick Papers, sufficiently shows, if we wanted
CORRUPTION; A POETIC EPISTLE. 190

To the light talisman of influence now,
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments fell:
[ed o'er
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and paint-
With fleur-de-lys, it shone and scourged once more.

"Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd [opiate draught
Long, long and deep, the churchman's
Of passive, prone obedience—then took flight
All sense of man's true dignity and right;
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
[most in vain.
That Freedom's watch-voice call'd al-
Oh England! England! what a chance was thine,
[line
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd
any such illustration, into what doting, idiotic brains the plan of arbitrary power may enter.

Tacitus has expressed his opinion in a pas-
sage very frequently quoted, that still the distribution of power as the theory of the British constitution exhibits is merely a subject of bright speculations, "a system more easily praised than practised, and which, even could it happen to exist, would certainly not prove permanent;" and, in truth, a review of Eng-
land's annals would dispose us to agree with the great historian's remark. For we find that at no period whatever has this balance of the three estates existed; that the nobles predomin-
ated till the policy of Henry VII. and his son was essential in the weight by balancing the feudal system of property; that the power of the Crown became then supreme and absolute, till the hold of the House of Commons was subverted the fabric altogether; that the alter-
nate ascendency of prerogative and privilege distracted the period which followed the Resto-
r; and that, lastly, the Acts of 1688, by lay-
ing the foundation of an unbounded court-in-
fluence, have secured a preponderance to the Throne, which every succeeding year increases. So that the vaunted British constitution has never perhaps existed but in mere theory.

The monarchs of Great Britain can never be sufficiently grateful for that accommodating spirit which led Revolutionary Whigs to give away the crown, without imposing any of those restraints or stipulations which other men might have taken advantage of so farca-
ble a moment to enforce, and in the framing of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifax, in the debate upon the Exclusion Bill.

They not only confounded, however, to ac-
cept of places, but took care that these digni-
ties should be no impediment to their "voice potential," in affairs of legislation; and al-
though an Act was after many years suffered to pass, which by one of its articles disqualified places from serving as members of the House of Commons, it was yet not allowed to

Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free.
To found thy own eternal liberty!
How nobly high, in that propitious hour,
Might patriot hands have raised the triple tower*

Of British freedom, on a rock divine
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!
But, no—the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for many.

The course of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work which raised men nearer heaven.
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,

interfere with the influence of the reigning monarch, nor with that of his successor Anne.
The purifying clause, indeed, was not to take effect till after the decease of the latter sove-
rang, and she very considerably repealed it altogether. So that, as representation has con-
tinued ever since, if the king were simple enough to send to foreign courts ambassadors who were most of them in the pay of those courts, he would be just as honestly and faith-
fully represented as are his people. It would be endless to enumerate all the favors which were conferred upon William by those "apos-
tate Whigs." They complimented him with the first suspension of the Haberdasher Corsier who had been hazarded since the confirmation of that privilege; and this example of our Deli-
cer's reign has not been lost upon any of his successors. They promoted the establishment of a standing army, and circulated in its de-
fence the celebrated "Balancing Letter," in which it is intimated that England, even then, in her boasted hour of regeneration, was ar-
vived at such a pitch of faction and corruption that nothing could keep her in order but a Whig ministry and a standing army. They refused, as long as they could, to shorten the duration of parliaments; and though, in the Declaration of Rights, the necessity of such a reform was acknowledged, they were, by arts not unknown to modern ministers, to brand those as traitors and republicans who urged it. But the grand and distinguishing trait of their measures was the power they be-
stowed on the Crown of almost annihilating the freedom of elections,—of turning from its course and forever defiling that great stream of Representation, which had, even in the most agitated periods, reflected some features of the people, but which, from thenceforth, became the Pactusus, the "annihilator amnis," of the court.

*See a pamphlet published in 1732, upon the King's refusing to sign the Triennial Bill, called "A Discourse between a Yeoman of Kent and a Knight of a Shire."—Hereupon (says the Yeoman) the gentle-
man grew angry, and said that I talked like a base commons-wealthy man."
The hour was lost, and William, with a smile, 
Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfin-

Hence all the ills you suffer,—hence remain 
Such galling fragments of that feudal 
Whose links, around you by the Norman flung, 
Though loos'd and broke so often, still 
Hence al� Prerogative, like Jove of old, 
Has turn'd his thunder into showers of 
Whose silent courtship wins secure 

and served as a mirror of the national will 
and popular feeling no longer. We need but 
consult the writings of the time to understand 
the astonishment then excited by measures, 
which the practice of a century has rendered 
not only familiar but necessary. See a pam-
phlet called "The Danger of Mercenary Par-
liament," 1678; State Tracts, Will. III. vol. 
; see also "Some Paradoxes presented as a 
New Year's Gift." (State Poems, vol iii.)

* The last great wound given to the feudal 
system was the Act of the 12th of Charles II., 
which abolished the tenure of knight's service 
caput, and which Blackstone compares, for 
its salutary influence upon property, to the 
boasted provisions of Magna Charta itself. Yet 
even in this Act we see the effects of that con-
teracting spirit which has contriv'd to weaken 
every effort of the English nation towards lib-
erty. The exclusion of copyholders from their 
shares of land was performed to remain 
as a brand of feudal servitude, and as an 
obstacle to the rise of that strong counter-
balance which an equal representation of property 
would oppose to the weight of the Crown. If 
the managers of the Revolution had been sin-
cere in their wishes for reform, they would not 
have taken this fetter off the rights of 
election, but would have renewed the mode 
adopted in Cromwell's time, of increasing the 
number of knights of the shire, to the exclusion 
of those rotten magnificent boroughs, which 
have tainted the whole mass of the constitu-
tion. Lord Clarendon calls this measure of 
Cromwell's "an alteration fit to be more war-
ranteable made, and in a better time." It formed 
part of Mr. Pitt's plan in 1783; but Pitt's plan 
of reform was a kind of announced dramatic 
piece about as likely to be ever acted as Mr. 
Sheridan's "Pirates."

1 — fore enim tumult iter et patens 
Converso in prætium Deo. 
Aurum per medias ire satelles, e. c. 
DORAT.

It would be a task too un instructive to trace 
the history of Prerogative from the date of its 
strength under the Tudor princes, when Henry 
VII and his successors "taught the people (as 
Nathaniel Bacon says") to dance to the tune of 
Allegiance," to the period of the Revolution, 
when the Throne, in its attacks upon liberty, be-
Taunts by degrees, and ruins without 
noise.

While parliaments, no more those sa-
Which make and rule the destiny of 
kings, 
Like loaded dice by ministers are 
And each new set of sharpeners cog their 
own. 
Hence the rich oil, that from the Tres-
Drips smooth o'er all the Constitution's 
wheels, 
Giving the old machine such ploint 
That Court and Commons jog one jolt-
less way,

gain to exchange the noisy explosions of Preroga-
tive for the silent and effectual air-gun of Influ-
ence. In following its course, too, since that 
memorable era, we shall find that, while the roy-
al power has been abridged in branches where it 
might be made conducive to the interests of the 
people, it has been left in full and unsheathed 
vigor against almost every point where the in-
tegrity of the constitution is vulnerable. For 
instance, the power of chartering baronets, of 
whose capricious abuse in the hands of the 
Stuarts we are indebted for most of the present 
ominous of representation, might, if suffered 
to remain, have in some degree atoned for its 
mischief, by restoring the old unchartered 
boroughs to their rights, and widening more 
equally the basis of the legislature. But, by 
the Act of Union with Scotland, this part of the 
prerogative was removed, lest Freedom should 
have a chance of being healed, even by the 
rust of time, which had formerly baulked 
hers. The dangerous power, however, of cre-
at ing peers, which has been so often exercised 
for the government against the constitution, is 
still left in free and unqualified activity; not-
withstanding the example of that celebrated 
Bill for the limitation of this ever-budding 
branch of prerogative, which was proposed in 
the reign of George I., under the peculiar assis-
tation and recommendation of the Crown, but 
which the Whigs thought right to reject with 
all that characteristic delicacy, which, in gen-
eral, prevents them, when enjoying the sweet-
ness of office themselves, from taking any unecon-
trary advantage of the Throne. It will be recol-
lected, however, that the creation of the twelve 
peers by the Tories in Anne's reign (a measure 
which Swift, like a true party man, defends) 
gave these upright Whigs all possible alarm for 
their liberties.

With regard to the generous fit about his 
prerogative which seized so un royally the good 
King George I., historians have hinted that the 
perjury originated far more in hatred to his 
son than in love to the constitution. This 
of course, however, is a calumny; no loyal person, 
acquainted with the annals of the three Georges, 
could possibly suspect any one of those gracious 
monarchs either of ill-will to his heir, or indiffer-
cence for the constitution.

" They drove so fast, (says Welwood of the 
† Cox says that this Bill was projected by Sunker 
land. 


CORRUPTION; A POETIC EPISTLE.

While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
So girt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;
And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
[away, —
The sums that bribe their liberties
Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
[his doom, To fledge the shaft by which he meets
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
[heart|
Which rank corruption destines for their But soft! methinks I hear thee proudly say
"What! shall I listen to the impious lay,"
"That dares, with Tory license, to profane
[glorious reign?"
"The bright bequests of William's
"Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
[savory B—rch admires,
"Whom H—wks—b—y quotes and
ministers of Charles L, that it was no wonder
that the wheels and chariot broke."
(Memoirs, p. 35.) —But this fatal accident, if we may judge from experience, is to be imputed less to the folly and impertinence of the drivers, than to the want of that supplying oil from the Treasury which has been found so necessary to make a government like that of England run smoothly. Had Charles been as well provided with this article as his successors have been since the happy Revolution, his Commons would never have merited from him the harsh appellation of "seditionary vipers," but would have been, as they now are, and I trust always will be, "loyal Commons," &c., &c., and would have given him stocks-money, or any other sort of money he might have fancied.

"Among these antichrists which the Revolution of '98 marshalled on the side of the Throne, the bugbear of Popery has not been the least convulvent and serviceable. Those unskilful tyrants, Charles and James, instead of profiting by that useful subserviency which has always distinguished the ministers of our religious establishment, were so infatuated as to plan the ruin of this best bulwark of their power, and, moreover, connected their designs upon the church so indissolubly with their attacks upon the Constitution, that they identified in the minds of the people the interests of their religion and their liberties. During those times, therefore, "No Popery" was the watchword of freedom, and served to keep the public spirit awake against the invasions of bigotry and prerogative. The Revolution, however, by removing this object of jealousy, has produced a reliance on the orthodoxy of the Throne, of which the Throne has not failed to take advantage: and the cry of "No Popery" having thus lost its power of alarming the people against the incursions of the Crown, has served to encrease the very different purpose of strengthening the Crown, against the pretensions and struggles of the people. The danger of the church from Papists and Pretenders was the chief pretext

"Be slander'd thus! Shall honest St—le agree
[free,
"With virtuous R—se to call us pure and
"Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
[in air,
"Of wise state-poets waste their words
"And P—e unheeded breathe his pros-
perous strain, [in vain?]
"And U—m—ng take the people's sense

The people!—oh, that Freedom's form should stay
Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd away!
That a false shade should play around the dead,
[fled;
And flush the features when the soul hath
When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
[heights;
When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's
for the repeal of the Triennial Bill for the adoption of a standing army, for the numerous suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, and, in short, for all those Spirited invasions of the constitution by which the reigns of the last century were so eminently distinguished. We have seen very lately, too, how the Throne has been enabled, by the same source of alarm, to select its ministers from among men whose servility is their only claim to elevation, and who are pledged (if such an alternative could arise) to take part with the serpiles of the King against the salvation of the empire.

"Somebody has said, 'Quand tous les poëtes seroient noirs, ce ne seraît pas grand dommage,' but I am aware that this is not fit language to be held at a time when our birth-day ode and state papers are written by such pretty poets as Mr. P—e and Mr. U—m—ng. All I wish is, that the latter gentleman would change places with his brother P—e, by which means we should have somewhat less prose in our odysseys and certainly less poetry in our politics.

"It is a scandal (said Sir Charles Sedley in William's reign) that a government so sick at heart as ours is should look so well in the face; and Edmund Burke has said in the present reign, "When the people conceive that laws and tribunals, and even popular assemblies, are perverted from the ends of their institution, they find in these names of degenerated establishments only new motives to discontent. These bodies which, when full of life and beauty, lay in their arms and wore their joy and comfort, when dead and prostrate and wasted for want of public spirit, become more loathsome from remembrance of former endearments." —

Thoughts on the present Dissensions, 1770. 

— Tutor hoberi
Principis, Augustæ Capreærum in rupe secentis
Cum grege Chaldæo.

JUVENAL. Sat. x. v. 92.

The senate still continued, during the reign of Tiberius, to manage all the business of the public; the money was then and long after coined by their authority, and every other public affair received their sanction.
Amid his Turkish spies, and doom'd to
death
Each noble name they blasted with
Even then, in mockery of that golden
time.
When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
And her proud sons, diffused from zone to
zone,
Gave kings to every nation but their
Even then the senate and the tribune
stood,
Insulting marks, to show how high the
Of Freedom flow'd, in glory's bygone
day,
And how it ebb'd,—forever ebb'd away!*

Look but around—though yet a
tyrant's sword [board],
Nor haunts our sleep nor glitters o'er our
Though blood be better drawn
by modern quacks, [or axe;]
With Treasury leeches than with sword
Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's
power, [hour,
Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile
Insult so much the claims, the rights of
man,
As doth that fester'd mob, that free di-
Of noble tools and honorable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged
slaves:— [can warm
That party-color'd mass, which naught
But rank corruption's heat—whose
quicken'd swarm [golden sky,
Spread their light wings in Bribery's
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and
die:— [dom's tomb
That greedy vampire, which from free-
Comes forth, with all the minificry of
bloom

We are told by Tacitus of a certain race of
men, who made themselves particularly useful
to the Roman emperors, and were therefore
called "instrumenta regnal," or "court tools."
From this it appears that my Lords M——, C——, &c., &c., are by no means things of
modern invention

"There is something very touching in what
Tacitus tells us of the hopes that revived in
a few patriarchs, when the death of Augus-
tus was near approaching, and the fond
expectation with which they already began "bona
libertas measum discerere."

According to Ferguson, Caesar's interference
with the rights of election "made the subver-
sion of the republic more felt than any of the
former acts of his power."—Roman Republic,

Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the
court during the reign of Charles the Second,
and the last member of parliament who, ac-

Upon his lifeless cheek, and sucks and
drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!
Thou start'st, my friend, at picture
drawn so dark—
"Is there no light?" thou ask'st—"no
lingering spark" [there none,
"Of ancient fire to warm us?" Livés
"To act a Marvell's part!"—alas! not
one. [tends,
To place and power all public spirit
In place and power all public spirit
ends; [sky,
Like hardy plants, that love the air and
When out, 'twill thrive—but taken in,
'twill die!

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom
hung [tongue,
From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's
Than upstart Whigs produce each market
night, [lis light;
While yet their conscience, as their purse,
While debts at home excite their care for
those
Which, dire to tell, their much-loved
country owes,
And lord and upright, till their price be
known, [their own.
They thwart the King's supplies to raise
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease
their hum— [dumb.
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow
And, though most base is he who, 'neath
the shade [trade,
Of Freedom's ensign plies corruption's
And makes the sacred flag he dares to
show
His passport to the market of her foe,
Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear

According to the ancient mode, took wages from
his constituents. The Commons have, since
then, much changed their pay masters.—See
the State Poems for some rude but spirited ef-
fusions of Andrew Marvell.

"The following arisless speech of Sir Francis
Winnington, in the reign of Charles the Sec-
ond, will amuse those who are fully aware of
the perfecion we have since attained in that
system of government whose humble begin-
nings so much astonished the worthy baronet.
"I did observe (says he) that all those who
had pensions, and most of those who had of-
fices, voted all of a side, as they were directed
by some great officer, exactly as if their
business in this House had been to preserve
their pensions and offices, and not to make
laws for the good of them who sent them
here." He alludes to that parliament which
was called, par excellence, the Pensionary Par
liament.
CORRUPTION; A POETIC EPISTLE.

Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear, [sung, That I enjoy them, though by traitors And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue. Nay, when the constitution has expired, I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired To chant old "Habeas Corpus" by its side, [died? And ask, in purchased ditties, why it See you smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains Would seem to've fashion'd for those Eastern reigns When eunuchs flourish'd, and such nerveless things As men rejected were the chosen of Kings: —

Even he, forsooth, (oh fraud, of all the worst!) [first— Dared to assume the patriot's name at Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes; Thus devils, when first raised, take pleasing shapes.

* According to Xenophon, the chief circumstance which recommended these creatures to the services of Eastern princes was the ignominious station they held in society, and the probability of their being, upon this account, more devoted to the will and caprice of a master, from whose notice alone they derived consideration, and in whose favor they might seek refuge from the general contempt of mankind. — * * 

Aδειας ούτε ο ευνούχοι παρά τοις ἀνθρώποις καὶ διὰ τοῦτο δέσποτοι ἐπικυρών προσέχονται. — But I doubt whether even an Eastern prince would have chosen an entire administration upon this principle.

"And in the cup an Union shall be thrown." —

Hamlet.

† Among the many measures, which, since the Revolution, have contributed to increase the influence of the throne, and to Feed up this "Aaron's serpent" of the constitution to its present health and respectable magnitude, there have been few more nutritive than the Scotch and Irish Unions. Sir John Paeker said, in a debate upon the former question, that "He would submit it to the House, whether men who had basely betrayed their trust, by giving up their independent constitution, were fit to be admitted into the English House of Commons." But Sir John would have known, if he had not been out of place at the time, that the pliancy of such materials was not among the least of their recommendations. Indeed, the promoters of the Scotch Union were by no means disappointed in the leading object of their measure, for the triumphant majorities of the court-party in parliament may be dated

But oh, poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit Into thy bitter cup, when that alone Of slavery's draught was wanting; — if for this Revenge be sweet, thou hast that daemon's bliss; For, sure, 'tis more than hell's revenge to see That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee; — That, in these awful days, when every hour Creates some new or blasts some ancient power, When proud Napoleon, like th' enchant'd shield! Whose light compell'd each wond'ring foe to yield, With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free, And dazzles Europe into slavery,— That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,

from the admission of the 45 and the 16. Once or twice, upon the alteration of their law of treason and the imposition of the malt-tax, (measures which were in direct violation of the Act of Union,) these worthy North Britons arrayed themselves in opposition to the court; but finding this effort for their country unavailing, they prudently determined to think themselves no more indispensable to themselves, and few men have ever kept to a laudable resolution more firmly. The effect of Irish representation on the liberties of England will be no less perceptible and permanent.

— Ονδὶ δὲ ταύρου Λειτεστὶ αὐτὸλτοντος.*

The infusion of such cheap and useful ingredients as my Lord L., Mr. D. B., &c., &c., into the legislature, cannot but act as a powerful alterative on the constitution, and clear it by degrees of all troublesome humors of honesty.

§ The magician's shield in Aristo:

Έποίη τούτων δελεάς αποπληθώρα

La libertate a loro. Cant. 2.

We are told that Cæsar's code of morality was contained in the following lines of Epipides, which that great man frequently repeated: —

Εἰπερ γὰρ ἄξικέν χρῆ τυραννὸς περὶ

Καλλιστον ἀξίκειν τάλλα εὐεργεῖος χρῆν.

This is also, as it appears, the moral code of Napoleon.

* From Aratus, (v. 715) a poet who wrote upon astronomy, though, as Cicero assures us, he knew nothing whatever about the subject; just as the great Harvey wrote "De generatione," though he had as little to do with the matter as my Lord Viscount G.
When Mind should rule, and—Fox
should not have died,
All that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made friends and friends
made foes,
is the rank refuse, the despised re- mains
Of that unifying power, whose whips and chains
[glance],
Drove Ireland first to turn, with harlot
Towards other shores, and woo th' em- brace of France:—
[fit
Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully
For the grand article of mischief, P— t t
So useless ever but in vile employ,
So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy—
Such are the men that guard thy threat- en'd shore,
[no more.
Oh England! sinking England!* boast

*The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter written by Sir Robert Talbot, who attended the Duke of Bedford to Paris in 1762.

Talbot, in his letter, expressed his concern about the growing power of the French and the potential threat it posed to England. He warned of the dangers of a union between England and France, suggesting that it would lead to the decline of the British empire. Talbot's concerns were prophetic, as the Holy Alliance of 1778, which aimed to counter the rise of revolutionary ideas, was a direct response to his warnings. The letter is a poignant reminder of the importance of vigilance in matters of foreign policy and the potential consequences of alliances.
INTOLERANCE; A SATIRE.

No, no—let D—gen—n search the papal chair
For fragrant treasures long forgotten.
And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in
Let swallow P—ro—r—r, I sniff up the gale
Which wizard D—gen—n's gathered
sweets exhale.

Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who loathe the venom whencesoe'er it springs,
From popes or lawyers,† pastry-cooks or
Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
As mirth provokes, or indignation burns.

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong days,
When bigot zeal her drunken antics
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on and shudder while
they smile—
If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to
Threatenless Ireland, to this rankling nook
Of Heaven hath freed from poisonous
things in vain,
While G—r'd—d—t tongue and M—s—gr—ve's pen remain—
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er
Placemen alone are privileged not to see—
Shamrock wreathes
Oh! turn awhile, and, though the
My homely harp, yet shall the song it
breathes

must be supported, than the whole history of
of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's
woes,
Live, when the memory of her tyrant
foes
Shall but exist, all future knaves to
Embalm'd in hate and canonized by
scorn,
When C—s—g—l—g, in sleep still more
Than his own opiate tongue now deals
around,

Though his right hand can't
brile away.

Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but
near me now,
To see how Spring lights up on Erin's
Smiles that shine out, unconquerably

fair,
Even through the blood-marks left by
Couldst thou but see what verdure paints
the sod,

Which none but tyrants and their slaves
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and
brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted
Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot.

And seems by all but watchful France
Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy
Pittite heart
bloom'g part
Would burn, to think, that such a
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's
charms,
And shall be to the world with social souls and vigorous
Should be the victim of that canting
crew,

So smooth, so godly,—yet so devilish too;
Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books
and with whips,
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on
their lips,
fruitfulness of the soil, the advantage of the
sea, with so many commodious havens, or the
natives themselves, who are warlike, ingenious,
handsome, and well-complected, soft-skinned
and very nimble, by reason of the plumpness
of their muscles, this Island is in many respects so
happy, that Giraldis might very well say,
'Nature had regarded with more favorable
eyes than ordinary this Kingdom of Zephyr.'

The example of toleration, which Bonaparte
has held forth, will, I fear, produce no other ef
fect than that of determining the British gov
ernment to persist, from the very spirit of opposi
tion, in their own old system of intolerance and
injustice; just as the Siamese blacken their teeth,
'because,' they say, 'the devil has whitened.'

One of the unhappy results of the contro

*See l'Histoire Naturelle et Polit. du Royaume de
Siam, &c.
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text, Make this life hell, in honor of the next! Your R—dead—les, P—rev—les,—
great, glorious Heaven, [given, If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue for—
When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
I'd rather have been born, ere man was

versed between Protestants and Catholics, is the mutual exposure which their criminations and recriminations have produced. In vain do the Protestants charge the Papists with closing the doors of their libraries to others, who have many of their own writings and articles breathe the same unchristian spirit. No canon of Constan-
tine, Lateran, or any other ecumenical councils, more effectively than the eighth of the Thirty-nine Articles consents to perdition every single member of the Greek church; and I doubt whether a more sweeping clause of damnation was ever proposed in the most bigoted council, than that which the Calvinistic theory of predestination in the seventeenth of these Articles exhibits. It is true that no liberal Protestant avows the exclusive opinions; that every honest clergyman must feel a pang while he subscribes to them; that some even assert the Athanasian Creed to be the forgery of one Vigilius Tuscan-
is, in the beginning of the sixth century, and that eminent divines, like Jortin, have not hesi-
tated to say, *"There are propositions contained in our Liturgy and Articles which no man of common sense amongst us believes.* But while all this is freely conceded to Protestants; while nobody doubts their sincerity, when they declare that their articles are not essentials of faith, but a collection of opinions which have been promulgated by fallible men, and from magicians they feel themselves justified on this ground dissenting,—while so much liberty of retracta-
tion is allowed to Protestants upon their own declared and subscribed Articles of religion, it is not strange that a similar indulgence should be so obstinately refused to the Catholics upon tenets which their church has uniformly re-
sisted and condemned, in every country where it has independently flourished? When the Catholics say, *"The Decree of the Council of Lateran, which you object to us, has no claim whatever upon either our faiths or our reason: it did not even profess to contain any doctrinal decision, but was merely a judicial proceeding of that assembly; and it would be as fair for us to subscribe a life-killing doctrine to the Protes-
tants, because their first pope, Henry VIII., was sanctioned in an indulgence of that pro-
prophecy, as for you to conclude that we have in-
herited a king-deposing taste from the acts of the Council of Lateran, or the secular pretensions of our popes. With respect, too, to the Decree of the Council of Constance, upon the strength of which you accuse us of breaking faith with heretics, we do not hesitate to pro-

With the pure dawn of Revelation's light, [night.
Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,*
Then be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earth-

When the Catholics make these declarations, (and they are almost weary with making them,) when they show, too, by their conduct, that these declarations are sincere, and that their faith and morals are no more regularly the

* Strictures on the Articles, Subscriptions, &c.
INTOLERANCE; A SATIRE.

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And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;  
Which grasping human hearts with double  
hold,—  
Like Dama's lover mixing God and  
gold,—  
Corrupts both state and church, and  
makes an oath  
[both;  
The knife and atheist's passport into  
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls  
To Know  
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,  
in his Defence of Origen, denies strongly that  
his lordship's father had any such misplaced ten-  
derness for the devil.  
"Mr. Fox, in his Speech on the Repeal of the  
Test Act, (1791;) thus condemns the intermix-  
ture of religious and political constitution of  
a state—" What purpose (he asks) can it  
serve, except the baseful purpose of communi-  
cating and receiving contamination? Under  
such an alliance corruption must alight upon  
you, and slavery overwhelm the other."  
Locke, too, says of the connection between  
church and state, "The boundaries on both  
Sides are fixed and immovable. He jumbles  
heaven and earth together, the things most  
remote and opposite, which mix these two soci-  
eties, which are in their original, end, business,  
and in everything, perfectly distinct and  
infinite different from each other."—First Let-  
ter on Toleration.  
The corruption introduced into Christianity  
may be dated from the period of its establish-  
ment under Constantine, nor could all the  
spoon which it then acquired stone for the  
peace and purity which it lost.  
"There has been, after all, quite as much  
Intolerance among Protestants as among Pa-  
Biasts. According to the hackneyed quotation—  
Hicacos intra muros peccat et extra.  
Even the great champion of the Reformation,  
Melanchthon, whom Justin calls " a divine of  
much mildness and good-nature," thus express-  
es his approbation on the burning of Serva-  
tus: " Legii (he says to Bultinger) quae de Ser-  
vitri blasphemis respondista, et ple                                                           
judicia vestra probo, Judicio etam sanctum  
Genevensem recte ficeo, quod hominem per-  
tiamcum et non omissionem blasphemias susta-  
lit; at miratus sum esse qui severitate Ilam  
improvet. I have great pleasure in contrast-  
ing these " mild and good-natured" senti-  
ments the following words of the Papist Bi-  
ue, in addressing his friend Courtingas: "In-  
terim ammens, mi Conringi, et tamen dis-  
sipas opiniones tugged in causis religious, mori-  
bus etiam diversis non sinuis, qui eadem litera-  
rum studia sectaram."—Herman, Couring.  
Epistol. par. second, p. 56.  
Hume tells us that the Commons, in the  
beginning of Charles the First's reign, " attacked  
Montague, one of the King's chaplains, on  
count of a moderate book which he had lately  
composed, and which, to their great amazement,  
saved virtuous Catholics, as well as other Chris-

*Sir John Bourne, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Mary.  

Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's  
fear,  
And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him  
here!  
But no—for other faith, far milder beams  
Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's  
dreams;  
His creed is writ on Mercy's page  
above,  
By the pure hands of all-stoning Love;  
He weeps to see abused Religion twine-

†By Gardner's favor Ascham long held his fellow-  
ship, though not resident.
Round Tyranny's coarse brow her wreath divine; [muse And be, while round him sects and nations To the one God their varying notes of praise, [be, Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may That serves to swell the general har- mony.*

Such was the spirit, gently, grandly bright, [with light; That fill'd, oh Fox! thy peaceful soul While free and spacious as that ambient air [care, Which endows our planet in its circling The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind [all mankind, Embraced the world, and breathed for Last of the great, farewell!—yet not the last— [thee be past, Though Britain's sunshine hour with Ierne still one ray of glory gives, And feels but half thy loss while Grat- tan lives.

**APPENDIX.**

To the foregoing Poem, as first pub- lished, were subjoined, in the shape of a Note, or Appendix, the following re- marks on the History and Music of Ire- land. This fragment was originally in- tended to form part of a Preface to the Irish Melodies; but afterwards, for some reason which I do not now recollect, was thrown aside. * * * * *

Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbors nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early de- based our character; and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favorable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace; but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was branded with the dis- heartening name of treason, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations, that, like the adventures of those woods which Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

--- Errando in quelli boschi Trover potria strane avventure o molte. Mio campo l'orto e l'orribile onda, Che non se' ha notizia le piu volte.

Hence it is that the annals of Ireland, through a lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspiration; and that history, which ought to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields no growth to her in this hapless island but cypress and weeds. In truth, the poet who would embellish his song with allusions to Irish names and events, must be contented to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unalloyed and original, before the impolitic craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us. The sole traits of heroism, indeed, which he can venture at this day to commemorate, either with safety to his self, or honor to his country, are to be looked for in those ancient times when the native monarchs of Ireland display- ed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age; when our Mischies wore around their necks collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the invader,† and our Briens desired and won the warm affections of a people by exhibiting all the most estimable quali- ties of a king. It may be said that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in re- ality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly would have treated that subject of Tolerant in a manner much more worthy of themselves and of the cause if they had written in an age less distracted by religious prejudices.

* * * * *

† Ariosto, eanto iv.

† See Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book ix.
ly, of days when this island was disting-
ished amidst the gloom of Europe, by
the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of
her knighthood, and the polish of her
schools, are little more than the inven-
tions of national partiality,—that bright
but spurious offspring which vanity en-
genders upon ignorance, and with which
the first records of every people abound.
But the skeptic is scarcely to be envied
who would pause for stronger proofs
than we already possess of the early
glories of Ireland; and were even the
veracity of all these proofs surrendered,
yet who would not fly to such flattering
fictions from the sad degrading truths
which the history of later times presents
to us?

The language of sorrow, however, is,
in general, best suited to our Music, and
with themes of this nature the poet may
be amply supplied. There is scarcely a
page of our annals that will not furnish
him a subject, and while the national
Muse of other countries adorns her tem-
ple proudly with trophies of the past, in
Ireland her melancholy altar, like the
shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only
by the tears that are shed upon it;
"lacrymis altarum sustant."

There is a well-known story, related
of the Antiochians under the reign of
Theodosius, which is not only honorable
to the powers of music in general, but
which applies so peculiarly to the mourn-
ful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist
the temptation of introducing it here.—
the piety of Theodosius would have been
admirable, had it not been stained with
intolerance; but under his reign was, I
believe, first set the example of a disquali-
fying penal code enacted by Christians
against Christians.† Whether his inter-
ference with the religion of the Antioch-
i ans had any share in the alienation of
their loyalty is not expressly ascertained
by historians; but several edicts, heavy
taxation, and the rapacity and insolence
of the men whom he sent to govern
them, sufficiently account for the dis-
contents of a warm and susceptible peo-
ples. Repentance soon followed the
cries into which their impatience had
harried them; but the vengeance of the
Emperor was implacable, and punish-
ments of the most dreadful nature hung
over the city of Antioch, whose devoted
inhabitants, totally resigned to despair,
wandered thorp of the streets and
public assemblies, giving utterance to
their grief in dirges of the most touching
lamentation;† At length Flavianns, their
bishop, whom they had sent to inter-
cede with Theodosius, finding all his
entreaties coldly rejected, adopted the
expedient of teaching these songs of
sorrow which he had heard from the
lips of his unfortunate countrymen to
the minstrels who performed for the
Emperor at table. The heart of Theo-
 dosius could not resist this appeal; tears
fell fast into his cup while he listened,
and the Antiochians were forgiven.—
Surely, if music ever spoke the misfor-
tunes of a people, or could ever concili-
ate forgiveness of their errors, the mu-
sic of Ireland ought to possess those
powers.

† Statins. Thebald. lib. xii.† "A sort of civil excommunication, (says
Gibbon,) which separated them from their fel-
citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy; and
this declaration of the supreme magistrate
intended to justify, or at least to excuse, the
insults of a fanatic populace. The sectaries
were gradually disqualified for the possession
of honorable or lucrative employments, and
Theodosius was satisfied with his own justice
when he decreed, that, as the Eunomians dis-
tinguished the nature of the Son from that of
the Father, they should be incapable of making
their wills, or of receiving any advantage from
a testamentary dowsiun."

† Μηλιν των ολοθυρων πληγη και συμπαθειας
συνδεμενοι, τας μελωδιες εγγυηται.—Nicephor.
liv. xli. cap. 43. This story is told also in Soz.
izius, liv. vii. cap. 33; but unfortunately Chry-
sostom says nothing whatever about it, and be
not only had the best opportunities of informa-
tion, but was too fond of music, as appears by
his praises of psalmody, (Exposit. in Psalm
xii.) to omit such a flattering illustration of its
powers. He imputes their reconciliation to the
interference of the Antiochian solitaries, while
Zozimus attributes it to the reconstruIts of
the sophist Libanius.—Gibbon. I think, does not
even allude to this story of the musicians.
THE SKEPTIC;
A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE:
1808.

PREFACE.
The Skeptical Philosophy of the Ancients has been no less misrepresented than the Epicurean. Pyrrho may perhaps have carried it to rather an irrational excess;—but we must not believe, with Beattie, all the absurdities imputed to this philosopher; and it appears to me that the doctrines of the school, as explained by Sextus Empiricus, are far more suited to the wants and infirmities of human reason, as well as more conducive to the mild virtues of humility and patience, than any of those systems of philosophy which preceded the introduction of Christianity. The Skeptics may be said to have held a middle path between the Dogmatists and Academicians; the former of whom boasted that they had attained the truth, while the latter denied that any attainable truth existed. The Skeptics, however, without either asserting or denying its existence, professed to be modestly and anxiously in search of it; or, as St. Augustine expresses it, in his liberal tract against the Manicheans, "nemo nostrum dicat jam se invenisse veritatem; sic eam queramus quasi ab utrisque necisiatur." From this habit of impartial investigation, and the necessity which it imposed upon them, of studying not only every system of philosophy, but every art and science which professed to lay its basis in truth, they necessarily took a wider range of erudition, and were far more travelled in the regions of philosophy than those whom conviction or bigotry had domesticated in any particular system. It required all the learning of dogmatism to overthrow the dogmatism of learning; and the Skeptics may be said to resemble, in this respect, that ancient incendiary who stole from the altar the fire with which he destroyed the temple. This advantage over all the other sects is allowed to them even by Lipsius, whose treatise on the miracles of the Virgo Hallensis will sufficiently save him from all suspicion of skepticism. "Labore, ingenio, memoria," he says, "supra omnes pene philosophos ruisset.—Quid nonne omnia aliorum secta tenere debuerunt et inquirere, si poterunt refellere? res dicit. Nomine orationes varias, raras, subtiles inveniri ad iam receptas, claras, certas (ur videbatur) sententias evertendas?" &c. &c.—Manuduct. ad Philosop. Stoic. Dissert. 4.

Between the skepticism of the ancients and the moderns the great difference is, that the former doubted for the purpose of investigating, as may be exemplified by the third book of Aristotle's Meta-

*Pyrrh. Hypoth.—The reader may find a tolerably clear abstract of this work of Sextus Empiricus in La Vérité des Sciences, by Mersenne, liv. i., chap. ii., &c.
physics,* while the latter investigate for the purpose of doubting, as may be seen through most of the philosophical works of Hume.† Indeed, the Pyrrhonism of latter days is not only more subtle than that of antiquity, but, it must be confessed, more dangerous in its tendency. The happiness of a Christian depends so essentially upon his belief, that it is but natural that he should feel armament at the progress of doubt, lest it should steal by degrees into that region from which he is most interested in excluding it, and poison at last the very spring of his consolation and hope. Still, however, the abuses of doubting ought not to deter a philosophical mind from indulging mildly and rationally in its use; and there is nothing, surely, more consistent with the meek spirit of Christianity, than that humble skepticism which refuses not to extend its distrust beyond the circle of human pursuits, and the pretensions of human knowledge. A follower of this school may be among the readiest to admit the claims of a superintending Intellligence upon his faith and adoration: it is only to the wisdom of this weak world that he refuses, or at least delays, his assent;—it is only in passing through the shadow of earth that his mind undergoes the eclipse of skepticism. No follower of Pyrrho has ever spoken more strongly against the dogmatists than St. Paul himself, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and there are passages in Ecclesiastes and other parts of Scripture, which justify our utmost diffidence in all that human reason originates. Even the Skeptics of antiquity refrained carefully from the mysteries of theology, and, in entering the temples of religion, laid aside their philosophy at the porch. Sextus Empiricus thus declares the acquiescence of his sect in the general belief of a divine and fore-knowing Power: Τοι μεν βλεπον κατακολουθοῦντες ἄδοξας δοκεῖν εἰναὶ γενοῦς, καὶ σέβομαι γενοῦς καὶ προσκυνῶ αὐτῶν δομέον. In short, it appears to me, that this rational and well regulated skepticism is the only daughter of the Schools that can safely be selected as a handmaid for Piety. He who distrusts the light of reason, will be the first to follow a more luminous guide; and if, with an ardent love for truth, he has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will but turn with the more hope to that better world, where all is simple, true, and everlasting: for there is no parallax at the zenith;—it is only near our troubled horizon that objects deceive us into vague and erroneous calculations.

THE SKEPTIC.

As the gay tint, that decks the vernal rose,§
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows;
As the ripe flavor of Palernian tides
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides
So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare

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That Marco's honest and that Susan's
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies:
For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here;
And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome
Would rank good Marco with the damned at Rome

There's no deformity so vile, so base,
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace;
[359]
No foul reproach, that may not steal a

really in them than sickness or pain is in man;
Take away the sensation of them: let not
the eye see light or colors, nor the ears hear
sounds; let the palate not taste, nor the nose
smell, and all colors, tastes, odors, and sounds,
as they are such particular kites, vanish and
cesse."—Locke, book ii., chap. 8.

Bishop Berkeley, it is well known, extended
this doctrine even to primary qualities, and
supposed that matter itself has but an ideal
existence. But, how are we to apply his the-
ory to that period which preceded the forma-
tion of man, when our system of sensible things
was produced, and the sun shone, and the wa-
ters flowed, without any sentient being to

* * * * * 

† Neither Hume, however, nor Berkeley, are to be judged by the misrepresentations of Beattie's "Christian"; but whoever honestly intended
puts forth a most unphilosophical appeal to popular feelings and prejudices, and is a con-
tinued petitio principii throughout.

‡ Lib. iii. cap. 1.

§"The particular bulk, number, figure, and
motion of the parts of fire or snow are really in
them, whether any one perceive them or not,
and therefore they may be called real qualities,
because they really exist in those bodies; but
light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem."

Ask, who is wise?—you'll find the selfsame man

A sage in France, a madman in Japan;
And here some head beneath a mitre swells,

[bells: Which there had tingled to a cap and Nay, there may yet some monstrous regon be,
free.

Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon
Where C—st—r—gh would for a patriot pass,

And mouthing M—ve scarce be deem'd

"List not to reason, (Epicusus cries,

"But trust the senses, there conviction lies:"

Alas! they judge not by a purer light,
Nor keep their fountains more untunged and bright:

[swain

Habit so mars them, that the Russian

witness them? The spectator, whom Whiston supplies, will scarcely solve the difficulty: "To speak my mind freely," says he, "I believe that the Messiah was there actually present."—See Whiston, of the Moose Creation.

*Epicurus employs this argument of the Skeptics among his consultatories respecting the emptiness of fame. "Quid quid diversarum gentium mores inter se atque instituta discordant, ut quod apud alios legitur, et alios suplicio dignum judicatur?" —Lib. ii, proea 7.

Many amusing instances of diversity, in the tastes, manners, and morals of different nations, may be found throughout the works of that amusing Skeptic, Le Mothe le Vayer.—See his Oeuvres Sceptiques, his Treatise "De la Secte des Mothes," and above those Dialogues, not to be found in his works, which he published under the name of Horatius Tubero.

The chief objection to these writings of Le Vayer, (and it is a blemish which may be felt also in the Esprit des Lois) is the suspicious obscurity of the sources from whence he frequently draws his instances, and the indiscriminate use made by him of the lowest populace of the library.—those lying travellers and wonder-mongers of whom Shakespere, in his Advice to the Actor, wittily, as having tended in his own time to the diffusion of a very shallow and illsort of skepticism.—Vol. i. p. 352. The Pyrrhonism of Le Vayer, however, is of the most innocent and playful kind; and Villemandy, the author of Scepticismus Debellatus, exempts him specially in the declaration of war which he denounces against the other armed neutrals of the sect, in consideration of the orthodox limits within which he confines his incredulity.

* This was the creed also of those modern Epicureans, whom Nisinos de l'Enclos collected around him in the Rue des Tournelles, and whose object seems to have been to deride the faculty of reason, so tending only to embarrass our wholesome use of pleasures, without emulating us, in any degree, to avoid their abuse. Madame des Deilliers, the fair pupil of Des Barreux in the arts of poetry and garrulity, has devoted most of her verses to this laudable purpose, and is even such a determined foe to reason, that, in one of her pastoral, she congratulates her sheep on the want of it. St. Evremont speaks thus upon the subject:

"Un mélange incertain d'esprit et de matière
Nous fait vivre avec trop sur trop peu de lucr.

Nouriture, élève-nous à la charte des anges,
Sur nous abaisse au sens des simples animaux."

Which may be thus paraphrased:

Had man been made, at nature's birth,
Of only flame or only earth,
Had he been formed a perfect whole,
Of purely that, or grossly this,
Then sense would never have clouded soul,

Oh, happy light of human wrong,
Or had he never shared a light,
Which shone enough to show he's right,

But not enough to lead him right.

† See, among the fragments of Petronius, those verses beginning "Fallunt nos oculi," &c. The most skeptical of the ancient poets was Empedocles; and it would, I think, puzzle the whole school of Pyrrho to produce a doubt more startling than the following:

To εός οὖν καὶ τοῦθ' ἀκεφαλίας ψυχής,
Τον Νημέας γενέσθαι ψυχήν.

See Laert. in Pyrrh.

Socrates and Phaethon were the grand sources of ancient skepticism. According to Cicero, the Orator, lib. iii., they supplied Aeschines with the doctrines of the Middle Academy; and how closely these resembled the tenets of the Skeptics, may be seen even in Sextus Empiricus, (lib. i. c.) both with whom, all his distinctions can scarcely prove any difference. It appears strange.
THE SKEPTIC: A SATIRE.

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The smith of Ephesus* thought Dion's
drink, [divine; By which his craft most threw, the most
And ev'n the true faith seems not half
so true, [two.
When link'd with one good living as with
Had W—le—t first been pensioned by the
Kings would have suffer'd by his praise
alone;
And P—ine perhaps, for something snug
per ann., [Rights of Man.
Had laugh'd, like W—ll—ley, at all
But 'tis not only individual minds,—
Whole nations, too, the same delusion
blinds.
Thus England, hot from Denmark's smoking
meads,
Turns up her eyes at Gallia's guilty deeds;
[honoring claim
Thus, self-pleased still, the same dis-
She bides in Ireland, she would break in
Spain; [forbid;
While praised at distance, but at home
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid.

If Grotius be thy guide, shut, shut the
book,—
In force alone for Laws of Nations look
Let shipless Danes and whining Yankes
beare [tel,
On naval rights, with Grotius and Van.
While C—bb—t's pirate code alone ap-
ppears
[glers.
Sound moral sense to England and Al-
that Epicurus should have been a dogmatist; and
his natural temper would most probably have
led him to therepo of skepticism, had not the
Stoics, by their violent opposition to his do-
ctrines, compelled him to be as obstinate as
themselves. Plutarch, indeed, in reporting
some of his opinions, represents him as hav-
ing delivered them with considerable hesi-
tation.—Εικουσις ουδεν αποτυχησας ταιων,
συμφωνουσιν ησα μεσον έκαςιαν. —De Plauto. Philosoph.
lib. ii. cap. 13. See also the 21st and 22nd chapters.
But that the leading characteristics of the sect
were self-sufficiency and dogmatism, appears
from what Cicero says of Velleius, De Natur.
Deor.—'Tum Velleius, tidenter sani, ut solent
isti, nihil tam verus quam ne dubitare aliquid
de re videtur.'
* Acts, chap. xix. "For a certain man
denamed Demetrius, a silversmith, which made
silver shrines for Diana, brought no small
gain unto the craftsmen."
"These two thieves," says Ralph, "between
whom the nation is crucified."—Use and Abuse
of Parlaments.
* The agitation of the ship is one of the
chief difficulties which impede the discovery of
Wo to the Skeptic, in these party days,
Who waits to neither shrine his puffs of
praise!
fruits,
For him no pension pours its annual
No fertile sincere spontaneous shoots;
Not his the need that crown'd Don H—k
—m's rhyme,
(time,
Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future
Those shadowy forms of sleek rever-
sions rise, [eyes.
So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted
Yet who, that looks to History's damm-
ing list, [to thief,
Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed
On either side in lofty shame are seen;—
While Freedom's form hangs crucified
between—[can see,
Who, B—rd—tt, who such rival rogues
But flies from both to Honesty and thee?

If, weary of the world's bewild'ring
maze;[ways,
Hopeless of finding, through its weedy
One flower of truth, the busy crowd we
shun,
[run,
And to the shades of tranquil learning
How many a doubt pursues! how oft
we sigh,
[histories liy!
When histories charm, to think that
That all are grave romances, at the best,
And M—ge—ve's but more clumsy
than the rest.
[guiled,
By Tory Hume's seductive pages we
We fancy Charles was just, and Straf-
ford mild;[draws
And Fox himself, with party pencil,
the longitude at sea; and the tumult and hurry
of life are equally unfavorable to that calm level
of mind which is necessary to an inquirer after
truth.

In the mean time, our modest Skeptic, in the
absence of truth, contents himself with proba-
blings, resembling in this respect those
saints of Penelope, who, on finding that they could
not possess the mistress herself, very wisely re-
solved to put up with her maid; την Ἱππολυτίαν
πλασθείσην μν ονομασοί. τοις ταύτας εμπυνυτο
αρεπαυτας.—Plutarch, Ποι. Πάνων Αγογρον.
[See a curious work, entitled "Reflections
upon Learning," written on the plan of Acri-
pus's "De Vanitate Scientiarum," but much
more honestly and skillfully executed.

[This historian of the Irish rebellion has out-
run even his predecessor in the same task. Sir
John Temple, for whose character with respect
to veracity the reader may consult Carle's
See also Dr. Nalson's account of him, in
the Introduction to the second volume of his
"Historic Collect."
* Defends Strafford's conduct as "innocent
and even laudable." In the same spirit, speak
Mornmouth a hero "for the good old cause!"

Then, rights are wrongs, and victories As French or English pride the tale repeats;

And, when they toll Corunna’s story They’ll disagree in all, but honoring

Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts, May cite perhaps the Park-guns’ gay reports,

To prove that England triumph’d on the Which found her Junot’s jest and Eu-

In Science, too—how many a system, raised

Like Neva’s icy domes, awhile hath With lights of fancy and with forms of pride, [livious tide! Then melting, mingled with the ob-

Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky, Now Newton puts the pyracy planet by; Now whims revive beneath Descartes’s pen, [again.

Which now, assail’d by Locke’s expire And when, perhaps, in pride of chemic powers, [ours,

We think the keys of Nature’s kingdom

ing of the arbitrary sentences of the Star Chamber, he says,—"The severity of the Star Chamber, which was generally ascribed to Lord’s passionate disposition, was, perhaps, in itself somewhat blameable."

"That flexibility of temper and opinion, which in the habitus of skepticism are so calculated to produce, are thus pleaded for by Mr. Fox, in the very sketch of Mornmouth to which I allude; and this part of the picture the historian may be thought to have drawn from himself. "One

of the most conspicuous features in his charac-

ter seems to have been a remarkable, and, as some think, a culpable degree of flexibility. That such a disposition, is preferable to its oppo-

site extreme, will be admitted by all who think that modesty, even in excess, is more nearly allied to wisdom than conceit and self-
ficiency. He who has attentively considered the political, or indeed the general concerns of life, may possibly go still further, and may rank a willingness to be convinced, or, in some cases, even without conviction, to concede our own opinion to that of other men, among the principal ingredients in the composition of practical wisdom."—It is right to observe, how-
ever, that the skeptic’s readiness of concession arises rather from uncertainty than conviction, more from a suspicion that his own opinion may be wrong, than from any persuasion that the opinion of his adversary is right. "It may be so," was the courteous and skeptical formula with which the Dutch were accustomed to reply to the statements of ambassadors. See

Some Davy’s magic touch the dream un-

settles. And turns at once our alkalis to metals.

Or, should we roam, in metaphysie maze, Through fair-built theories of former days,

Some Dr—mm—if from the north, more ably skill’d;

Like other Goths, to ruin than to build, Tramples triumphant through our faces o’erthrown, [own.

Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his

Oh Learning, whatsoever thy pomp and boast,

Cleric’d minds have taught and charm’d men most.

The rude, unread Columbus was our guide [had denied; To worlds, which learned Lactantius And one wild Shakespear, following Nature’s lights, [Stagyrites, Is worth whole planets fill’d with

See grave Theology, when once she strays [plays; From Revelation’s path, what tricks she What various heav’n—all fit for bards to sing,— [down to King!]

Have churchmen dream’d, from Papias;

Lloyd’s State Worthies, art. Sir Thomas Wyatt.

Descartes, who is considered as the parent of modern skepticism, says, that there is nothing in the whole range of philosophy which does not admit of two opposite opinions, and which is free from both doubt and uncertainty. "In Philosophia nihil adhuc reperitur, de quomod in utramque partem disputatur, hoc est, quod non sit incertum et dubium." Gassendi is like wise to be added to the list of modern Skeptics, and Wedderkopp, in his Dissertation "De

Scepticismo profano et sacro," (Argentorat. 1661,) has denounced Erasmus also as a follower of Pyrrho, for his opinions upon the Trinity, and some other subjects. To these, if we add the names of Bayle, Mallebranche, Dryden, Locke, &c., &c., I think there is no one who need be ashamed of doubting in such company.

See this gentleman’s Academic Questions.

§ Papias lived about the time of the apostles, and is supposed to have given birth to the heresy of the Chiliasm, whose heaven was by no means of a spiritual nature, but rather an antici-
pation of the Prophet of Hera’s Cyrus. See Fussichus, Hist. Ecclesiat. lib. iii. cap. 53, and Hieronym, de Scriptor. Ecclesiat. From all I can find in these authors concerning Papias, it seems hardly fair to impute to him those gross imaginations in which the believers of the seminal millennium indulged

|| King, in his Morsels of Criticism, vol i., sup-

poses the sun to be the receptacle of blessed
TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

BY THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.

1814.

Elapsae manibus ecldedere tabellae. OVID.

TO STEPHEN WOOLRICHE, ESQ.  
MY DEAR WOOLRICHE,  

It is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first Book of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse, without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

* The Indians call hell "the House of Smoke."  
See Peart upon the Religion of the Banians.  
The reader who is curious about infernal matters, may be edited by consulting Russe de Inferno, particularly lib. ii. cap. 7, 8, where he will find the precise sort of fire ascertained in

If you continue, however, to be as much interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my only occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality, leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine, whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the mean time, my dear Woolriche, like an orthodox Lutheran, you must judge me rather by my faith than my works; and however trifling the tribute which I here offer, never doubt the which wicked spirits are to be burned hereafter.

‡ "Chère Sceptique, douce pâture de mon âme, et l'unique port de saint A ; une esprit qui aime le repos!" — Le Mothe le Vayer.

‡ Ariosto, canto 35.
fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,
Your sincere and attached Friend.
March 4, 1813.

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two mouths since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and accordingly, like the Cupids of the post (if I may use so profane a simile) who "fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a bee," those venerable Suppressors almost fought with each other for the honor and delight of first musacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of prodigality which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society, which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with.—In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize, and, after lying for a week or two under Mr. Hatchard's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a Newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a Book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these Twopenny-post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not, however, think it prudent to give too many Letters at first, and accordingly, have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles which had already appeared in the public journals. As in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might manage to remedy the thinness of my ranks by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerals to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a Newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point how many living instances might be found, of Muses that have suffered very severely in their heads, from taking rather too "early and rashly" to their feet. Besides, a Book is so very different a thing from a Newspaper!—in the former, your doggerel, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak page by itself; whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertising, and has sometimes even a speech of Mr. St—ph,—m's, or something equally warm, for a chauffé-pie—so that, in general, the very reverse of "laudatur et alget" is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post-Bag for more.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

In the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through——
I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations, to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have, in the present edition, taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered the mother of that unique produc
tion, the Centaur, | 200 |

In the next place it has been said, that in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness with which he had so long and so liberally honored him. In this story there is not one syllable of truth. For the magnanimity of the former of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly: but of the conduct of the latter towards my friend, I have a profuse gratification in declaring, that it has never ceased to be so much as he must remember with indelible gratitude;—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which I am aware is decisive of his utter reprobation, in the eyes of those exclusive patroutines of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened Bishop, Donatus; who held "that God is in Africa and not elsewhere." But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they, who say so, are somewhat mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects. All I profess to know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday, for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend, Dr. ———, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are yet a few other mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended, with all becoming gravity, to advert; but I begin to think the task is quite as useless as it is tiresome. Misrepresentations and calumnies of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Dugeman,—not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over. They are brought forward again, as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity may be in want of them; and are quite as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's Amelia, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riotous conduct, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish my publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the Morning Chronicle, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.


My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid, [Ponies have made; When you hear the sad rumpus your Since the time of horse consuls, (now long out of date,) [state, No nags ever made such a stir in the stead of "Syrtis," which brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet "Saturnia." I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits. [This young Lady, who is a Roman Catholic, had lately made a present of some beautiful post-bag to the Pr.—ne—ss.

* Finder, Pyth. 2.—My friend certainly cannot add ovt' en αυθαιρετερα λεοντοσεφορον.

† Bishop of Casar Nigra, in the fourth century.

‡ A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Ely—n, page 165. In the line "Sive per Syrtis iter easunias," it is proposed, by a very trifling alteration, to read "Surticas," in-
Lord Eld—n first heard—and as instantly pray'd he [young Lady To "God and his King"—that a Popish (For though you've bright eyes and twice thousand a year, It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear,) had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom, [from Rome, two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed and so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks; [safe from their kicks, that the dome of St. Paul's was scarce off at once to Papa, in a flurry he flies— [meu advice, for Papa always does what these states-on condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite [right—as in no case whatever to advise him too "pretty doings are here, Sir, (he angrily cries, [strives to look wise)—while by dint of dark eyebrows he 'twas a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God! "To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod— "excuse, Sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's source— "bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sacked by a horse [worse! "but for us to be ruin'd by Ponies still quick a Council is call'd—the whole cabinet [of their wits, the Archbishops declare, frighten'd out that if once Popish Ponies should eat at my manger, [in danger! From that awful moment the Church is as, give them but stabbing, and shortly no stalls [at St. Paul's. will suit their proud stomachs but those the Doctor,* and he, the devout man of leather; [heads together, V—ns—t—t, now laying their Saint-declare that these skittish young a-bominations [tions—are clearly foretold in chap. vi. Revela—nay, they verily think they could point an out the one [canter upon. which the Doctor's friend death was to lord H—r—by, hoping that no one imputes [brutes, to the Court any fancy to persecute *Mr. Addington, so nicknamed. † Alluding to a tax lately laid upon leather. The question whether a Veto was to be allowed to the Crown in the appointment of protests, on the word of himself and his cronies, [asses, not Ponies. that had these said creatures been the Court would have started no sort of objection, [protection. as Asses were, there, always sure of "If the Pr—ns will keep them, (says Lord C—st—I—gh.) "to make them quite harmless, the only true way [their wives] "is (as certain Chief Justices do with "to flog them within half an inch of their lives. [about, "If they've any bad Irish blood lurking "this (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out." [ship proposes should this be thought cruel, his Lordship, "the new Veto snaffles to bind down their noses [chains, "a pretty contrivance, made out of old "which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains; "which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks '(adds his Lordship humanely,) or else breaks their necks!" this proposal received pretty general applause [neck-breaking clause from the statesmen around—and the had a vigor about it which soon reconciled [mild. even Eld—n himself to a measure so the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to, mec. com., [often shone and my Lord C—st—I—gh, having so in the juttering line, is to buckle them on. I shall drive to your door in these vetos some day, [away but, at present, adieu!—I must hurry to go see my Mamma, as I'm off to meet her [best repeater. for just half an hour by the Qu—r's Ch—r—t—te. Letter ii.

from Colonel m—n to g—ld fr—nc—s L—ckie, Esq.

Dear Sir, I've just had time to look into your very learned Book,[§

Irish Catholic Bishops was, at this time, very generally and actively agitated. [for an account of this extraordinary work of Mr. Leckie, see the 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. xx.
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,  
Whose English is half modern Greek—  
You prove that we can ne'er intrench  
Our happy isles against the French,  
Till Royalty in England's made  
A much more independent trade;—  
In short, until the House of Guelp  
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,  
And boldly sets up for itself.  

All, that can well be understood  
In this said Book, is vastly good;  
And, as to what's incomprehensible,  
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.  

But, to your work's immortal credit,  
The Pr—n—c, good Sir, the Pr—n—e  
has read it  
(The only Book, himself remarks,  
Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's,)  
Last levee-morn he look'd it through,  
During that awful hour of two  
Of grave tonsorial preparation,  
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,  
Sends forth, announced by trump and drum,  
[Dom.  
The best wig'd Pr—n—e in Christian—  

He thinks with you, th' imagination  
of partnership in legislation  
Could only enter in the nodules  
of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,  
Whose heads on forms are running so,  
They ev'n must have a King and Co.,  
And hence, most eloquently show forth  
On checks and balances, and so forth.  

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a  
Far more royal, loyal era;  
When England's monarch need but say,  
"Whip me those soundrels, C—at—r—gh!"  
Or, "Hang me up those Papists, Eld—n,"  
And 'twill be done, ay faith, and well done.  

With view to which, I've his command  
To beg, Sir, from your travell'd hand,  
(Round which the foreign graces swarm*)  
A Plan of radical Reform;  

* "The truth indeed seems to be, that having lived so long abroad as evidently to have lost, in a great degree, the use of his native language, Mr. Leckie has gradually come not only to speak, but to feel, like a foreigner."—Edinburgh Review.  

The learned Colonel must allude here to a  
Compiled and chosen as best you can,  
In Turkey or at Ispahan,  
And quite upturning, branch and root,  
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot.  

But, pray, what'er you may impart,  
write  
Somewhat more brief than Major C—t—r:  
Else, though the Pr—co be long in  
rigging,  
'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's wig.  
Two wigs to every paragraph—  
Before he well could get through half.  

You'll send it also speedily—  
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,  
His Highness, heated by your work,  
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!  
And you'd have laugh'd, had you seen how  
He scarce the Ch—ne—II—r just now,  
When (on his Lordship's entering pull'd)  
he  
["Mutt!"  
Slapp'd his back and call'd him  
The tailors too have got commands,  
To put directly into hands  
All sorts of Dulinmans and Pouches,  
With Sashes, Turbans and Pabountches,  
(While Y—r—th's sketching out a plan  
Of new Moustaches à l'Ottomans,)  
And all things fitting and expedient  
To turkify our gracious R—g—at!  

You, therefore, have no time to waste—  
So, send your System.—  
Yours, in haste.  

POSTSCRIPT.  

Before I send this scrawl away,  
I seize a moment, just to say,  
There's some parts of the Turkish system  
So vulgar, 'were as well you miss'd 'em.  
For instance—in Seraglio matters—  
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flattering,  
Would fill his Harem (tasteless fool!)  
With fittering, red-cheek'd things from school.  
But here (as in that fairy land, [hand])  
Where Love and Age went hand in hand; in description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place—"A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the court, some at chuck-farthing, others at slip-cat or at cockles."—And again, "There is
LETTER III.

FROM G—GE PR—CE R—G—T TO THE E— OF Y——TH.*

We missed you last night at the "boary old sinner's," [good dinners;]
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of
His soups scientific—his fishes quite
prime— [sublime!]
His pâtes superb—and his cutlets
In short, twas the sung sort of dinner
to stir a [gh,
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord El—b—
Who set to, to be sure, with miraculous
force, [He-Cook of course!—
And exclaimed, between mouthfuls, "a
"While you live—(what's there under
that cover I pray look)—
"While you live—I'll just taste it
ne'er keep a She-Cook.
"Tis a sound Sabic Law—(a small bit
of that toast)—
"Which ordains that a female shall
ne'er rule the roast;
"For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's
uncommon)— [woman!]
"Like Masonry, never found out by a

The dinner, you know, was in gay
celebration [condemnation; Of
my brilliant triumph and H—nt's
A compliment, too, to his Lordship the
Judge [who would grudge
For his Speech to the Jury—and sounds
Turtle soup, though it came to five
guineas a bowl], [soul?]
To reward such a loyal and complaisant
nothing, believe me, more engaging than those
lovely wrinkles," &c. &c.—See Rules of the

We were all in high gig—Roman Punch
and Tokay [just the same way
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd
And we cared not for Juries or Libels—
no—damme! nor [aminer!
Ev'n for the threats of last Sunday's Ex-

More good things were eaten than
said— but Tom T—rh—t
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has
some merit;
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chie-
Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try
the beef!"

Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lord-
ship a sly hit) [you try it!"
"I fear 'twill be hang-beef, my Lord, if

And C—md—n was there, who, that
morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh dish
well-devised!—
Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, "a
calf's head surprised!"
The brains were near Sh—ry, and once
had been fine, [ing in wine,
But, of late, they had lain so long sealed.
That though we, from courtesy, still
chose to call
These brains very fine, they were L—

When the dinner was over, we drank
every one [Crim. Con.;
In a bumper, "the venial delights of
At which H—df—t with warm femi-
ences glouted,
And E—b r—h chuckled to hear himself

Our next round of toasts was a fancy
quite new, [benevolent too—
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas
To those well-meaning husbands, cts.
parsons, or peers, [brains at all;
Whom we've, any time, honor'd by
courting their dears:
This museum of wittols was comical
rather; [gave your f—th—r.
Old H—df—t gave M—s—y, and i

In short, not a soul till this morning
would budge— [the J—b—
We were all fun and frolic,—and even
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical
fashion, [once in a passial
And through the whole night wasn't

* This letter, as the reader will perceive, was
written the day after a dinner given—by the
M—ry—s of H—u—l.
INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing, [paring And M—e* has a sly dose of jalap pre— For poor T—mny T—tr— at breakfast to quaff—] [a laugh, As I feel I want something to give me And there's nothing so good as old T—mny, kept close] [dose. To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a]

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—GEN—N TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—IN N—CH—L.

Dublin.†

Last week, dear N—ch—I, making At dinner with our Secretary, [merry When all were drunk, or pretty near, (The time for doing business here,) Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom! "These Papist dogs—hiccup—'d rot 'em!" "Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup— With all the dirt ev'n you can pick up. "But, as the Pr—ce (here's to him— fill— "Hipp, hipp, hurrah!)—is trying still "To humbug them with kind professions, [sions— "And, as you deal in strong expres— "'Rogue'—traitor'—hiccup— and all that— "You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat!— "You mustindeed—hiccup—that's flat.""

Yes—"muzzled" was the word, Sir John—

These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er With slaver of the times of yore!—† Was it for this that back I went As far as Lateran and Trent, To prove that they, who damn'd us then, Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again? — The silent victim still to sit Of Gr—t—n's fire and C—nn—g's wit, * Colonel M'Mahon.

† This letter, which contained some very heavy enclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix.

‡ In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the "muzzle" has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor again let loose!

To hear ev'n noisy M—that—w gabble on, Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon! Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be The Nightman of No-Popery?

What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop, Such learned filth will ever fish up?

If there among our ranks be one To take my place, 'tis thou, Sir John; Thou, who, like me, art dub'd Right Hon.,

Like me, too, art a Lawyer Civil, That wishes Papists at the devil.

To whom then but to thee, my friend, Should Patrick's his Port-folio send? Take—'tis thine—his learn'd Port-folio, With all his theologic olio Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman— Of Doctrines, now believed by no man— Of Councils, held for men's salvation, Yet always ending in damnation— (Which shows that, since the world's creation, [shaming, Your Priests, whate'er their gentle Have always had a taste for damning,) And many more such pious scraps, To prove, (what we've long proved, perhaps,) That, mad as Christians used to be About the Thirteenth Century, There still are Christians to be had In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send this, dear N—ch—I, A rod or two I've had in pickles [et— Wherewith to trim old Gr—t—n's jack. The rest shall go by Monday's packet. P. D.

Among the Enclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

* * * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation Made use of spittle in lustration; | (Vide Lactantium ap. Gallaeum—* If i. e. you need not read but see 'em;) Now, Irish Papists, fact surprising, Make use of spittle in baptizing;

§ A bad name for poetry; but D—eca—n is still worse.—As Prudentius says upon a very different subject—

Terquem Apollo Nomine percussus.  || Lustrabiles antě salvias

Explet. *PEK. sat. 2.

* I have taken the trouble of examining the Doctor's reference here, and find him, for once,
LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C—RE TO LADY ———.

My dear Lady ———! I've been just sending out [little Rout—
About five hundred cards for a snug
By the by, you've seen Rokeby?—this
moment got mine— fine.
The Mail-Coach Edition"—prodigiously
But I can't conceive how, in this very
cold weather, [gether;
I'm ever to bring my five hundred to
As, unless the thermometer's near boil-
ing heat,
[to meet.
One can never get half of one's hundreds
[Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see
Townsend last night, [polite,
Escort to their chairs, with his staff, so
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a
[fright;
[two posts,
Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling
Supervisor of thieves, and chief-nusher of
ghosts !

But, my dear Lady ———, can't you
hit on some notion, [motion ?
— At least for one night to set London in
As to having the R—g—nt, that show
is gone by— [you and I]
Besides, I've remark'd that (between
The Marchesa and she, inconvenient in
more ways, [in doorways;
Have taken much lately to whispering
Which—considering, you know, dear,
the size of the two—
Makes a block that one's company can-
not get through; [ways so small,
And a house such as mine is, with doors
Has no room for such cumbersome love-
work at all. — [heard it, I hope,
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've
correct. The following are the words of his
indignant reference, Galilee:—"Asserere non
verenum sacram baptismum a Papista profan-
leri, et spuit usum in peccatorum expiationem a
Paganis non a Christianis manasse."

That Napoleon's old mother's to marry
the Pope,— [my Rout,
What a comical pair!—but, to stick to
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be
struck out. [arrived?
Is there no Algerine, no Kanchatan
No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-
wived? [name
No Russian, whose dissontant consonant
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet
of fame?

I remember the time, three or four
winters back, [cently black—
When—provided their wigs were but de-
A few Patriot monsters, from Spain,
were a sight [night after night.
That would people one's house for one,
But—whether the Ministers paw'd them
too much— [ever they touch
(And you know how they spoil whatso-
Or, whether Lord G—rge (the young
man about town) [them down,
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written
One has certainly lost one's peninsular
rage, [age
And the only stray Patriot seen for an
Has been at such places (think, how the
fit cools! ) [L—v—r—p—is's.
As old Mrs. V—gh—n's or Lord

But, in short, my dear, names like
Wintztschistopsischinzdoff
Are the only things now make an even-
ning go smooth off;
So, get me a Russian—till death I'm
your debtor—
If he brings the whole Alphabet, so
much the better. [acter, sup
And—Lord! if he would but, in char-
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite
set me up!

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must
leave you in haste—
Little Gunter has brought me the
Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the by, have you found any friend
that can construe [Monster?:
That Latin account, t'other day, of a

* See Mr. Murray's Advertisement about the
Mail-Coach copies of Rokeby.

Atahuing, I suppose, to the Latin Advertise-
ment of a Lusus Nature in the Newspapers
lately.
INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

If we can't get a Russian, and that thing in Latin
Be not too improper, I think I'll bring

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,* IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPHAHAN.

Whilst thou, Mohassan (happy thou!) Dost daily bend thy loyal brow Before our King—our Asia's treasure! Nutmeg of Comfort; Rose of Pleasure!— And bear'st as many kicks and bruises As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses; Thy head still near the bowstring's borders, And but left on till further orders— Through London streets with turban fair, And caftan, floating to the air, I sanctify, but the admiration Of this short-coated population— This sew'd up race—this button'd nation— Who, while they boast their laws so free, Leave not one limb at liberty, But live, with all their lordly speeches, The slaves of buttons and tight breeches.

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans litter (They're Christians, and they know no better!) In some things they're a thinking nation; And, on Religious Toleration, I own I like their notions quite, They are so Persian and so right: [dogs, You know our Sunnites;— hateful

* I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he has arrived just in time to assist the P—e and Mr. L—ck—e in their new Oriental Plan of Reform.—See the second of these Letters. How Abdallah's caftle to IsPHAHAN found its way into the Two-penny Post-Bag is more than I can pretend to account for."

"C'est un honnête homme," said a Turkish governor of De Ruyter; "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien."

"Sunnites and Shiites are the two leading sects into which the Mahometan world is divided; and they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The Sunnis is the established sect in Turkey, and the Shias in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points, Whom every pious Shiite flogs Or longs to flog—tis true, they pray To God, but in an ill-bred way; With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces Stuck in their right, canonic places.[§] 'Tis true, they worship All's name— ¶ Their heaven and ours are just the same—

(A Persian's Hear'n is easily made, 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.) Yet, though we've tried for centuries back— We can't persuade this stubborn pack, By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers, To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers.**
Then, only think, the libertines! They wash their toes—they comb their chins,† With many more such deadly sins; And what's the worst, (though last I rank it,) Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious, (Which must, at bottom, be sedidious; Since no man living would refuse Green slippers, but from treasonous views; Nor wash his toes, but with intent To overturn the government,)— Such is our mild and tolerant way, We only curse them twice a day (According to a form that's set,) And, far from torturing, only let All orthodox believers beat 'em, And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.

which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite Ascendancy, reprobrates in this Letter.

§"Les Sunnites, qui étoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmansisme."— D'Hérelot. ¶ "In contradistinction to the Sonnis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of their breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sonnis at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schuus, &c., &c.—Forster's Voyages.

"Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciprocement; au contraire, ils le reconnaissent," &c., &c.—Chardin.

"The Shias wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination."—Marit.

For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects.
As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Towards rank or honor, power or profit;
Which things, we nattyly expect,
Belong to us, the Established sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked !)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blancket.
The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as given to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it when night begins to fall,
And throw it over her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Rememberest thou the hour we
pass'd,—
That hour the happiest and the last?
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thron
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To Camels' ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me.

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather heart to heart,
United live and die—
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link'd by a hook and eye!*

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO.
TO ———, ESQ.

Per Post, Sir, we send your MS.—look'd
it thro'—[t]wouldn't do, very sorry—but can't undertake—
Clever work, Sir!—would get up pro-
digiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell.

*This will appear strange to an English
reader, but it is literally translated from Abdol-
lab's Persian, and the curious bird to which it alludes is the Juliak, of which I find the follow-
ing account in Richardson:—"A sort of bird,
that is said to have but one wing; on the oppo-
site side to which the male has a hook and the
female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are
fastened together.

From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of fel-

And though Statesmen may glory in
being unbuyed, [thought.
In an Author 'tis not so desirable

Hard times, Sir,—most books are too
dear to be read—
Though the gold of Good-sense and Wit's
small change are fled,
Yet the paper we Publishers pass, in
their stead, [to think it]
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful
Not even such names as F—tze—r—d's
can sink it!

However, Sir—if you're for trying
again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we
are your men.

Since the Chevalier C—rrt took to
marrying lately, [greatly—
The Trade is in want of a Traveller
No job, Sir, more easy—your Country
once plann'd', [on land
A month aboard ship and a fortnight
Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean
out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing
that would tell—[well.
And a lick at the Papists is sure to sell
Or—supposing you've nothing original
in you—[will win you,
Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it
You'll get to the blue-stocking Routes of
Albinia!*
(Mind—not to her dinner—a second-
hand Muse [the Blues,)
Mustn't think of aspiring to mess with
Or—in case nothing else in this world
you can do—[review !
The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot

Should you feel any touch of poetical
glow, [you must know,
We've a Scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works
for the Row.)![ renown
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new
low-feeling. I suppress the name of the Author
whose rejected manuscript was enclosed in this
letter.—See the Appendix.

Sir John Carr, the author of "Tours in Ire-
(This alludes, I believe, to a curious corre-
respondence which is said to have passed
lately between Alb.—n—a. Countess of B—ck-
gs—ma—e, and a certain ingenious Parodist
—Paternoster Row.
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town; [sure to pay] And beginning with Rokey (the job's Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way. Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him) To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to meet him; Who, by means of quick proofs—no re- vises—long coaches— May do a few Villas, before Sc—tt ap- proaches. [shabby, Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curt He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn Abbey. [the freak, Such, S?; is our plan—if you're up to Tis a match! and we'll put you in training next week. [Letter, a At present, no more—in reply to this Line will oblige very much Temple of the Muses. Yours, et cetera.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO—

SK—FF—NOT—N, ESQ.

Come to our Fête,* and bring with thee Thy newest, best embroidery. Come to our Fête, and show again That pea-green coat, thou pink of men, Which charm'd all eyes that last sur- vey'd it; {made it?— When Br—mm—You self inquired "who When Cits came wound'ring, from the East, And thought thee Poet Pye at least! Oh! come, (if haply 'tis thy week For looking pale,) with paly cheek; Though more we love thy roseate days, When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread, Tips even thy whisker-tops with red—

*This Letter enclosed a Card for the Grand Fête on the 5th of February.
† An amateur actor of much risible renown.
‡ Quem tu, Melpomene, semel Nascentem pleads lumine, videre, &c.

HORAT.
The Man, upon whom thouest deign'd to look funny,
Oh! Tragedy's Muse! at the hour of his birth— Let them say what they will, that's the Man for my money; [mirth! Give others thy tears, but let me have thy § The crest of Mr. C—tes, the very amusing

Like the last tints of dying Day
That o'er some darkling grove delay.

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philan- der
(That lace, like H—rry Al—x—nd—r— Too precious to be wash'd,—) thy rings, Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things! Put all thy wardrobe's glories on, And yield in frogs and fringe, to none But the great R—g—t's self alone; Who—by particular desire— For that night only, means to hire A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire.† Hail, first of Actors! [—best of R—g—ts! Born for each other's fond allegiance! Both gay Lotharios—both good dress- ers— Of serious Farce both learn'd Profess— Both circled round, for use or show,
With cock's combs, where'er they go!§

Thou knowst the time, thou man of lore! It takes to chalk a ball-room floor— Thou knowst the time, too, well-a-day! It takes to dance that chalk away.|| The Ball-room opens—far and nigh Comets and suns beneath us lie; [walk, O'er snow-white moons and stars we And the floor seems one sky of chalk! But soon shall fade that bright deceit, When many a maid, with busy feet That sparkle in the lustre's ray, O'er the white path shall bound and play Like nymphs along the Milky Way:— With every step a star hath fled, And suns grow dim beneath their tread! So passeth life—(thus Sc—tt would write, And spinasters read him with delight,—) Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on, Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone!¶
But, hang this long digressive flight!—
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night,
What falsehood rackles in their hearts,
Who say the Pr—e neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts!—no, Str—hl—g, no;
Thy Cupids answer "'tis not so;"
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daube'd, and how well.
Shine as thou may'st in French vermillion,
Thou'rt best, beneath a French cotillion;
And still con'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With flying colors in a Waltz. [date]
Nor need'st thou mourn the transient
To thy best works assign'd by fate,
While some chef-d'œuvres live to weary
one,
Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With 'Molly put the kettle on?'†

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so, must be brief.
This festive Fête, in fact, will be
The former Fête's fac-simile;†
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
All trick'd up in such odd costumes,
(These, P.—rt—r,§ are thy glorious
works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and
Bearing Good-Taste somewhat mallely, had clubb'd to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;
And could to make the obo pleasant,
Had sent a State-Room as a present.
The same unctions and girandoles—
The same gold Asses,§ pretty souls!
That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home.
The same bright river 'mong the dishes,
But not—for I not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones—
So 'stead of silver and of gold ones,
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that specie now-a-days.)
Some sprats have been by X—rm—th's
Promoted into Silver Fish, [wish]
And Gudgeons (so V—ns—lt—t told
The R—g—t) are as good as Gold!

So, prithee, come—our Fête will be
But half a Fête if wanting thee.

* A foreign artist much patronized by the
Prince Regent.
† The name of a popular country-dance.
‡ C—rt—H—e will exhibit a complete
fac-simile, in respect to interior ornament, to
what it did at the last Fête. The same splen-
did draperies, &c. &c.—Morning Post.
§ Mr. Walsh Porter, to whose taste was left
the furnishing of the rooms of Carlton House.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. PAGE 221.

Among the papers enclosed in Dr.
D—g—n—n's Letter was found an He-
roic Epistle in Latin verse, from Pope
Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is
rather a curious document, I shall ven-
ture to give some account. This female
Pontiff was a native of England, (or,
according to others, of Germany,) who,
at an early age, disguised herself in
male attire, and followed her lover, a
young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where
she studied with such effect, that upon
her arrival at Rome she was thought
worthy of being raised to the Pontificate.
This Epistle is addressed to her Lover
(whom she had elevated to the dignity
of Cardinal) soon after the fatal accouch-
ment, by which her Fallibility was be-
trayed.

She begins by reminding him tender-
ly of the time, when they were together
at Athens—when, as she says,

"by Illissus' stream
"We whispering walk'd along, and
learn'd to speak
"[Greek];
"The tenderest feelings in the purest
"Ah, then how little did we think or
hope,
"[Pope];
"Dearest of men, that I should e'er be
"That I, the humble Joan, whose house-
wife art
"[and heart,
"Seem'd just enough to keep thy house
"[And those, alas, at sixes and at sevens,
"Should soon keep all the keys of all the
heavens!]

Still less (she continues to say) could
they have foreseen, that such a catastro-
phe as had happened in Council would
befall them—that she

"Should thus surprise the Conclave's
grave decorum,
"[em—
"And let a little Pope pop out before

"The salt-cellar's on the Pr—e's own
table were in the form of an Ass with panthers.
† Spanheim attributes the unanimity with
which Joan was elected, to that innate and irre-
sistible charm by which her sex, though latent,
operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals—
"Non vi aliquis, sed condonat, omnium in se
converso desiderio, que sunt blandiuntis sexus
arctes, latentes in hac quanquam?"
"Pope Innocent! alas, the only one
That name could e'er be justly fix'd upon."

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures to which she is doomed to bid farewell forever:

"But oh, more dear, more precious ten times over—
Lover!
"Farewell my Lord, my Cardinal, my
I made thee Cardinal—thou mad'st me
—ah!
[Mamma!?
"Thou mad'st the Papa of the world

I have not time at present to translate any more of this Epistle; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation now, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century. Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject.

Romanus (euen posteri negabitis !)
Emancipatus FEMINA
Fert valium !

LETTER VII. PAGE 224.

The Manuscript found enclosed in the Bookseller's Letter, turns out to be a Melo-Drama, in two Acts, entitled "The Book,"* of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L.---c---ngt---n and Co. This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner—
Scene, the Bourbon Chamber in O---rit---n House—Enter the P---o---R---g---t solus—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims:

"There was, in like manner, a mysterious Book, in the 16th Century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the Learned of that time. Every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear that anybody had ever seen it; and Gratius is of opinion that no such Book ever existed. It was entitled "Libris de tribus impostoribus." (See Morhof's Cap de Libris damnatis.)—Our modern mystery of "the Book" resembles this in many particulars; and if the number of Lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into "a tribus impostoribus" would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

The same Chamber, doubtless, that was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all "for the Deliverance of Europe") with fleurs-de-lis.
c—II.—r, the D—e of C—b—l—d, &c., &c. The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed; the D—ke with his stays only half-laced, and the Ch—ne—II—r with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendor of his office." The R—g—t produces the appalling fragments, upon which the Ch—ne—II—r breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream:

'Tis scarcely two hours since I had a fearful dream of thee, my P—e! [crowd, Metaought I heard thee, midst a courtly Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud, "Worship my whiskers!"—(weeps) not a knee was there [Pair, Put bent and worships'd the Illustrious Which curb'd in conscious majesty! (pulls out his handkerchief)—while cries [echoing skies.— Of "Whiskers, whiskers!" shook the Just in that glorious hour, methought there came, [Dame, With looks of injured Pride, a Princely And a young maiden, clinging by her side, Asis she fear'd some tyrant would divide Two hearts that nature and affection tied! [hand glow'd The Matron came—within her right A radiant torch; while from her left a load [lected in her veil.—Of Papers hung—(wipes his eyes) col.—The venal evidence, the slanderous tale, The wounding him, the current lies that pass [mass; From Post to Courier, form'd the motley Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws, And lights the pile beneath thy princely nose. (Weeps.) Heav'n's, how it blazed!—I'd ask no livelier fire (With animation) To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire!—But, ah! the Evidence—(weeps again) I mourn'd to see—

* * To enable the individual, who holds the office of Chancellor, to maintain it in becoming splendor." (A loud laugh.)—Lord CASTLE.

Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee: And Tales and Hints their random sparkle flung, [maid's tongue: And his'sd and crackled, like an old While Post and Courier, faithful to their fame, [flame. Made up in stjrk for what they lack'd in When, lo, ye Gods! the fire ascending brisks, [whi ker. Now singsone, now lights the other Ah! where was then the Syphilid, that unfurls Her fairy standard in defence of ciris? Throne, Whiskers, Wig, soon vanish'd into smoke, [I awoke. The watchman cried "Past One," and—

Here his Lordship wees more profusely than ever, and the R—g—t (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the Dream) by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privity Council is held—all the Servants, &c., are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—g—t for a Dress, (which takes three whole pages of the best superfine citr

uquantin describing,) was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is, accordingly, determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of two Brothers—but as this forms the under plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two Brothers, as they "exeunt severally" to Prison:—

Go to your prison—though the air of Spring [shall bring; No mountain coolness to your cheeks; Though Summer flowers shall pass unseen away, And all your portion of the glorious day May be some solitary beam that falls, At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—Some beam that enters, trembling as it awed, [fabroud! To tell how gay the young world laughs

REAGH'S Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.

*Mr. Leigh Hunt and his brother.
INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Workshop, and a fancifully arranged group of these Artists is discovered upon the Shopboard—Their task evidently of a royal nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, &c., that lie about—They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas to the tune of "Derry Down."

My brave brother Tailors, come, straighten your knees, [at ease, For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up While I sing of our P—e, (and a fig for his hairers), [of Tailors! The Shopboard's delight! the Maccenas Derry down, down, down derry down. Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note, [cut of his coat; While His short cut to fame is—the Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his Soul, [button-hole. But our R—g—t's finds room in a laced Derry down, &c.

Honored Colonel—my Wife, who's the Queen of all slatterns, [Patterns. Neglected to put up the Book of new She sent the wrong Measures too—shamefully wrong— They're the same used for poor Mr. Lambert, when young; But, bless you! they wouldn't go half round the R—g—t—

So, God keep him increasing in size and renown, [about town! Still the fattest and best fitted P—e Derry down, &c.

During the "Derry down" of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S—e's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades, The Plot now hastens rapidly in its development—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm, which he is made to betray, is natural without being ludicrous.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—g—t resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.
SARIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed E."—Lord Castlereagh’s Speech upon Colonel McMahon’s Appointment, April 14, 1812.

Last night I toss’d and turn’d in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said,
"I’ll think of Viscount C—st!—r—gh,
And of his speeches—that’s the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.
And then I dream’d—so dread a dream!
Fuseli has no such theme;
Lewis never wrote or borrow’d
Any horror half so horrid!

Methought the P—e, in whisker’d state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On other, Hints from five physicians;
Here tradesmen’s bills,—official papers;
Notes from my Lady, drams for vapors—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo! the Papers, one and all,
As if at some magician’s call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced, oh Jacobin papers!
As through they said, "Our sole design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The Leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten’d worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim

Right at the R—g—t’s well-dress’d head,
As if determined to be read.
Next Tradesmen’s Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen’s Bills, we know, mount high;
[best]
Nay, ev’n Death-warrants thought they’d
Be lively, too, and join the rest.

But oh, the basest of deflections!
His letter about "predilections—"
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent’s face!
Shock’d with his breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur "et Tu Brute?"
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox’s bust, to rise no more!

I waked—and pray’d, with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this Dream prove true;
"Though paper overwhelm the land,
"Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

PARODY

OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.*

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
When, with P—e—v—I’s leave, I may throw my chains by;
And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
You.

Is to sit down and write a wise letter to

I meant before now to have sent you
this Letter, ’twould be better
But Y—r—th and I thought perhaps

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
(That is, till both Houses had prosed and
With all due appearance of thought and
digestion,)
For, though H—rt—rl House had long
settled the question, [you,
I thought it but decent, between me and
That the two other Houses should settle
it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
Our affairs were all looking, when Father
A straight waistcoat on him and restric-
tions on me.
A more limited Monarchy could not well
I was call'd upon then, in that moment
of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister—just as they
muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock
his disaster,
By bidding him choose out his own
dancing-master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful
son, [have done; Was to do as Old Royalty's self would
So I sent word to say, I would keep the
whole batch in,
The same chest of tools, without cleansing
or patching; [sconce, For tools of this kind, like Martinus's
Would lose all their beauty, if purified
once;
[should find, And think—only think—if our Father
Upon graciously coming again to his
mind,§ [ite adviser—
That improvement had spoil'd any favor—
That R—se was grown honest, or W—st—
m—rel—and wiser—
That R—d—r was, ev'n by one twinkle, the
brighter— [pound lighter—
Or L—v—rp—l's speeches but half a
What a shock to his old royal heart it
would be! [ment from me! No!—far were such dreams of improve-

* "I think it hardly necessary to call your re-
collection to the recent circumstances under
which I assumed the authority delegated to me
by Parliament. —Prince's Letter.
† "My sense of duty to our Royal father
soley decided that choice."—Ibid.
‡ The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus,
which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an
old sconce.
§ "I waived any personal gratification, in
order that his Majesty might resume, on his
restoration to health, every power and preroga-
tive," &c.—Prince's Letter.
‖ "And I have the satisfaction of knowing
that such was the opinion of persons for whose
judgment," &c., &c.—Ibid.
† The letter-writer's favorite limeron.
**** I certainly am the last person in the king-
dom to whom it can be permitted to despair of
our royal father's recovery. —Prince's Letter.
|| "A new era is now arrived, and I cannot
but reflect with satisfaction," &c.—Ibid.
When I think of the glory they've beamed on my chains, [brains. 'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious it is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches, [breaches! But think how we find our Allies in new we've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted. wanted. But then we've got Java, an island much paid to the last lingering few who remain of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain. [squabbles his brother! Then how Wellington fights! and how for Papists the one, and with Papists the other; one crushing Napoleon by taking a City, while 't other lays waste a whole Catholic Committee. [munch. oh deeds of renown!—shall I boggle or with such prospects before me? by Jove, not an inch. [they will. no—let England's affairs go to rack, if we'll look after th' affairs of the continent still! [and riot, and, with nothing at home but starvation find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.

I am proud to declare I have no predilections. * [ter'd affections. My heart is a sieve, where some scat are just danced about for a moment or two, [run through; and the finer they are, the more sure to neither feel I resentments, nor wish there should come ill to mortal—except (now I think on't) beau Br—mun—[passion, who threaten'd last year, in a superfine to cut me, and bring the old r—ng into fashion. [present; this is all I can lay to my conscience at when such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant, [ings, so royally free from all troublesome feel so little encumber'd by faith in my dealings, [allow, (and that I'm consistent the world will what I was at Newmarket the same I am now.) [hate cracking, when such are my merits, (you know I hope, like the Vender of Best Patent Blacking, [approbation "To meet with the gen'rous and kind "of a candid, enlightener'd, and liberal nation."

By the by, ere I close this magnificent letter, [you a better,) (No man, except Pole, could have write 'twould please me if those, whom I've humbug'd so long! with the motion (good men!) that I knew right from wrong, would a few of them join me—mind, only a few— [would do; to let too much light in on me never but even Grey's brightness shan't make me afraid, [fly to for shade; while I've C—md—n and Eld—n to nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm, while there's W—stn—rd near him to weaken the charm. as for Morra's high spirit, if aught can subdue it, [th—th will do it! sure joining with H—r—l and Y—r—between R—d—r and Wh—r—n let sheridan sit, [dan's wit; and the fogs will soon quench even sheri and against all the pure public feeling that glows [in G—rg—rs—se! E'vn in Whitbread himself we've a host so, in short, if they wish to have places, they may, [ters to grey. and I'll thank you to tell all these mat who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose) [the news; by the twopenny post to tell grenville and now, dearest Fred, (though I've no predilection.) [section. believe me yours always, with truest af P. S. a copy of this is to P—re—l going's) [with his crowing! good Lord, how st. Stephen's will ring anacreontic. to a plummer, Fine and feathery artisan, best of plummets (if you can with your art so far presume) µ "you are authorized to communicate these sentiments to Lord grey, who, I have no doubt, will make them known to Lord grenville." [Ibid. §. "I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to Mr. Percival." —Prince's letter.
Make for me a Pr—ce's Plume—Feathers soft and feathers rare, Such as suits a Pr—ce to wear.

First, thou douniest of men, Seek me out a fine Pea-hen; Such a Hen, so tall and grand, As Juno's side might stand, If there were no cocks at hand, Seek her feathers, soft as down, Fit to shine on Pr—ce's crown: If thou canst not find them, stupid! Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.*

Ranging these in order due, Pluck me next an old Cuckoo; Emblem of the happy fates Of easy, kind, corruted mates. Pluck him well—be sure you do— Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo. Thus to have his plumage bless'd, Beaming on a R—y—l crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird Shall we find for Plume the third? You must get a learned Owl, Bleakest of black-letter foul,— Bigot bird, that hates the light,+ Foe to all that's fair and bright. Seize his quills, (so form'd to pen Books,† that shun the search of men; Books, that, far from every eye, In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie,) Stick them in between the two, Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo. Now you have the triple feather, Bind the kindred stems together With a silken tie, whose hue Once was brilliant, Buff and Blue; Sullied now—alas, how much! Only fit for Y—r—th's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done; Present, worthy G—ge's Son; Now, beneath, in letters neat, Write "I serve," and all's complete.

EXTRACTS
FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M—neh—st—r Square took a canter just now—* See Prior's poem, entitled 'The Dove.'  † In allusion to "the Book" which created such a sensation at that period. § The inooy, vehicle of the Pr—ce. ¶ Baron Geramb, rival of his R.H.in whiskers. ‡ England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I Met the old yellow chariot,§ and made a low bow. This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil, [the devil! But got such a look—'twas black as How unlucky!—inooy, he was trav'ling about, [out. And I, like a noodle, must go find him Mem.—when next by the old yellow chariot I ride, [inside. To remember there is nothing princely

Thursday.

At Levee to-day made another sad blunder— [wonder? What can be come over me lately, I The Pr—ce was as cheerful, as if, all his life, [or a Wife— He had never been troubled with Friends "Fine weather," says he—to which I, who must prate, Answer'd, "Yes, Sir, but changeable rather, of late."

He took it, I fear, for he look'd some what gruff, [so rough, And handled his new pair of whiskers That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come off, And then, Lord, how Geramb¶ would triumphantly scoff!

Mem.—to buy for son Dicky some un gnet or lotion [promotion?] To nourish his whiskers—sure road to Saturday.

Last night a Concert—vastly gay— Given by Lady C—st—r—gh. My Lord loves music, and, we know, Has "two strings always to his bow,"** In choosing songs the R—g—t named "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," While gentle ri—rt—d—begg'd and pray'd For "Young I am, and sore afraid.¶

EPIGRAM.

WHAT news to-day?—Oh! worse and worse—

"Mac! is the Pr—ce's Privy Purse!"— The Pr—ce's Purse! no, no, you fool, You mean the Pr—ce's Ridicule. remember," says Tavernier, "to have seen one of the King of Persia's porters, whose moustaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

"A rhetorical figure used by Lord C—s tl—r—gh, in one of his speeches. ¶ Colonel M—em—h—n.
KING CRACK* AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOTIATION FOR A NEW M—N—STRY.

King Crack was the best of all possible Kings, (to you gladly,) (At least so his Courtiers would swear) But Crack now and then would do het'r—odox things, [ages sadly.]

And at last took to worshipping Im—

Some broken-down Idols, that long had been placed [so much, In his father's old Cabinet, pleased him That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his taste— They were monstrons to look at, and rotten to touch.

And these were the beautiful Gods of King Crack!— [such things, But his People, disdaining to worship Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your Godships must pack— "You'll not do for us, though you may do for Kings."

Then, trampling these images under their feet, [Great Casar! They sent Crack a petition, beginning "We're willing to worship; but only entreat "That you'll find us some deceter Godheads than these are."

"I'll try," says King Crack—so they furnish'd him models Of better shaped Gods, but he sent them all back; Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of nodles, In short, they were all much too god—like for Crack.

So he took to his darling old Idols again, And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces, In open defiance of Gods and of man, Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places.

* One of those antediluvian Princes with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately ac— quainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his History, we should find, I dare say, that Crack was only a Regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last King of the Antediluvian Dynasty.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like V—sc—nt C—at—r—gh ? [wood. Answer. Because it is a slender thing of That up and down its awkward arm doth sway, And coolly spout and spout and spout In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.


Said his Highness to Ned,† with that grim face of his, [lie Neddy? " Why refuse us the Veto, dear Catho— "Because, sir," said Ned, looking full in his phiz, [science, already! "You're forbidding enough, in all con—

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, Flora, Queen of Flowers! Haste thee from Old Brompton's bow— Or, (if sweeter that abode.) [ers— From the King's well-odor'd Road, Where each little nursery bud Breathes the dust and quails the mud. Hither come and gayly twine Brightest herbs and flowers of thine Into wreaths for those who rule us, Those, who rule and (some say) fool us— Flora, sure, will love to please England's Household Deities!‡

First you must then, willy-nilly, Fetch me many an orange lily— Orange of the darkest dye Irish G—ff—rd can supply; Choose me out the longest sprig, And stick it in old Eld—n's wig.

Find me next a Poppy posy, Type of his harangues so dozy, Garland gaudy, dull and cool, To crown the head of L—v—rp—l. "Twill console his brilliant brows For that loss of laurel boughs,

†Edward Byrne, the head of the Delegates of the Irish Catholics.
‡The ancients, in like manner, crowned their Lares, or Household Gods. See Juvenal, Sat. 9. iv. 138.—Plutarch, too, tells us that House— hold Gods were then, as they are now, " much given to War and Penal Statutes."—εχεινω δεις και ποιησαις δειονος.
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)  
On the road to Paris City.

Next, our C—st—r—gh to crown,  
Bring me from the County Down,  
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been  
Gilded o'er, to hide the green—  
(Such as H—df—t brought away  
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's day)—*  
Stitch the garland through and through  
With shabby threads of every hue ;—  
And as, Goddess !—entre nous—  
His lordship loves (though best of men)  
A little torture, now and then,  
Crimp the leaves, then first of Syrens,  
Crimp them with thy curling-irons.

That's enough—away, away—  
Had I leisure, I could say  
How the oldest rose that grows  
Must be pluck'd to deck Old Rose—†  
How the Doctor's brow should smile  
Crown'd with wreaths of chamomile.  
But time presses—to thy taste  
I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste !

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND  
HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD  
Y—RM—TH'S FÊTE.

"I WANT the Court Guide," said my la-
dy, "to look 30, or 20."—  
"If the House, Seymour Place, be at  
'We've lost the Court Guide, Ma'am,  
"Where you'll find, I dare say, Sey-
mour Places in plenty !"

—HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY THE PR—CE  
B—G—T.†

§ Come, Y—rm—th, my boy, never  
trouble your brains,

*Certain tinsel imitations of the Shamrock  
which are distributed by the Servants of  
C—n House every Patrick's Day.  
†The sobriquet given to Lord Sidmouth.  
‡This and the following are extracted from a  
Work which may, some time or other, meet the  
eye of the Public, entitled "Odes of Horace,  
done into English by several persons of fashion."  
§Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes,  
Hirpine Quinell, cogitab Hadria  
Divians objecto, remittas  
Querere.

Nec trepides in usum  
Poecentis serv pauca.

About what your old crony,  
The Emperor Bony,  
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;  
Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our  
granaries:||  
Should there come famine,  
Still plenty to cram in  
You always shall have, my dear Lord of  
The Stannaries.

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;  
For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes  
away,‡  
And then people get fat,  
And infirm, and—all that,  
And a wig (I confess) solemnly sits,**  
That it frightens the little Loves out of  
their wits;

Thy whiskers, too, Y—rm—th! alas,  
even they,‡  
Though so rosy they burn,  
Too quickly must turn  
(What a heart-breaking change for thy  
whiskers !) to Grey.

Then why, my Lord Warden, oh! why  
should you fidget [understand ??]  
Your mind about matters you don't  
Or why should you write yourself down  
for an idiot, [pen in your hand!]§§  
Because "you," forsooth, "have the  
Think, think how much better  
Than scribbling a letter,  
(Which both you and I  
Should avoid, by the by,)  
How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under  
the bust [drink like a new one;  
Of old Charley,|| my friend here, and  
While Charley looks sulky and frowns at  
me, just  
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns  
at Don Juan.  
To crown us, Lord Warden, ††

†† Levius juvenas et decor.  
** Pelleto lascivos amores  
Canitie.  
|| Neque uno Luna rubens nitet  
Volta.  
§§ Quid aterris minorem  
Consilii animum fatigas !  
† Quin non sub alta vel platano, vel haec  
Pinn jacentes sic temere.  
|| Charles Fox.  
‖ Rosâ  
Canos odoratii capillos,  
Dum licet, Assyriaque nardo  
Potamus uncti.
In C—mb—rl—nd's garden
Grows plenty of monk's hood in venomous sprigs,
While Otto of Roses
Refreshes all noses  [and wigs.
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers
What youth of the Houshold will cool
our Noyan*
In that streamlet delicious,
That down 'midst the dishes,
All full of gold fishes,
Romantic doth flow —
Or who will repair
Unto M——ch——r Sq——e,
And see if the gentle Marchesa be there?
Go——bid her haste hither,
And let her bring with her
The newest No-Popery Sermon that's going——
[bowing,§
Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses
All gentle and juvenile, curvy and gay,
In the manner of——Ackermann's Dresses
for May!

HORACE, ODE XXII. LIB. I.
FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELF—N.
The man who keeps a conscience
pure,]]
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
* Quis paro ocellis
Rerumque ardenti Falerini
Foemula praeviapectant nympha?
† Qua — . . . — ilicit domo
Lyden!
‡ Erubem, dix age, cum Iria (qu. ilia—)
Matutum.
§ Incantam Lactemae
More comam reliquata nodo.
∥ Integer vitae secundique puras,
‡ Non eget Mori jaculis, neque aren,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis.
Fusco, pharetra.
Sive per Syresiter vastuosae,
Sive fatauras per infelixspinum
Cancasum, vel quae loca fabulous
Laubita Hydaspis.

An Noble Translator had, at first, laid the scene of these imagined dangers of his Man of Conscience among the Papists of Spain, and had translated the words "quae loca fabulous Laubita Hydaspes" thus—"The failing Spaniard ticks the French:" but, recollecting that it is our interest just now to be respectful to Spanish Catholics (though there is certainly no earthly reason for our being even uncommonly civil to Irish ones,) he altered the passage as it stands at present.

† Namque me silva lapus in Sabina,
Dum mecan canto Lalugen, et ultra
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never
wines.
No want has he of sword or dagger, ¶
Cock'd hat or ringlets of Geramb;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists
swagger,
He doesn't care one single d—mn.
Whether midst Irish chairmen going,**
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelaahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.
For instance, I, one evening late,††
Upon a gay vacation salty,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne Alley.
When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scared at me, even without my wig.
Yet a more fierce and raw-boned dog;‡‡
Goes not to mass in Dublin City,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic Committee.
Oh! place me midst O'Rourke's,
O'Toolès, §§
The ragged royal-blood of Tara;
Terminum euris vigor expeditis,
Fugit inermem.
I cannot help calling the reader's attention
To the peculiar ingenuity with which those lines are paraphrased. Not to mention the happy conversion of the Wolf into a Papist, (seeing that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, that Rome was founded by Romulus, and that the Pope has always reigned at Rome,) there is something particularly neat in supposing "ultra terminum" to mean vacation-time: and then the modest consciousness with which the Noble and Learned Translator has avoided touching upon the words "euris expeditis," (or, as it has been otherwise read, "causis expedititis," and the felicitous idea of his being "inermis" when "without his wig," are altogether the most detectable specimens of paraphrase in our language."

‡ Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alt ascenletis,
Nec Julius tellus generat leonum
Ardis nutrix.
§§ Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatura aura:
Quod latus mundi, nebula, malasque
Jupiter urget.
I must here remark, that the said Dick M—r—
—n being a very good fellow, it was not at all fair to make a "malus Jupiter" of him.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

Or place me where Dick M.—rt—n rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara;
Of Church and State I'll warble still,*
Though ev'n Dick M.—rt—n's self
should grumble; [Jill,
Sweet Church and State, like Jack and
So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tum-

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MIN-

—Nova monstra creavit.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Ma-

or Cacam.
[rous back,
With a swinging worse-tail at each val-
And such helmets, God bless us! as
never decked any
[vanni—
Male creature before, except Signor Gio-
"Let's see," said the R—g — t, (like Ti-
tus perplex'd
With the duties of empire,) "whom
shall I dress next?"

He looks in the glass—but perfection
is there,
[To a hair;—
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right
Not a single ex-curl on his forehead he places—
[the case is,
For curls are like Ministers, strange as
The falser they are, the more firm in
their places. [who could doubt?
His coat he next views—but the coat
For his Y—rm—th's own Frenchfied
hand cut it out; [ters of state,
Every pucker and seam were made mat-
And a grand Household Council was
held on each plain.
Then whom shall he dress? shall he
new-rig his brother,
Great C—mb—rl—d's Duke, with some
kickshaw or other?
And kindly invent him more Christian-
like shapes
[Jory capes.
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pul-

* Dulce ridentem Latagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

]There cannot be imagined a more happy
Illustration of the inseparableness of Church and
State, and their (what is called) "standing and
falling together," than this ancient apologue of
Jack and Jill. Jack, of course, represents the
State in this ingenious little Allegory.
Jack fell down,
And broke his Crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.
]That model of Princes, the Emperor Com-
modus, was particularly luxurious in the dress-

Ah! no—here his ardor would meet
with delays,
[In new Stays,
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up
So complete for the winter, he saw very
plain [him again.
"Twould be devilish hard work to unpack

So, what's to be done?—there's the
ministers, bless 'em!—
As he made the puppets, why shouldn't
he dress 'em? [—be nimble—
"An excellent thought!—call the tailors
"Let Cun bring his spy-glass, and
H—rt—d her thimble;
"While Y—rm—th shall give us, in
spite of all quizzers, [scissors,"
"The last Paris cut with his true Gallic

So saying, he calls C—st—r—gh, and
the rest
[and be dress'd.
Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come
While Y—rm—th, with snip-like and
brisk expedition,
[ution
Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic Pe-
In long tailors' measures, (the P—e
crying "Well-done!"
And first puts in hand my Lord Chan-
celler Eld—n.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A
LADY AND GENTLEMAN
UPON THE ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS
CALLED) "HAVING LAW$ ON ONE'S SIDE."

The Gentleman's Proposal.

"Legge anrea,
S'el piece, ei lies."

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauti-
ties so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old
ones look gloomy,
But, dearest, we've Law on our side.

ing and ornamenting of his hair. His con-
science, however, would not suffer him to trust
himself with a barber, and he used, according
ly, to burn off his beard—" timore tonsoris,"
says Lampadius. (Hist. August. Scriptor.)
The dissolute Ælius Venus, too, was equally
attentive to the decoration of his wig. (See
Jul. Capitoline.)—Indeed, this was not the
only princely trait in the character of Venus,
as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified
contempt for his Wife.—See his insulting an-
swer to her in Spartianus.
§ In allusion to Lord Eld—nb—gh.
Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad, [now could be had; They're the best that for money just And, if echo the charm of such houses should be [a T. You will find it shall echo my speech to

As for actors, we've got the old Company yet, The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set; And consid'ring they were all but clerks t'other day, [play. It is truly surprising how well they can Our Manager,* (he, who in Ulster was nursed, [first, And sung Erin go Brah for the galleries But, on finding Pit-interest a much better thing, [save the King,) Changed his note of a sudden, to God Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever, [ever, Himself and his speeches as lengthy as Here offers you still the full use of his breath, [death. Your devoted and long-winded prosér till

You remember last season, when things went perverse on, We had to engage (as a block to re-hearse on) [person, One Mr. V.—ns—tt—t, a good sort of Who's also employ'd for this season to play, [to Pay,]
In "Raising the Wind,"and the "Devil's We expect too—at least we've been plotting and planning—
To get that great actor from Liverpool, C—nn—g; [attracts And, as at the Circus there's nothing Like a good single combat brought in 'twixt the acts, [Sir P—ph—m, If the Manager should, with the help of Get up new diversions, and C—nn—g should stop 'em, Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers, [tional capers,"
"Grand fight—second time—with addi—
Be your taste for the ludicrous, hum—
drum, or sad, [be had. There is plenty of each in this house to Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will be, [he; For a dead hand at tragedy always was And there never was dealer in dagger and cup, [He had recently been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.

**Lord C—stl—r—gh.

Oh! think the delight of two lovers con—
genial, Whom no dull decorum divides; Their error how sweet, and their rup—
ture how venial, [side. When once they've got Law on their 'Tis a thing, that in every King's reign has been done, too; Then why should it now be decried? If the Father has done it, why shouldn't the Son, too? For so argues Law on our side. And, ev'n should our sweet violation of duty By cold-blooded jurors be tried, They can but bring it in "a misfortune," my beauty, As long as we've Law on our side.

*The Lady's Answer.*

Hold, hold, my good sir, go a little more slowly; For, grant me so faithless a bride, Such sinners as we, are a little too lowly, To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great Prince, to whose star shining o'er 'em The people should look for their guide, Then your Highness (and welcome!) might kick down decorum— You'd always have Law on your side.

Were you ev'n an old Marquis, in mis—
chief grown hoary, Whose heart, though it long ago died To the pleasures of vice, is alive to its glory— You still would have Law on your side.

But for you, Sir, Crim. Con. is a path full of troubles; By my advice therefore abide, And leave the pursuit to those Princes and Nobles Who have such a Law on their side.

**Occasional Address for the Opening of the New Theatre of St. St.—Ph—N,**

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSTUME, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER, 1812.

This day a New House, for your edifi—
cation, [headed nation! We open, most thinking and right—

*Lord C—stl—r—gh.*
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

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Who so smilingly got all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep

So much for the actors;—for secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of
Y — ru — th and Cum are the best we can find,
To transact all that trickery business
The former's employ'd to teach us French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after

In taking my leave now, I've only to say,
A few Seats in the House, not as yet
May be had of the Manager, Pat
C — stl — r — gh.

THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.

Instrumenta regni. — Tacitus.

Here's a choice set of Tools for you,
Ge'nm'men and Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your trade is;
[Except it be Cabinet-making;—no
do ubt,]
In that delicate service they're rather worn out;

Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had his own will,
Would have bungled away with them
You can see they've been pretty well hack'd—and slack!
What tool is there job after job will not Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like E — n —
'b'r—n's, none of the best;
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying,
Wer't but for their brass, they are well worth the buying;
They're famous for making blinds, sliders, and screens,
And are, some of them, excellent turning machines.

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a Chancellor),

*An allusion to Lord Eld—n's lachrymose tendencies.
1 "Of the taxes proposed by Mr. Vansittart.
LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.
A BALLAD.

To the tune of "There was a little man, and he 'd a little maid."

DEDICATED TO THE ST. HON. CH—RL—S AND—T.
Arcadesambo
Et cant-are pares.

1813.

There was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try,
Whether it's within our reach
To make up a little Speech."

Just between little you and little I,
"Just between little you and little I!"

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout,
But, if it's not uncivil,
Pray tell me what the devil
Must our little, little speech be about,
bout, bout,
"Must our little, little speech be
The little Man look'd big
With thy assistance of his wig,
And he call'd his little Soul to order, order,
Till she fear'd he'd make her job in
To jail, like Thomasroggan,
(As she wasn't Duke or Earl) to reward her, ward her, [her.
As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward
The little Man then spoke,
"Little Soul, it is no joke,
"For as sure as J—cky F—ll—r loves a sup, sup, sup,
"I will tell the Prince and People
What I think of Church and Steepel,
[up, up, up,
"And my little patent plan to prop them
"And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, check by jowl,
Little Man and little Soul
Went and spoke their little speech to a
tittle, tittle, tittle,
And all the world declare
That this priggish little pair
Never yet in all their lives look'd so lit-

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

Sesoque tibi commendat Troja Penates
Hos capite futorum comites.

1813.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,
[why should we not,
And the Marshal must have them—pray,
As the man, and I grant it, the worst of
our loans to him,
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to
him?
There's not in all England, I'd venture
to swear, [spare;
Any men we could half so conveniently
And, though they've been helping the
French for years past,
We may thus make them useful to Eng-
land at last.
C—stl—r—gh in our sieges might save
some disgraces,
Being need to the taking and keeping of
places: [joining,
And Volunteer C—mn—g, still ready for
Might show off his talent for spy under-
mining.
Could the Household but spare us its
glory and pride,
Old H—dr—t at horn-works again might be
tried,
And the Ch—f J—st—e make a bold
charge at his side:
While V—ns—t—t could victual the
troup upon tick,
[and sick.
And the Doctor look after the luggage
Nay, I do not see why the great
R—g—t himself
Should, in times such as these, stay at
home on the shelf:
Though through narrow defiles he's not
fitted to pass, [en masse?
Yet who could resist, if he bore down
And though oft, of an evening, perhaps
he might prove,
Like our Spanish confed'rates, "unable
move,"
Yet there's one thing in war of advan-
tage unbounded [be surrow'd.
Which is, that he cot, d not with ease
In my next I shall sing of their arms
and equipment; [the shipment!
At present no more, but—good luck to
"The character given to the Spanish soldier
in Sir John Murray's memorable dispatch.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

HORACE, ODE I. LIB. III.

A FRAGMENT.


delays.

1810.

forced

blem

der

1813

I HATE thee, oh, Mob, as my Lady hates delf; [and thy hisses, To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps Leave old Magna Charta to shift for it- self, [young masters and misses. And, like G—d—n, write books for Oh! it is not high rank that can make the heart merry, [from mishap: Even monarchs themselves are not free Though the Lords of Westphalia must quake before Jerry, [fore Nap. Poor Jerry himself has to quake be-

HORACE, ODE XXXVIII. LIB. I.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, adiparatus; Displevis necesse philyra coronav, Mitte sectari, Rosa quo loceuman, Sera mortem.

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON. G—RGE R—S.

Boy, tell the Cook that I hate all nick- nackeries, [gim-crackeries— Ericsassees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and Six by the Horse-Guards!—old Georgy is late—

* The literal closeness of the version here cannot but be admired. The Translator has added a long, crude, and flowery note upon Roses, of which I can merely give a specimen at present. In the first place, he ransacks the Rosarium Politicss of the Persian Poet Sadi, with the hope of finding some Political Roses, to match the gentlemen in the text—but, in vain; he then tells us that Cicero accused Verres of reposing upon a cushion "Melitens rost fortum," which, from the odd mixture of words, he supposes to be a kind of Irish Red of Roses, like Lord Castlereagh's. The learned Clerk next favors us with some remarks upon a well-known punning epitaph on fair Rosamond,

But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds! do not wait, Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is staying. [delaying. At which of his places Old R—e is

IMPROMPTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

1810.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great dif-

ference is, [forced to resign, Though a paradise each has been That he never wore breeches till turn'd out of his, [banish'd from mine. While, for want of my breeches, I'm

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE MINISTERS.

1813.

So gently in peace Alcibiades smiled, While in battle he shone forth so ter-

ribly grand, [seal, was a child That the emblem they graved on his With a thunderbolt placed in its inno-

cent hand.

Oh Wellington, long as such Ministers wield [blem will do; Your magnificent arm, the same em-

For while they're in the Council and you in the Field, [der in you We've the babies in them and the thun-

and expresses a most loyal hope, that, if "Rosa munda" mean "a Rose with clean hands," it may be found applicable to the Right Honorable Rose in question. He then dwells at some length upon the "Rosa aurea," which, though descriptive, in one sense, of the old Treasury Statesman, yet, as being consecrated and worn by the Pope, must, of course, not be brought into the same atmosphere with him. Lastly, in reference to the words "old Rose," he winds up with the pathetic lamenta-

tion of the Poet "consuluisse Rosas." The whole note, indeed, shows a knowledge of Roses, that is quite edifying.
IRISH MELODIES.

FROM 1807 TO 1814.

TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to one whose character reflected honor on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every succeeding year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity,
Your Ladyship's ever attached Friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

PREFACE.

Though an edition of the Poetry of the Irish Melodies, separate from the Music, has long been called for, yet, having, for many reasons, a strong objection to this sort of divorce, I should with difficulty have consented to a disunion of the words from the airs, had it depended solely upon me to keep them quietly and indissolubly together. But, besides the various shapes in which these, as well as my other lyrical writings, have been published throughout America, they are included, of course, in all the editions of my works printed on the Continent, and have also appeared, in a volume full of typographical errors, in Dublin. I have therefore readily acceded to the wish expressed by the Proprietor of the Irish Melodies, for a revised and complete edition of the poetry of the Work, though well aware that my verses must lose even more than the "anima dimidium," in being detached from the beautiful airs to which it was their good fortune to be associated.

The Advertisements which were prefixed to the different numbers, the Preliminary Letter upon Music, &c., will be found in an Appendix at the end of the Melodies.

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rorest
By the star thou lov'st,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.
When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gray hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.*

Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Tho' lost to Munonia,† and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkoraï no more.
That star of the field, which so often
 hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each
To light us to victory yet. [sword,
Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the
tint [fair,
Of thy fields and thy mountains so
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should
The footstep of slavery there? [print
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall
never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at
thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions,
who stood§
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red
with their blood, [died.
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and

* Brien Borombe, the great monarch of Ire-
land, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf,
in the beginning of the 11th century, after hav-
ning defeated the Danes in twenty-five engage-
ments.
† Munster.
§ This alludes to an interesting circumstance
related of the Dalguis, the favorite troops of
Brien, when they were interrupted in their re-
turn from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick,
prince of Osse, The wounded men entreated
That sun which now blesses our arms
with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves
us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine
eyes,
[thy skies!
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Suddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall in-
crease,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

On! breathe not his name, let it sleep
in the shade, [laid:
Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
[ot'er his head.
As the night-dew that falls on the grass
But the night-dew that falls, though in
silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave
where he sleeps; [secret it rolls,
And the tear that we shed, though in
Shall long keep his memory green in our
souls.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE

When he, who adores thee, has left but
the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they
darken the fame

that they might be allowed to fight with the
rest.—"Let stakes (they said) be stuck in the
ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and sup-
ported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his
rank by the side of a sound man." [Between
seven and eight hundred wounded men, (adds
O'Halloran,) pale, emaciated, and supported
in this manner, appeared mixed with the fore-
most of the troops;—never was such another
sight exhibited."—History of Ireland, book
xii. chap. i.
O' MOORE'S WORKS.

Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.
With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was in my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for
Now feel that pulse no more.[praise,
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

FLY not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,'Though few cold by day it ran,
Yea'll, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near,[looks
And thus, should woman's heart and
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Oh! think not my spirits are always a light,[to you now;
And as free from a pang as they seem
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No!—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to
the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.[awhile—
But send round the bow,' and be happy
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,[with a smile,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark,
Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,[dear to my mind
When these blessings shall cease to be
But they who have loved the fondest,
the purest,[they believed;
Too often have wept o'er the dream
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship sequester,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.[of truth
But send round the bowl; while a relic
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine.—

*Solls Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.
"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm!
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more."
IRISH MELODIES.

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That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth, [sole our decline.
And the moonlight of friendship con-

THO' THE LAST GlimpSE OF ERIN 
WITH SORROW I SEE

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sor-
row I see, [to me;
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin 
In exile, my bosom shall still be my home, 
[ever we roam.
And thine eyes make my climate where-
To the gloom of some desert or cold 
Rocky shore, [as no more,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt 
I will fly with my Coulm, and think the 
rough wind [ing behind.
Less rude than the foes we leave crowned,
And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as grace-
ful it wreathes, it breathes; 
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly 
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will 
tear [from that hair.*
One chord from that harp, or one lock

RICH AND RARE WERE THE 
GEMS SHE WORE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, 
And a bright gold ring on her wand she 
bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond 
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white 
wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray, 
"So lone and lovely through this bleak 
way?"

"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold, 
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

*In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of 
Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, 
whereby all persons were restrained from being 
shorn or shaved above the ears, or from wearing 
Gibbes, or Coulins. (long locks.) on their heads, 
or hair on their upper lip, called Crommen. 
On this occasion a song was written by one of 
our barda, in which an Irish virgin is made to 
give the preference to her dear Coulin (or the 
youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers, 
(by which the English were meant,) or those 
who wore their habits. Of this song, the air 
alone has reached us, and is universally ad-
mired."—Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish 
Barita, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us also, 
that, about the same period, there were some 
harsh measures taken against the Irish Min-
isters.

This ballad is founded upon the following 
 anecdote:—"The people were inspired with

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm, 
"No son of Erin will offer me harm:— 
"For though they love woman and 
golden store, [more!"

"Sir knight! they love honor and virtue 
On she went, and her maiden smile 
In safety lighted her round the Green 
Isle; 
And blest forever is she who relied 
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF 
THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters 
may glow [press below, 
While the tide runs in darkness and cold— 
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm 
sunny smile, 
Though the cold heart to ruin runs 
darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that 
throws [our woes 
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and 
To which life nothing darker or brighter; 
can bring, [no sting—
For which joy has no balm and affliction
Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoy-
ment will stay, 
Like a dead, leafless branch in the sum-
mer's bright ray; [it in vain, 
The beams of the warm sun play round 
It may smile in his light, but it blooms 
not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley 
so sweet [waters meet; 
As that vale in whose bosom the bright 
such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, 
by the great example of Erin, and by his excellent 
administration, that, as a proof of it, we are 
informed that a young lady of great beauty, 
adorned with jewels and a costly dress, under-
took a journey alone, from one end of the king-
dom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, 
at the top of which was a ring of exceeding 
great value; and such an impression had the 
laws and government of this Monarch made on 
the minds of all the people, that no attempt was 
made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of 
her clothes or jewels."—Warner's History 
of Ireland, vol. I., book x.

"The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part 
of that beautiful scenery which lies between 
Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wick-
low, and these lines were suggested by a visit 
to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 
1807.

§The rivers Avon and Avoca.
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade
Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more ex-
'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks
Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.
How dear to me the hour when day
light dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh
And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
[burning west,
Along the smooth wave tow'r'd the
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think'twould lead to some bright
isle of rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.
WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.
Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even you require:
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book:
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.

Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there,
Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way.

THE LEGACY.
When in death I shall calmly recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sually a heart so brilliant and light;
But balny drops of the red grape bor-
row,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient
Hang it up at that friendly door, [hall;
Where weary travellers love to call.

Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd.

But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

"In every house was one or two harps, free
to all travellers, who were the more caressed
the more they excelled in music."—O Halloran.
HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried,
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwined by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days!*
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the Hundred Fights!†
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung;‡
Both mute,—but long as valor shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips a sweet, and then flies
to the rest; [in the east,
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull
We may order our wings, and be off
to the west;
But if hearts that feel and eyes that smile
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
[is crow'd,§
Then remember, wherever your goblet
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam.

When a cup to the smile of dear woman
 goes round, [her at home.
Oh! remember the smile that adorns

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

On! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows
The moon hid her light [came;
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept [call;
By a dragon of prudery placed within
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
[watch'd after all.
That the garden's but carelessly
Oh! they went the wild sweet-briery fence, [dwell;
Which round the flowers of Erin
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most re
Then remember, wherever your goblet:
 crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam.
When a cup to the smile of dear woman
goes round, [her at home.
Oh! remember the smile that adorns

In France, when the heart of a woman
sets sail, [to try,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-by. [boy,
While the daughters of Erin keep the
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of sea, and beams of joy.
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
[is crow'd,
Then remember, wherever your goblet
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam

When a cup to the smile of dear woman
goes round, [her at home.
Oh! remember the smile that adorns

* I have endeavored here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many wise, and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

§ This designation, which has been before

** LOVE and WAR**

- Irish Melodies
- 247
- pages 43-44
- Fox, "Romaniarum ultima"
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;  
But none will see the day  
When the clouds shall pass away,  
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay  
On the narrow path-way  
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd  
Over the moor;  
And many a deep print  
On the white snow's tint  
Show'd the track of his footstep to  
Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray  
Soon melted away  
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;  
But there's a light above  
Which alone can remove  
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
Which he won from her proud invader,  
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,  
Led the Red Branch Knights to

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book iv.

† Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called Curath na Curathhruabhadh, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emain, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called Tongh na Curathhruabhadh, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called Breonbherea, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'Mallan's Introduction, &c., part l. chap. 5.

‡ It was an old tradition, in the time of Gelas, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.  
On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining,  
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
[over;  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are  
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time  
For the long-faded glories they cover.†

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.§

SILENT, oh Myole, be the roar of thy water,  
[repose—  
Break not, ye breezes, your chain.  
While a murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter  
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.  
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,  
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?  
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,  
Call my spirit from this stormy world?  
Sadly, oh Myole, to thy winter-wave weeping,  
Fate bids me languish long ages away;  
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,  
[delay.  
Still doth the pure light its dawning

Like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed.  
He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.  

Is it possible that the ancient redoubts of Ulus, which are called "the fortresses of the Ulster men," are the remains of a great order of masonry in the time of the ancient Irish, and that the tower of which Lir was the founder was the remains of one of these structures?  

J. F. C.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief [fools; To simpleton sages, and reasoning
This moment's a flower too fair and brief, [dust of the schools.
To be wither'd and stain'd by the Your glass may be purple and mine may [same bright bowl,
But while they are fill'd from the The fool who would quarrel for difference [the soul.
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side [agree?
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried, [with me?
If he kneel not before the same altar From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly, [doox kiss?
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox: perish the hearts, and the laws that try [like this!
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke, [Spaniards awoké And grand was the moment when Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest, Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west— [rowing spot,
Give the light of your look to each sorrow, Nor, oh, be the shamrock of Erin forgot While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!
If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights, [its delights,
Give to country its charm, and to home If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same! [a name.
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and

Who would ask for a nolder, a holier death, [breath,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Lakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd [strangers to find
The green hills of their youth, among That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light, [bright,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm, and as And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws, [sighted cause
Like a truant, her sword, in the long- Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive, [alive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain; [tyr's will die!
Then, how sanctified by sorrow, its mar-v The finger of glory shall point where they lie; [or slave,
While, far from the footstep of coward The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave [of Spain!
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly to-day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away, Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it will, And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would entwine itself verdant still.
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear, That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known, [more dear; To which time will but make thee No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets, But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god
When she sets, the rose.
The same look which she turn'd when

**ERIN, OH ERIN.**

**LIKE the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane,**
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm, [soon in rain, Is the heart that sorrows have brown'd Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm. Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.
The nations have fallen, and thou still art young.
Thy sun is but rising, when others are And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung, [round thee yet.
The full noon of freedom shall beam
Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade, Thy star shall shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unbill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind, [gold hour, The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
young flower, And daylight and liberty bless the Thus Erin, oh Erin, thy winter is past, And the hope that lived thro' it shall blossom at last.

**DRINK TO HER.**

**DRINK to her, who long**
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone ;

"The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions:—Ad unum Kildareiam occurrit ignis Sanctae Brigidae, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod exstingui posset, sed quod tam solici meniales et sanctae mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, foveat et nutriment, ut a tempore virgins per tot annoscurum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—Gerald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern. dist. 2, c. 34.

† Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the Lily, who has applied this image to a still more important object.
‡ We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and, perhaps, truly, describes in his State of Ireland, and whose poems, By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "Which might pass?"
She answer'd, "He, who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines.
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her, who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

**OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.**

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
[at Fame; Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling
He was born for much more, and in happier hours [her flame.
His soul might have burn'd with a ho-
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre, [warrior's dart;
Might have bent a proud bow to the

he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the graceing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

§ It is conjectured by Worms, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Ir* the Runic for *row*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland, called the land of *Ire*, from the constant broils therein for 400 years, was now become the land of gloved."—Lloyd's State Worthies, *art. The Lord Grandison.*
Irish Melodies.

Add the ly, which now breathes but
the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a
patriot's heart.
But alas for his country!—her pride is
gone by,
would bend;
And that spirit is broken, which never
O'er the ruin her children in secret must
sigh,
[to defend.
For 'tis treason to love her, and death's
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd
to betray;
[not their sires;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame
And the torch, that would light them
through dignity's way.
Must be caught from the pile, where
their country expires.
Then blame not the bard, if in pleasures'
soft dreams,
[can heal:
He should try to forget what he never
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but
gleam
[mark how he'll feel!
Through the gloom of his country, and
That instant, his heart at her shrine
may lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it
adored;
[with his crown,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should
cover his sword,*
But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope
fade away,
[his songs;
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is
most gay,
[and thy wrongs.
Will he lose the remembrance of thee
The stranger shall hear thy lament on
his plains;
[the deep,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet
thy chains,
[and weep.
Shall pause at the song of their captive,

While gazing on the moon's light.

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,

To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But too far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my
way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
"The moon looks
"On many brooks,
"This brook can see no moon but this;"
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but one,
One Mary in the world for me.

I'll Omens.

When daylight was yet sleeping under
the hillow,
[jing shone,
And stars in the heavens still linger-
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from
her pillow,
[alone.
The last time she e'er was to press it
For the youth whom she treasured her
heart and her soul in,
[moon; Had promised to link the last tie before
And, when once the young heart of a
maiden is stolen,
[soon. The maiden herself will steal after it
As she look'd in the glass, which a
woman never misses,
[two, Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or
A butterfly, § fresh from the night-flow-
er's kisses,
[view. Flew over the mirror and shaded her

In the Entretiens d'Ariste, among other inge-
 nous emblems, we find a starry sky without a
moon, with these words. Non mille, quod absent.
§ This image was suggested by the following
thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir Wil-
liam Jones's works: "The moon looks upon
many night-dowers, the night-dower sees but
one moon." § An emblem of the soul.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
[often dies]."
"For which the soul's innocence too
While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She call'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fall'd dew:
And a rose, farther on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But while o'er the roses too carelessly Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

BEFORE THE BATTLE,
By the hope within us springing, Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing Chains or freedom, death or life— Oh! remember life can be No charm for him who lives not free! Like the day-star in the wave, Sinks a hero in his grave, Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears. Happy is he o'er whose decline The smiles of home may soothingshine, And light him down the steep of years:— But oh, how blest they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on Victory's breast! O'er his watch-fire's fading embers Now the foeman's cheek turns white, When his heart that field remembers, Where we tamed his tyrant might. Never let him bind again A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls— Ere the golden evening falls, May we pledge that horn in triumph round!" Many a heart that now beats high, In slumber cold at night shall lie, Nor waken even at victory's sound:— But oh, how blest that hero's sleep, O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE,
Night closed around the conqueror's way, And lightnings show'd the distant hill, Where those who lost that dreadful day, Stood few and faint, but fearless still. The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal, Forever dimm'd, forever cross'd— Oh! who shall say what heroes feel, When all but life and honor's lost? The last sad hour of freedom's dream, And valor's task, moved slowly by, While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam Should rise and give them light to die. There's yet a world, where souls are free. Where tyrants taint not nature: bliss;— If death that world's bright opening be. Oh! who would live a slave in this?
'TIS SWEET TO THINK.
'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove, [and dear]
We are sure to find something blissful And that, when we're far from the lips we love, [are near;]
We've but to make love to the lips we The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling, [ish alone;]
Let it grow where it will, cannot flour-
But will lean to the nearest, and loveli-
est thing, [closely its own.]
It can twine with itself, and make Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove, as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to re-

*"The Irish Corna was not entirely de-

ved to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadn out of them, as the Dandish hunters do their beverages at this day."—Walker.
I believe it is Marmontel who says, "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a."—There are so many mat-

ter-of-fact people, who take such jeux d' esprit
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
[are near.
We've but to make love to the lips we
'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
[isn't there:
To make light of the rest, if the rose
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
[pair.
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too.
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
[different hue.
It will tincture Love's plume with a
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
[is dear,
To be sure to find something, still, that
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
[are near.
We've but to make love to the lips we

---

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.*

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheerd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay:
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
[spirit felt free,
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.
Thy rival was honor'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She wo'd me to temples, while thou lay'dst hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

* Meaning, allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
Oh! soul is the slander,—no chain coul'd
That soul subdue—
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty—
shineth too!†

ON MUSIC.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have
Kindling former smiles again [slept;
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak, [well? When thou canst breathe her soul so
Friendship's balmy words may reign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they; Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS
MOMENT SHED.‡

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid
o'er him, [that's died,
That can tell how beloved was the friend
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore
him.

† These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who had died lately at Madeira.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
[more bright,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth
When we think how he lived but to love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.
'Tis believed that this Harp, which I
wake now for thee,
Was a Syren of old, who sung under the sea;
[waters roved,
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright
To meet, on the green shore, a youth
whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;
[so warm,
Till heav'n looked with pity on true love
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-
maidens's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks
smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
[arm it fell,
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white
Was changed to bright chords unit'ng melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so
long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
[the fond lay
Till thou didst divide them, and teach
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.
On! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may
sigh,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*
Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll
forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a
sunbeam in showers:
There never were hearts, if our rulers
would let them, [than ours.
More form'd to be grateful and blest,
But just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round
with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light
of the poles,
[to stay;
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant

* This song was written for a fête in honor of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.
IRISH MELODIES.

But, though 'twere the last little spark
in our souls, [Prince's Day,
We must light it up now, on our
Contempt on the minion, who calls you
disloyal!
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends
you are true; [is royal,
And the tribute most high to a head that
Is love from a heart that loves liberty
too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrunk from the blaze of the bat-
tle array.
The Standard of Green
In front would be seen,—
Oh, my life on your faith! were you
summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance
away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has
When roused by the foe, on her
Prince's Day.
He loves the Green Isle, and his love is
recorded [to forget;
In hearts which have suffer'd too much
And hope shall be crown'd, and attach-
ment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last.
And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken
than art,
[will decay;
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er
A spirit, which beams through each suf-
ferring part, [Prince's Day,
And now smiles at all pain on the

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.

And when they tread the roud'd Isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and
slave,
They'll wonder ing ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward
"Your web of discord wove; [fate
"And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
"You never join'd in love.
"But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
"And man profaned what God had
given;
"Till some were heard to curse the
"Where others kneel to heaven!"

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beam-
Right and left its arrows fly,
[eth;
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,

Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold, [it,
But all so close the nymph hath laced
Not a charm of beauty's mould [it.
Presumes to stay where Nature placed
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
[es,
That floats as wild as mountain brea-

Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heav'n pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,

Nature's dress
Is loneliness—

The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined, [round us,
But, when its points are gleaming
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?

Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love repose—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh! my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!

Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.
1 SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So veil'd beneath the simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though many a fairest form we see,
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, Mary!

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er;†
Where the cliff hangs high and steep
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

"Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unhy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wis'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Whereas o'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that o'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be;
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps,
Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint, (yet ah! too late,) Felt her love and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

She is far from the land where her
Young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear
Native plains,
Every note which he loved awakening;—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
Breaking.

How the heart of the Minstrel is
He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
Twined him;
They were all that to life had en-
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

†This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.
‡There are many other curious traditions regarding this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.
NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.
Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I have sunk in its bright wave
Ne'er hath a beam [yet.]
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or
The spell of those eyes, [soul;]
The balm of thy sighs,
Still float on the surface, and hallow
my bowl. [steal]
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can
One blissful dream of the heart from
me;
[steal]
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.
They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's
shower,
[wine.]
But bathed the other with mantling
Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods [fade;]
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dyed
All blush'd into beauty, like thee,
sweet maid! [steal]
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can
One blissful dream of the heart from
me;
[steal]
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.
AVENGING and bright fall the swift
sword of Erin* [betray'd!—
On him who the brave sons of Usna

For every fond eye he hath waken'd a
tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall
weep o'er her blade.
By the red cloud that hung over Conor's
dark dwelling,†
When Ulad's three champions lay
sleeping in gore—[high dwelling.
By the billows of war, which so often
Have waited these heroes to victory's
shore—
We swear to revenge them!—no joy
shall be tasted,
[unwed,
The harp shall be silent, the maidens
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields
shall lie wasted, [deer's head.
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the nur
Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home
recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from
tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our
hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest: of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE
FLOWERET.
He.—What the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close emboweret it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.
She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going.
That I'll be to you, my dear.

* The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan, (see vol. 1. of Transactions of
the Gaelic Society of Dublin,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthna of MacPherson" is
founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna,
was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of
Euman. "This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been,
from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the
Irish. These are: the death of the children of
Usnach; the death of the children of
Lear," (both regarding Tuatha de Danann,) and

† "On Niall view that cloud that I here see
in the sky! I see o'er Eman-green a chilling
cloud of blood-tinged red."—Deirdri's Song.
‡ Ulster.
She.—But they say the bee's a rover,
Who will fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
If sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while they may.

**LOVE AND THE NOVICE.**

"Here we dwell, in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend; [lings of flowers
Where sighs of devotion and breath-ascend.
"To heaven in mingled odor ascend.
"Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
So like is thy form to the cherubs above, [ours.
"It well might deceive such hearts as
Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint; [glisten'd
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety
His rosy wing turned to heaven's own lint,
[chin cries, "Who would have thought," the urge...
"That Love could so well, so grace-fully disguise
[eyes?"

"His wandering wings and wounding
Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping, [rise.
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping, [his sighs.
He brightens the censor's flame with
Love is the Saint enshrined in thy breast,
[such a guest,
And angels themselves would admit
If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

**THIS LIFE IS ALL CHECKER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.**

This life is all checker'd with pleasures and woes,
[the deep,—
That chase one another like waves of
* "Proposito fœrem pretulit officio."

Propert. lib. i. eleg. 20.

It is said that St. Patrick, when preaching the Trinity to the Pagan Irish, used to illustrate his subject by reference to that species of trefoil called in Ireland by the name of the

Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle
So closely our whisps on our mischiefs tread,
[can be dried;
That the laugh is awakened ere the tear
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
[fit aside.
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
[ever wise.
With hearts ever happy, and heads
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
[flashes and dies.
And the light, brilliant Folly that

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of light, and with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy o'er meadow and mount, [on the way."
And neglected his task for the flowers
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philoso-phy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted, [as mine.
And left their light urns all as empty
But pledge me the goblet;—while idleness weaves [dem but see
These flow'rets together, shou'd! Wis-One bright drop or two that ha' all'u on
the leaves,
[for me.
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient

**OH THE SHAMROCK.**

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valor wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Who's quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd,
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.

Shamrock; and hence, perhaps, the Island of Saints adopted this plant as her national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tiptoes, and a trefoil of three-colored grass in her hand.
IRISH MELODIES.

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!
 Says Valor, "See,
 "Those leafy gems of morning!"—
 Says Love, "No, no,
 "For me they grow,
 "My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not ever
A type that blends
"Three godlike friends,
"Love, Valor, Wit, forever!"

Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!
 So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
 May Love, as twin
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
 May Valor ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, then wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.
Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling, breathed, like one, on the ear;

And, as Echo far off through the vale
my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice
from the Kingdom of Souls,"
Faintly answering still the notes that
once were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.
One bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,
is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come,—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.
As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay
hours—
Ah, never doth Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come,—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.
We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright,
And now, let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up,
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies mid the tears of the cup.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.
"'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
* "There are countries," says Montaigne,
"where they believe the souls of the happy
live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields;
and that it is those souls, repeating the words
we utter, which we call Echo."
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is bright.
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming,
How sweet to rove [love,
Through Morna's grove,]
When the drowsy world is dreaming,
love! [my dear,
Then awake!—the heavens look bright,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night,
my dear!
Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping,
love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,

"Steals silently to Morna's grove."—See, in Mr. Butting's collection, a poem translated from the Irish, by the late John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honorable, and exemplary.

These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subdividing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Derobergill, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Raark, Prince of Brefini, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Raark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mae Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Rodrick espoused the cause of O'Raark, while Mae Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Sneah," adds Giradows Cambrænsis, (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antolinus and by the destruction of Troy."
IRISH MELODIES.

But, though darkness began to infold me,  
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!  
I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,  
As if the loved tenant lay dead?—  
Ah, would it were death, and death only;  
But no, the young false one had fled,  
And there hung the lute that could soften  
My very worst pains into bliss;  
While the hand, that had waked it so often,  
Now throb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There was a time, falsest of women,  
When Brufin's good sword would have sought  
That man, thro' a million of foesmen,  
Who dared but to wrong thee in thought!  
While now—oh degenerate daughter  
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!  
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,  
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.  
Already, the curse is upon her,  
And strangers her valleys profane;  
They come to divide, to dishonor,  
And tyrants they long will remain.  
But onward!—the green banner rearing,  
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt,  
On our side is Virtue and Erin,  
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own.  
Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;  
Where the sun loves to pause  
With so fond a delay,  
That the night only draws  
A thin veil o'er the day;  
Where simply to feel that we breathe,  
that we live,  
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere  
There, with souls ever ardent and pure  
as the clime, [first golden time;  
We should love, as they loved in the  
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,  
[summer there,  
Would steal to our hearts, and make all  
With affection as free  
From decline as the bowers,  
And, with hope, like the bee,  
Living always on flowers,  
Our life should resemble a long day of light,  
as the night.  
And our death come on, holy and calm

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENCEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour, [in your bower,  
That awakens the night-song of mirth  
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too, [with you.  
And forgot his own griefs to be happy  
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain [pathway of pain,  
Of the few that have brighten'd his  
But he ne'er will forget the short vision,  
that threw [ling'ring with you.  
Its enchantment around him, while  
And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up [and each cup,  
To the highest top sparkle each heart  
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright, [that night;  
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you  
Shall join in your revels, your sports,  
and your wiles, [your smiles—  
And return to me, beaming all o'er with  
Too blest, if it tells me that, mid the gay cheer, [wish he were here!"  
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I  
Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy, [cannot destroy;  
Bright dreams of the past, which she  
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, [used to wear.  
And bring back the features that joy  
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd! [been distil'd—  
Like the vase, in which roses have once  
You may break, you may shatter the  
vasel, if you will, [it still.  
But the scent of the roses will hang round
OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

Oh! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason, [Love.

Shall watch the fire awaked by
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.

Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason, [Love.

Shall watch the fire awaked by
And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.

Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason, [thee.

Shall guard the flame awaked by

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
[her his bride,
When the stranger, William, had made
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
[rains,
Together they toil'd through winds and
Till William, at length, in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortunes on other plains;"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
[shelter there;
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll
"The wind blows cold, the hour is fair,
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's
And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,—
[woods all!"
"This castle is thine, and these dark
She believed him crazed, but his words
were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William, the stranger, woo'd
and wed;
[groves,
And the light of bliss, in these lordly
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

I' D MOURN THE HOPE S.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With hearts so warm and eyes so
No clouds can linger o'er me, [bright,
That smile turns them all to light.

"Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
"Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee,
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam:—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus when the lamp that lighted
The traveler at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and
Seasons may roll, [snows;
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
IRISH MELODIES.

Let fate frown on, so we love and part not; [thou'rt not.
'Twas life where thou art, 'tis death where Then come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me, Come wherever the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea Made for the Free, Land for courts and chains alone? Here we are slaves, But, on the waves, Love and Liberty's all our own. No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, [us—

All earth forgot, and all heaven around Then come o'er the sea, Maiden, with me, Mine through sunshine, storm, and Seasons way roll, [snows; But the true soul Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too fast have those young days faded, That, ev'n in sorrow, were sweet! Does Time with his cold wing wither Each feeling that once was dear?— Then, child of misfortune, come hither, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender, Been like our Lagenian minc,* Where sparkle of golden splendor All over the surface shine— But, if in pursuit we go deeper, Allured by the gleam that shone, Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper, Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,† That flitted from tree to tree With the talisman's glitt'ring glory— Has Hope been that bird to thee? On branch after branch alighting, The gem did she still display, And, when nearest and most inviting, Then waft the fair gem away? *Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.
† "The bird, having got its price, settled not

If thus the young hours have fleeted When sorrow itself look'd bright; If thus the fair hope hath cheated, That led thee along so light;

If thus the cold world now wither Each feeling that once was dear:— Come, child of misfortune, come hither, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers Of music fall on the sleeper's ear, When half-awaking from fearful slumbers, [near—

He thinks the full choir of heaven is Than came that voice, when all forsaken, This heart long had sleeping lain, Nor thought its cold pulse would ever— waken To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing [shell—

Of summer wind thro' some wreathed Each secret winding, each inmost feeling Of all my soul echoed to its spell. 'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!— I'd live years of grief and pain To have my long sleep of sorrow broken By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth about thee, And on thy lip such promise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still reposed, Still clinging with hope the fonder, And thought, though false to all beside, From me thou couldst not wander.

But go, deceiver! go, [make it The heart, whose hopes could Trust one so false, so low, [fit. Deserves that thou shouldst break

When every tongue thy follies named, I fled the unwelcome story; Or found, in even the faults they blamed, Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends Conspired to wrong, to slight thee; far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—Arabian Nights.
The heart that now thy falsehood rends
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee:
The few, who loved thee once, have fled,
And they, who flatter, scorn thee.

'Tis midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath the.

The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.

Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendor.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost forever;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.

Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

While History's Muse the memorial was
keeping[weaves],
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood
weeping,[the leaves],
For hers was the story that blotted
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids
grew bright,[shame],
When, after whole pages of sorrow and
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illumed the whole volume, her
Wellington's name.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit,
it all sparkling [own dewy skies,
With beams, such as break from her

* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power—but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I

"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and
darkling,[thine to arise.
"I've watch'd for some glory like
"For, though Heroes I've number'd,
unblest was their lot,
"And unhallow'd they sleep in the
crossways of Fame;—
"But oh! there is not
"One dishonoring blot

On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is
remaining,[hast yet known;
"The grandest, the purest, ev'n thou
"Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
"Far prouder to heal the deep wounds
of thy own.

"At the foot of that throne for whose
weal thou hast stood,
"Go, plead for the land that first
eradicated thy fame,
"And, bright o'er the flood
"Of her tears and her blood,

"Let the rainbow of Hope be her
Wellington's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light, that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's books,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite,*
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
0! winds could not outrun me.

And thought that this was the sprite which we

call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon
such subjects, Lady Morgan, (in a note upon
her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel,) has
given a very different account of that gob
lin.
IRISH MELODIES.

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And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas! 'tis endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

WHERE IS THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee,
Thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud
can o'ercast,
[the last,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to;
Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment,
through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
[thou art,
I but know that I love thee, whatever

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
[of this,—
And thy Angel I'll be, mid the horrors
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
[ish there too!
And shield thee, and save thee,—or per-

'TIS GONE, AND FOREVER.

'Tis gone, and forever, the light we saw
breaking, [sleep of the dead—
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the
When Man, from the slumber of ages
awaking, [we're ere it fled.
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of
its burning [and mourning,
But deepen the long night of bondage
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
[thee.
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er
For high was thy hope, when those glo-
ries were darting
Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignant-
ly starting,
[unfur'd.*
At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner
Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
[ance blended
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliver-
The tongues of all nations—how sweet
had ascended thee!
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from
But, shame on those tyrants, who en-
vied the blessing! [thy its good,
And shame on the light race, unwor-
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
[it in blood.
The young hope of Freedom, baptized
Then vanish'd forever that fair, sunny
vision,
[heart's derision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright and elysian
As first it rose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morn-
ing was shining, [only on;
A bark o'er the waters move glori-
I came when the sun o'er that beach was
decaying, [waters were gone.
The bark was still there, but the

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name
given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner
And such is the fate of our life's early promise, have known;
So passing the spring-tide of joy we each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.
Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning:
The close of our day, the calm eve of give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning.
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.
Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning, make out all its sweets to love's exquis-

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:
So we, Sages, sit,
And, mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heav'n of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?

* In that rebellion but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:
"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep,"
The chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish.

It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us:
The careless youth, when up
to glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
to hide the piffer'd fire in.—
But oh his joy, when, round
The halls of Heaven springing
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee, [thee long,]
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee, [dom and song!]
And gave all thy chords to light, free,
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness [thrick;]
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest
But, so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness, [thee still.
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from
Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers, [we shall twine!]
This sweet wreath of song is the last
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers, [thy than mine;]
Till touch'd by some hand less unwor-
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
[alone;]
Have throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory
Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhiain, where the attacking Irish, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in Miss Brocke's Reliques of Irish Poetry.
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over, [was thy own.
And all the wild sweetness I waked [away.

MY GENTLE HARPS.
My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those Harps whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
Thou hast upon the willows still.
And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame;
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.
Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline! Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains?

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
Now gayly, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memonas broken image sounding,
Mid desolation tuneful still!*

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.
In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
[are begin,
And its pleasures in all their new lus-

When we live in a bright-beaming world
of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
[transport we may];—
We can love, as in hours of less
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay
sunny prime,
[away.
But affection is truer when these fail
When we see the first glory of youth
pass us by,
[never return;
Like a leaf on the stream that will
When our cup, which had sparkled with
pleasure so high,
[flowing urn; First tastes of the other, the dark-
Then, then is the time when affection
holds sway
[never knew;
With a depth and a tenderness joy
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faith-
less as they,
[row, is true.
But the Love born of Sorrow, like Sor-
In climes full of sunshine, though splen-
did the flowers,
[no worth;
Theirs grow to no freshness, their odor
'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own
Isle of showers,
[forth;
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy
So, it is not mid splendor, prosperity,
mirth,
[spirit appears;
That the depth of Love's generous
To the sunshine of smiles it may first
owe its birth,
[out by tears.
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.
As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.
When, round the bowl, of vanished years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tide that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.
And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
And naught but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!
As travelers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing.—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.
When cold in the earth lies the friend
Thou hast loved, [thee then;]
Be his faults and his follies forgot by
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
[It again.
Weep o'er them in silence, and close
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
[The star
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert
That arose on his darkness, and
Guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
[Love to adore,
The revelations, that taught him true
To feel the bright presence, and turn
Him with shame [before.
From the idols he blindly had knelt to
O'er the waves of a life, long begett'd and wild,
[O'er the sea;
Thou canst, like a soft, golden calm
And if happiness purely and gloomingly smiled [from thee.
On his ev'n horizon, the light was
And though, sometimes, the shades of past folly might stray,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes, [vanish'd away.
And the folly, the falsehood, soon
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim, [repair,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
[Kindled it there.
He but flew to that smile and re-

REMEMBER THEE.
Remember thee? yes, while there's life
In this heart, [thou art;
It shall never forget thee, all born as
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers, [niest hours.
Than the rest of the world in their suns.
Wert thou all that I wish thee, great,
Glorious, and free, [of the sea,
First flower of the earth, and first gem
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow, [than now?
But oh! could I love thee more deeply
No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood
As it runs, [thy sons—
But make thee more painfully dear to
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest
Drink love in each life-drop that flows
From thy breast.

WREATHE THE BOWL.
Wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That Joy, 'th' enchanter, brings us
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us;
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollo's;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows.
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blonded,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid!
So wreathi the bowl
With flowers of soul,
IRISH MELODIES.

The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd's heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time,
His glass sublime,
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wise, he knew,
Runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends forever!
Then weave the bowk
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us,
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd's heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

WHEN'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

When'er I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope, the friend unknd,
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind:—
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears
Can never shine so bright again.

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet,
Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine,
Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each

The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine,
And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Ward hills,
Like streams, that come from heaven—
Shall keep our hearts, like meals, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine,
lode!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own,—if thou wilt be

TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.

For thick as stars that lighten
You airy bow'rs, your airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that lighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.

But fill the cup—where'er, boy, [fall,
Our choice may fail, our choice may fail,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy, [giv'n,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but
As shining beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to hear'n.

While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.

But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Out choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flatt'ring error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling—
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fail, our choice may
We're sure to find Love there, boy, [fall]
So drink them all! so drink them all!

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field were they perish'd,
The trustiest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their
Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more:

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I found it a life full of kindness and
And, until they can show me some happier planet,

More social and bright, I'll content
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,

As before me this moment enraptured
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,

But this earth is the planet for you,
love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment
can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,

* Tous les habitués de Mercure sont vifs.—Pluralité des Mondes.

They've none, even there, more enam-or'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
love, and me.

But this earth is the planet for you,

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendor,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
you, as you.

And look, in their twilights, as lovely
But tho' they were even more bright than the queen [blue sea,

Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's
As I never those fair young Celestials have seen, [you, love, and me.
Why—this earth is the planet for

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
[equally rare, Where sunshine and smiles must be
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,

Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare. [of it here, Oh! think what a world we should have
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee, [sphere,

Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless
And leave earth to such spirits as you,
love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

On for the swords of former time!
On for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them:

When free yet, ere courts began
With honors to enslave him, the best honors worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords, &c., &c.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,

† La terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étude du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous.—Pluralité des Mondes.
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.
ST. SENANUS.*
"Oh I haste and leave this sacred isle,
"Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
"For on thy deck, though dark it be,
"A female form I see;
"And I have sworn this sainted sod
"Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.
"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
"Through wintry winds and billows dark.
"I come with humble heart to share
"Thy morn and evening prayer;
"Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
"The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanns spurn'd;
The winds blow fresh, the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And giv'n the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.
NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lent us thus,
Are not his coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them o'er could add to their
blisses,
I'd number each glorious second:
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's
kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?

* In a metrical life of St. Senannus, which is taken
from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found
among the Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae,
we are told of his flight to the island of Scat-
tery, and his resolution not to admit any woman
of the party; and that he refused to receive
even a sister saint, St. Canara, whom an
angel had taken to the island for the express
purpose of introducing her to him. The follow-
ing was the unastrous answer of Senannus,
according to his poetical biographer:

The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand, but Pleasure's.
Young Joy ne'er thought of counting
hours,
Till Care, one Summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the
shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand, but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.
Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
"Less cold we are, less false than they,
"Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on,—through endless space—
Through calm,—through tempest—
stop no more,
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
To him who leaves such heartson shore.
Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.
Yes, sad one of Sion, if closely resen-
bling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd

Cui Praelat, quid feminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nee te nee utlus alias
Admittermus in insulam.

See the Acta Sanct. Hib., page 610.
According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senannus was
no less a personage than the river Shannon;
but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny the
metamorphose indignantly.
These verses were written after the perusal of a
treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to
prove that the Irish were originally Jews.
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling," [thou art. Could make us thy children, our parent Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken, [royal crown; And fall'n from her head is the once In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken, [hath gone down." And "while it is day yet, her sun Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning, [behold; Die far from the home it were life to Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning, [them of old. Remember the bright things that bless'd Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"[est are slaves; Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proud And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken, Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow, [dark night, That shines out, at last, on the longest When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow, [thy sight, Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City; Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips; And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity, [her ships. The howl in her halls, and they cry from When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over [unjust, Her merchants rapacious, her rulers And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover. [dust. The Lady of Kingdoms] lay low in the

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Drink of this cup; you'll find there's a spell in [tality; Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mor-

° "Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—Jer., xv. 8.
° "You shall no more be termed Forsaken."—Isaiah, lxxi. 4.
° "How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"—Isaiah, xiv. 4.

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen! [tality.

Her cup was a fiction, but this is real—Would you forget the dark world we are in, [the top of it:

Just taste of the bubble that gleams on But would you rise above earth, till skin To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it; [spell in Send round the cup—for oh, there's a

Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality; [Helen!

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never saw philterform'd with such power To charm and bewilder as we are quaffing; [hour, Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich A harvest of gold in the fields it stood [been till'd.

There having, by Nature's enchantment, With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather, [distill'd.

This wonderful juice from its core was To enliven such hearts as are here [brought together. [a spell in

Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality; [Helen!

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to [no one—[so awful, Like liquor the witch brews at midnight This philter in secret was first taught to [lawful.

Yet 'tis not less potent for being un And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that flame, [forbidden— Which in silence extracted its virtue Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name, Which may work too its charm, though as lawless and hidden. [in

So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality; [Helen!

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

§ "Thy pomp is brought down to the grave And the worms cover thee."—Isaiah, xiv. 11.
§ "You shall no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."—Isaiah, xiv. 5.
THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever was told, by the new moon's light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition,—the image of him
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
So fondly around you he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He'll kneel, with a warth of devotion—
An ardor, of which such an innocent
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD!

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead!* whom we know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves
In far-off fields and waves,

*Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

† The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse, may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick’s Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May day, gliding over the lake on his favorite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who fling wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

‡ Among other stories, connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieflain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May morning threw herself into the lake.

§ The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam of O'Donohue's white horses.
Fair Steed, as white and free;  
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,  
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering how—  
Around my love and thee.  
Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die, 
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie, 
Most sweet that death will be, [light, 
Which, under the next May evening's  
When thou and thy steed are lost to  
Dear love, I'll die for thee.  

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**ECHO.**

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
To music at night,  
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,  
Goes answering light.  
Yet Love hath echoes truer far,  
And far more sweet,  
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,  
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,  
The songs repeat.  
'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,  
And only then,—  
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,  
Is by that one, that only dear,  
Breathed back again!

---

**OH BANQUET NOT.**

Our banquet not in those shining bowers,  
Where Youth resorts, but come to me:  
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,  
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.  
And there we shall have our feasts of tears,  
And many a cup in silence pour;  
Our guests, the shades of former years,  
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.  
There, while the myrtle's withering boughs  
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,  
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,  
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.  
Or, while some blighted laurel waves  
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,  
We'll drink to those neglected graves,  
Where valor sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

* These lines were written on the death of our great patriot, Grattan, in the year 1830. It

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**THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.**

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,  
[thinking  
The night's long hours still find me  
Of thee, thee, only thee.  
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,  
[enchanted,  
And smiles are near, that once  
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,  
My soul like some dark spot is haunted  
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could  
My spirit once, is now forsaken [waken  
For thee, thee, only thee.  [bark  
Like echoes, by which some headlong  
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,  
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,  
I know not, heed not, hastening ever  
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,  
And pain itself seems sweet when spring-  
From thee, thee, only thee. [speaking  
Like spells, that naught on earth can break,  
[spoken,  
Till lips, that know the charm, have  
This heart, how'er the world may wake  
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken  
By thee, thee, only thee.

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**SHALL THE HARP, THEN, BE SILENT.**

Shall the Harp, then, be silent, when  
He who first gave [from all eyes?  
To our country a name, is withdrawn  
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by  
the grave,  
[her Patriots lies?  
Where the first—where the last of  
No—faint tho' the death-song may fall  
From his lips,  
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with  
shadows be cross'd,  
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's  
Eclipse,  
And proclaim to the world what a  
star hath been lost; —*

What a union of all the affections and  
powers  
[refined,  
By which life is exalted, embellish'd,  
Was embraced in that spirit—which cen-  
tre was ours,  
[called mankind  
While its mighty circumference cir-  
is only the two first verses that are either in  
tended or fitted to be sung.
IRISH MELODIES.

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see, 
Through the waste of her annals, that Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he [of all time; And his glory stand out to the eyes That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom [with his soul, And the madness of ages, when fill'd A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom, [Liberty's goal? And for one sacred instant, touch'd Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drunk at the source [own, Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force, And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown! An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone through, As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave, [too. With the flash of the gem, its solidity Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd, In a home full of love, he delighted to tread 'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd, As if each brought a new civic crown for his head— Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame, In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife, Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same,— Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined— O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns [mankind! Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of

O, the sight entrancing, When morning's beam is glancing O'er files array'd

With helm and blade, And plumes, in the gay wind dancing! When hearts are all high beating, And the trumpet's voice repeating That song, whose breath May lead to death, But never to retreating. Oh the sight entrancing, When morning's beam is glancing O'er files array'd With helm and blade, And plumes, in the gay wind dancing! Yet, 'tis not helm or feather— For ask ye! deep, whether His plumed hands Could bring such hands And hearts as ours together? Leave pomps to those who need 'em— Give man but heart and freedom, And proud he braves The grandest slaves That crawl where monarchs lead 'em The sword may pierce the beaver, Stone walls in time may sever, 'Tis mind alone, Worth steel and stone, That keeps men free forever. Oh that sight entrancing, When the morning's beam is glancing O'er files array'd With helm and blade, And in Freedom's cause advancing!

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well, May calm and sunshine long be thine! How fair thou art let others tell, To feel how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell In memory's dream that sunny smile, Which o'er thee on that evening fell, When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one, Who had to turn to paths of care— Through crowded haunts again to run, And leave thee bright and silent there; No more unto thy shores to come, But, on the world's rude ocean toss'd Dream of thee sometimes, as a home Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours To part from thee as I do now, When mist is o'er thy blooming bower Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.
For, though unrival'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,
But thou in shadow seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way—

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lover's for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'Tis the sun's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when indeed they come, divine—
The brightest light the sun o'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.*

'TWAS one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is
The wild notes he heard o'er the water
Weren't these [bouclip and lanes,
He had taught to sing Erin's dark
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er [shore.

From Dinis green isle to Glenl's wooded
He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
To rest;
The lingering sounds on their way loved
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain choir,
As if loath to let song so enchanting
It seem'd as if every sweet note, that died here,
[aurier sphere,
Was again brought to life in some
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain
[ing again.
That had ceased upon earth was awak—

Oh forgive, if, while list'ning to music,
Whose breath [against death,
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
[of Fame:

"Even so shall thou live in the echoes
"Even so, thou' thy mem'ry should now
die away,
"'Twill be caught up again in some hap
"And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
"Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song."

FAIREST! PUT ON AWILE.

FAIREST! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own Green Isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom,
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardor
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With only her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning;
Like some bold warrior's brows
That Love hath just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them
But from his course through air
He hath been won down by them;—
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
And caves, where the gem is sleeping
Bright as the tears thy lid
Lets fall in lonely weeping.
Glens,† where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancor,
And Harbors, worthiest homes,
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

*Written during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Killarney.
† In describing the Skelligs, islands of the
Bantry Bay, Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

"Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them about their ears; and this we find confirmed by a present made A. C. 1694, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anschin, Archibishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—O'Halloran.

§ Glebarriff.
Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
For oh, not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again.
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame upon thee,
If ever thou seest that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

And doth not a meeting like this
And doth not a meeting like this make amends,
[d'ring away—
For all the long years I've been wan-
To see thus around me my youth's early friends
[day!]
As smiling and kind as in that happy

* Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instants,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur, enchanté sur sa rive fleurie,
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.
I The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend Mr. Washington Irving,
in his Bracebridge Hall, vol. i. p. 293.—The sincere pleasure which I feel in calling this gen-
Though haply o'er some of your brows,
as o'er mine, [ing—what then!
The snow-fall of time may be steal-
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by
wine, [again.
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses
What sweeten'd remembrances come o'er the heart. [long!
In gazing on those we've been lost to so
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part, [terday, throng,
Still round them, like visions of yest-
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced, [on the sight,
When held to the flame will steal out
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced, [brings to light.
The warmth of a moment like this
And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide, [ing through;
The wreck of full many a hope shin-
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers, [gay shore,
That once made a garden of all the
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours, [ing once more.*
And breathe the fresh air of life's morn-
So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most, [dear;
Is all we can have of the few we hold
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short
life is gone, [mancent bliss,
To meet in some world of more per-
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand,
haft'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this?]
But, come, the more rare such delights
to the heart, [them the more;
The more we should welcome and bless

* Monsieur, je ne songe qu'à vos heureux instants,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur, enchanté sur sa rive fleurie,
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.
* Jours charmants, quand je songe à vos heureux instants,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur, enchanté sur sa rive fleurie,
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.
* L'année a été si belle, que je me suis aperçu que j'avais perdu une journée précieuse.
* Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur, enchanté sur sa rive fleurie,
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.
They're ours, when we meet,—they are
lost when we part, [when 'tis o'er.
Like birds that bring summer, and fly
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere
we drink, [sure, thro' pain,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' plea-
that, fast as a feeling but touches one
link, [the chain.
Her magic shall send it direct thro'

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.
In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose moments had calmly
flown; [night,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and
He was haunted and watch'd by a
Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain
Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of
light, [Sprite.
And he saw in that mirror the Moun-

He turn'd, but lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled!—and the youth but
heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Moun-
tain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright
look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Moun-
tain Sprite

"Oh thou, who lov'st the shadow,"
cried
A voice, low whispering by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's
delight [Sprite.
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there's none
like thee, [light
"And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus
"In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain
Sprite!"

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.
As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tid',
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
"Where mortal eye may shun you;
"Lie hid—the stain of many hearts,
"That bled for me, is on you.

But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—
As Time too well hath taught her—
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shalits of desolation, [death,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than
Through all her maddening nation.
Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river—
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver. [Good!"
"When will this end, ye Powers of
She weeping asks forever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

DESMOND'S SONG.*
By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes,
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I cross'd,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost.
Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twixt welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee.

* "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family,
had accidentally been so engaged in the chase,
that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged
to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the
house of one of his dependents, called Mac
Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his
host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent
passion, which he could not subdue. He mar-
ried her, and by this inferior alliance alienated
his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this
indulgence of his love as an unpardonable deg-
radation of his family."—Leland, vol. ii.
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again,
The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round;
The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead!
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's degrading scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,
Like willows, downward towards the tomb,
As they, who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmoved by either joy or wo,
Like freezing fountains, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

**SHE SANG OF LOVE.**

She sang of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening tell,
As it to feed, with their soft fire,
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
In many-tongued, harmonious strain.

If Love could lend their leaves a
But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too
As if her light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one
Of the most dismal and dreary spots in the
North, almost inaccessible, through deep gaias
and rugged mountains, frightful with impending
rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western
winds in dark caverns, peopled only with
such fantastic beings as the mind, however
gay, is, from strange association, wont to appro-
priate to such gloomy scenes."—Strictures
on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of
Ireland.
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh, Love! is this thy doom?
day!"
"Oh, light of youth's resplendent
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.
SING—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
"Sweet voice but his own is worthy
to wake him."

While dreaming of music he slumber'd the
Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke,
[a smile,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.

Then sing—sing—music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

Though humble the banquet to which
I invite thee, can command;
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall
throng round, to light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own
willing hand.

And though Fortune may seem to have
turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favoring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treas-
ures excelling,
[his way,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled

"Tis that freedom of mind, which no vul-
gar dominion [science approves;
Can turn from the path a pure con-
Which, with hope in the heart, and no
chain on the pinion,
Holds upwards its course to the light
which it loves.

"Tis this makes the pride of his humble
retreat, [treasures bereaved,
And, with this, though of all other
The breeze of his garden to him is more
sweet [ever received.
Than the costliest incense that Pompe
Then come,—if a board so untempting
hath power [shall be thine;
To win thee from grandeur, its best
And there's one, long the light of the
bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright
welcome with mine.

SING, SWEET HARP.

SING, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise;—
Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes forever gone.—
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by;—

* The thought here was suggested by some
beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's poem of Human
Life, beginning—
"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly."
I would quote the entire passage, did I not
fear to put my own humble imitation of it out
of countenance.
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.—
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.
Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sat listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and soundless all;—
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free!—
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TO-MORROW, comrade, we
On the battle-plain must be,
There to conquer, or both lie low!
The morning star is up,—
But there's wine still in the cup,
And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go;
We'll take another quaff ere we go.
Tis true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear will rise, [gone;]
When we think of the friends we leave
But what can wailing do?
See, our goblet's weeping too!
With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy, our own;
[own.
With its tears we'll chase away our But daylight's stealing on;—
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us play;
The next—ah! where shall we And those rosy urns be?
But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy, away;
No matter—grasp thy sword and away.
Let those, who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
Ignobly by their firesides stay;
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!

THE WANDERING BARD.

WHAT life like that of the bard can be,—
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that lark, a music brings
Within him, where'er he comes or
A fount that forever flows! [goes,—
The world's to him like some play-ground,
Round;
Where fairies dance their moonlight
If dim'd the turf where late they trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod;
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he!
Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found;
So charms, on earth long pass'd and in the poet's lay live on. [gone,
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
You've only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
Young stars that never die!
Then welcome the bard where'er he comes,— [homes,
For, though he hath countless airy To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves To light upon earth and find such careless As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are given,—
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone Which voices dear and eyes beloved Shed round us once, where'er we roved—
This, this the doom must be Of all who've loved, and lived to see The few bright things they thought would stay
Forever near them, die away.
MOORE'S WORKS.

Thou' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow? [now?
The long-known voice—where are they
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now
No, no,—her spell is vain,— [cold?
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.
I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not
here,— [keeps:
Oh! not where the world its vigil
I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence
sleeps;
Where summer's wave unmurm'ring
Nor but a note her night-bird sings,
The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush,
sweet, hush?"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute with thy finger on thy lip:
Like him, the boy, * who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream
Sits ever thus,—his only song [blush,
To earth and heaven, "Hush, all,
hush!"

SONG OF INNISFAIL.
They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.

"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
"Our destined home or grave?"!
Thus sung they as, by the morning's
They swept the Atlantic wave. [beams,

* The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.
† Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green, [mines,
As though in that deep lay emerald
Whose light through the wave was
"'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!" [seen.
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
[hailed
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky,
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

THE NIGHT DANCE.

Strike the gay harp! see the moon is
on high, [of the ocean,
And as true to her beam as the tides
Young hearts, when they feel the soft:
light of her eye, [motion.
Obey the mute call, and heave into
Then, sound notes—the gayest, the
lightest,
That ever took wing when heav'n
look'd brightest!
Again! Again! Oh! could such heart-stirring music be
heard [romancers,
In that City of Statues, described by
So wak'ning its spell, even stone would
be stirr'd, [dancers!
And statues themselves all start into
Why then delay, with such sounds in
our ears, [den before us,—
And the flower of Beauty's own gar.
While stars overhead leave the song of
their spheres, [ing o'er us?
And listen'd to ours, hang wonder:
Again, that strain!—to hear it thus
sounding [bounding—
Might set even Death's cold pulses
Again! Again! [gay.
Oh, what delight, when the youthful and
Each with eye like a sunbeam and
foot like a feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours to the
music of May, [together!
And mingle sweet song and sunshine
possession of a Western Island, (which was
Ireland,) and there inhabit."—Keating.
† The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient
names of Ireland.
THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.
There are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing;
And lamps from every casement, while voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say "Come," in every tone.

Ah! once how light, in Life's young
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;
Nor paused to ask of graybeard Reason
Should I the syren call obey.

And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.

Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his freeborn soul?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him
And, their laughing eyes, the while,
Concealing,

Led Freedom's Bard their slave at
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,*
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,

But all earth's power couldn't cast
OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED AR-RANMORE.

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wandered young and free.

Full many a path I've tried since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along thy flood;

Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,

*The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations.

†The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Bysall, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concern-
OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted:
Unless they're like that graceful one,
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath flitted !

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,
And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
Where his sword hangs idly shining;
When, hark! that shout from the vale without,
"Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!"

Ev'ry Chief starts up,
And "To battle! to battle!" is the Finian's cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling music,
'Tis like the voice of the Brave, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers!
Spear to buckler rang
As the minstrels sang.

* The Palace of Fin Mac-Cumhal (the Flag of Maepherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the county of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland.

And the Sun-burst o'er them floated
While rememb'ring the yoke [wide;
Which their fathers broke,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.

With the mingling shock
Rung cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die:
And the shout, that last
Over the dying pass'd,
Was "Victory! victory!"—the Finian's cry.

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,
Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then wore;
And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains,
Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou art;
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
Ah, better thou ne'er hast'd lived than submit to gain,
[the fame.
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonor

FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

From this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine:
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

The name given to the banner of the Irish.
WEAL or wo, thy fate be mine,
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights to spurn;
And if now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, basely turn?
No;—what'ce'r the fires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now a friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
And, of those past ages dreaming,
When glory deck'd thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So full'n and clouded now,
Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming,—
None so bright, so blest as thou!

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.*

SILENCE is in our festal halls,—
Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
Her minstrel's voice responds no more;—
All silent as th' Eolian shell
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that wak'd its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.
Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link'd with deathless partakes its charm and never dies:
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.
But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social mght, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lays,
His skillless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have pass'd,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,

From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

APPENDIX:
CONTAINING
THE ADVERTISEMENTS
ORIGINALLY PREFIXED TO THE DIFFERENT NUMBERS, AND
THE PREFATORY LETTER ON IRISH MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT
PREFIXED
TO THE FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

Power takes the liberty of announcing to the Public a Work which has long been a Desideratum in this country. Though the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original Irish Melodies, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country. Sir John Stevenson has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the Airs; and the lovers of Simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science.

In the Poetical Part, Power has had promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters; particularly from Mr. Moore, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a
task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir John Stevenson on the subject:

"I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbors ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected;* and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland,—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment,—we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland, at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterizes most of our early Songs.

"The task which you propose to me of adapting words to these airs is by no means easy. The Poet who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude,—some minor Third or flat Seventh,—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If Burns had been an Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon Ossian for him,) his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

"Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which Cicero mentions, 'Quos si cantis spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.' That beautiful Air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic character of the Swiss Ranz des Vaches, is one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very moderate portion of talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.

"Leicestershire, Feb., 1807."

**ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD NUMBER.**

In presenting the Third Number of this work to the Public, Power begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honored; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. Moore, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

Power respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim, in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the Country,—a Work which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more, he is convinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by the mere arguments of well-intentioned but uninteresting politicians.

*The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the public are indebted to Mr. Huntig for a very valuable collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss O'Connell has been employed upon some of our finest airs.
IRISH MELODIES.

LETTER TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL,
PREFIXED TO THE THIRD NUMBER.

While the publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting one from that number, to whom my share of the Work is particularly dedicated. I know that, though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, you still continue to remember it well and warmly,—that you have not suffered the attractions of English society to produce, like the taste of the lotus, any forgetfulness of your own country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest and sympathy from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather tends to strengthen our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile from it must remember with most enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become at a distance softened, or altogether invisible. Nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes,—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barharous policy which has always withheld it from her,—the case with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to "wring her into undutifulness."*

*A phrase which occurs in a Letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time.—Scrinia Sacra, as quoted by Curry.

There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose," (1650.) See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vi. p. 49; and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. vii. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to the small band of Irish heroes under MacDonnell.

† The associations of the Hindu music, though

It has been often remarked, and still oftener felt, that in our music is found the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency,—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness,—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next,—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are even many airs, which it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems applicable. Sometimes, for instance, when the strain is open and spirited, yet here and there shaded by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose,* marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perils of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit forever the land of their birth,—like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated. In many of these mournful songs we seem to hear the last farewell of the exile;† mingling regret for the ties which he leaves at home, with sanguine hopes of the high honors that await him abroad,—such honors as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valor of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and exposed more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) "they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment, at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months," &c.—Asiatic Transactions, vol. iii. on the Musical Modes of the Hindos.—What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be ascertained, with much more probability, of our bold and impassioned airs,—"Elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paraissent fabuleux dans le règne des anciens, si on les avait fait entendre à des hommes d'un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens."—Répren sur la Peinture, &c. tom. i. sect. 45.
torted from George the Second that
memorable exclamation, "Cursed be the
laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Though much has been said of the
antiquity of our music, it is certain that
our finest and most popular airs are
modern; and, perhaps, we may look no
further than the last disgraceful century
for the origin of most of those wild and
melancholy strains which were at once
the offspring and solace of grief, and
were applied to the mind as music was
formerly to the body, "decentare loca
dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion*
that none of the Scotch popular airs are
as old as the middle of the sixteenth cen-
tury; and though musical antiquarians
refer us, for some of our melodies, to so
erly a period as the fifth century, I am
persuaded that there are few, of a civili-
zed description, (and by this I mean to
exclude all the savage Cannons, Cries,†
&c.,) which can claim quite so ancient a
date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the
Scotch. But music is not the only sub-
ject upon which our taste for antiquity
has been rather unreasonably indulged;
and, however heretical it may be to dis-
sent from these romantic speculations, I
cannot help thinking that it is possible
to love our country very zealously, and
to feel deeply interested in her honor and
happiness, without believing that Irish

* Dissertation prefixed to the 3d volume of his
Scottish Ballads.

† Of which some genuine specimens may be
found at the end of Mr. Weiker's Work upon
the Irish bards. Mr. Bunning has disfigured his
last splendid volume by too many of these bar-
barous rhapsodies.

‡ See Advertisement to the Transactions of
the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

§ O'Halloran, vol. 1 part 4 chap. vii.

‖ Id. ib. chap. vi.

* It is also supposed, but with as little proof,
that they understood the diads, or enharmonic
interval.—The Greeks seem to have formed
t heir ears to this delicate gradation of sound;
and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie
in the way of its practical use, we must agree
with Mersenne, (Prédules de l'Harmonie, Quest.
7,) that the theory of Music would be imperfect
without it. Even in practice, too, as Tosi,
among others, very justly remarks, (Observa-
tions on Florid Song, chap. 1 sect. 16,) there is
no good performer on the violin who does not
make a sensible difference between D sharp and
B flat, though, from the imperfection of the instru-
ment, they are the same notes upon the piano-
forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic
transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

** The words πολιτικόν and πολυπλοκόν, in a

was the language spoken in Paradise,†
that our ancestors were kind enough to
take the trouble of polishing the Greeks,§
or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was
a native of the North of Ireland.‖

By some of these zealous antiquarians
it has been imagined that the Irish were
early acquainted with counterpoint;* and
they endeavor to support this sub-
jecture by a well-known passage in Gi-
raldus, where he dilates, with such elabo-
rate praise, upon the beauties of our
national minstrelsy. But the terms of
this eulogy are much too vague, too
deficient in technical accuracy, to prove
that even Giraldus himself knew any-
thing of the artifice of counterpoint.
There are many expressions in the Greek
and Latin writers which might be cited,
with much more plausibility, to prove
that the ancients were acquainted with
music in parts; ** and it is in general
now conceded, I believe, by the learned,
that, however grand and pathetic the
melody of the ancients may have been,
it was reserved for the ingenuity of mod-
ern Science to transmit the "light of
Song" through the variegating prism of
Harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early
Irish (in which, as in the music of Scot-
land, the interval of the fourth was want-
ing!) must have furnished but wild

Passage of Plato, and some expressions of Ci-
cero, in Fragment, lib. ii. de Republ., induced
the Abbé Fragnier to maintain that the an-
cients had a knowledge of counterpoint. M.
Burete, however, has answered him, I think,
satisfactorily. (Examen d'un Passage de Pla-
ton, in the 3d vol. of Histoire de l'Acad.) M.
Huet is of opinion, (Pensées Diverses,) that
what Cicero says of the music of the spheres,
in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an ac-
quaintance with harmony; but one of the
strongest passages, which I recollect, in favor
of this supposition, occurs in the Treatise
(Περὶ Κοινών) attributed to Aristotle—Μου-
σικὴ ἐκ νησίδων καὶ τυμπάνων, κ. τ. λ.

‖ Another lawless peculiarity of our music is
the frequent occurrence of what composers call
consecutive fifths; but this, I must say, is an ir-
regularity which can hardly be avoided by per-
sons not conversant with all the rules of com-
position. If I may venture, indeed, to cite my
own will? I attempts in this way, it is a fault
which I find myself continually committing, and
which has even, at times, appeared so pleasing
to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic
with no small reluctance. Yet there not be a
little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this
rule? I have been told that there are instances
in Haydn, of an undisguised succession of fifths.
IRISH MELODIES. 289

refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp were enlarged by additional strings, that our airs can be supposed to have assumed the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale, our music became by degrees more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

While profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still keeps its original character sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan, it appears, had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Gemini and other great masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to any ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he labored to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artistless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation; and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequent, and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

* A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beamond, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs. — "The Irish, (says he,) according to Brompton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of Harps, 1. Hibernieit amen in duobus musici generi instrumentis, quamvis precipitem et vehecem, suavem tamen et juicandum: the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing. "—How a man of Mr. Beamond's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Brompton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler. — "Et cum Scotia, hujus terrae filia, utatur lyra, tympano et choro, ae Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernieit amen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quaeris precipitem et vehecem, suavem tamen et juicandum, eratquitis moduli et intricatissimis, efficiunt harmoniam." — Hist. Anglic. Script. page 175. I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the ly, the airs are noted down, enumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, "auri per Ramos aura refugiet," the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it, and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavor, by retracing these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or ornamenting each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that in doubting the antiquity of our music, my skepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of Song were emboldened with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrelsy, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

† The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was for this offence called "The Saint Stealer." It must have been some Irishman, I suppose, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Fisa.—See this anecdote in the Paimcoele of Erbynthea, part 1 page 55.

‡ Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception, perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c., which disfigures so often the works of even Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this inferiti refinement. — Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie. The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expressions, a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

§ Virgil, Æneid, lib. vi. verse 204.
were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense. Yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through any want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigors of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those torches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poet sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous, and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics, as fair and precious vessels, (to borrow an image of St. Augustine,) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness,—like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered,—to such men I shall not condescend to offer an apology for the too great warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet be of opinion that allusions, in the least degree inflammatory, should be avoided in a pub-

*See Letters, under the signatures of Timneas, &c., in the Morning Post, Pilot, and other papers.

† "Non accenso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed viuum errores quod cum cts nobis lication of this popular description—

I beg of these respected persons to believe that there is no one who more sincerely deprecates than I do, any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers,—it is "and upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated,—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought to this task an innate and national feeling, which it would be vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those fastidious critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, on the contrary, they resemble, in general, those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly colored and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which he has arranged propinatur."—Lib. I. Confess. chap. xvi.

| This emblem of modern bigots was head- | butler (παγιεσθαι) to Alexander the Great. | Scot. Emptir. Prag. Hypoth. Lib. i. |
IRISH MELODIES.

This would be, indeed, a revival of Henry the Eighth's encomiums against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop Lowth, it is true, was of opinion, that one song, like the Hymn to Harmodius, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans, than all the Philippics of Cicero. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very serious consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that what ever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of the Government than of the Work.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were, in general, perhaps, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as we think, they deserve to be. The public are apt to be reserved towards new acquaintances in music, and this, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. It is, indeed, natural that persons who love music only by association, should be somewhat slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, on the other hand, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas; and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has as rapidly rendered it into imagery and sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our National Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "Love's Young Dream;" but it will be found, I think, one of those easy and artless strangers whose merit the heart instant ly acknowledges.

T. M.

Bury Street, St. James's, Nov., 1811.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FOURTH NUMBER.

This Number of the Melodies ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the Publisher, but in consequence of a rumor which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work.

for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet, often, when a favorite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims on our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure independently of the rest;—so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) gavèctled the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not well known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you now can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your practice of it.—May the mind which such talents adorn, continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's Grateful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.
ADVERTISEMANENT TO THE FIFTH NUMBER.

It is but fair to those who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series. Three volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much, I must add, from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal, or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, still more for our country’s sake than our own, of the general interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by too long a protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavor is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any further trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus, I allude entirely to the Airs, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and though we have still a great many popular and delightful Melodies to produce, it cannot be denied that we should soon experience considerable difficulty in equaling the richness and novelty of the earlier numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry, too, would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the excellence of the Airs, they would follow their falling off, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. Both pride and prudence, therefore, counsel us to come to a close, while yet our Work is, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and thus, in the imperial attitude, “stantes mori,” before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg to say, however, that it is only in the event of our failing to find Arts as good as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution, (like those Indians who, when their relatives become worn out, put them to death;) and they who are desirous of retaining this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies cannot better effect their wish than by contributing to our collection,—not what are called curious Airs, for we have abundance of such, and they are, in general, only curious,—but any real sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
December, 1813.

T. M.

ADVERTISEMANENT TO THE SIXTH NUMBER.

In presenting this Sixth Number to the public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp forever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not turn out to be one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes occasionally of his mistress, merely to enhance, perhaps, the pleasure of their next meeting. Our only motive, indeed, for discontinuing the Work was a fear that our treasures were nearly exhausted, and a natural unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the really precious gems it has been our lot to string together. The announcement, however, of this intention, in our Fifth Number, has excited a degree of anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that should we adhere to our present resolution of publishing no more, it possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of following in his footsteps with any success. I suppose, however, as a matter of duty, I must attempt the air for our next Number.

* Among these is Savioura Deailish, which I have been hitherto only withheld from selecting by the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong
would certainly furnish an instance of forbearance unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one gentleman in particular, who has been for many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favored us. We trust that neither he nor any other of our kind friends will relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for, though our work must now be looked upon as defunct, yet—as Reaumur found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is just possible that we may, some time or other, try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

MAYFIELD, ASHBOURNE,
March, 1815.

ADVERTISEMEN TO THE SEVENTH NUMBER.

Had I consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have extended beyond the Six Numbers already published; which contain the flower, perhaps, of our national melodies, and have now attained a rank in public favor, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words "tibi trado," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs,—the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would too much resemble the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices,—that I have been persuaded, though not without much dillicience in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

DEDICATION TO THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT,

PREFIXED TO THE TENTH NUMBER.

It is with a pleasure, not unmixed with melancholy, that I dedicate the last Number of the Irish Melodies to your Ladyship; nor can I have any doubt that the feelings with which you receive the tribute will be of the same mingled and saddened tone. To you,—who, though but little beyond the season of childhood when the earlier numbers of this work appeared,—lent the aid of your beautiful voice, and, even then, exquisite feeling for music, to the happy circle who met, to sing them together, under your father's roof, the gratification, whatever it may be, which this humble offering brings, cannot be otherwise than darkened by the mournful reflection, how many of the voices, which then joined with ours, are now silent in death!

I am not without hope that as far as regards the grace and spirit of the Melodies, you will find this closing portion of the work not unworthy of what has preceded it. The Sixteen Airs of which the Number and the Supplement consist, have been selected from the immense mass of Irish music, which has been for years past accumulating in my hands; and it was from a desire to include all that appeared most worthy of preservation, that the four supplementary songs, which follow this Tenth Number, have been added.

Trusting that I may yet again, in remembrance of old times, hear your voices together in some of the harmonized airs of this Volume, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

STIPERTON COTTAGE,
May, 1834.

current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.
NATIONAL AIRS.

1819 TO 1828.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is Cicero, I believe, who says, "natura ad modos duceitur," and the abundance of wild, indigenous airs, which almost every country, except England, possesses, sufficiently proves the truth of his assertion. The lovers of this simple, but interesting kind of music, are here presented with the first number of a collection, which, I trust, their contributions will enable us to continue. A pretty air without words resembles one of those half creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of the remainder of themselves through the world. To supply this other half, by uniting with congenial words the many fugitive melodies which have hitherto had none,—or only such as are unintelligible to the generality of their hearers,—is the object and ambition of the present work. Neither is it our intention to confine ourselves to what are strictly called National Melodies, but, wherever we meet with any wandering and beautiful air, to which poetry has not yet assigned a worthy home, we shall venture to claim it as an estray swan, and enrich our humble Hippocrene with its song.

* * * * *

T. M.

NATIONAL AIRS.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.*

(Spanish Air.)

"A Temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden,—the thought is divine!"

Her temple was built, and she now only wanted [the shrine.
An image of Friendship to place on She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her [invent;
A Friendship, the fairest his art could But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer [meant.
Saw plainly this was not the idol she "Oh! never," she cried, "could I think of enshrining "An image, whose looks are so joyless and dim;— "But you little god, upon roses reclining "We'll make, if you please, Sir, a Friendship of him. So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden [grove:
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the "Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're not the first maiden "Who came but for Friendship and took away Love.

FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

(Portuguese Air.)

Flow on, thou shining river; But, ere thou reach the sea, Seek Ella's bower, and give her The wreaths I fling o'er thee. And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The current of our lives shall be, With joys along their course to shine, Like those sweet flowers on thee. But if, in wand'ring thither, Thou find'st she mocks my prayer, Then leave those wreaths to wither Upon the cold bank there;”

* The thought is taken from a song by Le Prieur, called "La Statue de l'Amitié."
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall;—
The flower that drops in springing;—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light and see
That light forever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

SO WARMLY WE MET.

So warmly we met and so fondly we
parted, [could not tell],—
That which was the sweeter ev'n I
That firstlook of welcome sunny eyes
darted, [our farewell].
Or that tear of passion, which bless'd
To meet was a heaven, and to part thus
another,— [in bliss;]
Our joy and our sorrow seem'd rivals
Oh! Cupid's two eyes are not liker each other
[ment to this.
In smiles and in tears, than that mo-

The first was like daybreak, new, sud-
den, delicious,— [up yet;]
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled
The last like the farewell of daylight,
more precious, [its set.
More glowering and deep, as 'tis nearer

Our meeting, though happy, was tinged
by a sorrow [remain;]
To think that such happiness could not
While our parting, though sad, gave a
hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the bless'd hour of
meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Air.—The Bells of St. Petersburgh.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweettime,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.
And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweetevening bells.

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

(Portuguese Air.)

Should those fond hopes e'er forsake thee,* [play;]
Which now so sweetly thy heart em-
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou
wouldst banish [his own,
Him who once thought thy youngheart
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheaved and
dole;—

Oh! 'tis then that he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all
seemed o'er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once
more, [ber,
Like that dear bird we both can remem-
Wholest us while summershone round,
But, when chill'd by bleak December,
On our threshold a welcome still found,

* This is one of the many instances among
my lyrical poems,—though the above, it must
be owned, is an extreme case,—where the me-
tre has been necessarily sacrificed to the struc-
ture of the air.
REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

(ITALIAN AIR.)

Reason, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day:
Folly play'd
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out;
While Reason took
To his sermon-book—
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need
Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid!"—
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible
Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
Had he that on, he her heart might en-
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz!"
(Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said.)
"Under the sun
"There's no such fun,
"As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
"Reason with my cap and bells on his
But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such
That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud,)
She liked him still better in that than his own.
Yes,—liked him still better in that than
FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

Fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived;
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.
Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfill
Of blushing always bright.
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

DOST THOU REMEMBER.

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

Dost thou remember that place so lone-A place for lovers, and lovers only, [ly
Where first I told thee all my secret
sighs? [o'er thee,
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in
those eyes? [drawn to heart,
Then, then, while closely heart was
Love bound us—never, never more to part!
And when I call'd thee by names the
dearest* [est,—
That love could fancy, the fondest, near-
"My life, my only life!" among the
rest; [me,
In those sweet accents that still enthrall
Thou saidst, "Ah! wherefore thy life
thus call me? [love best;
"Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I
For life soon passes,—but how bless'd'd
be [from thee?"
"That Soul which never, never parts

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAY.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

Oh, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our guinelets
* The thought in this verse is borrowed from
the original Portuguese words.
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondollets
O'er the moonlight sea.
Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet! like thee and me;
When all's so calm below, above,
In heav'n and o'er the sea.
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles*
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondollets
O'er the moonlight sea.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.
(Scotch Air.)
Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one,
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

HARK: THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.
(Russian Air.)
Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.
Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song:
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along:
Jubilate, Amen.

LOVE AND HOPE.
(Swiss Air.)
At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But scarce had noontide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.
"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
"Across this sunny main;"
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dream'd of guile,
Believed he'd come again.
She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And toward the maiden moves!
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright,
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah! it is not Love's.
Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp over the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd;
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd;
And where, alas! was he?
Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more,  
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were  
Love never came again. [o'er,—  

THERE COMES A TIME.  
(GERMAN AIR.)  
There comes a time, a dreary time,  
To him whose heart hath flown  
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,  
And made each flower its own;  
Tis when his soul must first renounce  
Those dreams so bright, so fond;  
Oh! then's the time to die at once,  
For life has naught beyond.  
When sets the sun on Afric's shore,  
That instant all is night;  
And so should life at once be o'er,  
When Love withdraws his light;—  
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on  
Through twilight's dim delay,  
The cold remains of lustre gone,  
Of fire long pass'd away.  

MY HARPI HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.  
(SWEDISH AIR.)  
My harp has one unchanging theme,  
One strain that still comes o'er  
Its languid chord, as twere a dream  
Of joy that's now no more.  
In vain I try, with livelier air,  
To wake the breathing string;  
That voice of other times is there,  
And saddens all I sing.  
Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid  
Henceforth be all my own; [strain,  
Though thou art oft so full of pain  
Few hearts can hear thy tone,  
Yet o'er thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,  
The breath that Pleasure's wings  
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,  
Were still upon thy strings.  

OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.  
(CASHMERIAN AIR.)  
Oh, no—not ev'n when first we loved,  
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;  
Thy beauty then my senses moved,  
But now thy virtues bind my heart.  
What was but Passion's sigh before,  
Has since been turned to Reason's vow;  
And, though I then might love thee  
Trust me, I love thee better now.  
Although my heart in earlier youth  Might kindle with more wild desire,  
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth  
Much more than it has lost in fire.  
The flame now warms my inmost core,  
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,  
And, though I seem'd to love thee more,  
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.  

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.  
(SCOTCH AIR.)  
Peace be around thee, wherever thou rovest;  
May life be for thee one summer's day,  
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,  
Come smiling around thy sunny way!  
If sorrow o'er this calm should break,  
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,  
Like spring-showers, they'll only make  
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.  
May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,  
And daily dooms some joy to death,  
O'er thee let years so gently fall, [neath.  
They shall not crush one flower be-  
As half in shade and half in sun  
This world along its path advances,  
May that side the sun's upon  
Be all that o'er shall meet thy glances!  

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.  
(FRENCH AIR.)  
While I touch the string,  
Wreath my brows with laurel,  
For the tale I sing  
Has, for once, a moral.  
Common Sense, one night,  
Though not used to gambols,  
Went out by moonlight,  
With Genius, on his rambles.  
While I touch the string, &c.  

Common Sense went on,  
Many wise things saying;  
While the light that shone  
Soon set Genius straying.  
One his eye ne'er raised  
From the path before him.
NATIONAL AIRS.

Tother idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever;
While the boy, whose look
Was in Heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it!
While I touch the string, &c.

How the Wise One smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current!
Sense went home to bed;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river!
While I touch the string, &c.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.
(Old English Air.)

Then, fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear love!
The pain of parting thus

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in num'ring them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this,
Dear love!
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away,
Dear love!
And chased it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together pass'd,
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear love!
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell! our hope was born in tears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love!
Like them in tears it sets.

GAYLY SOUNDS THE CASTANET.
(Maltaise Air.)

Gayly sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden set,
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.
Oh, then, how sweet to move
Through all that maze of mirth
Led by light from eyes we love
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread
On the cool and fragrant ground,
With heavy's bright sparkles overhead,
And still brighter sparkling round.
Oh, then, how sweet to say
Into some loved one's ear,
Thoughts reserved through many a day
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,
Arm in arm as home we stray,
How sweet to see the dawning sun
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!
Then, too, the farewell kiss—
The words, whose parting tone
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,
That haunt young hearts a'one.

LOVE IS A HUNTER BOY.
(Languedocian Air.)

Love is a hunter boy,
Who makes young hearts his prey;
And, in his nets of joy,
Ensnares them night and day.
In vain conceal'd they lie—
Love tracks them everywhere;
In vain aloft they fly—
Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,
At early dawn to trace
The print of Beauty's feet,
And give the trembler chase.
And if, through virgin snow,
He tracks her footsteps fair,
How sweet for Love to know
None went before him there.
COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

(FRENCH AIR.)

COME, Chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
Whate'er to-morrow brings.
Like sunset gleams, that linger late
When all is dark'ning fast, [Fate—
Are hours like these we snatch from
The brightest and the last.
Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh, think that one bright hour is given
In all its splendor now.
Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,
Then lost for evermore!

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would o'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?

Hear me but once, &c.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

(SWEDISH AIR)

When Love was a child, and went idling round,
Mong flowers, the whole summer's
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.
O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath:
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
Wreath, Love knew it, and jump'd at the
But Love didn't know—and, at his weak years,
What urchin was likely to know?
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.
This garland he now wears night and day;
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

(SICILIAN AIR)

Say, what shall be our sport to-day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!
'Tis like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas, gone by,
When I loved, each hour—I scarce knew whom—
And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.
Ay—those were days when life had wings,
And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light.
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soorings yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

(WELSH AIL)

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.
May those by death or seas removed,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All, thou hast ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!
There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still as she was—no charm forgot—
No lustre lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but changed to what
Thou'lt find her yet in heaven!

GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

(SICILIAN AIR)

Go, then—'tis vain to hover
Thus round a hope that's dead;
At length my dream is over;
'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled!
Farewell! since naught it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see—
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed;
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead.
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh—
One who, though far less tender,
May be more bless'd than I.

THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

(SWISS AIR)

O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,

We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song;
And, when we meet with store of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
Of sparks from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant,
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'er mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the floweret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

ROW GENTLY HERE.

(VENETIAN AIR)

Row gently here,
My gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear,
On earth, may hear,
But hers to whom we glide.
Ha—Heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see.
Oh! think what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wandering youths like me!

Now rest thee here,
My gondolier;
Hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb you light
Balcony's height,
While thou keep'st watch below.
Ah! did we take for Heaven above
But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love
What Angels we should be!
II, DAYS OF YOUTH.

(FRENCH AIR.)

Oh, days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus forever haunt my view? [ed,
When in the grave your light lay shroud-
Why did not Memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing
Telling of joys that yet remain— [me,
No, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth! that once fell o'er
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me;
'Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.

(VENETIAN AIR.)

When first that smile, like sunshine,
Bless'd my sight,
Oh, what a vision then came o'er me!
Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
Never did the peasant dream of summer skies,
Of golden fruit, and harvests spring-
With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes.
And of the joy their light was bringing.
Where now are all those fondly promised hours?
Ah! woman's faith is like her brightness—
Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-
Or angels that's known for grace and lightness.
Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of
Should be each vow of Love's repeating;
Quick let him worship Beauty's precious
Even while he kneels, that ray is fleeting!

PEACE TO THE SLUMB'RBERS!

(CATALONIAN AIR.)

Peace to the slumb'rbers!
They lie on the battle-plain.
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them.
Peace to the slumb'rbers!

Vain was their brav'ry!—
The fallen oak lies where it lay
Across the wintry river;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas! forever.
Vain was their brav'ry!

Wo to the conq'ror!
Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forgot the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us!
Wo to the conq'ror!

WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.

(SICILIAN AIR.)

When thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright;
Ere I could doubt or thou deceive—
Oh, then, rememb're how swift went thy may'st sigh.
Those hours of transport, even thou
Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat;
And wish in vain to know again then.
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee

WHOLL' BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

(PORTUGUESE AIR.)

HYMEN, late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.
"Who'll buy my love-knots?"
"Who'll buy my love-knots?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!
Maids, who now first dream'd of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;
"Who'll buy my love-knots?"
"Who'll buy my love-knots?"—
Ad at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making;
"[em]—"

"Here are gold ones—you may trust
(These, of course, found ready custom.)
"Come, buy my love-knots!"
"Come, buy my love-knots!"
"Some are labelled 'Knots to tie men—"
"Love the maker—Bought of Hymen."

Scarce their bargains were completed;
When the nymphs all cried, "We're cheated!"

"See these flowers—they're drooping
This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—"
"Who'd buy such love-knots?
Who'd buy such love-knots?
Even this tie, with Love's name round it—"
"All a sham—He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd but for good-breeding,
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to—
"Take back our love-knots!
"Take back our love-knots!"
Coolsly said, "There's no returning
"Wares on Hymen's hands—Good morn- ing!"

SEE THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.
(TO AN AIR SANG AT ROME, ON CHRISTMAS EVE.)

See, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking,
Hails the light!
See those groups of angels, winging
From the realms above,
On their brows, from Eden, bringing
Wreaths of Hope and Love.
Hark, their hymns of glory pealing
Through the air,
To mortal ears revealing
Who hes there?
In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
Sleeps the Heavenly Son,
He, whose home's above,—the Holy,
Ever Holy One!

NETS AND CAGES.*
(SWEDISH AIR.)

COME, listen to my story, while
Your needles' task you ply;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom
blames
Such florid songs as ours, [dames,'
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen, while
Your needles' task you ply;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all her vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game:
But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,
While Cloe's nets were taking
Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,
One little Love-cage making.

Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task;
But mark how things went on: [ask
These light-cought Loves, ere you could
Their name and age, were gone!
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That, though she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.

Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was
wrought
Of bars too strong to sever,
One Love with golden pinions caught,
And caged him there forever;
Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving Nets,
'Tis wiser to make Cages.
Thus, maidens, thus do I begin
The task your fingers ply;—
May all who hear like Susan smile,
And not, like Cloe, sigh!

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZETTA.
(VENETIAN AIR.)

When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
are happy, is, because young ladies spend their
time in making nets, not in making cages.
Then, dearest Ninetta, 
I'll come to thee there, 
Beneath thy mask shrouded, 
I'll know thee afar; 
As Love knows, though clouded, 
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling 
Some gay gondolier, 
I'll whisper thee, trembling, 
"Our bark, love, is near: 
"Now, now, while there hover 
"Those clouds o'er the moon, 
"Twill wait thee safe over 
"Ye silent Lagoon."

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**FAREWELL, THERESA!**

(VENETIAN AIR)

Farewell, Theresa! you cloud that over 
Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring wo 
Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover [from thee. 
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander 
Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung 
Around thee, [brow; 
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy 
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright check I found thee; 
Oh, think how changed, love, how changed art thou now! 

But here I free thee: like one awaking 
From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell; [is breaking--- 
'Tis over—the moon, too, her bondage 
Past are the dark clouds; Theresa, farewell!

---

**HOW OFT, WHEN WATCHING STARS.**

(SAVOYARD AIR)

Oft, when the watching stars grow pale, 
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene, 
To hear a flute through yonder vale 
I from my casement lean. 

"Come, come, my love!" each note then 
seems to say, [fast away! 
"Oh, come, my love! the night wears 
Never to mortal ear 
Could words, though warm they be, 
Speak Passion's language half so 
As do those notes to me! [clear 

Then quick my own light into I seek, 
And strike the chords with loudest swell; [speak, 
And, though they naught to others 
He knows their language well. 
"Come, my love!" each note then 
seems to say, [break of day. 
"Come, my love!—thine, thine till 
Oh, weak the power of words, 
The hues of painting dim, 
Compared to what those simple 
chords 
Then say and paint to him! 

---

**TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.**

(NEapolitan AIR)

Take hence the bowl;—though beaming 
Brightly as bowl e'er shone, 
Oh, it but sets me dreaming 
Of happy days now gone. 
There, in its clear reflection, 
As in a wizard's glass, 
Lost hopes and dead affection, 
Like shades, before me pass. 

Each cup I drain brings hither 
Some scenes of bliss gone by;— 
Bright lips, too bright to wither, 
Warm hearts, too warm to die. 
Till, as the dream comes o'er me 
Of those long-vanish'd years, 
Alas, the wine before me 
Seems turning all to tears! 

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**GO, NOW, AND DREAM.**

(SICILIAN AIR)

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy 
slumber— [number. 
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou 
Of Pain's bitter draught the flavor ne'er 
flies, 
While Pleas'ure's scarce tongue he the lip 
Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid, 
[did— 
Often will shine again, bright as she then 
But, never more will the beam she saw 
return. 
In those happy eyes, at your meeting, 
Go, then, and dream, &c.
WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

(German Air.)

When the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
'll come to thee.
He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets
to the brim— [me and for him!]
What a meeting, what a meeting
For the first summer bee, &c.

Then to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander;
While I, oh, much fonder,
Will stay with thee,
In search of new sweetness through
Thousands he'll run, [In one.
While I find the sweetness of thousands
Then, to every bright tree, &c.

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

(French Air.)

Though 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still, when happiest, soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes
With earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue;
As flowers that first
In spring-time burst
The earliest wither too?
Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

Though by Friendship we oft are deceived,
[cast,
And find Love's sunshine soon o'er-
Yet Friendship will still be believed,
And Love trusted on to the last.
The web 'mong the leaves
The spider weaves [men;
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er
Though often she sees
'Tis broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.

(Italian Air.)

When the wine-cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that
are true, boy, true,
Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And Heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclin-

We are better, far better off thus, boy,
thus;
For him but two bright eyes were shin-

See, what numbers are sparkling for us!
When on one side the grape-juice is
dancing,
[boy, beans,
While on 'other a blue eye beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the

To disturb ev'n a saint from his dreams.
Yet, though life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
So the grape on its bank is still growing,
And love lights the waves as they run.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

(Neapolitan Air.)

Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonor, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves!—
Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
Do you not, ev'n in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.

(Mahratta Air.)

Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the study of the table;—
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it, [glass,
From the bumper that but crowns his
And is gone again next minute!
The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water;
While Truth, more precious, dwells in
The grape's own rosy daughter. [wine,
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh, none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her!

HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

(HIGHLAND AIR.)
Here sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell;
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
[ear.]
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the sleep,
sleep, mute bard; alike unheeded now
[brow—]
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
[dies away]
That breeze which, like thy love-song,

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that Hope's sweet day is set;
While I've thee and love remaining,
Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
Though thy roses fade and fall;
Beauty hath a grace undying,
Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
That on other cheeks may shine,
Would I change the least, the slightest,
That is lingering now o'er thine.

THE GAZELLE.

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
Through pearly lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love thoughts bringing,—
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing.

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying;
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
Those silent flowers are lying,—
Hid within the mystic wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest,
Who thus hath breathed her soul to me,
In every leaf thou bearest;
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest!

Hail ye living, speaking flowers,
That breathe of her who bound ye;
Oh, 'twas not in fields or bowers,
'Twas on her lips, she found ye;—
Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
'Twas on her lips she found ye.

NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
[pass'd away.
When youth, and love, and hope, have
Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have
pass'd away.

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,
[light;
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil
But now thou com'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies!
[may,
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it
Since youth, and love, and hope, have
pass'd away.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS.

"Where are the visions that round me once hover'd, [shadows alone;
"Forms that shed grace from their Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd, [her own?"
"And voices that Music might take for Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me, [ions, oh, where?"
Heard me say, "Where are those visions? And pointing his wand to the sunset before me, [wind, "There."
Said, with a voice like the hollow Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken, [of day,
And there, mid the dim shining ruins Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken, [melt away.
The last golden fragments of hope

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

Wind thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs;
Hunting is the hero's joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies,
Hark! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!
Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with answering, dies;
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn.
And lead us where the wild boar lies,
Hark! the cry, "He's found, he's found!"
While hill and valley our shouts resound,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

**OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.**

Oh, guard our affection, nor 'er let it feel
[Let will steal:]
The blight that this world 'er the warm
While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
[the last.]
Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to
Far safer for Love 'tis to wake and to weep,
[to sleep;]
As he used in his prime, than go smiling.
For death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,
[to the last.
While the love that is wakeful lives on
And though, as Time gathers his clouds
'o'er our head, [may spread,]
A shade somewhat darker 'er life they
Transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast, [through to the last.
So that Love's soften'd light may shine

**SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.**

"Slumber, oh slumber, if sleeping thou mak'st thou wak'st."
"My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if
Thus sung I to a maiden,
Who slept one summer's day,
And, like a flower o'erladen
With too much sunshine, lay.
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds,
'o'er her cheeks;"
"If mute thus she charms me, I'm lost
when she speaks."
Thus sing I, while, awaking,
She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking
Farewell of some sweet dream.
Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

**BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.**

Bring the bright garlands hither,
Ere yet a leaf is dying;
If so soon they must wither,
Ours be their last sweet sighing.
Hark, that low dismal chime!
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,
Bring all that yet is ours;
Let life's day, as it closes,
Shine to the last through flowers.
Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
Drink of it now or never;
Now, while Beauty is shining,
Love, or she's lost forever.
Hark! again that dull chime,
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing!

**IF IN LOVING, SINGING.**

If in loving, singing, night and day
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam,
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
Their sweetest out, and die—
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes
No atoms ever glanced so bright, [glide!]
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sigh, So close as thou and I!

**THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.**

Too plain, alas, my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er;
Thy heart is changed, thy vow is broken,
Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no more.
Though kindly still those eyes behold me,
[wore,]
The smile is gone which once they
Though fondly still those arms enfold me,
[more.]
'Tis not the same—thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I've thought thee all thou Wert before; But now—alas! there's no deceiving,
'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.
Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
As lost affection's life restore,
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him who loves no more.

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.
When abroad in the world thou appearest,
And the young and the lovely are
To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,
To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.
They pass, one by one,
Like waves of the sea,
That say to the Sun,
"See, how fair we can be."
But where's the light like thine,
In sun or shade to shine?
No—no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies;
Fling a mist round her head, some fine
And post down to earth in disguise;
But, no matter what shroud
Around her might be,
Men peep'd through the cloud,
And whisper'd "Tis She."
So thou, where thousands are,
Shin'st forth the only star—
Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.
Keep those eyes still purely mine,
Though far off I be;
When on others most they shine,
Then think they're turn'd on me.
Should those lips as now respond
To sweet minstrelsy,
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they're breathed for me.
Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

HOPE COMES AGAIN.
Hope comes again, to this heart long a stranger,
Once more she sings me her flattering

But hush, gentle syren—for, oh, there's less danger
In still suffering on, than in hoping
Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining.
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath
And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
O'er eyelids long darken'd, would bring
Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er me;
Lost to the future, my sole chance of
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
But ah—in forgetting how once I was

O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.
O say, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath pass'd,
Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying, loved thee still?
If when, that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows:
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "This heart, when living,
With all its faults, was mine."

WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.
When night brings the hour
Of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower
A fairy-wing'd boy;
With eyes so bright,
So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
To tangle young hearts;
With lips, in whose keeping
Love's secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr asleep in
Some rosy sea-shell.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.
NATIONAL AIRS.

When Love Is Kind.

When Love is kind,  
Cheerful and free,  
Love's sure to find,  
Welcome from me  
But when Love brings  
Heartache or pang,  
Tears, and such things  
Love may go ha-g!  
If Love can sigh  
For one alone,  
Well pleased am I  
To be that one.  
But should I see  
Love giv'n to rove  
To two or three,  
Then—good-by, Love!  
Love must, in short,  
Keep fond and true,  
Through good report,  
And evil too.  
Else, here I swear,  
Young Love may go,  
For aught I care—  
To Jericho.

When Love Is Kind.

WHERE'er o'er the ground  
He prints his light feet,  
The flower's there are found  
Most shining and sweet:  
His looks, as soft  
As lightning in May,  
Though dangerous oft,  
Yet not wound but in play;  
And oh, when his wings  
Have brush'd o'er my lyre,  
You'd fancy its strings  
Were turning to fire.  
Guess who he is,  
Name but his name,  
And his best kiss,  
For reward, you may claim.  

Like One Who, Doom'd.

Like one who, doom'd o'er distant seas  
His weary path to measure, [breeze,  
When home at length, with far'ring  
He brings the far-sought treasure;  
His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,  
That shore to which he hasted;  
And all the wealth he thought his own  
Is o'er the waters wasted—  
Like him, this heart, thro' many a track  
Of toil and sorrow straying,  
One hope alone brought fondly back,  
Its toil and grief repaying.  
Like him, alas, I see that ray  
Of hope before me perish,  
And one dark minute sweep away  
What years were given to cherish.

Fear Not That, While Around Thee.

Fear not that, while around thee  
Life's varied blessings pour,  
One sigh of hers shall wound thee,  
Whose smile thou seek'st no more.  
No, dead and cold forever  
Let our past love remain;  
Once gone, its spirit never  
Shall haunt thy rest again.  
May the new ties that bind thee  
Far sweeter, happier prove,  
Nor e'er of me remind thee,  
But by their truth and love.  
Think how, asleep or waking,  
Thy image haunts me yet;  
But, how this heart is breaking  
For thy own peace forget.

The Garland I Send Thee.

The Garland I send thee was cull'd  
From those bowers  
Where thou and I wander'd in long  
Vanish'd hours; [displays,  
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here  
But bears some remembrance of those  
Happy days.  
The roses were gather'd by that garden  
Gate, [seem'd always too late;  
Where our meetings, though early,  
Where ling'ring full oft through a sum-  
Mer night's moon,  
Our partings, though late, appear'd  
Always too soon.  
The rest were all cull'd from the banks  
of that glade, [we've stray'd,  
Where, watching the sunset, so often  
And mourn'd, as the time went, that  
Love had no power [hour.  
To bind in his chain even one happy

How Shall I Woo?

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name  
Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
Between these two unequal fires,
Why doom me thus to hover?
I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,
If more thou seek'st, a lover.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Fair one, choose between the two.

Thus the wings of Love will brightly play,
When first he comes to woo thee,
There's a chance that he may fly away
As fast as he flies to thee.
While Friendship, though on foot she
No flights of fancy trying,
Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
When Love abroad is flying.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see, to please thee, whether
We may not learn some precious art
To mix their charms together;
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
From two so sweet already—
A friendship that like love is warm,
A love like friendship steady.
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

Ev'ry season hath its pleasures;
Spring may boast her flow'ry prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten Autumn's sober time.
So life's year begins and closes;
Days, though shorten, still can shine;
What though youth give love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phillis, when she might have caught me,
All the Spring look'd coy and shy,
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
When the flowers were all gone by.
Ah, too late;—she found her lover
Calm and free beneath his vine,
Drinking to the Spring-time over
In his best autumnal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
To their flight our pleasures suit,
Nor regret the blossoms dying,
While we still may taste the fruit.
Oh, while days like this are ours,
Where's the lip that dares repine?
Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,
So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

LOVE ALONE.

If thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our eyes, [piro lies:]
First win our hearts, for there thy em
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose with all her pride
be worth, [forth ?
Were there no sun to call her brightness
Maidens, unloved, like flowers in darkness thrown, [Love alone.
Wait but that light, which comes from
Fair as thy charms in yonder glass ap pear, [year to year
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from
Wouldst thou they still should shine as
first they shone,
Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.
THOU ART, O GOD.

(Air—Unknown.)

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. "Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—Psalm lxiv. 16, 17.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!
When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven—
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
I have heard that this air is by the late Mrs. Sheridan. It is sung to the beautiful old words, "I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair."

The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies
And every flower the Summer wraethes
Is born beneath that kindling eye,
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

(Air—Beethoven.)

The bird, let loose in eastern skies;†
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam. [light,
But high she shoots through air and
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;—
Thy Sun-shine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

(Air—Martini.)

Fall'n is thy Throne, oh Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plain's;
at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.
MOORE'S WORKS.

Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the deeds that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne,†
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive tree; †
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness,§
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
While Baal reign'd as God.

"Go"—said the Lord—"Ye Conquerors
"Steep in her blood your swords,
"And race to earth her battlements,]|
"For they are not the Lord's.
"Till Zion's mournful daughter
"O'er kindred bones shall tread,
"And Hinnom's vale of slaughter |
"Shall hide but half her dead!"

WHO IS THE MAID?
ST. JEROME'S LOVE.**

(AIR.—BEETHOVEN.)

Who is the Maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight?
Has she Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is hers an eye of this world's light?
No—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;

* "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—Jeremiah, xlii. 7.
† "Do not disgrace the throne of thy glory."—Jer. xiv. 21.
‡ "The Lord called thy name a green olive-tree; fair, and of goodly fruit," &c.—Jer. xi. 16.
§ "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—Jer. xvii. 6.
¶ "Take away her battlements; for they are not the Lord's."—Jer. v. 10.
‖ Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall burn in Tophet till there be no place."—Jer. vii. 32.

"These lines were suggested by a passage in one of St. Jerome's Letters, replying to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated respecting his intimacy with the matron Paula;—"Numquam me vestes sericeae, nilentes gauces, picta fidei, aut aurum rapuit ambitio! Nulla fuit alia Roma matronarum, quae meum posset odelare mentem, nisi ingenia atque judicandius, dedita pene ececta."—Epist. "Si Fibi putem."}

‡‡ "О, сърдце, не забравяйте онова, което вие усещате за нещо Едно."—Chrysost. Homil. S, in Epist. ad Tim.
SACRED SONGS.

OH, THOU! WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bind-eth up their wounds."—Psalm cxlvii. 3.

Oh, Thou! who dry'st the mourner's How dark this world would be, [tear, If, when deceived and wounded here, We could not fly to Thee! The friends, who in our sunshine live, When winter comes, are flown; And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears alone. But Thou wilt heal that broken heart, Which, like the plants that throw Their fragrance from the wounded part, Breathes sweetness out of wo.

When joy no longer sooths or cheers, And e'en the hope that threw A moment's sparkle o'er our tears, Is dimm'd and vanish'd too, Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom, Did not thy Wing of Love Come, brightly wafting through the gloom Our Peace-branch from above? Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows With more than rapture's ray; [bright As darkness shows us worlds of light We never saw by day!}

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

(AIR.—AVISON.)

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb, [our eyes, In life's happy morning, hath hid from Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom, [for the skies. Or earth had profaned what was born Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it; [its course, 'Twas frozen in all the pure light of And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven has unchain'd it, [its source. To wonder that Eden where first was Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb, [our eyes, In life's happy morning, hath hid from Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom, [for the skies. Or earth had profaned what was born

* This second verse, which I wrote long after the first, alludes to the fate of a very lovely and amiable girl, the daughter of the late Colonel Bainbridge, who was married in Ashbourne church, Oct. tober 31, 1815, and died of a fever in a few weeks after: the sound of her marriage-bells seemed scarcely out of our ears when we heard of her death. During her last delirium

Mourn not for her, the young Bride of the Vale,* [now, Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale, [on her brow. And the garland of Love was yet fresh Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying [gloom was unknown— From this gloomy world. while its And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying, [her own. Were echoed in Heaven by lips like Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew [soul are unfurl'd; To that land where the wings of the And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew, [this world. Looks radiant down on the tears of

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

(AIR.—STEVenson.)

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine; My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine; My censer's breath the mountain airs, And silent thoughts my only prayers.† My choir shall be the moonlight waves, When murm'ring homeward to their Or when the stillness of the sea, [caves, F'r'en more than music, breathes of Thee. I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown, All light and silence, like thy Throne; And the pale stars shall be, at night, The only eyes that watch my rite. Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look, Shall be my pure and shining book, Where I shall read, in words of flame, The glories of thy wondrous name. I'll read thy anger in the rack That clouds awhile the day-beam's track; Thy mercy in the azure hue Of sunny brightness, breaking through. There's nothing bright, above, below, From flowers that bloom to stars that But in its light my soul can see [glow, Some feature of thy Deity.

she sang several hymns, in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual, and among them were some from the present collection. (particularly, "There's nothing bright but Heaven," which this very interesting girl had often heard me sing during the summer.

† Più orant tacitō.
There's nothing dark, below, above,  
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,  
And meekly wait that moment, when  
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

**SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.**

*Miriam's Song.*

(Air—Avison.)

"And Miriam the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—Exod. xv. 20.

**Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!**  
*free.  
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are  
Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is  
broken,  
[ Almighty and brave—  
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid—  
How vain was their boast, for the Lord  
hath but spoken, [in the wave,  
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the tide.  
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;*  
*free.  
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are  
Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!  
His word was our arrow, his breath was  
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?  
[pillar of glory;*  
For the Lord hath look'd out from his  
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.  
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's  
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!*

**Go, let me weep.**

*(Air—Stevenson.)*

Go, let me weep—there's bliss in tears,  
When he who sheds them only feels  
Some lingering stain of early years  
Effaced by every drop that steals.  
The fruitless showers of worldly woe  
Fall dark to earth and never rise;  
While tears that from repentance flow,  
In bright exhalation reach the skies,  
Go, let me weep.

* I have so much altered the character of this air, which is from the beginning of one of Avison's old-fashioned concertos, that, without this acknowledgment, it could hardly, I think, be recognized.

† "And it came to pass, that, in the morning watch the Lord looked upon the hosts of the Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—Exod. xiv. 24.

**Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew**  
More idly than the summer's wind,  
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,  
But left no trace of sweets behind.  
The warmest sigh that pleasure heaves  
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell  
The heart, where pure repentance grieves  
O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well.  
Leave me to sigh,

**COME NOT, OH LORD.**

*(Air—Haydn.)*

Come not, oh Lord, in the dread robe of splendor  
(of thine ire;  
Thou worst on the Mount, in the day  
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,  
(of fire;  
Which Mercy flings over thy feature.  
Lord, thou remembrest the night, when  
thy Nation† [stream;  
Stood fronting her feet by the red-roll  
O'er Egypt thy pillar shed dark desolation,  
[beam;  
While Israel bask'd all the night in its  
So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,  
[remove;  
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side  
While shrouded in terror the guilty behold Thee,  
[Love!  
Oh, turn upon us the mild light of thy  

**WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.**

*(Air—Stevenson.)*

Were not the sinful Mary's tears  
An offering worthy Heaven.  
When, o'er the faults of former years,  
She wept—and was forgiven?  
When, bringing every balmy sweet  
Her day of luxury stored,  
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet  
The precious odors pour'd;—  
And wiped them with that golden hair,  
Where once the diamond shone;  
Egyptians, through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—Exod. xiv. 24.
SACRED SONGS.

Though now those gems of grief were
Which shine for God alone! [there
Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the suck heart, that inly bled—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice!
Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much"* and be forgiven!

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

(AIR—HAYDN.)

As down in the sunless retreats of the
Ocean, [can see,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of
Devotion.
(There,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to
My God! silent, to Thee,
Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.
As still to the star of its worship,
though clouded, [dim sea,
The needle points faithfully o'er the
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
Ah, shrouded, [to Thee,
The hope of my spirit turns, trembling,
My God! trembling, to Thee—
True, fond, trembling, to Thee.

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

(AIR—STEVENSOn.)

But who shall see the glorious day
When, throneed on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now? !

* "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven,
† "And he will destroy, in this mountain,
the face of the covering cast over all people,
and the veil that is spread over all nations."—
Isaiah, xxv. 7.
‡ "The rebuke of his people shall be take
away from off all the earth."—Isaiah, xxv. 8.
§ "And God shall wipe away all tears from
their eyes; there shall be no more pain."—Rev. xxi. 4.
¶ "And he that sat upon the throne, said
Behold, I make all things new."—Rev. xxi. 5.
|| "And whatsoever will, let him take the
water of life freely."—Rev. xxi. 7.
** "The Scriptures having declared that the
Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah,
It is natural to conclude that the Palm, which
made so conspicuous a figure in that structure,
represented that Life and Immortality which
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;†
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from ev'ry eye.§
Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.¶
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come;||
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

ALMIGHTY GOD!

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

(AIR—MOZART.)

ALMIGHTY God! when round thy shrine
The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray, [twine,
"And Love that 'fadeth not away.'")
We bless the flowers, expanded all.
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say, "In Eden thus
"The Tree of Life may flower for us!"
When round thy Cherubs—smiling calm,
Without their flames!—we wreathe the
Palm,
Oh God! we feel the emblem true—
Thy Mercy is eternal too.
Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of Palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above—
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER. §§

(AIR—MOORE.)

Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
were brought to light by the Gospel."—Observations on the Palm, as a Sacred Emblem, by W. Tighe.
"And he earth all the walls of the house
round about with carved figures of cherubims,
and palm-trees, and open flowers."—1 Kings, vi. 20.
"When the passover of the tabernacles
was revealed to the great lawgiver in the
mount, then the cherubic images which ap-
peared in that structure were no longer sur-
rounded by flames; for the tabernacle was a
type of the dispensation of mercy, by which
Jehovah confirmed his gracious covenant to
redeem mankind."—Observations on the Palm.
 §§ In St. Augustine's Treatise upon the ad-
vantages of a solitary life, addressed to his sis-
ter, there is the following fanciful passage,
from which, the reader will perceive, the
thought of this song was taken:—"To, soror,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There, if the hov'ring hawk be near,
That limpid spring, in its mirror clear,
Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,
And warms the timorous bird away.

Be thou this dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.
The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray;—
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and tremble—
Be thou that dove; [sing fly]
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.
(Air—Handel.)

ANGEL of Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
 Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.
When on the shrine of God were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest offering there.
Hope and her sister, Faith, were given,
But as our guides to yonder sky;
So soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.*
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,
Shall on his throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above,
Smiling forever by His side!

BEHOLD THE SUN.
(Air—Lord Mornington.)

BEHOLD the sun, how bright
From yonder East he springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathing from his wings.

---

And the angel which I saw stand upon
So bright the Gospel broke
Upon the souls of men;
So fresh the dreaming world awoke
In Truth's full radiance then.
Before you Sun arose,
Stars cluster'd through the sky—
But, oh, how dim! how pale were those,
To His one burning eye!
So Truth lent many a ray,
To bless the Pagan's night— [they
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were
to Thy one glorious Light!

LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT
DAY.
(Air.—Dr. Boyce.)

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread,
so splendid,
When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring
This sinful world, with hand to heav'n extended,—[they
And hear him swear by Thee that
When Earth shall feel thy fast consuming
ray—[that day?]
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear
When through the world thy awful calleth sounded.
Wake, all ye Dead, to judgment—
[awe, ye Dead!]
And from the clouds, by scraper eyes sur-
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant
head;[pass away—]
While Earth and Heav'n before Him
Who, mighty God, oh who shall bear
that day?
When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge
shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and
bright, [forever P
And say to those, "Depart from me
To these, "Come, dwell with me in
endless light!"

---

the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand
to heaven, and saw by Him that liveth forever
and ever, . . . that there should be time no
longer. —Rev. x. 6.
* "Awake, ye Dead, and come to judgment."—Rev. x. 7.
* "They shall see the Son of Man coming in the
clouds of heaven—and all the angels with him."—Matt. xxiv. 30, and xxv. 31.
* "From whose face the earth and the heaven
fled away."—Rev. xx. 11.
* "And before Him shall be gathered all
nations, and He shall separate them one from
another. . . ."
When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.
(AIR.—HAYDN.)
Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art, [heart
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.
In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame, [same,
Thus still let me, living and dying the
In Thy service blemish and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my art, [dearth,
To pain and affliction, to darkness and
On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.
(AIR.—STEVENSON.)
WEEP, weep for him, the Man of God—* In yonder vale he sunk to rest;
But none of earth can point the sod † That flowers above his sacred breast. WEEP, children of Israel, weep!
His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain; ‡ His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew—
Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again A Chief, to God and her so true. WEEP, children of Israel, weep!

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, &c. "Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, &c. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."—Matt. xxv. 32, et seq.
"And the children of Israel went for Moses in the plains of Moab."—Deut. xxxiv. 8. † "And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab; . . . but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Ibid. ver. 6.
Remember ye his parting gaze,
His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
When, full of glory and of days,
He saw the promised land—and died.§
WEEP, children of Israel, weep!
Yet died he not as men who sink,
Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
But, changed to spirit, like a wink
Of summer lighting, pass'd away.¶
WEEP, children of Israel, weep!

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.
(AIR.—BEETHOVEN)
LIKE morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in those furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—
Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er
The Spirit, dark and lost before,
And, freshness all its depths, prepare
For Truth divine to enter there.
Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
Ev'n Angels stoop'd to hear that song.
So sleeps the soul, till Thou, oh Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord—
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.
(AIR.—GERMAN.)
COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish— [not heal.
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can—
‡ "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew."—Moses' Song, Deut. xxxii. 2.
§ "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."—Deut. xxxiv. 4.
¶ "As he was going to embrace Eleazer and Joshua, and was still discoursing with them, a cloud stood over him on the sudden, and he disappeared in a certain valley, although he wrote in the Holy Books that he died, which was done out of fear, lest they should venture to say that, because of his extraordinary virtue, he went to God."—Josephus, book iv., chap viii.
AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

(Air.—Stevenson.)

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come; *

And gather from the ends of the earth;

Surely the isles shall wait for me, the

The ships of Tarshish round will hover,

The ships of Tarshish round will hover,

And shall bring thy sons from far, their silver and gold with them.” —Isa. 60:9.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the stray-

ing,

Hope, when all others die, fadeless

Here speaks the Comforter, in God’s

name saying— [(cannot cure.)

“Earth has no sorrow that Heaven

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings

us,

[reveal],

What charm for aching hearts he can

Sweet as that heavenpromiselong

sings us— [(not heal.)

“Earth has no sorrow that God can-

A VERSE.

(Air.—Stevenson.)

AWAKE, arise, thy light is come; *

The nations, that before outshone thee,

Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—

The glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,

From ev’ry nook of earth shall cluster;

And kings and princes haste to pay

Their homage to thy rising lustre.†

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,

O’er foreign fields, o’er farthest waters,

Thy exiled sons return to thee, [ters.]

To thee return thy home-sick daugh-

And camels rich, from Midian’s tents,

Shall lay their treasures down before

And Saba bring her gold and scents, [thee;

To fill thy air and sparkle o’er thee. §

See, are these that, like a cloud,][

Are gathering from all earth’s domin-

ions,

Like doves, long absent, when allow’d

Homeward to shoot their trembling

pinions.

“Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and

the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” —

Isaiah, ix.

† “And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,

and kings to the brightness of thy rising.” —Isa. 60:4.

‡ “Lift up thine eyes round about, and see;

all they gather themselves together, they come

to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and thy

daughters shall be nursed at thy side.” —Isaiah, ix.

§ “The multitude of camels shall cover thee;

the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they

from Sheba shall come; they shall bring gold

and incense.” —Isa. 60:6.

‖ “Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as

the doves to their windows?” —Isa. 60:5.

‖ “Surely the isles shall wait for me, and

the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons

from far, their silver and gold with them.” —Isa. 60:19.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,¶

The ships of Tarshish round will hover,

To bring thy sons across the sea,

And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—**

The fir, the pine, the palm victorious

Shall beautify our Holy Place, [ours.

And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,¶

Nor rains waste thy cheerful nation;

But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,

And thou shalt name thy walls, Sal-

vation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,¶¶

Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;

But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,

And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;

A ray, from Heaven itself descended,

Shall light thy everlasting crown—

Thy days of mourning all are ended. §§

My own, elect, and righteous Land!

The Branch, forever green and eternal,

Which I have planted with this hand—

Live thou shalt in Life Eternal. ||

THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.

(Air.—Crescentin.)

THERE is a bleak Desert, where daylight

grows weary

Of wasting its smile on regions dreary—

What may that desert—

’Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few

joys that come

[their home.

Are lost like that daylight, for ’tis not

There is a Jove Pilgrim, before whose

faint eyes

** “The glory of Lebanon shall come unto

thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box to-

tgether, to beautify the place of my sanctuary;

and I will make the place of my feet glorious.” —

Isa. 60:13.

†† “Violence shall no more be heard in thy

land, wasting nor destruction within thy bor-

ders: but thou shalt call thy walls, Salvation,

and thy gates, Praise.” —Isaiah, lx.

‡‡ “Thy sun shall be no more thy light by
day; neither for brightness shall the moon give

light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee

an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.” —Isa. 65:17.

§§ “Thy sun shall no more go down; . . .

for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and

the days of thy mourning shall be ended.” —Isa. 65:17.

¶¶ “They people also shall be all righteous;

they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of

my planting, the work of my hands.” —Isa. 65:17.
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—

Who may that Pilgrim be?

'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on [gone, By fair shining hopes, that in shining are There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing, [ing—

To pure lips alone its refreshment reveals—

What may that Fountain be?

'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground, [found.*

By the gifted of Heaven alone can be

There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell [dwell—

To point where those waters in secrecy

Who may that Spirit be?

'Tis Faith, humble faith, who hath learned that, where'er [must be there. Her wand bends to worship, the Truth

**SINC**E **F**IRST **T**HY **W**ORD.

(AIR.—NICHOLAS FREEMAN.)

Since first Thy Word awakened my heart, Like new life dawning o'er me, Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art, All light and love before me; Naught else I feel, or hear, or see—

All bonds of earth I sever—

Thee, O God, and only Thee I live for, now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away When light shone o'er his prison,† My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray, Hath from her chains arisen.

And shall a soul Thou bid'st be free, Return to bondage?—never! 

Thee, O God, and only Thee I live for, now and ever.

**HARK! ’TIS THE BREEZE.**

(AIR.—ROUSSEAU.)

Hark! ’tis the breeze of twilight calling

Earth's weary children to repose;

While, round the couch of Nature falling, Gently the night's soft curtains close.

Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining, Numberless stars, through yonder dark,

* In singing, the following line had better be adopted:—

† “And, behold, the angel of the LORD came upon him, and a light shined in the prison, and his chains fell off from his hands—Acts, vii. 7.
MOORE'S WORKS.

Were plac'd beneath pale Passion's moon,
Whose madness in their odor breathes.
How purer far the sacred lute,
Round which Devotion ties sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,
And palm that never dies.

Though War's high-sounding harp may
Most welcome to the hero's ears, [be Alas, his chords of victory Are wet, all o'er, with human tears.
How far more sweet their numbers run, Who hymn, like Saints above, No victor, but th' Eternal One, No trophies but of Love!

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

(AIR.—STEVenson.)

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,* [is come! And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom From that time,† when the moon upon Ajalon's vale,
Looking motionless down, saw the kings of the earth, In the presence of God's mighty Champion, grow pale— mirth! Oh, never had Judah an hour of such Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home, [is come! And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs of each tree [the free-$ That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of From that day, when the footsteps of Israel shone,
With a light not their own, through the Jordan's deep tide, Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark glided on—|| Oh, never had Judah an hour of such pride!

"And that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, and in Jerusalem, saying, Go forth unto the mount, and fetch olive-branches," &c., &c.—Neh. viii. 15.

† "For since the days of Joshua the son of Nun unto that day had not the children of Israel done so: and there was very great gladness." —Neh. vii. 17.

‡ "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon."—Josh. x. 12.
§ "Fetch olive-branches, and pine-branches.

Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom is come!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK,
HEREAFTER.

(AIR.—HAYDN.)

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the Spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her [here? To those she long hath mourn'd for
Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heav'n where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay bask-ing,
Bless'd, and thinking bliss would stay?
Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to th' eternal Home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.
Alas, alas—doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship—love—shall all those ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?
Oh, if no other boon were given, [stain,
To keep our hearts from wrong and
Who would not try to win a Heaven Where all we love shall live again?

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

(AIR.—NovELLo.)

"WAR against Babylon!" shout we around, [thur'd;
Be our banners through earth un-rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound—**

and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths."—Neh. viii. 15.

|| "and the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground."—Josh. iii. 17.

‡ "Shout against her round about."—Jer. i. 15.

** "Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms," &c., &c.—Jer. ii. 27.
"War against Babylon!" shout through the world!
Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,*
Thy day of pride is ended now; [ters
And the dark curse of Israel's daugh-
Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
War, war, war against Babylon!
Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields;* Set the standard of God on high;

Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
"Zion" our watchword, and "venge
ance" our cry!
Wo! wo!—the time of thy visitation †
Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
And the black surge of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
War, war, war against Babylon!  

THE SUMMER FÊTE.  

TO THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON.

For the groundwork of the following Poem I am indebted to a memorable Fête, given some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald. In commemoration of that evening—of which the lady to whom these pages are inscribed was, I well re-
collect, one of the most distinguished ornaments—I was induced at the time to write some verses, which were after-
wards, however, thrown aside unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet,* whose playful and happy jen-
ner's spirit on the subject has since been published. It was but lately, that, on
finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of found-
ing on them such a description of an imaginary Fête as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music.

Such is the origin and object of the following Poem, and to Mrs. Norton it is, with every feeling of admiration and regard, inscribed by her father's warmly attached friend,  

THOMAS MOORE.  

Sloperton Cottage,  
November, 1831.

THE SUMMER FÊTE.

"Where are ye now, ye summer days,  
"That once inspired the poet's lays?  
"Bless'd time! ere England's nymphs and swains;  
"For lack of sunbeams, took to coals—  
"Summers of light, undimm'd by rains,  
"Whose only mocking trace remains  
"In watering-pots and parasols.”

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,  
As, on the morning of that Fête  
Which bards unborn shall celebrate,  
She backward drew her curtain's shade,  
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,  
Pep'd with the other at the sky—  
'Th' important sky, whose light or gloom  
Was to decide, this day, the doom  
Of some few hundred beauties, wits,  
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exquisites,
of Babylon."—Jer. ii. 11, 12.

† "Make bright the arrows; gather the shields, . . . set up the standard upon the walls of Babylon."—Jer. i. 27.

* Lord Francis Egerton.
Faint were her hopes; for June had now
Set in with all his usual rigor.
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
But Eurus in perpetual vigor;
And, such the biting summer air,
That she, the nymph now nestling there—
Snug as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine—
Had, more than once, been caught of late
Kneeling before her blazing grate.
Like a young worshipper of fire,
With hands uplifted to the flame,
Whose glow, as if to woo them nigher,
Through the white fingers flushing came.

But oh! the light, th’ unhoped-for light,
That now illumed this morning’s head—
Up sprung Ianthe at the sight, [yon!
Though—bark!—the clocks but strike eleven,
And rarely did the nymph surprise
Mankind so early with her eyes.

Who now will say that England’s sun
(Like England’s self; these spendthrift days)
His stock of wealth hath near outrun,
And must retrench his golden rays—
Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,
And to mere moonshine come at last?

“Calumnions thought!” Ianthe cries,
While coming mirth lit up each glance,
And, prescient of the ball, her eyes
Already had begun to dance:
For brighter sun than that which now
Sparkled o’er London’s spires and towers,
Had never bent from heaven his brow
To kiss Firenze’s City of Flowers.

What must it be—if thus so fair
Mid the smoked groves of Grosvenor Square—
What must it be where Thames is seen
Gli ding between his banks of green,
While rival villas, on each side,
Deep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of Harem beauties, on he goes—
A lover, loved for ev’n the grace
With which he slides from their embrace.
In one of those enchanted domes,
One, the most flow’ry, cool, and bright
Of all by which that river roams,

The Fête is to be held to-night—
That Fête already link’d to fame,
Whose cards, in many a fair one’s sigh,
(When look’d for long, at last they came,)
Seem’d circled with a fairy light;—
That Fête to which the cull, the flower
Of England’s beauty, rank and power,
From the young spinner, just come out,
To the old Premier, too long in—
From legs of far-descended gout,
To the last new-moustachio’d chin—
All were convoked by Fashion’s spells
To the small circle where she dwells,
Gathering nightly, to allure us,
Live anxious, wistful, together hurl’d,
She, like another Epicurus, [World.]
Sets dancing thus, and calls “the
Behold how busy in those bowers
(Like May-flies, in and out of flowers,)
The countless menials swarming run,
To furnish forth, ere set of sun,
The banquet-table richly laid
Beneath you awning’s lengthen’d shade,
Where fruits shall tempt, and wines en-
tice,
And Luxury’s self, at Gunter’s call,
Breathe from her summer-throne of ice
A spirit of coolness over all.

And now th’ important hour drew nigh
When, ’neath the flash of evening’s sky,
The west end “world” for mirth let loose,
And moved, as he of Syracuse
Ne’er dreamt of moving worlds, by force
Of four-horse power, had all combined
Through Grosvenor Gate to speed their course,
Leaving that portion of mankind,
Whom they call “Nobody,” behind;—
No star for London’s hosts to-day,
No moon of beauty, new this May,
To lend the night her crescent ray—
Nothing, in short, for ear or eye,
But veteran belles, and wits gone by,
The relics of a past beau-monde,
A world, like Cuvier’s, long dethroned!
Ev’n Parliament this evening nods
Beneath th’ harangues of minor gods,
On half its usual opiate share;
The great dispensers of repose,
The first-rate furnishers of prose
Being all call’d to—prose elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor’s lordly square—
That last impregnable redoubt,
† I am not certain whether the Dranglers of
The Summer Fête

Where, guarded with Patrician care,
Primeval Error still holds out—
Where never gleam of gas must dare
'Gainst ancient Darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
The dowagers one single jolt;—
Where, far too stately and sublime
To profit by the lights of time,
Let Intellect march how it will,
They stick to oil and watchmen still:—
Soon as through that illusory square
The first epistolary bell,
Sounding by fits upon the air,
Of parting pennies rung the knell;
Warn'd by that tell-tale of the hours,
And by the daylight's westering beam,
The young Tänthe, who, with flowers
Half-crown'd, had sat in idle dream
Before her glass, scarce knowing where
Her fingers roved through that bright hair,
While, all capriciously, she now [brow,
Dislodged some curl from her white
And now again replaced it there;—
As though her task was meant to be
One endless change of ministry—
A routing-up of Loves and Graces,
But to plant others in their places.
Meanwhile—what strain is that which floats
Through the small boudoir near—like
Of some young bird, its task repeating
For the next limnet music-meeting?
A voice it was, whose gentle sounds
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,
Nor yet had ventured to exalt
Its rash ambition to B alt,
That point towards which when ladies rise,
The wise man takes his hat and—flies,
Tones of a harp, too, gently play'd,
Came with this youthful voice commingling,
Tones true, for once, without the aid
Of that inductive process, tuning—
A process which must oft have given
Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound;
So pleased, among the joys of Heavy n, he specifies "harp's ever tuned."*
She who now sung this gentle strain
Was our young nymph's still younger sister—
Scarce ready yet for Fashion's train
In their light legions to enlist her,
But counted on, as sure to bring
Her force into the field next spring.
The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,
Gave forth "so sweetly and so well,
Was one in Morning Post much famed,
From a divin' collection, named,
"Songs of the toilet"—every Lay
Taking for subject of its Muse,
Some branch of femininity array,
Some item, with full scope, to choose,
From diamonds down to dancing shoes;
From the last hat that Herault's hands
Bequeath'd to an admiring world,
Down to the latest flounce that stands
Like Jacob's ladder—or expands
Far forth, tempestuously unfur'd.
Speaking of one of these new Lays,
The Morning Post thus sweetly says:—
"Not all that breathes from Bishop's lyre,
[elves,
"That Barnett dreams, or Cocke con
"Can match for sweetness, strength, or fire,
"This fine Cantata upon Sleeves,
"The very notes themselves reveal
"The cut of each new sleeve so well,
"A flat betrays the Imbecilles;
"Light fugues the flying appret tell;
"While rich cathedral chords awake
"Our homage for the Manches d'Evêque;"
"Twas the first op'ning song—the Lay
Of all least deep in toilet-lore,
That the young nymph, while away
The tiring hour, thus warbled o'-'"  

Song.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below, the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.
Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

* "their golden harps they took—
Harp's ever tuned." Paradise Lost, book iii.
† The name given to those large sleeves that hang loosely.
Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing, [ven
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of hear-
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but one so bright.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
&c. &c. &c.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.
Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wonder'ing eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way!
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

Now in his Palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fam'd to rest,
Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;
While round his couch his golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like couriers, crept—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch his last smile ere he slept.
How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames
The golden eye its lustre pour'd,
Shone out the high-born knights and dames
Now group'd around that festal board;
A living mass of plumes and flowers,
If though they'd robb'd both birds and bowers—
A peopled rainbow, swarming through
With habitants of every hue;
While as the sparkling juice of France
High in the crystal binnrers flow'd,
Each sunset ray that mix'd by chance
With the wine's sparkles, show'd [d dance.
How sunbeams may be taught to
If not in written form express'd,
'Twas known, at least, to every guest,
That, though not bidden to parade
Their scenic powers in masquerade,
(A pastime little found to thrive
In the bleak fog of England's skies,
Where wit's the thing we best contrive,
As masqueraders, to disguise,
It yet was hoped—and well that hope
Was answer'd by the young and gay—
That, in the toilet's task to-day,
Fancy should take her wildest scope;—
That the rapt milliner should be
Let loose through fields of poesy,
The tailor, in inventive trance,
Up to the heights of Epic chamber,
And all the regions of Romance
Be ransack'd by the femme de chambre.
Accordingly, with gay Sultanas
Rebeccas, Sapphros, Roxalanas—
Circassian slaves whom Love would pay
Half his maternal realms to ransom;—
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
In looking most profanely land
some;
Muses in muslin—pastoral maids
With hats from the Arcade-iian shades,
And fortune-tellers, rich, 'twas plain,
As fortune-hunters form'd their train.
With these, and more such female groups,
Were mix'd no less fantastic troops
Of male exhibitors—all willing
To look, ev'n more than usual, killing;—
Bean-tyrants, smock-faced bragradosics,
And brigands, charmingly ferocious;—
M. P.'s turn'd Turks, good Moslems
then,
Who, last night, voted for the Greeks;
And Friars, stanch No-Popery men,
In close confab with Whig Cuciques.
But where is she—the nymph, whom late
We left before her glass delaying,
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,
In the clear wave her charms survey-
ing,
And saw in that first glassy mirror
The first fair face that lured to error.
"Where is she?" ask'st thou?—watch
all looks
As cent'ring to one point they bear,
Lake sou-flowers by the sides of brooks,
'Turn'd to the sun—and she is there.
Ev'n in disguise, oh never doubt
By her own light you'd track her out:
As when the moon, close shaw'd in fog,
Steals, as she thinks, through heaven
incon,
Though hid herself, some sidelong ray,
At every step, detects her way.
But not in dark disguise to-night,
Hath our young heroine veil'd her
light;—
For see, she walks the earth, Love's own,
His wedded bride, by holiest vow
Pledged in Olympus, and made known
To mortals by the type which now
Hangs glitt'ring on her snowy brow,
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,
Which means the Soul, (tho' few would
think it),
And sparkling thus on brow so white,
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night!

But hark! some song hath caught her
cars— [ne'er
And, lo, how pleased, as though she'd
Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,
Her goddess-ship approves the air;
And to a mere terrestrial strain,
Inspired by naught but pink champagne,
Her butterfly as gayly nods
As though she sat with all her train
At some great concert of the Gods,
With Phoebus, leader—Jove director,
And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the caroll came—
A few gay youths, whom round the
board
The last-tried flask's superior fame
Had lured to taste the tide it pour'd;
And one, who, from his youth and lyre,
Seem'd grandson to the Trojan sire,
Thus gayly sung, while, to his song,
Replied in chorus the gay throng:—

SONG.

Some mortals there may be, so wise or
so fine,
As in evenings like this no enjoyment
But, as I'm not particular—wit, love,
and wine, [client for me.
Are for one night's amusement suffi-
nay—humble and strange as my tastes
may appear— [thank Heaven,
If driv'n to the worst, I could manage,
To put up with eyes such as beam round
me here, [days out of seven.
And such wine as we're sipping, six
So pledge me a bumper—your sages pro-
found
[patent plan: May be blest, if they will, on their own
But as we are not sages, why—send the
cup round— [we can.
We must only be happy the best way
A reward by some king was once offer'd,
we're told, [mankind;
To who'er could invent a new bliss for
But talk of new pleasures!—give me but
the old, [ones they find.
And I'll leave your inventors all new

Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of
bliss,
Set sail in the pinnacle of Fancy some
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the
stars of my way! [gels, on high,
In the mean time, a bumper—your An-
May have pleasures unknown to life's
limited span; [flask fly—
But, as we are not Angels, why—let the
We must only be happy all ways that
we can.

Now nearly fled was sunset's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects, late so bright,
The coloring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still where Day had set
A flash that spoke him loath to die—
A last link of his glory yet,
Binding together earth and sky.
Say, why is it that twilight best
Becomes even brows the loveliest?
That dimness, with its soft'ning touch,
Can bring out grace, unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,
When seen but half enchant the more.
Alas, it is that every joy
In fullness finds its worst alloy,
And half a bliss, but hoped or guess'd,
Is sweeter than the whole possess'd;—
That Beauty, when least shone upon,
A creature most ideal grows;
And there's no light from moon or sun
Like that Imagination throws;—
It is, alas, that Fancy shrinks
Ev'n from a bright reality,
And turning sly, feels and thinks
Far heav'nlier things than e'er will be

Such was th' effect of twilight's hour
On the fairgroupsthat, round and round
From glade to grot, from bank to bow'r;
Now wander'd through this fairy
ground;
And thus did Fancy—and champagne
Work on the sight their dazzling spells,
Till nymphs that look'd, at noonday,
plain,
[belles;
Now brighten'd, in the gloom, to
And the brief interval of time,
'Twixt after dinner and before,
To dowagers brought back their prime,
And shed a halo round two-score.
Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,
The ear, the fancy, quick succeed;
And now along the waters fly
Light gondoles, of Venetian breed,
With knights and dames, who, calm reclined,
Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide—
Astonishing old Thames to find
Such doings on his mortal tide.

So bright was still that tranquil river,
With the last shaft from Daylight's squiver,
That many a group, in turn, were seen
Embarking on its wave serene;
And, 'mong the rest, in chorus gay,
A band of mariners, from th' isles
Of sunny Greece, all song and smiles,
As smooth they floated, to the play
Of their oar's cadence, sung this lay:—

TRIO.
Our home is on the sea, boy,
Our home is on the sea;
When Nature gave
The ocean-wave,
She mark'd it for the Free.
Whatever storms befal, boy,
Whatever storms befal,
The island bark
Is Freedom's ark,
And floats her safe through all.

Behold, you sea of isles, boy,
Behold you sea of isles,
Where ev'ry shore
Is sparkling o'er
With Beauty's richest smiles.
For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,
For us hath Freedom claim'd
Those ocean-nects
Where Valor rests
His eagle wing untamed.

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
And shall the Moslem dare,
While Grecian hand
Can wield a brand,
To plant his Crescent there?
No—by our fathers, no, boy,
No, by the Cross we show—
From Maina's rills
To Thracia's hills
All Greece re-echoes "No!"

Like pleasant thoughts that o'er the mind
A minute come, and go again,

*In England the partition of this opera of Rossini was transferred to the story of Peter the Hermit; by which means the indecorum

Ev'n so, by snatches, in the wind,
Was caught and lost that choral strain.

Now full, now faint upon the ear,
As the bark floated far or near.
At length when, lost, the closing note
Had down the waters died along,
Forth from another fairy boat,
Freighted with music, came this song:—

SONG.

SMOOTHLY flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs,
Shelter'd safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.

Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide
Fenced with flow'ry shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whispering groves in vain,
Home.

Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded
To mingle with the stormy main.

And thou, sweet youth, too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unshelter'd sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas,
All hope of peace is lost for thee.

Next turn we to the gay saloon,
Rospesident as a summer noon, [lights,
Where, 'neath a pendent wreath of A Zodiac of flowers and tapers—
(Such as in Russian ball-rooms sheds Its glory o'er young dancers' heads)—
Quadrille performs her many rites,
And reigns supreme o'er slides and capers;—

Working to death each opera strain,
As, with a foot that ne'er reposes,
She jigs through sacred and profane,
From "Maid and Magpie" up to "Moses ;"—*

Wearing out tunes as fast as shoes,
Till fagg'd Rossini scarce respires;
Till Meyerbeer for mercy sobs,
And Weber at her feet expires.

And now the set hath ceased—the bows
Of fiddlers taste a brief repose,
of giving such names as "Moïse," "Pharaon," &c. to the dances selected from it (as was done in Paris) has been avoided.
THE SUMMER FÉTE.

While light along the painted floor,
Arm within arm, the couples stray,
Talking their stock of nothings o'er,
Till—nothing's left, at last, to say.
When, lo!—most opportunely sent—
Two Exquisites, a he and she,
Just brought from Dandyland, and meant
For Fashion's grand Menagerie,
Enter'd the room—and scarce were there,
When all flock'd round them, glad to stare
At any monsters, any where.

Some thought them perfect, to their tastes;
While others hinted that the waists
(That in particular of the he thing)
Left far too ample room for breathing:
Whereas, to meet these critics' wishes,
The isthmus there should be so small,
That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,
Must manage not to breathe at all.
The female (these same critics said,) Though orthodox from toe to chin,
Yet lack'd that spacious width of head
To hat of toadstool much akin—
That build of bonnet, whose extent
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
Puzzle church-doors to let it in.

However—sad 'twas, no doubt,
That nyn.ph so smart should go about,
With head uncorrected of the place
It ought to fill in Infinite Space—
Yet all allow'd that, of her kind,
A prettier show 'twas hard to find;
While of that doubtful genus, "dreadly men."

The male was thought a first-rate speci—
Such Saracan, too, as wish'd to trace
The manners, habits, of this race—
To know what rank (if rank at all)
'Mong reasoning things to them should fall—

What sort of notions heaven imparts
To high-built heads and tight-laced hearts,
And how far Soul, which, Plato says,
Abhors restraint, can act in stays—
Might now, if gifted with discerning,
Find opportunities of learning:
As these two creatures—from their pout
And frown, 'twas plain—had just fall'n out;

And all their little thoughts, of course,
Were stirring in full fret and force;—
Like mites, through microscope espied,
A world of nothings magnified.

But mild the vent such beings seek,
The tempest of their souls to speak:
As Opera swains to fiddles sigh,
To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,
Even so this tender couple set
Their well-bred woes to a Duet.

WALTZ DUET.*

HE.
Long as I waltz'd with only thee,
Each blissful Wednesday that went by,
Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee
Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone—heigho!

SHE.
Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground
Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,
No blither nymph tetotum'd round
To Collinet's immortal strain.
Oh! ah! &c.
Those happy days are gone—heigho!

HE.
With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,
I know no bounds of time or breath;
And, should the charmer's head hold out,
My heart and heels are hers till death.
Oh! ah! &c. [we'll go.
Still round and round through life
SHE.
To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
A youth renown'd for waistcoats
smart,
I now have given (excuse the pun)
A vested interest in my heart.
Oh! ah! &c. [go.
Still round and round with him I'll

HE.
What if, by fond remembrance led
Again to wear our mutual chain,
For me thou cutt'st Fitznoodle dead,
And I leav'd from Lady Jane.
Oh! ah! &c.
Still round and round again we'll go.

SHE.
Though he the Noodle honors give,
And thine, dear youth, are not so high,
lated and parodied ode of Horace, "DONEO
gratus eram tibi," &c.
With thee in endless waltz I'd live,
With thee, to Weber's Stop-Waltz,
Oh! ah! &c. [die!]
Thus round and round through life we'll go.

[Exeunt waltzing.]

While thus, like motes that dance away
Existence in a summer ray,
These gay things, born but to quadrille,
The circle of their doom fulfill—
(That dancing doom, whose law decrees
That they should live, on the alert toe,
A life of ups-and-downs, like keys
Of Broadwood's in a long concerto:—)
While thus the fiddle's spell, within,
Calls up its realm of restless sprites,
Without, as if some Mandarin
Were holding there his Feast of Lights,
Lamps of all hues, from walks and bowers,
Broke on the eye like kindling flowers,
Till, budding into light, each tree
Bore its full fruit of brilliancy.
Here shone a garden—lamps all o'er,
As though the Spirits of the Air
Had tak'n it in their heads to pour
A shower of summer meteors there;—
While here a lighted shrub'ry led
To a small lake that sleeping lay,
Cradled in foliage, but, o'erhead,
Open to heaven's sweet breath and ray;
While round its rim there burning stood
Lamps, with young flowers beside them bedded,
[borrowed;]
That shrunk from such warm neigh—
And, looking bashful in the flood,
Blush'd to behold themselves so wedded.

Hither, to this embower'd retreat,
Fit but for nights so still and sweet;
Nights, such as Eden's calm recall
In its first lonely hour, when all
So silent is, below, on high,
That if a star falls down the sky,
You almost think you hear it fall—
Hither, to this recess, a few,
To shun the dancers' wild'ring noise,
And give an hour, ere night-time flew,
To Music's more ethereal joys.
Came with their voices—ready all
As Echo, waiting for a call—
In hymn or ballad, dirge or glee,
To weave their mingling minstrelsy.
THE SUMMER FÊTE.

Beneath my casement, low and soft,
I heard a Lesbian lover sing;
And, listening both with ear and thought,
These sounds upon the night-breeze caught—

"Oh, happy as the gods is he,
Who gazes at this hour on thee!"

The song was one by Sappho sung,
In the first love-dreams of her lyre,
When words of passion from her tongue
Fell like a shower of living fire.
And still, at close of ev'ry strain,
I heard these burning words again—

"Oh, happy as the gods is he,
Who listens at this hour to thee!"

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd
Each asking eye—nor turn'd in vain;
Though the quick, transient blush that burn'd
Bright o'er her cheek, and died again,
Show'd with what inly shame and fear
Was utter'd what all loved to hear.
Yet not to sorrow's languid lay
Did she her lute-song now devote;
But thus, with voice that, like a ray
Of southern sunshine, seem'd to float—
So rich with climate was each note—
Call'd up in every heart a dream
Of Italy, with this soft theme:—

SONG.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;
And this fond heart is glowing
To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going
But thou art not come;

No, thou com'st not!
'Tis the time when night-flowers
Should wake from their rest;
'Tis the hour of all hours,
When the lute singeth best,
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till thy glance they see!
And the hush'd lute is keeping
Its music for thee.

Yet, thou com'st not!

Scarce had the last word left her lip,
When a light, boyish form, with trip
Fantastic, up the green walk came,
Frank'd in gay vest, to which the flame
Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,

Or green, or crimson, lent its hue;
As though a live chameleon's skin
He had despoil'd to robe him in.
A zone he wore of claff'ring shells,
And from his lofty cap, where shone
A peacock's plume, there dangled bells
That rung as he came dancing on.
Close after him, a page—in dress
And shape, his miniature express—
An ample basket, fill'd with store
Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore;
Till, having reach'd this verdant seat,
He laid it at his master's feet,
Who, half in speech and half in song
Chanted this invoice to the throng:—

SONG.

Who'll buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Besides our usual fools' supply,
We've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing's in
And nine-pins set, like systems, up, [it;]
To be knock'd down the following minute. [buy]

Who'll buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll
Gay caps we here of foolscape make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather,
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather.
Tetotums we've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics hum-
Like their's the patriot's dizzy lot, [ble;]
A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.

Who'll buy, &c., &c.

Here, wealthy misers to inter,
We've shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While, for their heirs, we've quicksilver,
That fast as they can wish, will caper.
For aldermen we've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.

Who'll buy, &c., &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
But, whatso'er the whims that seize
This oldest of all mortal firms, [you,
Folly and Co., will try to please you.
Or, should you wish a darker hue
Of goods than we can recommend you,
Why then (as we with lawyers do)
To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.

Who'll buy, &c., &c.
While thus the blissful moments roll'd,
Moments of rare and fleeting light,
That show themselves, like grains of gold
In the mine's refuse, few and bright;
Behold where, opening far away,
The long Conservatory's range,
Stripped of the flowers it wore all day,
But gaining loveher in exchange,
Presents, on Dresden's costliest ware,
A supper, such as Gods might shore.
Ah, much-loved Supper!—blithe repast
Of other times now dwindling fast,
Since Dinner far into the night
Advanced the march of appetite;
Deploy'd his never-ending forces
Of various vintage and three courses,
And, like those Goths who play'd the dickens
With Rome and all her sacred chickens,
Put Supper and her fowls so white,
Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight.
Now waked once more by wine—whose tide
Is the true Hippocrene, where glide
The Muse's swans with happiest wing,
Dipping their bills before they sing—
The mistrels of the table greet
The list'ning ear with descant sweet:—

**SONG AND TRIO.**
**THE LEVEE AND COUCHIE.**
Call the Loves around,
Let the whis'ring sound
Of their wings be heard alone,
Till soft to rest
My Lady blest
At this bright hour hath gone.
Let Fancy's beams
Play o'er her dreams,
Till, touch'd with light all through,
Her spirit be
Like a summer sea,
Shining and slumb'ring too.
And, while thus hush'd she lies,
Let the whisper'd chorus rise—
"Good-evening, good-evening, to our Lady's bright eyes."
But the day-beam breaks,
See, our Lady wakes!
Call the Loves around once more,
Like stars that wait
At Morning's gate,
Her first steps to adore.

Let the veil of night
From her dawning sight
All gently pass away,
Like mists that flee
From a summer sea,
Leaving it full of day.
And, while her last dream flies—
Let the whisper'd chorus rise—
"Good-morning, good-morning, to our Lady's bright eyes."

**SONG.**
If to see thee be to love thee,
If to love thee be to prize
Naught of earth or heav'n above thee,
Nor to live but for those eyes:
If such love to mortal given,
Be wrong to earth, be wrong to heav'n,
'Tis not for thee the fault to blame,
For from those eyes the madness came.
Forgive but thou the crime of loving,
In this heart more pride 'twill raise
To be thus wrong, with thee approving,
Than right, with all a world to praise
But say, while light these songs resound,
What means that buzz of whisper'ring round,
From lip to lip—as if the Power
Of Mystery, in this gay hour,
Had thrown some secret (as we fling
Nuts among children) to that ring
Of rosy, restless lips, to be
Thus scrambled for so wantonly?
And, mark ye, still as each reveals
The mystic news, her hearer steals
A look tow'ardsyon enchanted chair,
Where, like the Lady of the Mask,
A nymph, as exquisitely fair
As Love himself for bride could ask,
Sits blushing deep, as if aware
Of the wing'd secret circling there.
Who is this nymph? and what, oh Muse,
What, in the name of all odd things
That woman's restless brain pursues,
What mean these mystic whisperings?
Thus runs the tale:—you blushing maid,
Who sitts in beauty's light array'd,
While o'er her leans a tall young Dervise,
(Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
Learning by heart the Marriage Service,)
Is the bright heroine of our song.—
The Love-wed Psyche, whom so long
We've miss'd among this mortal train,
We thought her wing'd to heaven again.
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

1827.

In thus connecting together a series of Songs by a thread of poetical narrative, my chief object has been to combine Recitation with Music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to join in the performance, by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel willing or competent to take a part as singers. The Island of Zea, where the scene is laid, was called by the ancients Ceos, and was the birthplace of Simonides, Bacchylides, and other eminent persons. An account of its present state may be found in the Travels of Dr. Clarke, who says that "it appeared to him to be the best cultivated of any of the Grecian Isles."—Vol. vi. p. 174.

T. M.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

FIRST EVENING.

"The sky is bright—the breeze is fair.
"And the mainsail flowing, full and free—"
"Our farewell word is woman's pray'r,
"And the hope before us—Liberty!
"Farewell, farewell.

To Greece we give our shining blades,
"And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids!

'The moon is in the heavens above,
"And the wind is on the foaming sea—
"Thus shines the star of woman's love
"On the glorious strife of Liberty!
"Farewell, farewell.

'To Greece we give our shining blades,
"And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids!"

Thus sung they from the bark, that now
Turn'd to the sea its gallant prow,
Bearing within it hearts as brave
As e'er sought Freedom o'er the wave;
And leaving on that islet's shore,
Where still the farewell beacon burn,
Friends, that shall many a day look o'er
The long, dim sea for their return.

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way—
Oh, speed their way,—the chosen flow'r,
Of Zea's youth, the hope and stay
Of parcels in their wintry hour,
The love of maidens, and the pride
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died—
All, all are in that precious bark,
Which now, alas, no more is seen—
Though every eye still turns to mark
The moonlight spot where it had been.

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,
And mothers, your beloved are gone!—

Now may you quench those signal fires,
Whose light they long look'd back upon
From their dark deck—watching the
As fast it faded from their view,
With thoughts, that, but for manly shame,
Hath made them droop and weep like
How's to your chambers! home, and pray
For the bright coming of that day,
When, bless'd by Heaven, the Cross shall sweep

* "Nerium Oleander. In Cyprus it retains its ancient name, Rhododaphne, and the Cypriots adorn their churches with the flowers on feast-days."—Journal of Dr. Sibthorpe, Walpole's Turkey. 1st ed.
1 Lonicera Caprifolium, used by the girls of Patmos for garlands.

The Crescent from the Ægean deep,
And your brave warriors, hast'ning back,
Will bring such glories in their track,
As shall, for many an age to come,
Shed light around their name and home.

There is a Fount on Zea's isle,
Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,
On which the sun of Greece looks
Pleased as a lover on the crown [down,
His mistress for her brow hath twined,
When he beholds each flow'rtet there,
Himself had wish'd her most to wear;
Here bloom'd the laurel-rose," whose
wreath
Hangs radiant round the Cypriots
And here those bramble-flowers that
breathe
Their odor into Zante's wines:
The splendid woodbine, that, at eve,
To grace their floral diadems,
The lovely maids of Patmos weave:
And that fair plant, whose tangled
stems
Shine like a Nereid's hair,§ when spread,
Dishev'ld, o'er her azure bed;—
All these bright children of the clime,
(Each at its own most genial time,
The summer, or the year's sweet prime,)
Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn
The Valley, where that Fount is born:
While round, to grace its cradle green,
Groups of Velani oaks are seen,
Tow'ring on every verdant height—
Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,
Like Genii, set to watch the birth
Of some enchanted child of earth—
Fair oaks, that over Zea's vales,
Stand with their leafy pride uncurl'd;—
While Commerce, from her thousand
sails,
Scatters their fruit throughout the

'Twas here—as soon as prayer and sleep
(Those truest friends to all who weep)
Had lighten'd every heart, and made
Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade—
'Twas here, in this secluded spot,
Amid whose breathings calm and sweet
Grief might be sooth'd, if not forget,
§ Cucurna Europa. "From the twisting and twining of the stems, it is compared by the Greeks to the dishevelled hair of the Nereids."—Walpole's Turkey.
"The produce of the island in these acorns alone amounts annually to fifteen thousand quintals."—Clarke's Travels.
The Zean nymphs resolved to meet
Each evening now, by the same light
That saw their farewells tears that night;
And try, if sound of lute and song, [ers
If wand’ring ’mid the moonlight flow-
In various talk, could charm along
With lighter step, the ling’ring hours,
Till tidings of that Bark should come,
Or Victory wait their warriors home!

When first they met—the wond'ring smile
Of greeting having gleam’d awhile—
’Twould touch ev’n Moslem heart to see
The sadness that came suddenly
O’er their young brows, when they look’d
Round
Upon that bright, enchant’d ground;
And thought, ’how many a time, with
Those
Who now were gone to the rude wars,
They there had met, at evening’s close,
And danced till morn outshone the
stars!

But seldom long doth hang th’ eclipse
Of sorrow o’er such youthful breasts—
The breath from her own blushing lips,
That on the maiden’s mirror rests,
Not swifter, lighter from the glass,
Than sadness from her brow doth pass.
Soon did they now, as round the Well
They sat, beneath the rising moon—
And some, with voice of awe, would tell
Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell
In holy founts—while some would tune
Their idle lutes; that now had lain,
For days, without a single strain;—
And others, from the rest apart,
With laugh that told the lighten’d heart,
Sat, whispring in each other’s ear
Secrets, that all in turn would hear;
Soon did they find this thoughtless play
So swiftly steal their griefs away,
That many a nymph, though pleased the while,
Reproach’d her own forgetful smile,
And sighed to think she could be gay.

Among these maidens there was one,
Who to Leucadia* late had been—
Had stood, beneath the evening sun,
On its white tow’ring cliffs, and seen
* Now Santa Maria—the island, from whose cliffs Sappho leaped into the sea.
† “The precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is about one hundred and fourteen feet from the
water, which is of a profound depth, as ap-
ppears from the dark-blue color and the eddy
that plays round the pointed and projecting
rocks.” Goodison’s *Ionian Isles.
The very spot where Sappho sung
Her swan-like music, ere she sprung
(Still holding, in that fearful leap,
By her loved lyre) into the deep,
And dying quench’d the fatal fire,
At once, of both her heart and lyre.

Mutely they listen’d all—and well
Did the young travell’d maiden tell
Of the dread height to which that steep
Beetles above the eddying deep—†
Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round
The dizzy edge with mournful sound—
And of those scented lilies found
Still blooming on that fearful place—
As if call’d up by Love, to grace
Th’ immortal spot, o’er which the last
Bright footsteps of his martyr pass’d!

While fresh to ev’ry listener’s thought
These legends of Leucadia brought
All that of Sappho’s hapless flame
Is kept alive, still watch’d by Fame—
The maiden, tuning her soft lute,
While all the rest stood round her, mute,
Thus sketched the languishment of soul,
That o’er the tender Lesbian stole,
And, in a voice, whose thrilling tone
Fancy might deem the Lesbian’s own,
One of those fervid fragments gave,
Which still,—like sparkles of Greek
Fire,
Undying, ev’n beneath the wave,—
Burn on through Time, and ne’er ex-
pire.

SONG.

As o’er her loom the Lesbian Maid
In love-sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers stray’d,
She weeping turn’d away, and said,
“Oh, my sweet Mother—tis in vain—
“I cannot weave, as once I wove—
“So wilder’d is my heart and brain
“With thinking of that youth I love!”§

Again the web she tried to trace,
But tears fell o’er each tangled thread;
While, looking in her mother’s face,
Who watchful o’er her lean’d, she said,
“Oh, my sweet Mother—tis in vain—
“I cannot weave, as once I wove—

† See Mr. Goodison’s very interesting de-
scription of all these circumstances.
§ I have attempted, in these four lines, to
give some idea of that beautiful fragment of
Sappho beginning, Πανσέλαις, which repre-
sents so truly (as Warton remarks) “the lan-
guar, and listlessness of a person deeply in
love.”

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

333
"So wilder'd is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth! love!"

A silence follow'd this sweet air,
As each in tender musing stood,
Thinking, with lips that moved in prayer,
Of Sappho and that fearful flood:
While some, who ne'er till now had known
How much their hearts resembled hers,
Felt as they made her griefs their own,
That they, too, were Love's worshippers.

At length a murmur, all but mute,
So faint it was, came from the lute
Of a young melancholy maid,
Whose fingers, all uncertain, play'd
From chord to chord, as if in chase
Of some lost melody, some strain
Of other times, whose faded trace
She sought among those chords again.

Slowly the half-forgotten theme
(Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)
Came to her memory—as a beam
Falls broken o'er some shaded spot;
And while her lute's sad symphony
Fell'd up each sighing pause between;
And Love himself might weep to see
What ruin comes where he hath been
As wither'd still the grass is found
Where fays have danced their merry round—
Thus simply to the list'ning throng
She breathed her melancholy song:

Song.
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long day,
Lonely and wearily life wears away.
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night—
No rest in darkness, no joy in light!
Naught left but Memory, whose dreary tread
Fall lies dead—
Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where
Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!

Of many a stanza, this alone
Had 'scaped oblivion—like the one
Stray fragment of a wreck, which thrown,
With the lost vessel's name, ashore,
Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
Can touch it with peculiar power—
As when the air is warm, the scent
Of the most wild and rustic flower
Can fill the whole rich element—
And, in such moods, the homeliest tone
That's link'd with feelings, once our own—
With friends or joys gone by—will be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!

But some there were, among the group
Of damsels there, too, light of heart
To let their spirits longer droop,
By 'n under music's melting art;
And one upspringing, with a bound,
From a low bank of flowers, look'd round
With eyes that, though so full of light,
Had still a trembling tear within;
And, while her fingers, in swift flight,
Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,
Thus sung the song her lover late
Had sung to her—the eve before
That joyous night, when, as of yore,
All Zea met, to celebrate
The Feast of May, on the sea-snore.

Song.
When the Balaika*
Is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the Romaika
By moonlight with thee.
If waves then, advancing,
Should steal on our play,
Thy white feet, in dancing,
Shall chase them away.

When the Balaika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thee, dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

Then, at the closing
Of each merry lay,
How sweet 'tis, reposing,
Beneath the night ray!
Or if, declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how fealy
The dance we'll renew,
Dancing the Romaika upon the sand; in some of these groups, the girl who led them chased the retreating wave.—Douglas on the Modern Greeks.
**EVENINGS IN GREECE.**

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**Tracing so fleetly**

1s light mazes through:

Till stars, locking o'er us

From heaven's high bow'rs,

Would change their bright choruses

For one dance of ours!

When the Balaika

Is heard o'er the sea,

Thou'll dance the Romaika,

My own love, with me.

How changingly forever veers [tears!]
The heart of youth, 'twixt smiles and

Ev'n as in April, the light vane

Now points to sunshine, now to rain.

Instant this lively lay dispell'd

The shadow from each blooming brow,

And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held

Full empire o'er each fancy now.

But say—what shall the measure be?

"Shall we the old Romaika tread?"

(Some eager ask'd) "as anciently

"Twas by the maids of Delos led,

"When, slow at first, then circling fast;

"As the gay spirits rose—at last,

"With hand in hand, like links entwined,

"Through the light air they seem'd to fit

"In labyrinthine maze, that mock'd

"The dazzled eye that follow'd it."

Some call'd aloud "the Fountain Dance!"—

While one young, dark-eyed Amazon,

Whose step was air-like, and whose glance

Flash'd, like a sabre in the sun,

Sportively said, "Shame on these soft

"And languid strains we hear so oft.

"Daughters of Freedom! have we not we

"Learn'd from our lovers and our sires

"The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free—

[Lyres,

"That Dance, where neither flute nor

"But sword and shield clash on the ear

"A music tyrants quake to hear!"

"Heroines of Zea, arm with me,

"And dance the dance of Victory!"

* In dancing the Romaika (says Mr. Doug-

las they begin in slow and solemn step till

they have gained the time; but by degrees the

air becomes more sprightly; the conductress of

the dance sometimes setting to her partner,

sometimes darting before the rest, and leading

them through the most rapid revolutions; some-

times crossing under the hands, which are held

up to let her pass, and giving as much liveliness

and intricacy as she can to the figures, into

which she conducts her companions, while their

business is to follow her in all her movements,

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,

Loosed the wide hat, that o'er her face

(From Anatolia; came the maid)

Hung, shadowing each sunny charm

And, with a fair young armorer's aid,

Fixing it on her rounded arm,

A mimic shield with pride display'd;

Then, springing towards a grove they

spread

Its canopy of foliage near,

Phuck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,

"To arms, to arms!" while o'er her head

She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all

Ob'd their Chief's heroic call;—

Round the shield-arm of each was tied

Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might

The grove, their verdant armory; [be;

Falcon and lance alike supplied;

And as their glossy locks, let free,

Fell down their shoulders carelessly,

You might have dream'd you saw a

throng

Of youthful Thyads, by the beam

Of a May moon, bounding along

Penens' silver-neath'd stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured

tread,

Martially; o'er the shining field;

Now, to the mimic combat led,

(A heroine at each squadron's head,)

Struck lance to lance and sword to

shield:

While still, through every varying feat,

Their voices, heard in contrast sweet

With some, of deep but soften'd sound,

From lips of aged sires around,

Who smiling watch'd their children's

play—

Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhie lay:

**SONG.**

"RAISE the buckler—poise the lance—

"Now here—now there—retreat—ad-

vance!"

without breaking the chain, or losing the

measure."

¹ For a description of the Pyrrhie Dance, see De Guy's, &c.—It appears from Apuleius (lib. x) that this war-dance was, among the ancients, sometimes performed by females.

² See the costume of the Greek women of Natois in Castellan's *Moeurs des Othomans.*

³ The sword was the weapon chiefly used in

this dance.

|| Homer, ii. ii. 733.
Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy [Greece was free; Danced in those happy days, when When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy, [victory. Thus train'd their steps to war and "Raise the buckler—poise the lance— "Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"

Such was the Spartan warriors' dance. "Grasp the falchion—gird the shield— "Attack—defend—do all, but yield."

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night, Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light They nobly died for thee and liberty!* "Raise the buckler—poise the lance— "Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"

Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

Scarcely had they closed this martial day When, clinging their light spears away, The combatants, in broken ranks, All breathless from the war-field fly; And down, upon the velvet banks And flow'ry slopes, exhausted lie, Like rosy huntresses of Thrace, Resting at sunset from the chase.

"Fond girls!" an aged Zean said— One who, himself, had fought and bled, And now, with feelings, half delight, Half sadness, watch'd their mimic fight— "Fond maws! who thus with War can jest— "Like Love, in Mars's helmet dress'd, "When, in his childish innocence, "Pleased with the shade that helmet flings,

"He thinks not of the blood, that thence "Is dropping o'er his snowy wings. "Ay—true it is, young patriot maids, "If Honor's arm still won the fray, "If luck but shone on righteous blades, "War were a game for gods to play! "But, no, alas!—hear one, who well "Hath track'd the fortunes of the brave—

"It is said that Leonidas and his companions employed themselves, on the eve of the battle, in music and the gymnastic exercises of their country. "This morning we paid our visit to the "Hear me, in mournful ditty, tell "What glory waits the patriot's grave?—

__SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day, A vanquish'd Chief expiring lay, Upon the sands, with broken sword, He traced his farewell to the Free; And, there, the last unfinish'd word He dying wrote was "Liberty!"

At night a Sea-bird shriek'd the knell Of him who thus for Freedom fell; The words he wrote, ere evening came, Were cover'd by the sounding sea;— So pass away the cause and name Of him who dies for Liberty!

That tribute of subdued applause A charm'd, but timid, audience pays, That murmur, which a minstrel draws From hearts, that feel, but fear to praise, Follow'd this song, and left a pause Of silence after it, that hung Like a fix'd spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound Was heard from midst a group, that A bashful maiden stood, to hide [round Her blushes, while the lute she tried— Like roses, gather'd round to veil The song of some young nightingale, Whose trembling notes steal out between The cluster'd leaves, herself unseen. And, while that voice, in tones that more Through feeling than through weakness err'd, Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er Th' attentive ear, this strain was heard:

__SONG.

I saw, from yonder silent cave, Two fountains running, side by side! The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave, The other cold Oblivion's tide.† "Oh Love!" I said, in thoughtless mood, As deep I drank of Leth's stream, "Be all my sorrows in this flood "Forgotten like a vanish'd dream!"

Cave of Trophonius, and the Fountains of Memory and Oblivion, just upon the water of Hercyn, which flows through stupendous rocks."—Williams's Travels in Greece.
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

But who joy but that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Mem'ry's fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, "Oh Love! what'er my lot,
"Still let this soul to thee be true—
"Rather than have one bliss forgot,
"Be all my pains remember'd too!"

The group that stood around, to shade
The blushes of that bashful maid,
Had, by degrees, as came the lay
More strongly forth, retired away,
Like a fair shell, whose valves divide,
To show the fairer pearl inside:
For such she was—a creature, bright
And delicate as those day-flow'rs,
Which, while they last, make up, in light
And sweetness, what they want in hours.

So rich upon the ear had grown
Her voice's melody—its tone
Gathering new courage, as it found
An echo in each bosom round—
That, ere the nymph, with downcast eye
Still on the chords, her lute laced by,
"Another Song," all lips exclam'd,
And eachsome matchless fav'rite named;
While blushing, as her fingers ran
O'er the sweet chords, she thus began:—

SONG.

Oh, Memory, how coldly
Thou paintest joy gone by:
Like rainbows, thy pictures
But mournfully shine and die.
Or, if some tints thou keepest,
That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou weepest,
Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly
Thou paintest grief that's past,
Joy's colors are fleeting,
But those of Sorrow last.
And, while thou bring'st before us
Dark pictures of past ill,
Life's evening, closing o'er us,
But makes them darker still.

So went the moonlight hours along,
In this sweet glade; and so, with song

And witching sounds—not such as they,
The cymbalists of Ossa, play'd,
To chase the moon's eclipse away.*
But soft and holy—did each maid
Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,
And win back Sorrow to a smile.

Not far from this secluded place,
On the sea-shore a ruin stood;—
A relic of th' extirp't race,
Who once look'd o'er that foamy flood,
When fair Joulis,† by the light
Of golden sunset, on the sight
Of mariners who sail'd that sea,
Rose, like a city of chrysolite,
Call'd from the wave by witchery
This ruin—now by bar'b'rous hands
Debasi'd into a motley shed,
Where the once splendid column stands
Inverted on its leafy head—
Form'd, as they tell, in times of old,
The dwelling of that bard, whose lay
Could melt to tears the stern and cold,
And sudden, 'mid their mirth, the gay—
Simonides,† whose fame, through years
And ages past, still bright appears—
Like Hesperus, a star of tears!

"Twas hither now—to catch a view
Of the white waters, as they play'd
Silently in the light—a few
Of the more restless damsels stray'd;
And some would linger 'mid the scent
Of hanging foliage, that perfumed
The ruin's walls; while others went,
Culling whatever flow'ret bloom'd
In the lone leafy space between,
Where gilded chambers once had been;
Or, turning sadly to the sea,
Sent o'er the wave a sigh unblest
To some brave champion of the Free—
Thinking, alas, how cold might be,
At that still hour, his place of rest!
Meanwhile there came a sound of song
From the dark ruins—a faint strain,
As if some echo, that among
Those minstrel halls had slumber'd long,
Were murr'm'ring into life again.
But, no—the nymphs knew well the tone—
A maiden of their train, who loved,
"extend from the shore, quite into a valley watered by the streams of a fountain, whence Joulis received its name."
† Zena was the birthplace of this poet, whose verses are by Catullus called "tears."
Like the night-bird, to sing alone,
Had deep into those ruins roved,
And there, all other thoughts forgot,
Was warbling o'er, in lone delight,
A lay that, on that very spot,
Her lover sung one moonlight night:—

SONG.

Ah! where are they, who heard, in former hours,
The voice of Song in these neglected
They are gone—all gone!
The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,
[their own—
That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain
He is gone—he is gone!
And she, who, while he sung, sat list'ning by,
And thought, to strains like these 'twere
She is gone—she too is gone!
'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will say
[this lay—
Of her, who hears, and him, who sings
They are gone—they both are gone!

The moon was now, from Heaven's steep,
Bending to dip her sil'v'ry urn
Into the bright and silent deep—
And the young nymphs, on their return
From those romantic ruins, found
Their other playmates, ranged around
The sacred Spring, prepared to tune
Their parting hymn,"ere sunk the moon,
To that fair Fountain, by whose stream
Their hearts had form'd so many a dream.

'Who has not read the tales, that tell
Of old Eleusin's sacred Well,
Or heard what legend-songs recount
Of Syra, and its holy Fount;†
Gushing, at once, from the hard rock
Into the laps of living flowers—
Where village maidens loved to flock,
On summer-nights, and, like the hours,
Link'd in harmonious dance and song,

* These "Songs of the Well," as they were called among the ancients, still exist in Greece. De Gales tells us that he has seen "the young women in Prince's Island, assembled in the evening at a public well, suddenly strike up a dance, while others sing in concert to them."
† "The inhabitants of Syra, both ancient and modern, may be considered as the worshippers of water. The old fountain, at which the nymphs of the island assembled in the earliest ages, exists in its original state; the same rendezvous as it was formerly, whether of love and gallantry, or of gossiping and tale-telling. It is near to the town, and the most limpid water gushes continually from the solid rock. It is regarded by the inhabitants with a degree of religious veneration; and they preserve a tradition, that the pilgrims of old time, in their way to Delos, resorted hither for purification."
—Clarke.
SECOND EVENING.

SONG.

When evening shades are falling
O'er Ocean's sunny slope,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray to thee!

The noonday tempest over,
Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of hellyon's hover,
Where all was strife before.
Oh thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away;
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray to thee!

On Helle's sea the light grew dim,
As the last sounds of that sweet hymn
Floated along its azure tide—
Floated in light, as if the lay
Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,
And light and song together died.
So soft through evening's air had breathed
That choir of rousht voices, wreathed
In many-linked harmony,
That boats, then hurrying o'er the sea,
Paused, when they reach'd this fairy shore,
And linger'd till the strain was o'er.

Of those young maids who've met to fleet
[hours,
In song and dance this evening's
Far happier now the bosoms beat,
Than when they last adorn'd these bowers;
For tidings of glad sound had come,
At break of day, from the fair isles—
Tidings like breath of life to some—
That Zea's sons would soon wing home,
Crown'd with the light of Vic'try's smiles,
To meet that brightest of all needs
That wait on high, heroic deeds,
When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,
Could trace the warrior's parting track,
Shall, like a misty morn that clears,
When the long-absent sun appears,
Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.

How fickle still the youthful breast!—
More fond of change than a young moon,
No joy so new was e'er possess'd
But Youth would leave for newer soon.
These Zean nymphs, though bright the spot,
[play,
Where first they held their evening
As ever fell to fairy's lot
To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,
Had now exchang'd that shelter'd scene
For a wide glade beside the sea—
A lawn, whose soft expanse of green
Turn'd to the west sun smilingly,
As though, in conscious beauty bright,
It joy'd to give him light for light.

And ne'er did evening more serene
Look down from heav'n on lovelier scene
Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,
O'er the blue shining element,
Light barks, as if with fairy feet [went,
That stirr'd not the hush'd waters,
Some that, ere rosy eve fell o'er
The blushing wave, with mainsail free,
Had put forth from the Attic shore,
Or the near Isle of Ebony;—
Some, Hydriot barks, that deep in caves
Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,
Had all day lurk'd, and o'er the waves
Now shot their long and dart-like skiffs.
Wo to the craft, however fleet, [meet.
These sea-hawks in their course shall Laden with juice of Lesbian vines,

* "Quaids in Eurotas ripis, aut per juga Cyreni, Exercit Diana choros."—Virgil.
  Hili.

1 One of the titles of the Virgin:—"Mars luminal, sive Stella Maris."—Ista.
Or rich from Naxos' emery mines;
For not more sure, when owlets flee
O'er the dark crags of Pendeleee,
Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,
Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

And what a moon now lights the glade
Where these young island nymphs are met!

Full-ord'd, yet pure as if no shade
Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet;
And freshly bright, as if just made
By Love's own hands, of new-born light
Stol'n from his mother's star to-night.

On a bold rock, that o'er the flood
Jutted from that soft glade, there stood
A Chapel, fronting tow'rs the sea,—
Built in some by-gone century,
That, nightly, as the seaman's mark,
When waves rose high or clouds were dark,
A lamp, bequeath'd by some kind Saint,
Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,
Waking in way-worn men a sigh
And pray'r to heav'n as they went by.
"Twas there, around that rock-built shrine
A group of maidens and their sires
Had stood to watch the day's decline,
And, as the light fell o'er their lyres,
Sung to the Queen-Star of the Sea
That soft and holy melody.

But lighter thoughts and lighter song
Now woe the coming hours along:
For, mark where smooth the herbage lies,
You gay pavilion, curtain'd deep
With silken folds, through which bright eyes,
From time to time, are seen to peep;
While twinkling lights that, to and fro,
Beneath those veils, like meteors, go,
Tell of some spells at work, and keep
Young fancies chain'd in mute suspense,
Watching what next may shine from thence.

Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen
That mystic curtain backward drew,
And all, that late but shone between,
In half-caught gleams, now burst to
A picture 'twas of the early days I'view.
Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays
Of rich, immortal Mind were hers
That made mankind her worshippers;
While, yet unsung, her landscapes shone
With glory lent by Heaven alone;

O'er the dark crags of Pendeleee,
Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,
Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

MOORE'S WORKS.

Or rich from Naxos' emery mines;
For not more sure, when owlets flee
O'er the dark crags of Pendeleee,
Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,
Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

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That made mankind her worshippers;
While, yet unsung, her landscapes shone
With glory lent by Heaven alone;

* "Violet-crowned Athens."—Pindar.
† The whole of this scene was suggested by

SONG.

As once a Grecian maiden wove
Her garland 'mid the summer bow'rs,
Pliny's account of the artist Pausins and his mistress Glycera, lib. xxxv. c. 40.
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
To watch her while she wreath'd the flow'rs.
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
Nor knew what magic hues the heart
Can shed o'er nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.
Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.
His hand had pictured many a rose,
And sketched the rays that light the brook;
But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look?
"Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,"
"This, this," he cried, "is all my prayer,
"To paint that living light I see,
"And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breathed, was heard;
His palette, touch'd by Love, grew warm, And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
From lifeless flow'rs to woman's form.
Still as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
Where only colors glowed before.

Then first carvings learn'd to speak,
And lilies into life were brought;
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
Upon the locks of Beauty threw;
And violets, transform'd to eyes,
Inshrin'd a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.
Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.
Song was cold and Painting dim
Till Song and Painting learn'd from him.

Soon as the scene had closed, a cheer
Of gentle voices, old and young,
Rose from the groups that stood to hear
This tale of yore so aptly sung;

* The traveller Shaw mentions a beautiful roll in Barbary, which is received into a large basin called Shrub, see Akbe, "Drink and away!"—there being great danger of meeting with thieves and assassins in such places.
† The Arabian shepherd has a peculiar ceremony in weaning the young camel; when the proper time arrives, he turns the camel

And while some nymphs, in haste to tell
The workers of that fairy spell [been,
How crown'd with praise their task had
Stole in behind the curtain'd scene,
The rest, in happy converse stray'd—
Talking that ancient love-tale o'er—
Some, to the groves that skirt the glade,
Some, to the chapel by the shore,
To look what lights were on the sea,
And think of th' absent silently.

But soon that summons, known so well
Through bow'r and hall in Eastern lands,
Whose sound, more sure than gong or
Lovers and slaves alike commands,—
The clapping of young female hands,
Calls back the groups from rock and field
To see some new-form'd scene reveal'd;—
And fleet and eager, down the slopes
Of the green glade, like antelopes,
When, in their thirst, they hear the sound
Of distant rills, the light nymphs bound.

Far different now the scene—a waste
Of Libyan sands, by moonlight's ray,
An ancient well, whereon were traced
The warning words, for such as stray
Unarm'd there, "Drink and away!"
While, near it, from the night-ray screen'd,
And like his bells, in bush'd repose,
A camel slept—young as if wean'd
When last the star, Canopus, rose.†

Such was the back-ground's silent scene;—
While nearer lay, fast shum'ring too,
In a rude tent, with brow serene,
A youth whose cheeks of way-worn hue
And pilgrim-homlet, told the tale
That he had been to Mecca's Vale:
Haply in pleasant dreams, ev'n now
Thinking the long-wish'd hour is come
When, o'er the well-known porch at home,
His hand shall hang the aloe bough—
Trophy of his accomplish'd vow.‡
But brief his dream—for now the call
Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,
"Bind on your burdens," § wakes up all
Towards the rising star, Canopus, and says.
"Do you see Canopus? from this moment you
taste not another drop of milk."—Richardson.
"Whoe'er returns from a pilgrimage to Mecca hangs this plant (the mitre-shaped Aloe)
over his street-door, as a token of his having performed this holy journey."—Hazelwood.

§ This form of notice to the caravans to pre-
The widely slumb'ring caravan;
And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear
Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,
The song of one who, lingering near,
Had watch'd his slumber, cheerily

**SONG.**

Up and march! the timbrel's sound
Wakes the slumb'ring camp around;
Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
Armed sleeper, up, and on!
Long and weary is our way
O'er the burning sands to-day;
But to pilgrim's homeward feet
Ev'n the desert's path is sweet.
When we lie at dead of night,
Looking up to heaven's light,
Hearing but the watchman's tone
Paintly chanting, "God is one!,"
Oh what thoughts then o'er us come
Of our distant village home,
Where the chant, when evening sets,
Sounds from all the minarets.
Cheer thee!—soon shall signal lights,
Kindling o'er the Red Sea heights,
Kindling quick from man to man,
Hail our coming caravan!;
Think what bliss that hour will be!
Looks of home again to see,
And our names again to hear
Murmur'd out by voices dear.

So pass'd the desert dream away,
Pleaset as his who heard this lay,
Nor long the pause between, nor moved
The spell-bound audience from that
While still, as usual, Fancy roved [spot;]
On to the joy that yet was not;—
Fancy, who hath no present home,
But builds her bower in scenes to come,
Walking forever in a light
That flows from regions out of sight.
But see, by gradual dawn descnred,
A mountain realm—ragged as e'er
Upraised to heav'n its summits bare,
Or told to earth, with frown of pride,

That Freedom's falcon nest was there,
Too high for hand of lord or king
To hood her brow, or chain her wing.
'Tis Maine's land—her ancient hills,
The abode of nymphs—her countless rills
And torrents, in their downward dash,
Shining, like silver, through the shade
Of the sea-pine and flow'ring ash—
All with a truth so fresh portray'd
As wants but touch of life to be
A world of warm reality.
And now, light bounding forth, a bat—
Of mountaineers, all smiles, advance—
Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,
Link'd in the Ariadne dance:
And while, apart from that gay throng,
A minstrel youth, in varied song,
Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills
Of these wild children of the hills,
The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,
As war or sport inspires the lay, [strings,
Follow each change that wakes the
And act what thus the lyric sings.

**SONG.**

No life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throne'd above this world, he
Its strife at distance die, [hears
Or, should the sound of hostile drum
Proclaim below, "We come—we come,"
Each crag that tow'rs in air
Gives answer, "Come who dare!"
While, like bees, from dell and dingle,
Swift the swarming warriors mingle,
And their cry "Hurra!" will be,
"Hurra, to victory!"

Then, when battle's hour is over,
See the happy mountain lover,
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,
Seated blushing by his side,—
Every shadow of his lot
In her sunny smile forgot.
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,
His home is near the sky,
Where, throne'd above this world, he
Its strife at distance die. [hears

† "It was customary," says Irwin, "to light up fires on the mountains, within view of Consir, to give notice of the approach of the caravans that came from the Nile."

† — virginius bacchata Lacoisis
Taygeta.

§ See, for an account of this dance, De Guy's Travels.
Nor only thus through summer suns
His blithe existence cheerily runs—
Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,
Brings joyous hours to him;
When, his rifle behind him flinging,
He watches the roe-buck springing,
And away, o'er the hills away
Re-echoes his glad "hurra."

Then how blest, when night is closing,
By the kindled hearth repose,
To his rebek's drowsy song,
He beguiles the hour along;
Or, provoked by merry glances,
To a brisker movement dances,
Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,
He dreams o'er chase and dance again,
Dreams, dreams them o'er again.

As slow that minstrel, at the close,
Sunk, while he sung, to feign'd repose,
Aptly did they, whose mimic art
Follow'd the changes of his lay,
Portray the hul, the nod, the start,
Through which, as faintly died away
His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd,
Till voice and lute lay hush'd at last.

But now far other song came o'er
Their startled ears—song that at first,
As solemnly the night-wind bore
Across the wave its mournful burst,
Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge
Of some lone spirit of the sea,
Singing o'er Helle's ancient surge
The requiem of her Brave and Free.

Sudden, amid their pastime, pause
The wond'ring nymphs; and, as the sound
Of that strange music nearer draws,
With mute inquiring eye look round,
Asking each other what can be
The source of this sad minstrelsy?
Nor longer can they doubt, the song
Comes from some island-bark, which now
Courses the bright waves swift along,
And soon, perhaps, beneath the brow
Of the Saint's Rock will shoot its prow.

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd
"Twixt fear's and fancy's influence,
Plew to the rock, and saw from thence
A red-sail'd pinnace tow'rs them glide,
Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,
Scatter'd the moonlight's smiles away.
Soon as the mariners saw that throng
From the cliff gazing, young and old,
Sudden they slack'd their sail and song;
And, while their pinnace idly roll'd
On the light surge, these tidings told:

'Twas from an isle of mournful name,
From Missolonghi, last they came—
Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing yet
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame
That o'er in life's young glory set!—
And now were on their mournful way,
Waf'ting the news through Helle's isles;
—[ray, News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's
And sadden Vict'ry 'mid her smiles.
Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,
Out spread the galliot's wings again;
And, as she spread her swift career,
Again that Hymn rose on the ear—
"Thou art not dead—thou art not dead"
As oft 'twas sung, in ages flown,
Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed
A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own.

SONG.

"Thou art not dead—thou art not
No, dearest Harmodius, no! dead?"
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
Though, like a star, it dwells o'erhead,
Still lights this world below,
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes
And flow'rs ethereal blow, [tread,
Thy god-like Spirit now is led,
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,
Forgets all taste of wo.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that fashion spread
Which struck the immortal blow,
Throughout all time, with leaves unshed—
The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread—
Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke a bleed,
Though quench'd the vital glow,
Their mem'ry lights a flame, instead,
Which, e'en from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wed,
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
Or Helle's waters flow.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

'Gong those who linger'd list'n'ing there,—
List'n'ing, with ear and eye, as long
As breath of night could to'wards them bear
A murmur of that mournful song,—
A few there were, in whom the lay,
Had call'd it up feelings far too sad
To pass with the brief strain away,
Or turn at once to theme more glad;
And who, in mood untuned to meet
The light laugh of the happier train,
Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat
Where they might rest, in converse sweet
[again.

Till vanish'd smiles should come
And seldom e'er hath noon of night
To sadness leant more soothing light,
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Gong tiny stars that round her gleam'd,
[ther
The young moon, like the Roman mo-
Among her living "Jewels," beam'd.

Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,
A pensive maid—one who, though young,
Had known what 'twas to see unwound
The ties by which her heart had hung—
Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound,
And to its faint accords thus sung:

**SONG.**

CALM as, beneath its mother's eyes,
In sleep the smiling infant lies,
So, watch'd by all the stars of night,
Yon landscape sleeps in light.
And while the night-breeze dies away,
Like relics of some faded strain,
Loved voices, lost for many a day,
Seem whisper'ring round again. [shed
Oh youth! oh Love! ye dreams, that
Such glory once—where are ye fled?

Pure ray of light, that, down the sky,
Art pointing, like an angel's wand,
As if to guide to realms that lie
In that bright sea beyond:
Who knows but, in some brighter deep
Than ev'n that tranquil, moonlit main,
Some land may lie, where those who
Shall wake to smile again! [weep

With cheeks that had regain'd their power
[eye,
And play of smiles,—and each bright
Like violets after morning's shower,
The brighter for the tears gone by,
Back to the scene such smiles should grace
[trace,
These wand'ring nymphs their path re-
And reach the spot, with rapture new,
Just as the veils asunder flew,
And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,
The blue-eyed queen of Wisdom stood;
Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,
With brow unvel'd, divine, severe;
But soften'd, as on bards she beams,
When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,
A music, not her own, she brings,
And, through the veil which Fancy flings,
O'er her stern features, gently sings.

But who is he—thaturchin nigh,
With quiver on the rose-trees hung,
Who seems just dropp'd from yonder sky,
And stands to watch that maid, with eye
So full of thought, for one so young?—
That child—but, silence! lend thine ear,
And thus in song the tale thou'lt hear:

**SONG.**

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing
Her flute within an olive bow'r.
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
That, grave or merry, good or ill,
The sex all bow to his dominion,
As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath giv'n
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look'd, that ev'n.
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,
A woman will be woman still.
Her flute he praised in terms ecstatic,—
Wishing it dumb, nor cared how soon;—
For Wisdom’s notes, how’er chromatic,
To love seem always out of tune.
But long as he found face to flatter,
The nymph found breath to shake and thrill;
As, weak or wise—it doesn’t matter—
Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaiming,
“How rosy was her lip’s soft dye!”
And much that flute, the flatterer, blam’d —
For twisting lips so sweet away. [ing,
The nymph look’d down, beheld her reflected in the passing rill, [features And started, shock’d—for, ah, ye creatures!
Ev’n when divine, you’re women still.
Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the Goddess took,
And, while yet fill’d with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook; Where, as its vocal life was fleeting A down the current, faint and shrill, ‘Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating, “Woman, alas, vain woman still!”

An interval of dark repose— Such as the summer lightening knows, ‘Twixt flash and flash, as still more bright The quick revelation comes and goes, Op’ning each time the veils of night, To show, within, a world of light— Such pause, so brief, now pass’d between This last gay vision and the scene, Which now its depth of light disclosed.
A bow’r it seem’d, an Indian bow’r, Within whose shade a nymph repos’d, Sleeping away noon’s sunny hour— Lovely as she, the Sprite, who weaves Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves, And there, as Indian legends say, Dreams the long summer hours away. And mark, how charm’d this sleeper seems With some bid fancy—she, too, dreams! Oh for a wizard’s art to tell The wonders that now bless her sight! ’Tis done—a true, holier spell Than e’er from wizard’s lip yet fell Thus brings her vision all to light—

**SONG.**

“Who comes so gracefully
‘Gliding along,
“While the blue rivulet
“Sleeps to her song;
“Song, richly ying
“With the faint sighing
“Which swans, in dying,
“Sweetly prolong?”

So sung the shepherd-boy
By the stream’s side,
Watching that fairy boat Down the flood glide, Like a bird winging, Through the waves bringing That Syren, singing To the hush’d tide.


But vain his pleading, Past him, unheeding, Song and boat, speeding, Glied away.

So to our youthful eyes Joy and hope shone; So, while we gazed on them, Fast they flew on;— Like down’s, declining Ev’n in the twining, One moment shining, And, the next, gone!

Soon as the imagined dream went by, Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye Turn’d to the clouds, as though some boon She waited from that sun-bright dome, And marveld that it came not soon As her young thoughts would have it come.

But joy is in her glance!—the wing Of a white bird is seen above; And oh, if round his neck he bring The long-wish’d tidings from her love, Not half so precious in her eyes Ev’n that high-omen’d bird* would be, Who dooms the brow o’er which he flies To wear a crown of Royalty.

She had, herself, last evening, sent A winged messenger, whose flight Through the clear, roseate element, * The Huma.
She watch'd till, less'ning out of sight,
Far to the golden West it went,
Waiting to him, her distant love,
A missive in that language wrought
Which flow'rs can speak, when aptly wove,
Each hue a word, each leaf a thought.
And now—oh speed of pinion, known
To Love's light messengers alone!
Ere yet another ev'n'ing takes
Its farewell of the golden lakes,
She sees another envoy fly,
[sky.]
With the wish'd answer, through the

**SONG.**

WELCOME, sweet bird, through the sunny air winging,
Swift hast thou come o'er the shining sea,
[bringing]
Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck
Love's written vows from my lover to me.
[number!—]
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I
Saying oft, "Idle bird, how could he rest?"
[shumber,]
But thou art come at last, take now thy
And lull thee in dreams of all thou lov'est best.
Yet dost thou droop—even now while I
utter
Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies
Cheer thee, my bird—were it life's ebbing
flatter,
[stay.]
This fondling bosom should woo it to
But no—thou'r dying—thy last task is over—
Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and me!
[from my lover,]
The smiles thou hast waken'd by rows
Will now all be turn'd into weeping for thee.

While thus the scene of song [a'er last]
For the sweet summer season) pass'a,
A few presaging nymphs, whose care
Watch'd over all, invisibly,
As do those guardian sprites of air,
Whose watch we feel, but cannot see,
Had from the circle—scarcely miss'd, 
Ere they were sparkling there again—
Ghded, like fairies, to assist [plain,
Their handmaids on the moonlight
Where, hid by interception made
[pray.]
[stare grave : curious eyes.

A feast of fruits and wines was laid—
Soon to shine out, a glad surprise!
And now the moon, her ark of light
Steering through Heav'n, as though she bore
In safety, through that deep of night,
Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,
To some remote immortal shore,
Had half-way sped her glorious way,
When, round reclined on hillocks green,
In groups, beneath that tranquil ray,
The Zeans at their feast were seen.
Gay was the picture—ev'ry maid
Whom late the lighted scene display'd,
Still in her fancy garb array'd—
The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here
Beside the nymph of India's sky;
While there the Mainiotte mountaineer
Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear,
And urchin Love stood laughing by.
Meantime the elders round the board,
By mirth and wit themselves made young,
High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd,
And, while the flask went round, thus sung:—

**SONG.**

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim;
Let not a moonbeam gimmer
'Twixt the flood and brim.
When hath the world set eyes on
Bought to match this light,
Which, o'er our cup's horizon,
Dawns in bumpers bright?

Truth in a deep well lieth—
So the wise aver:
But Truth the fact denieth—
Water suits not her,
No, her abode's in brimmers,
Like this mighty cup—
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring her up.

Thus circled round the song of glee,
And all was tuneful mirth the while,
Save on the cheeks of some, whose smile,
As fix'd it they gaze upon the sea,
Turns into paleness suddenly!
At burst so wild, alarm'd, amazed, All stood, like statues, mute, and gazed Into each other's eyes, to seek [meek?] What meant such mood, in maid so glad.

Till now, the tale was known to few, But now from lip to lip it flew:—
A youth, the flower of all the band, Who late had left this sunny shore.

When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand, Long'd, to kiss it o'er and o'er, By his sad brow too plainly told
Th' illomen'd thought which cross'd him then, [hold] That once those hands should loose their hold, They ne'er would meet which now again!

In vain his mistress, sad as he, But with a heart from Self as free As gen'rous woman's only is, Veil'd her own fears to banish his:—
With frank rebuke, but still more vain, Did a rough warrior, who stood by, Call to his mind this martial strain, His favorite once, ere Beauty's eye had taught his soldier-heart to sigh:—

* The name which the Greeks give to the Virgin Mary.

Though so fondly close they come; Closer still will they enfold thee, When thou bring'st fresh laurels home. Dost thou dote on woman's brow? Dost thou live but in her breast? March!—one hour of victory now Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh, what bliss, when war is over, Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet, And, when wreaths our temples cover, Lay them shining at her feet! Who would not, that hour to reach, Breathe out life's expiring sigh,— Proud as waves that on the beach Lay their war-crests down, and die.

There! I see thy soul is burning— She herself, who clasps thee so, Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning, And, while clapping, bids thee go. One deep sigh, to passion given, One last glowing tear, and then— March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven Brings thee to those arms again.

Even then, ere loath their hands could part, A promise the youthful gave, which bore Some balm unto the maiden's heart, That, soon as the fierce fight was o'er, To home he'd speed, if safe and free— Nay, ev'n if dying, still would come, So the blest word of "Victory!"

Might be the last he'd breathe at home. "By day," he cried, "thou'lt know my bark!"— [dark] "But, should I come through midnight "A blue light on the prow shall tell "That Greece hath won, and all is well!"

Fondly the maiden, every night, Had stolen to seek that promised light; Nor long her eyes had now been turn'd From watching, when the signal burn'd, Signal of joy— for her, for all— Fleety the boat now nears the land, While voices, from the shore-edge, call For tidings of the long-wish'd band.

Oh the blest hour, when those who've been Through peril's paths by land or sea, Lock'd in our arms again are seen Smiling in glad security; When heart to heart we fondly strain, Questioning quickly o'er and o'er— Then hold them off, to gaze again

SONG.

MARCH! nor heed those arms that hold thee,

EVENINGS IN GREECE.
And ask, though answer'd oft before,
If they, indeed, are ours once more?
Such is the scene, so full of joy,
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,
As fathers, sisters, friends all run
Bounding to meet him—all but one,
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,
Is yet the happiest of them all.

And now behold him, circled round
With beaming faces at that board,
While cups, with laurel foliage crown'd,
Are to the coming warriors pour'd,—
Coming, as he, their herald, told,
With blades from vict'ry scarce yet cold,
With hearts untouch'd by Moslem steel,
And wounds that home's sweet breath will heal.

"Ere morn," said he,—and while he spoke,
The star of dawn already broke—
"We'll greet on yonder wave their sail?"
Then, wherefore part? all, all agree
To wait them here, beneath this bower;
And thus, while ev'n amidst their glee,
Each eye is turn'd to watch the sea,
With song they cheer the anxious hour.

SONG.

"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" said the cup-loving boy,
As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
To witness and hallow its birth.
The fruit was full-grown, like a ruby it blaz'd,
Till the sunbeam that kiss'd it look'd pale:
"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"
First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,
While a light on the vine-leaves there
In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
'"Twas the light from his lips as he
"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,
"And the fount of Wit never can fail!"
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valleys reply,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"
Next, Love, as he saw'd o'er the plant to admire
Each tendril and cluster it wore,
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
As made the tree tremble all o'er.
Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or sky,
Such a soul-giving odor inhale; such a breath of desire,
"Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" all re-echo'd the cry,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"
Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with a laugh.
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"
THE VOICE.

It came o'er her sleep, like a voice of those days, her ways;
When love, only love, was the light of And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,
It whisper'd her name from the garden below.
"Alas," sigh'd the maiden, "how fancy can cheat!" whisper'd thus sweet;
"The world once had lips that could
But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,
Where, oh that beside them this heart
She sunk on her pillow—but no, 'twas in vain.
To chase the illusion, that Voice came.
She flew to the casement—but, hush'd as the grave,
In moonlight lay slumbering woodland.
"Oh sleep, come and shield me," in anguish she said, "of the Dead!"
"From that call of the buried, that cry
And sleep came around her—but, starting she woke,
For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke!
"I come," she exclaim'd, "be thy home where it may,
"On earth or in heaven, that call I obey;"
Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast
And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden pass'd.
Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone;
And still, in the distance, that Voice lod

But whither she wander'd, by wave or by shore,
None ever could tell, for she came back no more.
No, ne'er came she back—but the watchman who stood o'er the flood,
That night in the tow'r which o'erhanded
Saw dimly, 'tis said, o'er the moon-lighted spray,
A youth on a steed bear the maiden

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

They told her that he, to whose vows she had listen'd,
Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit unblest'd;
[listen'd,]
Unhol'y the eyes, that beside her had
And evil the lips she in darkness had press'd.

"When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,
"Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies;
"And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth, [all thy sighs!]
"Thou'lt see what a demon hath won
Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing, [with her light;
When calm lay the sleeper she stole
And saw—such a vision!—no image appearing [so bright.
To bards in their day-dreams, was ever
A youth, but just passing from childhood's sweet morning, [cent ray;
While round him still linger'd its inno-
Though gleams, from beneath his shut

Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it, [mine, While glossy as gold from a fairy-land His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown’d it, garden divine. Seen’d fresh from the breeze of some

Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing, [now; What late was but love is idolatry But, ah—in her tremor the fatal lamp raising— [his brow. A sparkle flew from it and dropp’d on All’s lost—with a start from his rosy sleep waking, [of fire; The Spirit flash’d o’er her his glances Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking, [than fre:

Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow “Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken! [cross’d; “Thus ever Affection’s fond vision is “Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,” lost!” “And love, once distrusted, forever is

HERO AND LEANDER.

The night-wind is moaning with mournful sigh, [sky, “There gleameth no moon in the misty “No star over Helle’s sea; “Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light, “One love-kind’led star through the deep of night, “To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee!” Thus saying, he plunged in the foamy stream, Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam No eye but a lover’s could see; And still, as the surge swept over his head, [dead, “To-night,” he said tenderly, “living or “Sweet Hero, I’ll rest with thee!”

But fiercer around him the wild waves speed; [need, Oh, Love! in that hour of thy votary’s Where, where could thy Spirit be? He struggles—he sinks—while the hurricane’s breath

* The ancients had a mode of divination somewhat similar to this; and we find the Emperor Adrian, when he went to consult the

Bears rudely away his last farewell in death— “Sweet Hero, I die for thee!”

THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

“Tell me, kind Seer, I pray thee, “So may the stars obey thee, “So may each airy “Moon-elf and fairy “Nightly their homage pay thee! “Say, by what spell, above, below, “In stars that wink or flow’rs that blow, “I may discover, “Ere night is over, “Whether my love loves me or no, “Whether my love loves me.”


“See, up the dark tree going, “With blossoms round me blowing, “From thence, oh Father, “This leaf I gather, “Fairest that there is growing “Say, by what sign I now shall know “If in this leaf lie bliss or wo’ “And thus discover, “Ere night is over, “Whether my love loves me or no, “Whether my love loves me.”

“Fly to yon fount that’s welling, “Where moonbeam ne’er had dwelling, “Dip in its water “That leaf, oh Daughter, “And mark the tale ’tis telling;* “Watch thou if pale or bright it grow, “List thou, the while, that fountain’s “And thou’ll discover flow, “Whether thy love, “Loved as he is, loves thee or no, “Loved as he is, loves thee.”

Forth flew the nymph, delighted, To seek that fount benightened; But, scarce a minute

Fountain of Castalia, plucking a bay-leaf and dipping it into the sacred water.
The leaf lay in it,  
When, lo, its bloom was blighted!  
And as she ask'd, with voice of wo—  
List'ning, while, that fountain's flow—  
"Shall I recover  
"My truant lover?"

The fountain seem'd to answer, "No!"  
The fountain answer'd, "No."

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A Hunter once in that grove reclined,  
To shun the noon's bright eye,  
And oft he wou'd the wandering wind,  
To cool his brow with its sigh.  
While mute lay ev'n the wild bee's hum,  
Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,  
His song was still, "Sweet air, oh come!"

[Air!]

While Echo answer'd, "Come, sweet But, hark, what sounds from the thickest rise!  
What meaneth that rustling spray?  
"Tis the white-horn'd doe," the Hunter cries,  
"I have saw it since break of day."

Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,  
The arrow flies from his sounding bow,  
"Hillho—hillho!" he gayly sings,  
While Echo sighs forth, "Hillho!"

Alas, 'twas not the white-horn'd doe  
He saw in the rustling grove,  
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,  
Of his own young wedded love,  
And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,  
For pale at his feet he sees her lie;—  
"I die, I die," was all she said,  
While Echo murmur'd, "I die, I die!"

YOUTH AND AGE.*

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth, one day,  
To drooping Age, who cross'd his way.—  
"It is a sunny play,  
"For which repentance dear doth pay;  
"Repentance! Repentance!  
"And this is Love, as wise men say."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth once more,  
Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore.—

* The air to which I have adapted these words was composed by Mrs. Arkwright to some old verses. "Tell me what's love, kind

"Soft as a passing summer's wind:  
"Wouldst know the blight it leaves behind?  
"Repentance! Repentance!  
"And this is Love—when love is o'er."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth again,  
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.  
"Sweet as a May tree's scented air—  
"Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear,  
"Repentance! Repentance!  
"This, this is Love—sweet Youth, beware."

Just then, young Love himself came by,  
And cast on Youth a smiling eye;  
Who could resist that glance's ray?  
In vain did Age his warning say,  
"Repentance! Repentance!"

Youth laughing went with Love away.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

A wounded Chieftain, lying  
By the Danube's leafy side,  
Thus faintly said, in dying,  
"Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,  
"This gift to my lady-bride!"

'Twas then, in life's last quiver,  
He flung the scarf he wore  
Into the foaming river,  
Which, ah too quickly, bore  
That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,  
The Chieftain's lady stood,  
To watch her love returning  
In triumph down the flood,  
From that day's field of blood.  

But, field, alas, ill-fated!  
The lady saw instead  
Of the bark whose speed she waited,  
Her hero's scarf, all red  
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek—and all was over—  
Her life-pulse ceased to beat;  
The gloomy waves now cover  
That bridal-flower so sweet,  
And the scarf is her winding sheet.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"Come, if thy magic Glass have pow'r  
"To call up forms we sigh to see:  

shepherd, pray!" and it has been my object to retain as much of the structure and phraseology of the original words as possible.
"Show me my Love, in that rosy bow'r,
"Where last she pledged her truth to me."
The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay;
"True-hearted maid," said the happy
"She's thinking of one, who is far away."
But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;
"This," said the Knight, "the same bright boy,
"Who used to guide me to my dear."
The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
Hath smiling, pluck'd a rosy flow'r;
"Such," he exclam'd, "was the gift that she
"Each morning sent me from that place."
She gives her page the blooming rose,
With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!"
"Thus," thought the Knight, "she is
"By fancying, still, her true-love high."

But the page returns, and—oh, what a sight,
For trusting lover's eyes to see!—
Leads to that bow'r another Knight,
As young, and, alas, as loved as he!
"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love!"
Then, darting forth, with furious speed,
Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

MORAL
Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

THE PILGRIM.
Still thus, when twilight gleam'd,
Far off his Castle seem'd,
Traced on the sky;
And still, as fancy bore him
To those dim tow'rs before him,
He gazed with wistful eye,
And thought his home was nigh.

"Hall of my Sires!" he said,
"How long, with weary tread,
"Must I toil on?
"Each eve, as thus I wander,
"Thy tow'rs seem rising yonder,
"But, scarce hath daylight come,
"When, like a dream, thou'rt gone!"
So went the Pilgrim still,
Down dale and over hill,
Day after day;
That glimpse of home, so cheering,
At twilight still appearing,
But still, with morning's ray,
Melted, like mist, away!

Where rests the Pilgrim now?
Here, by this cypress bough,
Closed his career;
That dream, of Fairy's weaving,
No more his steps deceiving,
Alas, past hope and fear,
The Pilgrim's home is here.

THE HIGH-BORN LADY.
In vain all the Knights of the Under
Wold woo'd her,
Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her,
But worthy were none of the high-born Lady.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid,
So excellent, [conquerors be;]
"That Knight must the conqueror of
"He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in;—
"None else shall be Lord of the high-born Lady!"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn.
Looking round her [degree;]
On Knights and on Nobles of highest
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they
Found her, [born Ladye.
And worshipp'd at distance the high-born
At length came a Knight from a far
Land to woo her, [foam of the sea;]
With plumes on his helm like the
His vizar was down—but, with voice
That thrill'd through her,
He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden! I come with high
Spousals to grace thee.
"In me the great conqueror of conquerors see; [I'll place thee,  
Enthrone in a hall fit for monarchs  
And mine thou'rt forever, thou high-born Ladye!"
The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her, [she;  
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt  
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her  
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.  

"But whither," she, starting, exclaims,  
"have you led me?  
"Here's naught but a tomb and a dark cypress tree; [I wouldst wed me?"  
"Is this the bright palace in which thou With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.  

"Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures"— [see; Then lifted his helm for the fair one to But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features, [born Ladye!  
And Death was the Lord of the high-

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**THE INDIAN BOAT.**

'Twas midnight dark,  
The seaman's bark  
Swift o'er the waters bore him,  
When, through the night, He spied a light  
Shoot o'er the wave before him.  

"A sail! a sail!" he cries;  
"She comes from the Indian shore,  
And to-night shall be our prize,  
With her freight of golden ore:  
"Sail on! sail on!"  
When morning shone  
He saw the gold still clearer;  
But, though so fast The waves he pass'd, That boat seem'd never the nearer.  
Bright daylight came, And still the same  
Rich bark before him floated; While on the prize His wishful eyes Like any young lover's doted:  
"More sail! more sail!" he cries, While the waves o'ertop the mast; And his bounding galley flies, Like an arrow before the blast.  

Thus on and on, Till day was gone, [her,  
And the moon through heav'n did rise He swept the main, But all in vain, That boat seem'd never the higher.  
And many a day To night gave way, And many a morn succeeded: While still his flight, Through day and night, That restless mariner speeded. Who knows—who knows what seas He is now careering o'er? Behind, the eternal breeze, And that mocking bark, before! For, oh, till sky And earth shall die, And their death leave none to rue it, That boat must flee O'er the boundless sea, And that ship in vain pursue it.

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**THE STRANGER.**

COME list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger  
Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground;  
Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger  
Hears soft fairy musc re echo around.  
None o'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady, Her language, though sweet, none could o'er understand; But her features so sunn'd, and her eye-lash so shady, [fern land. Bespoke her a child of some far East-

"Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping, [ears; A soft strain of melody came o'er our So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping, [her tears. Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us;— [from on high, But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us, [the sky. All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended, [spirit-like hue, For pale was her cheek, with that
MOORE'S WORKS.

Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended, [through. And light from another already shines Then her eyes, when she sung—oh, but once to have seen them— Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart; While her looks and her voice made a language between them, That spoke more than holiest words to the heart. But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore her—

Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast; She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her, [the last. That song of past days on her lips to Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing— Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb; For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing, The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.

A MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labor to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I certainly should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using "the outlandish term, monopoly." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, "If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek." To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue," I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the Athalie of Racine.

T. M.

MELOLOGUE.

A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

There breathes a language, known and felt [sone; Far as the pure air spreads its living, Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt, That language of the soul is felt and known. From those meridian plains, Where oft, of old, on some high tow'r, [strains, The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight And call'd his distant love with such sweet pow'r, That, when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away—*
To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where blithe, beneath a saucy sky,
The Lapland lover bids his reindeer fly,
And sings along the length'ning waste
Of snow,
Gayly as if the blessed light brow;
Of vernal Phoebus burn'd upon his
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm pre-
The spell-bound tides [sides,
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

GREEK AIR.
List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Ilissus' sil'ry springs,
She draws the cool lymph in her grace-
ful urn;
[solving,
And by her side, in Music's charm dis-
Some patriot youth, the glorious past
[return;
Dreams of bright days that never can
When Athens nursed her olive bough,
With hands by tyrant pow'r un-
chain'd;
[And braided for the muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch un-
stain'd .
When heroes trod each classic field
Where coward feet now faintly fal-
ter;
When ev'ry arm was Freedom's shield,
And ev'ry heart was Freedom's altar!

FLORIUS OF TRUMPS.
Hark, 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steal's wak'ning ears!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call
She hears;
[fears,
And, though her fond heart sink with
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valor's fever at the sound.
See, from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetic flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twerre like his mountain rill,
And gush'd forever !

* " A certain Spaniard, one night late, met
An Indian woman in the streets of Cozo, and
would have taken her to his home, but she cried
out. ' For God's sake, Sir, let me go; for that
pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me

Yes, Music, here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, vague career,
Thy soul-soft charm asserts its wondrous
pow'r. —
[the rocks
There's a wild air which oft, among
Of his own loved land, at evening hour.
Is heard, when shepherds homeward
pipe their flocks, [his mind
Whose every note hath power to thrill
With tend'rest thoughts; to bring
around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him
why
[like these.
He wander'd from his hut for scenes
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen
roar;
[he hears;
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood
before,
[selves in tears.
Now melting, mournful, lose them-

SWISS AIR. — " RANZ DES VACHES."
But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!
Oh War, when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labor-
ing storm,
[low'd form,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hal-
[And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly
[destroy.
Nor, Music, through thy breathing
Lives there a sound more grateful to
the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of letters
breaking.
[ing
And the first hymn that man, awak-
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to
Liberty.

SPANISH CHORUS.
Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air;
And seems, in every note, to swear
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That, while one Spaniard's life-blood
beats
[glory.
That blood shall stain the conqueror's
with great passion, and I cannot refuse the
summons; for love constrains me to go, that I
may be his wife, and he my husband." —Gar-
cillasso de la Vega, in Sir Paul Rycaut's transla-
tion.
THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

When o’er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we’ve cheerless gone,
Oh they who’ve felt it know how sweet
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev’ry eye,
“Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!” our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear
[what cheer?] —

“Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer?”

Then sails are back’d, we nearer come,
Kind words are said of friends and home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o’er silent seas again.

**HIP, HIP, HURRA!**

Come, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,
[not to him;]
He who shrinks from a bumper, I pledge
“Here’s the girl that each loves, be her eye of what hue [true].”

Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, charge high again, boys, nor let the full wine
Leave a space in the brimmer, where daylight may shine;

| “Here’s the friends of our youth— though of some we’re bereft, | Of broken pride, of prospects shaded, |
| “May the links that are lost but endear what are left!” | Of buried hopes, remember’d well, |
| Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, | Of ardor quenched, and honor faded? |
| Once more fill a bumper—no’er talk of the hour; | What muse shall mourn the deathless brave, |
| [pow’r. | In sweetest dirge at Memory’s shrine? |
| On hearts thus united old Time has no | What harp shall sigh o’er Freedom’s |
| “May our lives, tho’, alas! like the wine of to-night, | Oh Erin, Thine! |
| “They must soon have an end, to the last flow as bright.” | [grave] |

Ev’n faster than ours doth, three bumpers in one;
“Here’s the poet who sings—here’s the warrior who fights—
“Here’s the statesman who speaks, in the cause of men’s rights!”
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink as you please,
Tho’, who could fill half-way to toast such as these?
“Here’s our next joyous meeting—and oh when we meet,
“May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!”

**[hurra]!**

**[hurra, hurra]**
HUSH, HUSH.

"Hush, hush!"—how well
That sweet word sounds,
When Love, the little sentinel,
Walks his night-rounds;
Then, if a foot but dare
One rose-leaf crush,
Myriads of voices in the air
Whisper, "Hush, hush!"

"Hark, hark, 'tis he!"
The night-elves cry,
And hush their fairy harmony,
While he steals by;
But if his silv'ry feet
One dew-drop brush,
Voices are heard in chorus sweet,
Whispering, "Hush, hush!"

THE PARTING BEFORE THE BATTLE.

HE.
On to the field, our doom is seal'd,
To conquer or be slaves:
This sun shall see our nation free,
Or set upon our graves.

SHE.
Farewell, oh farewell, my love,
May Heav'n thy guardian be,
And send bright angels from above
To bring thee back to me.

HE.
On to the field, the battle-field,
Where Freedom's standard waves,
This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
Or shine upon our graves.

THE WATCHMAN.

A TRIO

WATCHMAN.

—or twelve o'clock—past twelve.
Good night, good night, my dearest—
How fast the moments fly!
'Tis time to part, thou hearkest
That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock—past one.
Yet stay a moment longer—
Alas! why is it so,
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more 'tis time to go?

WATCHMAN.

Past two o'clock—past two.
Now wrap thy cloak about thee—
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they're pass'd without thee,
They're, oh, ten times as long.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock—past three.
Again that dreadful warning!
Had ever time such flight?
And see the sky, 'tis morning—
So now, indeed, good night.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock—past three.
Good night, good night.

SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE?

SAY, what shall we dance?
Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,
To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain?
Say, what shall we dance?
Shall we, like those who rove
Through bright Grenada's grove,
To the light Bolero's measures move?
Or choose the Guarania's languishing lay,
And thus to its sound die away?

Strike the gay chords,
Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore
That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er.
[mixed time,
Hark! 'tis the light march, to whose
The Polish lady, by her lover led,
Delights through gay saloons with step untired to tread,
[walks,
Or sweeter still, through moonlight
Whose shadows serve to hide
The blush that's raised by him who
Of love the while by her side;
[talks
Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose
Floating sound
Like dreams we go gliding around,
Say, which shall we dance? which shall we dance?
THE EVENING GUN.

Remembr'est thou that setting sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the evening gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?

Boom!—the sounds appeared to sweep
Far o'er the verge of day,
Till, into realms beyond the deep,
They seem'd to die away.

Ballads, Songs, Miscellaneous Poems, Etc.

To-day, Dearest! Is Ours.

To-day, dearest! Is ours;
Why should Love carelessly lose it?
This life shines or lowers
Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
'Tis time enough, when its flow'rs decay,
To think of the thorns of Sorrow;
And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,
May wither before to morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long
Let the sweet moments fly over?
Though now, blooming and young,
Thou hast me devotedly thy lover:
Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,
Some treasure may steal or borrow;
By charms may be less in bloom, per-
Or I less in love to-morrow. [haps,

When on the lip the sigh delays.

When on the lip the sigh delays,
As if 't would linger there forever;
When eyes would give the world to gaze,
Yet still look down, and venture never;
When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
There's one we dream of more than any—
If all this is not real love,
'Tis something wondrous like it, Fan-

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that ev'n'ing gun
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
Boom!—and while o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish, from this rough world,
Like them, to die away.

Here, take my heart.

Here, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,
While I go wand'ring o'er land and sea;
Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destined to run,
Love, they who have light hearts the hap
Then, happier still must be they who
have none, love, [with thee.
And that will be my case when mine is
It matters not where I may now be a
rover,
[may see;
I care not how many bright eyes I
Should Venus herself come and ask me
to love her,
[thee.
I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is with
And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—
[to me,
For, even should Fortune turn truant
Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,
[with thee! As long as my heart's out at int'rest

OH, CALL IT BY SOME BETTER NAME.

Oh, call it by some better name,
For Friendship sounds too cold,
While Love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And Passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
Then, call it none of these.

Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they:
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go, ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name!

POOR WOUNDED HEART.

Poor wounded heart, farewell!
Thy hour of rest is come;
Thou soon wilt reach thy home,
Poor wounded heart, farewell!
The pain thou'lt feel in breaking
Less bitter far will be,
Than that long, deadly aching,
This life has been to thee.

There—broken heart, farewell!
The pang is o'er—
The parting pang is o'er;
Thou now wilt bleed no more,
Poor broken heart, farewell!
No rest for thee but dying—
Like waves, whose strife is past,
On death's cold shore thus lying,
Thou sleep'st in peace at last—
Poor broken heart, farewell!

THE EAST INDIAN.

Come, May, with all thy flowers,
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,
Thy cooling ev'n'ning showers,
Thy fragrant breath at morn:
When May-slies haunt the willow,
When May-buds tempt the bee,
Then o'er the shining bilow
My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she's winging
Through wat'ry wilds her way,
And on her cheek is bringing
The bright sun's orient ray:
Oh, come and court her hither,
Ye breezes mild and warm—
One winter's gale would wither
So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying
Are blest with endless light,
With zephyrs always playing
Through gardens always bright.
Then now, sweet May! be sweeter
Than o'er thou'st been before;
Let sighs from roses meet her
When she comes near our shore.

POOR BROKEN FLOWER.

Poor broken flow'r! what art can now
recover thee? [breath—
Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy
In vain the sunbeams seek
To warm that faded check;
The dew's of heav'n, that once like balm
fell over thee, [death.
Now are but tears, to weep thy early
So droops the maid whose lover hath
forsaken her,— [lost as thou;
Thrown from his arms, as lone and
In vain the smiles of all
Like sunbeams round her fall;
The only smile that could from death
awaken her, [now.
That smile, alas! is gone to others

THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

Being weary of love,
I flew to the grove,
And chose me a tree of the fairest;
Saying, "Pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shalt be,
"And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.
"For the hearts of this world are hol-

low
"And fickle the smiles we follow;
"And 'tis sweet, when all
Their witcheries pall,
"To have a pure love to fly to:
"So, my pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shalt be,
"And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue
Of thy cheek through the dew
Of morning is bashfully peeping,
"Sweet tears," I shall say,
(As I brush them away,
"At least there's no art in this weeping."
Although thou shouldst die to-morrow,
'Twill not be from pain or sorrow:
And the thorns of thy stem
Are not like them
With which men wound each other:
So, my pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shalt be,
And I'll ne'er again sigh to another.

SHINE OUT, STARS!
Shine out, Stars! let heav'n assemble
Round us ev'ry festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
All to grace this Eve of May.
Let the flow'rl-beds all lie wakening,
And the odors shut up there,
From their downy prisons breaking,
Fly abroad through sea and air.
And would love, too, bring his sweetness,
With our other joys to weave,
Oh what glory, what completeness,
Then would crown this bright May Eve!
Shine out, Stars! let night assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
To adorn this Eve of May.

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.
Oh, the joys of our ev'ning posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Sit and sing the sunshine away;
So merry, that even the slumberers,
That round us hung, seem gone;
Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers
Again beguile them on.
Oh, the joys, &c.

Then as each to his loved sultana
In sleep still breathes the sigh,
The name of some black-eyed Tirana
Escapes our lips as we lie.
Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,
Again we're up and gone—
While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkl
Beguiles the rough way on.
Oh, the joys of our merry posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Thus sing the gay moments away.

TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.
Tell her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying
There; Beneath the green arbor, is still lying
And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing;
But not a soft whisper replies to their
Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, in
Going, set,
Beside the green arbor she playfully
As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
And not a bright leaflet has fall'n from
So while away from that arbor forsaken,
Themadennis wandering, stililetcher be
As true as the lute, that no sighing can
Waken,
And blooming forever, unchanged as

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.
Nights of music, nights of loving,
Lost too soon, remember'd long,
When we went by moonlight roving,
Hearts all love, and lips all song.
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee;
And that smile the song rewarded—
Worth whole years of fame to me!

Nights of song, and nights of splendor,
Fill'd with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like the starlight, tender,
While they shone, no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading mem'ry fly,
Of that starlight, of those bowers,
Not a beam, a leaf shall die!

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE.
Our first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April's earliest day.
And not all life before us,
How'er its lights may play,
Can shed a lustre o'er us.
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze screecher, grander;
Our autumn beam
May, like a dream
Of heav'n, die calm away;
But, no,—let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
Twill ne'er shed lustre o'er us
Like that first youthful ray.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

The brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
[them;
All its darts without caring who feels
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals
Dear Fanny!
[them—
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em.

The black eye may say,
"Come and worship my ray—"

"By adoring, perhaps, you may move
But the blue eye, half hid, [me!"
Says, from under its lid,
"I love, and am yours, if you love me!"
Yes, Fanny!
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
"I love, and am yours, if you love me!"

Come, tell me, then, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
Oh, why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?
Dear Fanny!
Oh, why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?

DEAR FANNY.

"She has beauty, but still you must
keep your heart cool;
"She has wit, but you mustn't be
caught so;"
[fool,
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a

And 'tis not the first time I have
Dear Fanny! [thought so,
'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

"She is lovely, then love her, nor let
the bliss fly;
[season:"

"'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing
Thus Love has advised me, and who
will deny [Reason,
That Love reasons much better than
Dear Fanny?

Love reasons much better than Reason.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, say, who
would not fly? [would not die?
For one day of freedom, oh! who
Hark!—hark!—'tis the trumpet! the
call of the brave, [the slave.
The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of
Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste
to her aid; [invade.
One arm that defends is worth hosts that
In death's kindly bosom our last hope
remains— [no chains.
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has
On, on to the combat, the heroes that
bleed [deed.
For virtue and mankind are heroes in—
And oh, oh! if Freedom from this world
be driven, [in heaven.
Despair not—at least we shall find her

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted:
Roses now unheeded sigh;
Where's the hand to waft them?
Songs around neglected lie;
Where's the lip to breathe them?
Here's the bower, &c.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd
Days were moments near he;
Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid.
Nor Pity wept a dearer!
Here's the bower, &c.
I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.
A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet reindeer
The track I wish'd to go.
Yet quick he bounded forth;
For well my reindeer knew
I've but one path on earth—
The path which leads to you.
The gloom that winter cast
How soon the heart forgets,
When Summer brings, at last,
Her sun that never sets!
So dawn'd my love for you;
So, fix'd through joy and pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'Twll never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

Young Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
[beam play'd;]
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sung—
"Why thus in darkness lie," whisper'd young Love,
"Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move?"
"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
[are one."
"So noonday and midnight to me, Love,
Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
[warmly play'd.]
And placed her where Heaven's beam
There she reclined, beneath Love's gaz'ing eye,
[hours flew by.]
While, mark'd all with sunshine, her
"Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
[the shade?"
"That's born to be shone upon, rest in
But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
[more.
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no
Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
[she finds
Are storming around her, with sorrow
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,—
[showers!]
Then left the remainder to darkness and

LOVE AND TIME.

Tis said—but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare 'em;
So, loitering in his lady's bower,
He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!
But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah! Time and Love, your change is
The saddest and most trying,
[then
When one begins to limp again,
And t'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!
But there's a nymph, whose chains I
And bless the silken fetter,
[feel,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time forever wears 'em.
This is Time's holiday;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us—
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
[us,
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er
Love's light summer-cloud only shall
Oh, if to love thee more
[cast.]
Each hour I number o'er,
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last;
[thee,
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
Rest, dear bosom, no sorrow shall pain thee,
[steal;]
Signs of pleasure alone shall thou
Bean, bright eyed, no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shall thou feel
Oh, if there be a charm
In love, to banish harm—
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charm may wither, but feeling shall last;
All the shadow that o'er shall fall; o'er
Love's light summer-clouds sweetly shall cast.

LOVE, WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every look with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.
And soon he found 'twere vain to fly;
His heart was close confined,
For, every ringlet was a tie—
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY Bosom BOUNDETH.

The Tyrolese Song of Liberty.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendor;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender;
Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!
Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily, oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—
Every hour of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!
Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh!
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery;
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

REMEMBER THE TIME.

The Castilian Maid.

Remember the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maids,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you;
When I taught you to warble the gay seguidille,
And to dance to the light castanet;
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam
Where you will.
The delight of those moments forget.
They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lover's smile.
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Oh; or they never could think you would
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
That is last and trust in love.

OH, SOON RETURN.

Our white sail caught the ev'n'ning ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all the weeping maid could say
Was, "Oh, soon return!"

Through many a clime our ship was
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sumn'd in summer's zone:
And still, where' er we bent our way,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I fancied still I heard her say,
"Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from
'Twas when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me.
But though the war-field's wild alarm
For gentle Love was all unmeet,
He lent to Glory's brow the charm,
Which made even danger sweet.
And still, when vict'ry's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
Those parting words I heard once more,
"Oh, soon return!—Oh, soon return!"
LOVE THEE?

Love thee!—so well, so tenderly
Thou't loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.
Though brimm'd with blessings pure
Life's cup before me lay, [and rare,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.
Love thee!—so well, so tenderly
Thou't loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.

Without thy smile, the monarch's lot
To me were dark and lone,
While, with it, ev'n the humblest cot
Were brighter than his throne.
Those words, for which the conqueror sighs,
For me would have no charms;
My only world thy gentle eyes—
My throne thy circling arms!
Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly
Thou't loved, adored by me,
Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sighed for thee;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breathed then,
Oh, how blissful life would be!
Hopes, that now beginning leave me,
Joys, that lie in slumber cold—
[me
All would wake, coulst thou but give
One dear smile like those of old.
No—there's nothing left us now
But to mourn the past;
Vain was every ardent vow—
Never yet did heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last.
Not even hope could now deceive me—
Like itself looks dark and cold:
Oh, thou never more canst give me
One dear smile like those of old.

YES, YES, WHEN THE BLOOM.

Yes, yes, when the bloom of Love's boyhood is o'er,
[decay;
He'll turn into friendship that feels no
And, though Time may take from him
the wings he once wore,

The charms that remain will be bright
as before,
And he'll lose but his young trick of
Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay.
That Friendship our last happy moments will crown:
Like the shadows of morning, Love less
While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,
Will linger and lengthen as life's sun

THE DAY OF LOVE.

The beam of morning trembling
Stole o'er the mountain brook,
With timid ray resembling
Affection's early look.
Thus love begins—sweet morn of love!
The noctide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley's stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
As passion's ripen dream.
Thus love expands—warm noon of love!
But evening came, o'ershading
The glories of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading
From passion's alter'd eye.
Thus love declines—cold eve of love!

LUSITANIAN WAR-SONG.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains;
Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
No! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
"And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
[fountains,"
"To gild your vines and light your
Oh, never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay,
Resounding through her sunny mountains.
THE YOUNG ROSE.
The young rose I give thee, so dewy
And bright, [bird of night,
Was the flower most dear to the sweet
Who oft, by the moon, o'er her blushes
Hath hung, /The sung.
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay
Oh, take thou this young rose, and let
Her life be /[from thee;
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow
For, while o'er her bosom thy soft notes
Shall thrill, /[ing her still.
She'll think the sweet night-bird is court-

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.
When midst the gay I meet
That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine:
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them while they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.
The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile in many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright so'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.
When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou, too, on that orb so dear,
Dost often gaze at even,
And think, though lost forever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.
There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flow'r I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy that's gone with thee, love.

And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through
May turn to smiles in heaven. [here,

YOUNG JESSICA.
Young Jessica sat all the day, [pining;
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts
Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once!—now idly shining.
Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts [ nimble;
That love and mischief are most
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.
The child, who with a magnet plays,
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
The tempter near a needle lays, [slyly."
And laughing, says, "We'll steal it
The needle having naught to do,
Is pleased to let the magnet wield;
 Till closer, closer come the two,
And—off, at length, elopes the needle.
Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It never had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.
Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

HOW HAPPY, ONCE.
How happy, once, though wing'd with
My moments flew along, [sighs,
While looking on those smiling eyes,
And listening to thy magic song!
But vanished now, like summer dreams,
Those moments smile no more;
For me that eye no longer beams,
That song for me is o'er.
Mine the cold brow,
That speaks thy alter'd vow,
While others feel thy sunshine now.
Oh, could I change my love like thee,
One hope might yet be mine—
Some other eyes as bright to see,
And hear a voice as sweet as thine.
But never, never can this heart
Be waked to life again;
With thee it lost its vital part,
And wither'd then!
Cold its pulse lies,
And mute are ev'n its sighs,
All other grief it now defies.
I LOVE BUT THEE.
If, after all, you still will doubt and fear
And think this heart to other loves
If I must swear, then, lovely doubter,
By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt
By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art
I love but thee—I love but thee!

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,
Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds
And by those lips, which give what'er thou'rt saying,
Or grave or gay, a music of its own,
A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
I love but thee—I love but thee!

By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,
As pure as moonlight sleeping upon
And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses
A hue too bright to bless this world
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee—I love but thee!

LET JOY ALONE BE REMEMBER'D NOW.
Let thy joys alone be remember'd now,
Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile;
If thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile;
For thus to meet, and thus to find,
That Time, whose touch can chill
Each flower of form, each grace of mind,
Hath left thee blooming still,—
Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;
Or, should thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.

When the flowers of life's sweet garden
If but one bright leaf remain, 'twill fade,
Of the many that once its glory made,
It is not for us to complain.
But thus to meet and thus to wake
In all Love's early bliss;
Oh, Time all other gifts may take,
So be but leaves us this!
Then let joy alone be remember'd now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;

Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with a smile!

LOVE THEE, DEAREST? LOVE THEE?

Love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which through tears above thee
Shines so sadly fair;
Though often dim,
With tears, like him,
Like him my truth will shine,
And—love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, that star is not more true.
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine—
But—leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, till death I'm thine.

MY HEART AND LUTE.
I give thee all—I can no more—
Though poor the off'ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well;
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute could tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass
Or gild them if they stay.
And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings
A discord o'er life's happy strain,
Let Love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again!

PEACE, PEACE TO HIM THAT'S GONE!
When I am dead
Then lay my head
In some lone, distant dell,
Where voices ne'er
Shall stir the air,
Or break its silent spell.
If any sound
Be heard around,
Let the sweet bird alone,
That weeps in song,
Sing all night long,
"Peace, peace to him that's gone!"
Yet, oh, were mine
One sigh of thine,
One pitying word from thee,
Like gleams of heav'n,
To sinners giv'n,
Would be that word to me.
How'er unblest'd,
My shade would rest
While list'ning to that tone;—
Enough 'twould be
To hear from thee,
"Peace, peace to him that's gone!"

ROSE OF THE DESERT.

Rose of the Desert! thou, whose blooming ray,
Lonely and lovely, flees unseen away;
No hand to call thee, none to woo thy sigh,
In vestal silence left to live and die,—
Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be,
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like
Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom!
[bloom;
Destined for others, not thyself, to
Cull'd ere thy beauty lives through half its day;
[away;
A moment cherish'd, and then cast
Rose of the Garden! such is woman's lot,—
[fades, forgot.
Worshipp'd while blooming—when she

'TIS ALL FOR THEE.

If life for me hath joy or light,
'Tis all from thee,
[night
My thoughts by day, my dreams by
Are but of thee, of only thee.
Whate'er of hope or peace I know,
My rest in joy, my balm in wo,
To those dear eyes of thine I owe,
'Tis all from thee.

My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,
Seem'd doom'd to thee;
Kept pure till then from other ties,

'Twas all for thee, for only thee.
Like plants that sleep, till sunny May
Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,
Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,
It lived for thee, it lived for thee!
When Fame would call me to her heights,
She speaks by thee;
And dim would shine her proudest lights,
Unshared by thee, unshared by thee.
Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine,
Where Bards have hung their wreaths divine,
And wish those wreaths of glory mine,
'Tis all for thee, for only thee.

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

There's a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,
When Music tries her gentlest art,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart,
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.

And when all of this life is gone,—
Ev'n the hope, lingering now,
Like the last of the leaves left on
Autumn's sere and faded bough,—
'Twill seem as still those friends were near,
Who loved me in youth's early day
If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes, and die away,—
To that song of the olden time,
Breathed, like Hope's farewell strain,
To say, in some brighter clime,
Life and youth will shine again.

WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

Wake thee, my dear—thy dreaming
Till darker hours will keep;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong to w'rd's Heav'n to sleep.

Moments there are we number,
Moments of pain and care,
Which to oblivious slumber
Gladly the wretch would spare.
But now—who'd think of dreaming
Of the metre arises, I need hardly say, from the peculiar structure of the air.
When Love his watch should keep?
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong to 'rds Heav'n to sleep.

If e'er the Fates should sever
My life and hopes from thee, love,
The sleep that lasts forever
Would then be sweet to me, love;
But now,—away with dreaming!
Till darker hours 'twill keep;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong to 'rds Heav'n to sleep.

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.*

LIGHTLY, Alpine rover,
Tread the mountains over;
Rude is the path thou'st yet to go;
Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,
Fields of ice before thee,
While the hid torrent moans below.
Hark, the deep thunder,
Through the vales yonder!
'Tis the huge avalanche downward cast;
From rock to rock
Rebounds the shock.
But courage, boy! the danger's past.
Onward, youthful rover,
Tread the glacier over,
Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.
On, ere light forsake thee,
Soon will dusk o'ertake thee:
'O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way!
Now, for the risk prepare thee;
Safe it yet may bear thee,
Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.

Hark, that dread howling!
'Tis the wolf prowling,—
Scent of thy track the foe hath got;
And cliff and shore
Resound his roar.
But courage, boy!—the danger's past!
Watching eyes have found thee,
Loving arms are round thee,
Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.

FOR THEE ALONE.
For thee alone I brave the boundless deep,
[267]...[268]
Those eyes my light through ev'ry dis-

The noontide rev'r'y, all are giv'n to
To thee alone, to thee alone. [thee,
Though future scenes present to Fancy's eye
[tant air,
Fair forms of light that crowd the dis
When nearer view'd, the fairy phantoms
[art there,
The crowds dissolve, and thou alone
Thou, thou alone.

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to shore,
[every blast,
While Hope's sweet voice is heard in
Still whispering on, that when some years are o'er,
[at last,
One bright reward shall crown my toil
Thy smile alone, thy smile alone.

Oh, place beside the transport of that
hour
And bright,
All earth can boast of fair, of rich,
Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones of power,—[would light?
Then ask where first thy lover's choice
On thee alone, on thee alone.

HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING.

Her last words, at parting, how can I
forget? [heart they shall stay:
Deep treasured through life, in my
Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
[long melted away,
When its sounds from the car have
Let fortune assail me, her threatenings
are vain: [talisman be,—
Those still-breathing words shall my
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and
pain,
"There's one heart, unchanging, that
beats but for thee."

From the desert's sweet well the' pilgrim must hie,
Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste,
He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste.
So, dark as my fate is still doom'd to remain,
[derness be,—
These words shall my well in the wil-
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and
pain.
"There's one heart, unchanging, that
beats but for thee."
LET'S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore, [stay;]
Bright spots where we should love to
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the
Sit closer till the storm is gone, [show'r;
And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour,
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
But happy, while 'tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall [go,—
Down which life's currents all must
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below,
Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms,
If, side by side, still fond we keep,
And calmly, in each other's arms,
Together link'd, go down the steep.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

Sing to Love—for, oh, 'twas he
Who won the glorious day;
Strew the wreaths of victory
Along the conqueror's way.
Take the Muses to his car,
Let them sing each trophy won;
While his mother's joyous star
Shall light the triumph on.

Hail to Love, to mighty Love,
Let spirits sing around;
While the hill, the dale, and grove,
With "mighty Love" resound;
Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal
Amid the sounds thus echo'd o'er,
'Twill but teach the god to feel
His victories the more.

See his wings, like amethyst
Of sunny Ind their hue;
Bright as when, by Psyche kiss'd,
They trembled through and through.
Flowers spring beneath his feet;
Angel forms beside him run;

While unnumber'd lips repeat
"Love's victory is won!"
Hail to Love, to mighty Love, &c.

SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.*

"I've been, oh, sweet daughter,
To fountain and sea,
To seek in their water
Some bright gem for thee.
Where diamonds were sleeping,
Their sparkle I sought,
Where crystal was weeping,
Its teats I have caught

The sea- nymph I've courted
In rich coral halls;
With Naiads have sported
By bright waterfalls.
But sportive or tender,
Still sought I, around,
That gem, with whose splendor
Thou yet shalt be crown'd.

And see, while I'm speaking
"You soft light afar;—
The pearl I've been seeking
There floats like a star!
In the deep Indian Ocean
I see the gem shine,
And quick as light's motion
Its wealth shall be thine."

Then eastward, like lightning
The hero-god flew,
His sunny looks bright'ning
The air he went through;
And sweet was the duty
And hallow'd the hour,
Which saw thus young Beauty
Embellish'd by Power.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam!
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall.
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of

Ask of the sailor youth when far [foam,
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's
Indian Ocean, to find the pearl with which he
Adorned his daughter Pandæa.
What charms him most when ev'nig's
Smiles o'cr the wave? to dream of
Fond thoughts of absent friends and
At that sweet hour around him come;
His heart's best joy, where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of

THEY TELL ME THOU'RT THE
FAVOR'D GUEST.*
They tell me thou'rt the favor'd guest
Of every fair and brilliant throng;
No wit like thine to wake the jest,
No voice like thine to breathe the
And none could guess, so gay thou art,
That thou and I are far apart.
Alas! alas! how different flows
With thee and me the time away!
Not that I wish thee sad—hear'sn
Knows—
Still if thou canst, be light and gay;
I only know, that without thee
The sun himself is dark to me.
Do I thus haste to hall and bower
Among the proud and gay to shine?
Or deck my hair with gem and flower,
To flatter other eyes than thine?
Ah, no, with me love's smiles are past,
Thou hastd the first, thou hastd the last.

THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.
There came a nymph dancing
Gracefully, gracefully,
Her eye a light glancing
Like the blue sea;
And while all this gladness
Around her steps hung,
Such sweet notes of sadness
Her gentle lips sung,
That ne'er while I live from my mem'ry
Shall fade [dian maid.
The song, or the look, of that young In-

Her voice spoke of sorrow,
And sorrow alone.
Nor o'er while I live from my mem'ry
Shall fade [dian maid.
The song, or the look, of that young In-

THE HOMeward MARCH.
Be still, my heart: I hear them come:
Those sounds announce my lover near:
The march that brings our warriors home
Proclaims he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread,
O'er the mountain's head,
While hills and dales repeat the sound;
And the forest deer
Stand still to hear,
As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still, my heart, I hear them come,
Those sounds that speak my soldier near;
[home,—
Those joyous steps seem wing'd for
Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.

But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,
And now they wind to distant glades;
Not here their home,—alas, they go
To gladden happier maids!

Like sounds in a dream,
The footsteps seem,
As down the hills they die away;
And the march, whose song
So peal'd along,
Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er,—hush, heart, thy

And though not here, alas, they come,
Rejoice for those, to whom that strain
Brings sons and lovers home.

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.
Wake up, sweet melody!
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy pow'r.
One note of music, by moonlight's soft
[by day.
Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly
Then wake up, sweet melody!
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy pow'r.

* Part of a translation of some Latin verses, supposed to have been addressed by Hippo-
lyta Taurella to her husband, during his ab-

sense at the gay court of Leo the Tenth. The
verses may be found in the Appendix to Ror-
coe's Work.
Ask the fond nightingale,
When his sweet flow'r
Loves most to hear his song,
In her green bow'r!
Oh, he will tell thee, through summer-nights long,
Fondly she lends her whole soul to his
Then wake up, sweet melody!
Now is the hour
When young and loving hearts
Feel most thy pow'r.

CALM BE THY SLEEP.
Calm be thy sleep as infants' slumbers!
Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams!
May ev'ry joy this bright world numbers
Shed o'er thee their mingled beams!
Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glided,
There ever must some pang remain,
Still be thy lot with me divided,—
Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain!
Day and night my thoughts shall hover
Round thy steps where'er they stray;
As, ev'n when clouds his idol cover,
Fondly the Persian tracks its ray.
If this be wrong, if Heav'n offended
By worship to its creature be,
Then let my vows to both be blended,
Half breathed to Heav'n and half to thee.

THE EXILE.
Nights waneth fast, the morning star
Saddens with light the glimmering sea
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar
Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.
Coldly the beam from yonder sky [stray];
Looks o'er the waves that onward
But colder still the stranger's eye
To him whose home is far abroad.
Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,
Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast;
But of the lost one think and speak,
When summer suns sink calm to rest.
So, as I wander, Fancy's dream
Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,
Thy look, in ev'ry melting beam,
Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.

THE FANCY FAIR.
Come, maidens and youths, for here we sell
All wondrous things of earth and air;
Whatever wild romancers tell.
Or poets sing, or lovers swear,
You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.
Here eyes are made like stars to shine,
And kept, for years, in such repair,
That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,
They'll hardly look the worse for wear.
If bought at this our Fancy Fair.
We've lots of tears for bard's to show'r,
And hearts that such ill usage bear.
That, though they're broken ev'ry hour,
They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking
If purchased at our Fancy Fair. [bear,
As fashions change in ev'ry thing,
We've goods to suit each season's air,
Eternal friendships for the spring,
And endless loves for summer wear,—
All sold at this our Fancy Fair.
We've reputations white as snow
That long will last, if used with care,
Nay, safe through all life's journey go,
If pack'd and mark'd as "brittle ware;"—
Just purchased at the Fancy Fair.

If thou wouldst have me sing and play
As once I play'd and sung,
First take this time-worn lute away,
And bring one freshly strung.
Call back the time when pleasure's sigh
First breathed among the strings;
And Time, himself, in flattering by,
Made music with his wings.
But how is this? though new the lute,
And shining fresh the chords,
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,
Or speak but dreamy words.
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt
Within that once sweet shell,
Which told so warmly what it felt,
And felt what naught could tell.
Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,
From lyre so coldly strung;
With this I ne'er can sing or play,
As once I play'd and sung.
No, bring that long-loved lute again,—
Though chill'd by years it be;
If thou wilt call the slumbering strain,
'Twill wake again for thee.

Though time hath runn'd the tuneful stream
Of thoughts that guiz'd along,
One look from thee, like summer's beam,
Will thaw them into song.
Then give, oh give, that bark'ning ray,
And once more blithe and young,
Thy bard again will sing and play
As once he play'd and sung.

STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.
STILL when daylight o'er the wave
Bright and soft its farewell gave,
I used to hear, while light was falling,
O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,
Mournfully at distance calling.
Ah! once how blest that maid would come,
To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home;
And through the night those sounds repeating,
Hail his bark with joyous greeting,
Joyously his light bark greeting.
But, one sad night, when winds were high,
Nor earth nor heaven could hear her cry,
She saw his boat come tossing over
Midnight's wave,—but not her lover!
No, never more her lover.
And still that sad dream loath to leave,
She comes with wand'ring mind at eve,
And oft we hear, when night is falling,
Faint her voice through twilight calling,
Mournfully at twilight calling.

THE SUMMER WEBS.
The summer webs that float and shine,
The summer dews that fall,
Though light they be, this heart of mine
Is lighter still than all.
It tells me every cloud is past
Which lately seem'd to low'r,
That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,
And now's their nuptial hour!
With light thus round, within, above,
With nought to wake one sigh,
Except the wish, that all we love
Were at this moment nigh,—
It seems as if life's brilliant sun
Had stopp'd in full career,
To make this hour its brightest one,
And rest in radiance here.

MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.
MIND not though daylight around us is breaking,—
Who'd think now of sleeping when
morn's but just waking?

Sound the merry viol, and, daylight or not,
Be all for one hour in the gay dance for—
See young Aurora, up heaven's hill advancing;
[not we?]
Are dancing around us, oh, why should
Who'll say that moments we use thus are wasted?
[be tasted;]
Such sweet drops of time only flow to
While hearts are high beating, and harps full in tune,
[soon.]
The fault is all morning's for coming so

THEY MET BUT ONCE.
THEY met but once, in youth's sweet
And never since that day [hour,
Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r
To chase that dream away.
They've seen the suns of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight:
But never more, to bless their eyes,
Can come a dream so bright!
They met but once,—a day was all
Of Love's young hopes they knew;
And still their hearts that day recall,
As fresh as then it flew.
Sweet dream of youth! oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.
For, Youth, the spell was only thine;
From thee alone th' enchantment flows,
That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows.
They met but once,—oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.
When moonlight beaming
Thus o'er the deep,
Whoe'er linger dreaming
In idle sleep!
Leave joyless souls to live by day,—
Our life begins with yonder ray;
And while thus brightly
The moments flee,
Our barks skim lightly
The shining sea.
To halls of splendor
Let great ones hie;
Through light more tender
Our pathways lie.
While round, from banks of brook or
Our company blithe echoes make;
And, as we lead 'em
Sweet word or strain,
Still back they send 'em,
More sweet, again.

CHILD'S SONG. FROM A MASQUE.
I have a garden of my own,
Shining with flow'rs of ev'ry hue;
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you;
And there the golden bees shall come,
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Sib's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nursed;
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter in the moontide heat;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silv'ry feet.

THE HALCYON HANGS O'ER OCEAN.
The halcyon hangs o'er ocean,
The sea-lark skims the brine;
This bright world's all in motion,
No heart seems sad but mine.
To walk through sun-bright places,
With heart all cold the while;
To look in smiling faces,
When we no more can smile;
To feel, while earth and heaven
Around thee shine with bliss,
To thee no light is given,—
Oh, what a doom is this!

THE WORLD WAS HUSH'D.
The world was hush'd, the moon above
Said through ether slowly,
When, near the casement of my love,
Thus I whisper'd lowly,—
"Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep?"
"The field I seek to-morrow"
"Is one where man hath fame to reap,
"And woman gleams but sorrow."

"Let battle's field be what it may,"
Thus spoke a voice replying,
"Think not thy love, while thou'rt away,
Will here sit idly sighing."
"No—woman's soul, if not for fame,
For love can brave all danger!"
Then forth from out the casement came
A plumed and armed stranger.

A stranger? No; 'twas she, the maid,
Herself before me beaming,
With casque array'd, and falshion blade
Beneath her girdle gleaming!
Close side by side in freedom's light,
That blessed morning found us;
In Vict'ry's light we stood ere night,
And Love, the morrow, crown'd us!

THE TWO LOVES.
There are two Loves, the poet sings,
Both born of Beauty at a birth:
The one, akin to heaven, hath wings,
The other, earthly, walks on earth.
With this through bowers below we play,
With that through clouds above we
With both, perchance, may lose our
Then, tell me which, [way:—
Tell me which shall we adore?
The one, when tempted down from air,
At Pleasure's fount to lave his lip,
Nor lingers long, nor oft will dare
His wing within the wave to dip.
While, plunging deep and long beneath,
The other bathes him o'er and o'er
In that sweet current, ev'n to death:—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?
The boy of heav'n, even while he lies
In Beauty's lap, recalls his home;
And, when most happy, inly sighs
For something happier still to come.
While he of earth, too fully bless'd
With this bright world to dream of more,
Sees all his heav'n on Beauty's breast:—
Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?
The maid who heard the poet sing
These twice-desires of earth and sky,
And saw, while she inspired his string,
The other glisten'd in his eye,—
To name the earthlier boy ashamed,
To choose the other fondly loath,
At length, all blushing, she exclaim'd,—
"Ask not which, [both."
"Oh, ask not which—we'll worship
"Th’ extremes of each thus taught to
shun, [given,
"With hearts and souls between them
"When weary of this earth with one,
"We'll with the other wing to heaven."
Thus pledged the maid her vow of bliss;
And while one love wrote down the
The other sealed it with a kiss; [oath,
And heaven look'd on,
Heaven look'd on, and hallow'd both.

THE LEGEND OF FUCH THE FAIRY.
Wouldst know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
Are play'd by me, the merry little sprite,
Who wing through air from the camp
[spire;
From king to clown, and of all make
Singing, I am the sprite
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love
The moonlight?
To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept;
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money
I rang, [spring;
And he waked to catch—but away I
Singing, I am the sprite, &c.
I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's
bower, [hour;
She was waiting her love at that starlight
"Hist—hist!" quoth he, with an amorous sigh,
[flew I,
And she flew to the door, but away
Singing, I am the sprite, &c.
While a bard sat inditing an ode to his
love, [above,
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from
And he swoon'd—for he thought 'twas
the ghost, poor man!
Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
Singing, I am the sprite, &c.

BEAUTY AND SONG.
Down in thy summer vale,
Where the rill flows,

* On the Tower of the Winds, at Athens,
there is a conch-shell placed in the hands of
Boreas.—See Sturt's Antiquities. "The
north wind," says Herodotus, in speaking of
the Hyperboreans, "never blows with them."
So near the track of the stars are we,*
That oft, on night's pale beams,
The distant sounds of their harmony
Come to our ears, like dreams.
Then, haste to that holy Isle with
me, &c. &c.

The Moon, too, brings her world so
nigh,†
That when the night-seer looks
To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,
He can number its hills and brooks.
Then, haste, &c. &c.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres!
By day, by night, belong;
And the breath we draw from his living
We give him back in song. [fires,
Then, haste, &c. &c.

From us descends the maid who brings
To Delos gifts divine;
And our wild bees lend their rainbow
To glitter on Delphi's shrine. § [wings
Then, haste to that holy Isle with
Haste—haste! [me,

THOU BIDDST ME SING.

Thou bidd'st me sing the lay I sung to
thee [brow;
In other days, ere joy had left this
But think, though still unchanged the
notes may be,
How different feels the heart that
breathes them now!
The rose thou wear'st to-night is still the
same [gay;
We saw this morning on its stem so
But, ah! that dew of dawn, that breath
which came [away.
Like life, o'er all its leaves, hath pass'd
Since first that music touch'd thy heart
and mine, [have pass'd—
How many a joy and pain o'er both
The joy, a light too precious long to
shine, [ways last.
The pain, a cloud whose shadows al-
And though that lay would like the
voice of home [now a sigh—
Breathe o'er our ear, 'twould waken
Ah! not, as then, for fancied woes to
come,
But, saddier far, for real bliss gone by.
* "Subipsa siderum cardinejacet."—POM-
POX, MELA.
† "They can show the moon very near."—
DIODOR. SYL.

CUPID ARMED.

PLACE the helm on thy brow,
In thy hand take the spear;
Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
And thy battle-hour is near.
March on! march on! thy shaft and bow
Were weak against such charms;
March on! march on! so proud a foe
Scorns all but martial arms.

See the darts in her eyes,
Tipp'd with scorn, how they shine!
Ev'ry shaft, as it flies,
Mocking proudly at thine.
March on! march on! thy feather'd darts
Soft bosoms soon might move;
But ruder arms to ruder hearts
Must teach what 'tis to love.
Place the helm on thy brow;
To thy hand take the spear,—
Thou art arm'd, Cupid, now,
And thy battle-hour is near.

ROUND THE WORLD GOES.

Round the world goes, by day and night,
While with it also round go we;
And in the flight of one day's light
An image of all life's course we see.
Round, round, while thus we go round,
The best thing a man can do,
Is to make it, at least, a merry-go-round,
By—sending the wine round too.

Our first gay stage of life is when
Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye—
Season of bliss! Oh, who wouldn't then
Wish to cry, "Stop!" to earth and
sky?
But, round, round, both boy and girl
Are whis'ck'd through that sky of blue;
And much would their hearts enjoy the
whirl,
If—their heads didn't whirl round too.

Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,
Thinking all life a life of light;
But shadows come on, 'tis evening soon,
And, ere we can say, "How short!"—
'tis night.
Round, round, still all goes round,
Ev'n while I'm thus singing to you;
And the best way to make it a merry-
go-round,
Is to—chorus my song round too.

† Hecates us, that this Hyperborean
Island was dedicated to Apollo; and most of
the inhabitants were either priests or songsters.
§ Pausan.
OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT
AND BLEST.

Oh, do not look so bright and blest,
For still there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us then to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die?—
That when most light is on their wings,
They're then but spread to fly!
And, sadder still, the pain will stay—
The bliss no more appears;
As rainbows take their light away,
And leave us but the tears!
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

THE MUSICAL BOX.

"Look here," said Rose, with laughing eyes,
"Within this box, by magic hid,
A tuneful Sprite imprisoned lies,
Who sings to me when'er he's bid.
Though roving once his voice and wing.
[long;]
"He'll now lie still the whole day—
Till thus I touch the magic spring—
Then hark, how sweet and blithe his song!" (A symphony.)

"Ah, Rose," I cried, "the poet's lay
Must ne'er ev'n Beauty's slave become;
Stray,
Through earth and air his song may
If all the while his heart's at home.
And though in Freedom's air he dwell,
Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,
Touch but the spring thou know'st so well,
[flows!]
And—hark, how sweet the love-song
(A symphony.)

Thus pleaded I for Freedom's right;
But when young Beauty takes the field,
And wise men seek defence in flight,
The doom of poets is to yield.

No more my heart th' enchantress braves,
I'm now in Beauty's prison hid;
The Sprite and I are fellow-slaves,
And I, too, sing when'er I'm bid.

WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT
YOU LISTEN.

When to sad Music silent you listen,
And tears on those eyelids tremble like dew,
[they glisten]
Oh, then there dwells in those eyes
A sweet holy charm that mirth never knew.
But when some lively strain resounding
Lights up the sunshine of joy on that brow,
[bounding]
Then the young reindeer o'er the hills
Was ne'er in its mirth so graceful as thou.

When on the skies at midnight thou gazest,
[wear,]
A lustre so pure thy features then
That, when to some star that bright eye thou raisest,
[for there]
We feel 'tis thy home thou're looking
But when the word for the gay dance is given,
[mirth,]
So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfeith thy
Oh then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,
[of earth."

"But linger still here, to make heaven

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Fly swift, my light gazelle,
To her who now lies wakening,
To hear thy silver bell
The midnight silence breaking.
And, when thou com'st, with gladsome Beneath her lattice springing, [feet,]
Ah, well she'll know how sweet
The words of love thou'rt bringing.

Yet, no—not words, for they
But half can tell love's feeling;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing.
A once-bright rose's wither'd leaf,
A tow'ring lily broken,—
Oh these may paint a grief
No words could e'er have spoken.
Not such, my gay gazelle,
The wreath thou speedest over
Yon moonlight dale, to tell
My lady how I love her.
And, what to her will sweeter be
Than gems, the richest, rarest,
From Truth’s immortal tree*
One fadeless leaf thou bearest.

THE DAWN IS BREAKING O’ER US.

The dawn is breaking o’er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We've day’s long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?
The hunt o’er hill and lea?
The sail o’er summer sea?
Oh let not hour so sweet
Unwing’d by pleasure fleet.
The dawn is breaking o’er us,
See, heaven hath caught its hue!
We've day’s long light before us,
What sport shall we pursue?

But see, while we’re deciding,
What morning sport to play,
The dial’s hand is gliding,
And morn hath pass’d away!
Ah, who’d have thought that noon
Would o’er us steal so soon,—
That morn’s sweet hour of prime
Would last so short a time?
But come, we’ve day before us,
Still heaven looks bright and blue;
Quick, quick, ere eve comes o’er us,
What sport shall we pursue?

Alas! why thus delaying?
We’re now at evening’s hour;
Its farewell beam is playing
O’er hill and wave and bower.
That light we thought would last,
Behold, ev’n now, ‘tis past;
And all our morning dreams
Have vanish’d with its beams!
But come! ‘twere vain to borrow
Sad lessons from this lay,
For man will be to-morrow—
Just what he’s been to-day.

**SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.**

HERE AT THY TOMB.†

BY MELEAGER.

Here, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,
Tears, which though vainly now they
Are all love hath to give the dead, [roll,
And wept o’er thee with all love’s
soul];—

Wept in remembrance of that light,
Which naught on earth, without thee,
gives,
[night,
Hope of my heart! now quench’d in
But dearer, dead, than aught that
lives.

Where is she? where the blooming bough
That once my life’s sole lustre made?
Torn off by death, ‘tis with ring now,
And all its flow’rs in dust are laid.

* The tree, called in the East, Amrita, or the Immortal.
† Δακρών σοι καὶ τεχνω διὰ χθονο, Ἡλιοσφάρα.

Oh earth! that to thy matron breast
Hast taken all those angel charms,
Gently, I pray thee, let her rest,—
Gently, as in a mother’s arms.

SALE OF CUPID:‡

BY MELEAGER.

Who'll buy a little boy? Look, wonder
is he, [knee;
Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother’s
So bold a young imp ’tisn’t safe to keep,
So I’ll part with him now, while he’s
sound asleep. [curl’d,
See his arch little nose, how sharp ’tis
His wings, too, ev’n in sleep unfurl’d;
And those fingers, which still ever ready
are found [wound.
For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or

† Πωλεισθεν, και ματρος ε’ εινελοιτι καθεδων.
He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
But never you mind—he's laughing all
For little he cares, so he has his own
whim,
And weeping or laughing are all one to
His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,
His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash;
And so savage is he, that his own dear
Is scarce more safe in his hands than
another.
In short, to sum up this darling's praise,
He's a downright pest in all sorts of
ways;
And if any one wants such an imp to
He shall have a dead bargain of this lit-
tle boy.
But see, the boy wakes—his bright tears
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him?
oh no,
Sweet child, no, no—though so naughty
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia
and me.

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

To weave a garland for the rose, [Gler be,
And think thus crown'd 'twould love-
Were far less vain than to suppose
That silks and gems add grace to thee.
Where is the pearl whose orient lustre
Would not, beside thee, look less bright? [ter
What gold could match the glossy clus-
Of those young ringlets full of light?
Bring from the land, where fresh it
gleans,
The bright blue gem of India's mine,
And see how soon, though bright its
beams,
'Twill pale before one glance of thine:
Those lips, too, when their sounds have
bless'd us
With some divine, mellifluous air,
Who would not say that Beauty's cestus
Had let loose all its witch'ries there?]
Here, to this conqu'ring host of charms
I now give up my spell-bound heart,

* OUTe ΜΟίνου ουσίαπων επεδευσεται, ουτε συ πε-
    πολυν.

Nor blush to yield ev'n Reason's arms,
When thou her bright-eyed conqu'rot
art.
Thus to the wind all fears are given;
Henceforth those eyes alone I see,
Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,
Sits beck'ning me to bliss and thee!

WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY?‡

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

Why does she so long delay?
Night is waning fast away;
Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,
Watching here in solitude.
Where can she so long delay? 
Where, so long delay?
Vainly now have two lamps shone;
See, the third is nearly gone;§
Oh that Love would, like the ray
Of that weary lamp, decay!
But no, alas, it burns still on,
Still, still burns on.

Gods, how oft the traitress dear
Sware, by Venus, she'd be here!
But to one so false as she
What is man or deity?
Neither doth this proud one fear,—
No, neither doth she fear.

TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY BROW?||

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

TWIN'St thou with lofty wreath thy
brow?
Such glory then thy beauty sheds,
I almost think, while awed I bow,
'Tis Rhea's self before me treads,
Be what thou wilt,—this heart
Adores what'ere thou art!
Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,
Like sunny waves to wander free?
Then, such a chain of charms they
weave,
As draws my inmost soul from me.
Do what thou wilt,—I must
Be charm'd by all thou dost!
Ev'n when, enwrapp'd in silv'ry yells,||
Those sunny locks elude the sight,—

§ δ' ὁ δε τριτες αρχηται ὡν
    Ἀνυψωτα σφαιρακλαζον.
    || Κακριβολαί άφηγουν τεσ' τρίχα;
    AP BruncK. xxxiv
    || Αργευναὶς οδοιμίς καταρα βοςτρυχα γευθεῖς.
Oh, not ev'n then their glory fails
To haunt me with its unseen light.
Change as thy beauty may,
It charms in every way.
For, thee the Graces still attend,
Presiding o'er each new attire,
And lending ev'ry dart they send
Some new, peculiar touch of fire.
Be what thou wilt,—this heart
Adores what'er thou art!

WHEN THE SAD WORD.*
BY PAUL, THE BILIENTARY.

When the sad word, "Adieu," from my lip is nigh falling,
And with it, Hope passes away,
Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my fond heart recalling
That fatal farewell, bids me stay.
For oh! 'tis a penance so weary
One hour from thy presence to be,
That death to this soul were less dreary,
Less dark than long absence from thee.

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world breaking,
Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,
And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking,
Made light what was darkness before.
But mute is the Day's sunny glory,
While thine hath a voice,† on whose breath,
More sweet than the Syren's sweet story,‡
My hopes hang, through life and through death!

MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.§
BY PHILEDEMUS.

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,
And, for blushing, no rose can come near her;
Not a tear onsummer's cheek,
In short, she has woven such nets round
That I never from my dear Little Mopsa can part,—
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

* Τ'ης εσθοροις' ενερευ.
† Μητας γαρ σε χιεες ψυχας, ἀλλα το μεν πον ἄθρογγον.;
‡ Συ β' εμοι και το λιθημα εφερες Κενω, το Σειρηνον γλυκουρωτερον.
§ Μετα και μελανεν και πλανιτον.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,
[so clear,
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her;
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own nest.
And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.
But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave could revive one:
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,
I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb—
Unless I could meet with a live one.

STILL, LIKE DEW IN SILENCE FALLING.||
BY MELEAGER.

Still, like dew in silence falling,
Drops for thee the nightly tear;
Still that voice the past recalling,
Dwells, like echo, on my ear,
Still, still!

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me,
Here forever fix'd thou art;
As thy form first shone before me,
So 'tis gravem on this heart,
Deep, deep!

Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,
Dooms me to this lasting pain,
Thou who cam'st with so much fleet
Why so slow to go again?§
Why? why?

UP, SAILOR BOY, 'TIS DAY.
Ur, sailor boy, 'tis day!
The west wind blowing,
The spring tide flowing,
Summon thee hence away.

§ Μικης και μελανενος φλειτον.
|| Δεις μει δυνα μεν εν ωνας ηνοι Ερωτος.
|| Παντα ειδωλικες εσπερατα μεν, Ερωτες Οδατ', αποτηνει εν ου δοσον ισχυτε.
IN MYRTLE WREATHS.

By AlCEUS.

In myrtle wreaths my votive sword I’ll cover,
Like them of old whose one immortal
Struck off the galling fetters that hung over
[tory low.
Their own bright land, and laid her
Yes, loved Harmodius, thou’rt undying;
Still midst the brave and free,
In isles, o’er ocean lying,
Thy home shall ever be.

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its
lightning,
[ons blade
Like his, the youth, whose ever-glori-
Leap’d forth like flame, the midnight
banquet bright’ning,
And in the dust a despot victim laid.
Blest youths, how bright in Freedom’s
Your wedded names shall be;
A tyrant’s death your glory,
Your need, a nation free!

UNPUBLISHED SONGS,
ETC.

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

Ask not if still I love,
Too plain these eyes have told thee;
Too well their tears must prove
How near and dear I hold thee.
If, where the brightest shine,
To see no form but thine,
To feel that earth can show
No bliss above thee,—
If this be love, then know
That thus, that thus, I love thee.

’Tis not in pleasure’s idle hour
That thou canst know affection’s pow’r;
No, try its strength in grief or pain;
Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever.
Thou’lt find true love’s a chain
That binds forever!

DEAR? YES.

Dear? yes, though mine no more
Ev’n this but makes thee dear.
And love, since hope is o’er,
But draws thee nearer.

Change as thou wilt to me,
The same thy charm must be;
New loves may come to wear,
Their witch’ry o’er thee,
Yet still, though false, believe
That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.
Think’st thou that sight but death could
A tie not falsehood’s self can rend? [end
No, when alone, nor off I die,
No more to see, no more cares thee,
Ev’n then, my life’s last sigh [bless thee,
Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to

MOORE’S WORKS.

Doest thou not hear the soaring swallow
sing?
Chirp, chirp,—in every note he seems’d
’Tis Spring, ’tis Spring.
Up, boy, away,—
Who’d stay on land to-day?
The very flowers
Would from their bower’s
Delight to wing away!
Leave languid youths to pine
On silken pillows,
But be the billows
Of the great deep thine.
Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, “Let us fly;”
While soft the sail, replying to the
Says, with a yielding sigh,
“YES, where you please.”
Up, boy! the wind, the ray,
The blue sky o’er thee,
The deep before thee,
All cry aloud, “Away!”
UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,
From those dark ties unbind thee;
Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,
Too long its links have twined thee.
Away from earth!—thy wings were made
In yon mid-sky to hover,
With earth beneath their dove-like shade,
And heaven all radiant over.

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,
Too long thy soul is sleeping;
And thou may'st from this minute's joy
Wake to eternal weeping.
Oh, think, this world is not for thee;
Though hard its links to sever; [be,
Though sweet and bright and dear they
Break, or thou'rt lost forever.

THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)

There's something strange, I know not
Come o'er me, [what,
Some phantom I've forever got
Before me,
I look on high, and in the sky
'Tis shining;
On earth, its light with all things bright
Seems twining,
In vain I try this goblin's spells
To sever;
Go where I will, it round me dwells
Forever.

And then what tricks by day and night
It plays me;
In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite
Waylays me.
Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
'Tis glancing;
Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,
Comes dancing,
By whispers round of every sort
I'm taunted.
Never was mortal man, in short,
So haunted.

NOT FROM THEE.

Not from thee the wound should come,
No, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
So not from thee!
Cold triumph! first to make
This heart thy own;
And then the mirror break

Where fix'd thou shh'rt alone.
Not from thee the wound should come,
Oh, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
So not from thee.
Yet no—my lips that wish recall;
From thee, from thee—
If ruin o'er this head must fall,
'Twill welcome be.
Here to the blade I bare
This faithful heart;
Wound deep—'twill find that there,
In every pulse thou art.
Yes, from thee I'll bear it all:
If ruin be
The doom that o'er this heart must fall,
'Twere sweet from thee.

GUESS, GUESS.

I love a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no eyes but mine can see;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she.
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told,
Awake the sigh, or wring the tear;—
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the Instre of her brow,
Come o'er me in my darkest ways;
And feel as if her voice, cv'n now,
Were echoing far off my lays.
There is no scene of joy or wo [bright;
But she doth gild with influence
And shed o'er all so rich a glow,
As makes cv'n tears seem full of light:
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED.

When Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er
His rosy mother's isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
A sail at sunset hove in sight.
"A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Aloft the winged sailors sprung,
And swarming up the masts like bees
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
Like broad magnolias to the breeze.
"Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
The chase was o'er—the bark was caught,
The winged crew her freight explored; And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
For all was contraband aboard.
"A prize, a prize, my Cupids all!" Said Love, the little Admiral.
Safe stow'd in many a package there, And label'd slyly o'er, as "Glass,' Were lots of all th' illegal ware,
Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.
"O'er haul, o'er haul, my Cupids all," Said Love, the little Admiral.
False curls they found, of every hue, With rosy blushes ready made; And teeth of ivory, good as new,
For veterans in the smiling trade.
"Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all," Said Love, the little Admiral.
Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
Like breezes brought of Lapland Lay ready here to be let loose, [seers,— When wanted, in young spinster's ears.
"Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all," Said Love, the little Admiral.
False papers next on board were found, Sham invoices of flames and darts, Professedly for Papho' bound, But meant for Hymen's golden marts.
"For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!" Said Love, the little Admiral.
Nay, still to every fraud awake, Those pirates all Love's signals knew, And hoisted off his flag, to make Rich wards and heiresses bring-to. *
"A foe, a foe, my Cupids all!" Said Love, the little Admiral.
"This must not be," the boy exclaims, "In vain I rule the Paphian seas."
"If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names
"Are lent to cover frauds like these."
"Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!" Said Love, the little Admiral.
Each Cupid stood with lighted match— A broadside struck the smuggling foe, And swept the whole unhallow'd batch Of falsehood to the depths below.
"Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!" Said Love, the little Admiral.
"To Barks-to, to check the course of a ship."—Pilgrim.

**STILL THOU FLEST.**

STILL thou flest, and still I woo thee, Lovely phantom,—all in vain; Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,
Fleeting ever, thou mock'st at their pain. Such doom, of old, that youth betided, Who woo'd, he thought, some angel's charms, [ed.— But found a cloud that from him hid.

As thou dost from these outstretch'd arms,

Searce I've said, "How fair thou shin-
Ere thy light hath vanish'd by; lest," And 'tis when thou look'st divinest Thou art still more sure to fly,
Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing The clouds of night, saith, "Look on me."

Then fits again, its spender hiding,— Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.

---

**THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.**

THEN first from Love, in Nature's bow'rs,
Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
And call the hues of loveliest flow'rs,
To picture woman lovelier still.
For vain was every radiant hue,
Till Passion lent a soul to art,
And taught the painter, ere he drew,
To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
Till, lo, one touch his art deflects; The brow, the lip, the blushes gone,
But who could dare to paint those eyes?
'Twas all in vain the painter strove;
So turning to that boy divine,
"Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,
"No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."

---

**HUSH, SWEET LUTE.**

Hush, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me Of past joys, now turn'd to pain; Of ties that long have ceased to bind me, But whose burning marks remain.

In each tone, some echo falleth On my ear of joys gone by; Ev'ry note some dream recalleth

Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me, Once more let thy numbers thrill;
UNPUBLISHED SONGS, ETC.

Though death were in the strain they
I must woo its ashen still. [sighing,]
Since no time can e'er recover
Love's sweet light when once 'tis set,—
Better to weep such pleasures over,
Than smile o'er any left us yet.

BRIGHT MOON.

BRIGHT moon, that high in heav'n art shining,
All beholders, as if within thy bower to—
Thy own Endymion lay reclining,
And thou wouldst wake him with a kiss of light!—
By all the bliss thy beam discovers,
By all those visions far too bright for day,
Which dreaming bards and waking
Behold, this night, beneath thy lin-
g'ring ray,—
I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,
Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,
Till Anthe, in this bow'r, hath given
Beneath thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss to me.
Guide hitter, guide her steps benighted,
Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;
Let love but in this bow'r be lighted,
Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

Long years have pass'd, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me,
Since then have dropp'd away;—
But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flow'rs 'mid Autumn's
Retain youth's color still. [snow,
And so, in our hearts, though one by one
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank heav'n, not all their light is
gone,—
We're some to cheer us yet.

Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life, e'er it fleet.
And still as death comes stealing on,
Let's never, old friend, forget,
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
How many are left us yet.

DREAMING FOREVER.

DREAMING forever, vainly dreaming.
Life to the last pursues its flight;
Day hath its visions fairly beaming,
But false as those of night.
The one illusion, the other real, [last;
But both the same brief dreams at
And when we grasp the bliss ideal,
Soon as it shines, 'tis past.
Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,
Calmly I'll watch, while light and
gloom
Flit o'er its face till night is closing—
Emblem of life's short doom!
But though, by turns, thus dark and
shining,
'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,
Whose light returns not, once declining,
Whose cloud, once come, will stay.

THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG I SING.

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

Though lightly sounds the song I sing
to thee, [be,
Though like the lack's its soaring music
Thou'd find ev'n here some mournful
note that tells [dwell.
How near such April joy to weeping
'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'n-
est steal [love to feel;
Those sadd'n'ning thoughts we fear, yet
And music never half so sweet appears,
As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is
gay— [mountain-lay,
It comes from hearts that, like their
Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleas-
ure's breath [beneath.
Most warms the surface, feel most sad
The very beam in which the snow-
wreath wears [tears,—
Its gayest smile is that which wins its
And passion's pow'r can never lead the
glow [of wo.
Which weakens bliss without some touch
THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

FLEETLY o'er the moonlight snows
Speed we to my lady's bow'r;
Swift our sledge as lightning goes,
Nor shall stop till morning's hour.
Bright, my steed, the northern star
Lights us from yon jewel'd skies;
But, to greet us, brighter far,
Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lul'd in sunny bow'rs,
Sleeping out their dream of time,
Know not half the bliss that's ours,

In this snowy, icy clime.
Like you star that livelier gleams
From the frosty heavens around,
Love himself the keener beams
When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed,
Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale;
What can match a lover's speed?
See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale!
Brightly hath the northern star
Lit us from yon radiant skies,
But, behold, how brighter far
Yonder shine my lady's eyes!

LALLA ROOKH.

TO
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

THIS EASTERN ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS VERY GRATIFYING AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

May 19, 1817.

LALLA ROOKH.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favor of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendor to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia.* During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh;|—a Princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine,§ Dewildé,|| or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and

* These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in Dow's History of Hindostan, vol. ii. p. 392.
† Tulip cheek.
‡ The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many Romances in all the languages of the East are founded.
§ For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khooren and with Periade, see D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oriental Collections, &c.
|| The history of the loves of Dewildé and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Ali, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chisera-§
§ Forishita.
Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cash-
mere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit,
was to meet, for the first time, his love-
ly bride, and after a few months' repose in
that enchanting valley, conduct her
over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of LALLA ROOKH's departure
from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine
and pageantry could make it. The ba-
zaars and baths were all covered with
the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded
barges upon the Jumna floated with
their banners shining in the water; while
through the streets groups of beautiful
children went strewing the fragrant
flowers around, as in that Persian festival
called the Scattering of the Roses;— till
every part of the city was as fragrant as if
a caravan of musk from Khotan had
passed through it. The Princess, having
taken leave of her kind father, who at
parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round
her neck, on which was inscribed a verse
from the Koran, and having sent a con-
siderable present to the Fakirs, who kept
up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's
tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen
prepared for her; and, while Aurnung-
zebe stood to take a last look from his
balcony, the procession moved slowly on
the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a
cavalcade so superb. From the gardens
in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it
was one unbroken line of splendor. The

* Gul Reazee.
† "One mark of honor or knighthood be-
stowed by the Emperor is the permission to
wear a small kettle-drum at the bows of their
saddles, which at first was invented for the
training of hawks, and to call them to the
fame, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen
to that end."—Fryer's Travels.
§ "Those on whom the King has conferred
the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on
the right side of the turban, surmounted by a
high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret.
This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the
feathers are carefully collected for the King,
who bestows them on his nobles."—Elphin-
stone's Account of Canbula.
* Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of
Turquestan, beyond the Ghien (at the end of
the eighteenth century,) whenever he appeared
abroad was preceded by seven hundred horse-
men with silver battle-axes, and was followed
by an equal number bearing maces of gold.
He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he
who used to preside at public exercises of
genius, with four basins of gold and silver by

The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and
Mogul lords, distinguished by those in-
signia of the Emperor's favor,† the feather-
er of the egret of Cashmere in their tur-
bans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-
drums at the bows of their saddles;— the
costly armor of their cavaliers, who, vied,
on this occasion, with the guards of the
great Keder Khan,‡ in the brightness of
their silver battle-axes and the massi-
ness of their maces of gold;— the glitter
ning of the gilt pine-apples§ on the tops
of the palankeens;— the embroidered
trappings of the elephants, bearing on
their backs small turrets, in the shape
of little antique temples, within which
the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay as it
were enshrined;— the rose-colored veils
of the Princess's own sumptuous litter,‖
at the front of which a fair young female
slave sat fanning her through the cur-
tains, with feathers of the Argus pheas-
ant's wing;― and the lovely troop of
Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of hon-
or, whom the young King had sent to
accompany his bride, and who rode on
each side of the litter, upon small Aru-
bian horses;— all was brilliant, tasteful,
and magnificent, and pleased even the
critical and fastidious FADLADDEEN, Great
Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who
was borne in his palankeen immediately
after the Princess, and considered him-
self not the least important personage of
the pageant.

FADLADDEEN was a judge of every
thing,—from the pencilling of a Circas-
him to distribute among the poets who ex-
celled."—Richardson's Dissertation prefixed to
his Dictionary.
§ "The kubah, a large golden knob, gen-
erally in the shape of a pineapple, on the top
of the canopy over the litter or palanquin."—
Scott's Notes on the Baharadarsah.
‖ In the Poem of Zohair, in the Moulkakat,
there is the following lively description of
"a company of maidens seated on camels:
"They are mounted in carriages covered
with costly awnings, and with rose-colored
veils, the linings of which have the hue of crims-
on Andem-wood.
"When they ascend from the bosom of the
vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth,
with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.
"Now, when they have reached the brink
of you blue-gushing rivulet, they fix the poles
of their tents like the Arab with a settled
manison."
— See Bernier's description of the attendent
on Raunchana-Begum, in her progress to
Cashmere.
sian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—

"Should the Prince at noontide say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars."—And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernat.†

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind, and delight her imagination; and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West, as "places of melacolky, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;"—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and her young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadladeen, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her parlour,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra, the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.† At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the Lake of Tomoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talah, "the Lake of Pearls," which it still retains.—Wilke's South of India.

Lalla Rookh, ambassador from James I. to Jehangibre.

† "The romance Wemakwezra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet."—Note on the Oriental Tales.

‡ Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Namâ of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side.—See Champion's translation.

§ Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deeve, or White Demon, see Oriental Collections, vol. ii. p. 45.—Near the city of Shiraz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelsat-i-Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his Gasophiladum Persiconum, p. 137, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—See Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies.
horror of the good Musulman Fadla-

deen, who could see nothing graceful or
agreable in idolaters, and to whom the
very tinkling of their golden anklets* was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions
were repeated till they lost all their
charm, and the nights and noodays
were beginning to move heavy, when,
at length, it was recollected that, among
the attendants sent by the bridegroom,
was a young poet of Cashmere, much
celebrated throughout the Valley for his
manner of reciting the Stories of the
East, on whose Royal Master had
conferred the privilege of being admitted
to the pavilion of the Princess, that he
might help to beguile the tediousness of
the long hours of his most agree-
able recitals. At the mention of a poet,
Fadladeen elevated his critical eye-
brows, and, having refreshed his facul-
ties with a dose of that delicious opium†
which is distilled from the black poppy
of the Thebais, gave orders for the min-
istrld to be forth with introduced into the
presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life
seen a poet from behind the screens of
gauze in her Father's hall, and had con-
ceived from that specimen no very favor-
able ideas of the caste, expected but lit-
tle in this new exhibition to interest her;
—she felt inclined, however, to alter her
opinion on the very first appearance of
Peramor. He was a youth about
Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as
that idol of women, Krishna;—such as he appears to their imagina-
tions, heroic, beautiful, breathing music
from his very eyes, and exalting the re-
ligion of his worshippers into love. His
dress was simple, yet not without some
marks of costliness; and the Ladies of
the Princess were not long in discover-
ing that the cloth, which encircled his
high Tartarip cap, was of the most
delicate kind that the shawl-goats of
Tibet supply.§ Here and there, too,
over his vest, which was confined by a
flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings
of fine pearl, disposed with an air of
studied negligence,—nor did the exqui-
site embroidery of his sandals escape the
observation of these fair critics; who,
however they might give way to Fad-
ladeen upon the unimportant topics of
religion and government, had the spirit
of martyrs in everything relating to such
momentous matters as jewels and emb-
roidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses
of recitation by music, the young Cash-
merian held in his hand a kitar;—such as,
in old times, the Arab maids of the
West used to listen to by moonlight in
the gardens of the Alhambra—and, hav-
ing promised, with much humility, that
the story he was about to relate was
founded on the adventures of that Veiled
Prophet of Khorassan,|| who, in the year
of the Hegira 163, created such alarm
throughout the Eastern Empire, made
an obeisance to the Princess, and thus
began:

THE VEILED PROPHET OF

KHORASSAN.¶

In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,

The Indian Apollo.—§ He and the three
Ramas are described as youths of perfect
beauty; and the princesses of Hindustan were
all passionately in love with Chrihsna, who
continues to this hour the darling God of the
Indian women.—Sir W. Jones, on the Gods
of Greece, Italy, and India.

§ See Turner's Embassy for a description of
this animal, "the most beautiful among the
whole tribe of goats." The material for the
shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found
next the skin.

¶ For the real history of this Impostor, whose
original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and
who was called Mocanna from the veil of silver
gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he
always wore, see D'Herbelot.

|| Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian
language, Province or Region of the Sun.—Sir
W. Jones.

"The women of the Idol, or dancing-girls
of the Pagoda, have little golden bells fastened
to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling
of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite
melody of their voices."—Maurice's Indian
Antiquities.

"The Arabian courtiers, like the Indian
women, have little golden bells fastened round
their legs, neck and elbows, to the sound of
which they dance before the King. The Ara-
bian princesses wear golden rings on their fin-
gers, to which little bells are suspended, as
well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that
the superior rank may be known, and they
themselves receive in passing the homage due
to them."—See Schedule's Dictionary, art Bells.

"Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebade, où il
croît beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le
meilleur opium."—D'Herbelot.
MOORE'S WORKS.

Where all the loveliest children of his
beam,
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over ev'ry
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga
roves;
Among MERO's bright palaces and
There on that throne, to which the blind
belief
Chief,
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-
The Great MOHANNA. O'er his features
hung
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had
In mercy there, to hide from mortal
sight
Hiss dazzling brow, till man could bear its
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed
O'er MOUSSA's cheek; § when down
the Mount he trod, [God!
All glowing from the presence of his

On either side, with ready hearts and
hands; [stands;
His chosen guard of bold Believers
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem
their swords, [words;
On points of faith, more eloquent than
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand [mand,
Uplifted there, but at the Chief's com-
Would make his own devoted heart its
sheath, [death;
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night,||
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy
white; [for speed;
Their weapons various—some equip'd
With javelins of the light Kathian reed; ¶
[quivers
Or bows of buffalo horn and shining
 Fill'd with the stems** that bloom on
IRAN's rivers; ††
Tacks,
While some, for war's more terrible at-
Wield the huge mace and ponderous
battle-axe; [beam
And as they wave aloft in morning's
The milk-white plumage of their helmets, they seem
Like a chenan-tree grove; ‡ when winter
thaws [snows.
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering

Between the porphyry pillars that up-
hold [gold,
The rich moresque-work of the roof of
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where through the silken network, glanc-
ing eyes, [that glow
From time to time, like sudden gleams
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the
pomp below.— [would dare
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints,
To hint that aught but Heaven hath
placed you there?  ] could bind,
Or that the loves of this light chain,
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soar-
ing mind? [from above
No—wrongful thought!—commission'd
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of
love, [and eyes
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips
They wear on earth will serve in Para-
dise,)
[unrived,
There to recline among Heaven's native
And crown th' Elect with bliss that never
[done;
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding
And ev'ry beauteous race beneath the
sun, [ing founts,§§
From those who kneel at BRAHMA's burn-
of Kathian reeds, slender and delicate.—
* Poesia Amara.
** Pichulla, used anciently for arrows by the
Persians.
†† The Persians called this plant Gaz. The
celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their
ancient heroes, was made of it.—* Nothing
can be more beautiful than the appearance of this
plant in flower during the rains on the banks
of rivers, where it is usually interwoven
with a lovely twining asclepias*—Sir W.
Jones, Botanical Observations on Select Indian
Plants.
§§ The burning fountains of Brahna near
Chittogong, esteemed as holy.—Turner.
In that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where all the lovliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Meron's bright palaces and groves;—
There on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief.
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Ye-
men's mounts;
From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like
To the small, half-shut glances of
Kathay;*
[darker smiles,
And Georgia's bloom, and Azar's
And the gold ringslets of the Western
Isles;
[hath given,
All, all are there;—each land its flower
To form that fair young Nursery for
Heaven!
But why this pageant now? this arm'd
array?
[to-day
What triumph crowds the rich Divan
With turban'd heads, of ev'ry hue and
race,
Bowling before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds, of different shape and
dyes,
[bending beneath the invisible West
What new-made mystery now, for Faith
to sign,
And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,
What dazzling mimicry of God's own
power
[this hour]
Hath the bold Prophet planned to grace
Not such the pageant now, though not
less proud;
[crowd,
Yon warrior youth, advancing from the
With silver bow, with belt of broder'd
crape;
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like war's wild planet in a summer sky;
That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth
hordes
[swords,—
Of cooler spirits and less practised
Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
The creed and standard of the heav'n-
sent Chief.
Though few his years, the West al-
ready knows
[pian snows,
Young Aziz's fame;—beyond th' Olym-
phere manhood darken'd o'er his downy
cheek,
[Greek,]
O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the
He linger'd there, till peace dissolv'd
his chains;—
[the plains
Oh, who could, e'en in bondage, tread
Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit
rise
[and eyes,
Kindling within him? who, with heart
Could walk where liberty has been, nor
see
The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
Nor feel those godlike breathings in the
air
[there? Which mutely told her spirit had been
Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too
well
[spell;
For his soul's quiet work'd th' awak'n ing
And now, returning to his own dear
land,
[ly grand,
Full of those dreams of good that, vain-
Haunt the young heart,—pride of views of
human kind,
Of men to Gods exalted and refined,—
False views, like that horizon's fair de-
celt,
[to meet!—
Where earth and heav'n but seem, alas,
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was
raised
[blazed
To right the nations, and beheld, em-
On the white flag, Mokanna's host un-
furl'd,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to
the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul
obey'd
Th' inspiring summons; every chosen
blade
[text
That fought beneath that banner's sacred
Seem'd doubly edged, for this world and
the next:
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth
bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
In virtue's cause;—never was soul in-
spired
[ed,
With livelier trust in what it most desir-
Than his, th' enthusiastic, who kneel-
ing, pale
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
Believes the form, to which he bends his
knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and
stain,
And bring its primal graces back again!
their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of
a kind of silk crape, several times round the
body."
—Account of Independent Tartary, in
Pinkerton's Collection.
§ In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against
the Empress Irene, for an account of which
vide Gibbon, vol. 2.

*Lalla Rookh.
Low as young Azim knelt, that motley crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
With shouts of "Alla!" echoing long and loud; [head, while high in air, above the Prophet's Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread, [that] fan
Waved, like the wings of the white birds
The flying throne of star-taught Soul-MAN.* [new the frame
Then thus he spoke:—"Stranger, though
"Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
[change and change
"For many an age,† in ev'ry chance
"Of that existence, through whose varied range,— [hand to hand
"As through a torch-race, where, from
"The flying youths transmit their shining brand, [guish'd soul
"From frame to frame the unextinct,
"Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!
"Nor think 'tis only the gross Spirits, warm'd
[form'd, 'With duskier fire and for earth's medi-
"That run this course:—Beings, the most divine, [shine. "Thus deign through dark mortality to
"Such was the Essence that in Adam dwelt, [One, knelt:
"To which all Heav'n, except the Proud
"Such the refined Intelligence that glow'd [scending, flow'd
"In MOUSSA's frame,—and, thence de-
"Through many a Prophet's breast;]:— In ISSA's shone, [ring on,
"And in MOHAMMED burn'd; till, last,
"(As a bright river that, from fall to fall

*This wonderful Throne was called The Star of the Gemi. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled "The History of Jerusalem," Oriental Collections, vol. i, p. 235.—When Solomon travelled, the eastern writers say, "He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—Sade's Koran, vol. ii. p. 214, note.

† The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines—Vida D'Herbelot.

"In many a maze descending, bright through all,
"Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth pass'd, [last,
"In one full lake of light it rests at
"That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free [me!
"From lapse or shadow, centres all in

Again, throughout th' assembly at these words, [swords
Thousands of voices rung: the warriors Were pointed up to heaven; a sudden wind [hind
In th' open banners play'd, and from be:- Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen [were seen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands Waving embroidered scarves, whose goal gave [wave
A perfume forth—like those the Houris When beck'ning to their bow'r's th' immor-

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime, [time
"That claim a holier mood and calmer
"Than earth allows us now,—this sword must first [burst,
"The darkling prison-house of Mankind
"Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in [sin,
"Her wakening daylight on a world of
"But then,—celestial warriors, then, when all [banner fail;
"Earth's shrines and thrones before our
"When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down [his crown,
"His broken chain, the tyrant Lord
"The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath, [breath
"And from the lips of Truth one mighty

"And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all worshipped him, ex-
cept Ebiss, (Lucifer,) who refused."—The Koran, chap. ii.

7 Moses.

|| This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokana:—"Sa doctrine étoit, que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine, depuis qu'il eut commande aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu' aprés la mort d'Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophetes, et autres grands hommes qu'il avoit choisis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moséen, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professe l'erreur de la Tou-

asskiah ou Métémesphose; et qu'apres la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne."—Jean.
"Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze [cries;—
That whole dark pile of human mock-
Then shall the reign of mind com-
ence on earth, [birth, 
And starting fresh as from a second
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring, [holy thing! 
Shall walk transparent, like some
"Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow [dors now,
Shall cast the Veil that hides its splen-
And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse, [nuance!
"Bask in the glories of this counte-

"For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet [forget, 
"Some tasks to learn, some frailties to
"Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave; [grave!"
"But, once my own, mine all till in the

The pomp is at an end—the crowds are gone—[tone
Each ear and heart still haunted by the Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like
ALLA'S own!
The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances, [caught glances;
The ght't ring throne, and Haram's half-
The Old deep pond'ring on the promised reign [train
Of peace and truth: and all the female Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaza [blaze! 
A moment on that brow's miraculous

But there was one, among the chosen maids, [shades, 
Who blushed behind the gallery's silken One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day [dismay, 
Has been like death:—you saw her pale Ye wond'ring sisterhood, and heard the burst 
Of exclamation from her lips, when first She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known, [throne. 
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's

Ah ZELICA! there was a time, when bliss [his; 
Shone o'er thy heart from ev'ry look of

When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air [est prayer; 
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fond-
When round him hung such a perpetual spell Whate'er he did, none ever did so well. 
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flow'r [hour; 
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that When thou didst study him till every tone [own—
And gesture and dear look became thy Thy voice like his, the changes of his face [grace, 
In thine reflected with still lovelier Like echo, sending back sweet music, caught With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought! [he
Yet now he comes,—brighter than even E'er beam'd before,—but, ah! not bright for thee;
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant From th' other world, he comes as if to haunt [light, 
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost de-
Long lost to all but mem'ry's aching sight:— [Youth
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth [back, 
And innocence once ours, and leads us In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track [ray
Of our young life, and points out every Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—In proud Bok-
HARA'S groves, [ful loves? 
Who had not heard of their first youth-born by that ancient flood, * which from its spring [fug, 
In the dark Mountains swiftly wander-
Enrich'd by ev'ry pilgrim brook that shone [mines, 
With relics from Bucharia's ruby And, lending to the Caspian half its strength, [length;—
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at There, on the banks of that bright river born, 
The flow'rs that hung above its wave at morn,

which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Arul Nair, or the Lake of Eagles.
MOORE’S WORKS.

Bless’d not the waters, as they murmur’d by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the And virgin-glance of first affection cast Upon their youth’s smooth current, as it pass’d!
But war disturb’d this vision,—far away From her fond eyes summon’d to join th’ array
Of Persia’s warriors on the hills of The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place For the rude tent and war-field’s dreadful clash;
His Zelica’s sweet glances for the flash Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love’s gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on Byzantium’s

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers Their suns away—but, ah, how cold and dim [with him!]
Ev’n summer suns, when not beheld From time to time ill-omen’d rumors came, [man’s name,]
Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick Just ere he dies:—at length those sounds of dread [dead!]
Fell with’ring on her soul, “Azim is Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate f desolate
First leaves the young heart lone and In the wide world, without that only tie For which it loved to live or fear’d to die:— [hath spoken]
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that never Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such, [touch;
Erv reason sunk,—blighted beneath its And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose Above the first dead pressure of its woes, Though health and bloom return’d, the delicate chain [again.
Of thought, once tangled, never clear’d
Warm, lively, soft as in youth’s happiest day. [astray;—
The mind was still all there, but turn’d A wand’ring bark, upon whose pathway shone [one! All stars of heaven, except ‘the guiding
Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smiled,

But ’twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild; And when she sung to her lute’s touching strain, [pain,
’Twas like the notes, half ecstacy, half The bulbul* utters, ere her soul depart, When, vanquish’d by some minstrel’s pow’ful art, [broke her heart!
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness

Such was the mood in which that mission found [around Young Zelica,—that mission, which The Eastern world, in every region bless’d [liest,
With woman’s smile, sought out its love To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes Which the Veil’d Prophet destined for the skies:— [eulogizes
And such quick welcome as a spark re Dropp’d on a bed of Autumn’s wither’d leaves, Did every tale of these enthusiasts find In the wild maiden’s sorrow-blighted mind. [caught;—
All fire at once the madd’ning zeal she Elect of Paradise! liest, rapturous thought! [done.
Predestined bride, in heaven’s eternal Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say “of some?”
No—of the one, one only object traced In her heart’s core too deep to be ef faced; [twined
The one whose mem’ry, fresh as life, is With every broken link of her lost mind; Whose image lives, though Reason’s self be wreck’d, Safe ’mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor Zelica! it needed all The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall, [maids
To see in that gay Haram’s glowing A shaded colony for Eden’s shades; Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame [came
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining From Paradise, to people its pure sphere With souls like thine, which he hath ruin’d here! No—had not reason’s light totally set, And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet In the loved image, graven on thy heart, Which would have saved thee from the tempter’s art, And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,

* The nightingale.
LALLA ROOKH.

That purity, whose fading is love's death—

But lost, inflamed,-a restless zeal took
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;

First of the Prophet's favorites, proudly
In zeal and charms,—too well the Im-

postor nursed [flame, her soul's delirium, in whose active
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
He saw more potent sorceries to bind
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
More subtle chains than hell itself could
twined.

No art was spared, no witch'ry—all the
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
Her mind with gloom and ecstacy by
That gloom, through which Phrensy but fierceer burns;
Sadness
That ecstacy, which from the depth of
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose
light is madness!

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poesy and music breathed around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heav'n, her destined sphere,
[that lay
Where all was pure, where every stain
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should forever rove
[Azim's side, through fields of fragrance by her
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride:

'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel-house;—through all its steams
Of damp and death, led only by those
signs
Which foul Corruption lights, as with de-
To show the gay and proud she too can shine—
[Dead, And, passing on through upright ranks of
Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by
dread, [round them cast, Seem'd, through the blush death-light
To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—
[had quaff'd
There, in that awful place, when each
And pledged in silence such a fearful draught,

Such—oh! the look and taste of that red
bowl!
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound
her soul [framed,
By a dark oath, in hell's own language
Never, while earth his mystic presence
claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er
Never, by that all-imprecatng oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed,
"Never, never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly giv'n
[to heav'n;
To him, and—she believed, lost maid!—
Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed.
[ram named
How proud she stood, when in full Ha-
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes
With light, alas, that was not of the skies,
When round, in trances, only less than hers,
[worshippers. She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate
Well might MOKANNA think that form alone
[own:—
Had spells enough to make the world his
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings away:
[smiled,
Lips in whose rosy labyrinths, when she
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across th' uncalm, but beauteous firma-
ment.
[heart so wise
And then her look—oh! where's the
Could unbewilder'd meet those match-
less eyes?
[withal, Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth
—now cross'd [had lost;
By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart
In ev'ry glance there broke, without control,
[soul, The flashes of a bright, but troubled
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had
made!

And such was now young ZELICA—
so changed [lighted ranged
From her who, some years since, de
The almond groves that shade Bokhara's tide,
All life and bliss, with Azim by her
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
The vision of that Youth, whom she had
Had wept as dead, before her breathed and moved;
[Edward's track
When—bright, she thought, as if from
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
Again to earth, glist'ning with Eden's
Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

O Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken
Through what small vistas o'er the dark'en'd brain
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;
And how, like forts, to which beleaguerers win
[friend within,
Unhop'd-for entrance through some
One clear idea, waken'd in the breast
By mem'ry's magic, lets in all the rest.
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
[ially,
But though light came, it came but par
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
[thence;
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
[save,
But not to point the harbor which might
Hours of delightful and peace, long left behind,
[herself;
With that dear form came rushing o'er
But, oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
[moments shone;
In shame and falsehood since those
And, then, her oath—there madness lay
again,
[chain
And, shudd'ring, back she sunk into her
Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee
From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
[years
Yet, one relief this glance of former
Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears,
Floodes of tears,
[rolls
Long frozen at her heart, but now like
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy
hills,
[frost.
And gushing warm, after a sleep of
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.

Sad and subdued, for the first time
Her frame [tense came,
Trembled with horror, when the surp
(A summons proud and rare, which at
but she, [stay;
And she, till now, had heard with ec
To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer.
A garden oratory, cool and fair,
[prayer,
By the stream's sid', where still at
Close of day
The Prophet of the Veil retired to
Sometimes alone—but, o'er her far, with
One, One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favor in his
Sight
[since that nig
As the young Priestess; and though
When the death-caverns echo'd every
Tone
[own,
Of the dire oath that made her all his
'Th' Impostor, surr. of his infatuate prize,
Had, more than once, thrown off his
soul's disguise,
[things,
And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous
As ev'n across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
[and doubt—
Threw startling shadows of dismay
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought, still haunting her, of that
Bright brow,
[conceal'd,
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her
reveal'd,
[ dear,
To her alone;—and then the hope, most
Most wild of all, that her transgression here
[grocer fire,
Was but a passage through earth's
From which the spirit would at last aspire,
[rise
Ev'n purer than before—as perfumes
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies
[brace
And that when Azim's fond, divine em
Should circle her in heav'n, no dark'n
ing trace
[remain,
Would on that bosom he once loved
But all be bright, be pure, be his again!—
These were the wild ring dreams, whose
cursed deceit
[temper's feet,
Had chained her soul beneath the
And made her think ev'n damning false
hood sweet.
[her view,
But now that Shape, which had appall'd
That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true!
LALLA ROOKH.

Which came across her phrensy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As when, in northern seas, at midnight
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,
[their sleep, And, starting all its wretches from
By one cold impulse hurl them to the deep:—
could bear,
So came that shock not phrensy's self
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
it in despair!
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink
Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk.
[kioksi.
She now went slowly to that small Where, pondering alone his impious dreams,
MOKANNA waited her—too wrap't in Of the fair-rip'ning future's rich success,
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound
[ground,—
Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance
[a trance!
Was thrilling fire, whose ev'ry thought
Upon his couch the Veil'd MOKANNA lay,
While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,
Glimm'ring and cold, to those who nightly pray
[arcades,—
In holy Koom,* or MECCA's dim
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maid's [glow
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious
* The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mezquas, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the Saints of Persia.—*Charsin.
† An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.
‡ The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.
§ The god Hannaman.—"Ape's are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race."—Pennant's Hindoostan.
See a curious account, in Stephen's Persia, of a solemn embassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey's tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanasutan.

Upon his mystic Veil's white glitt'ring flow,
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there, [golden wine.
Stood Vases, filled with KISIMEE'S And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine:
[a draught
Of which his curi'nd lips full many
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
[pow'r
Like ZEMZEM's Spring of Holiness; had
To freshen the soul's virtues into flow'r.
And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
[revery;
Th' approaching maid, so deep his
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke
From EBILS at the Fall of Man, he spoke:
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given, [kin with heav'n;
"Too mean for earth, yet claiming
"God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he [deity;—
"Whom INDIA serves, the monkey
"Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
[say,
"To whom if LUCIFER, as grandams
"Refused, though at the forfeit of heaven's light.
[right!]
"To bend in worship, LUCIFER was
"Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck [or check,
"Of your foul race, and without fear
"Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
"My deep-felt, long-nursed loathing of man's name! [and fierce
"Soon at the head of myriads, blind
"As hooded falcons, through the universe

* This resolution of Ebils not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted:—"The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years; the angels, in the mean time, often visiting it, and Ebils (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, not content with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung, and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such."—Sale on the Koran.
"I'll sweep my dark'ning, desolating way,
"Weak man my instrument, cursed man my prey!

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on,
"By the dim twinkling gleams of ages,
"Like superstitious thieves, who think the light 
[best at night —]

"From dead men's narrow guides them
"Ye shall have honors — wealth — yes, 
[Sages, yes —] [nothingness;]

"I know, grave fools, your wisdom's
"Undazzled it can track you starry sphere, [here.]

"But a glib stick, a bauble binds it
"How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along, [song,

"In lying speech, and still more lying
"By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng; [shrunken so small, 

"Their shrivelled up, their wisdom
"A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

"Ye too, believers of incredible creeds, [sters which it breeds;
"Whose faith enthrones the moon
"Who, bolder ev'n than Nemrod, think to rise, [the skies;

"By nonsense heap'd on nonsense, to
"Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too, [but true.

"Seep, hard, attested, every thing—
"Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek [they speak;

"One grace of meaning for the things
"Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood, [stood;

"For truths too loth'ning to be under—
"And your State Priests, sole venders of the lore, [shore

"That works salvation; — as, on Aya's
"Where none but priests are privileged to trade; [are made; 

"In that best marble of which Gods
"They shall have mysteries — ay, precious stult, [enough; 

"For knaves to thrive by — mysteries
"Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave.

A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Head of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition. [The material of which images of Gauduma

"Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
"While craftier feign belief, till they believe.

"A Heav'n too ye must have, ye lords of dust,— [must; 

"A splendid Paradise,— pure souls, ye 
"That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,

"Who finds not Heav'n to suit the tastes of all; [sages, 

"Houris for boys, omniscience for
"And wings and glories for all ranks and ages. [spirits,

"Vain things! — as lust or vanity in—
"The heav'n of each is but what each desires, [be,

"And, soul or sense, whate'er the object
"Man would be man to all eternity! 

"So let him — Eblis! — grant this

crowning curse, [were worse.

"But keep him what he is, no Hell

"Oh my lost soul!" exclaim'd the
shudd'ring maid, [said: —

Whose ears had drunk like poison all he 
[Mokanna started — not abash'd, afraid,— [dwell

He knew no more of fear than one who 
Beneath the tropics knows of icles! 
But, in those dismal words that reach'd his ear,

"Oh my lost soul!" there was a sound 
So like that voice, among the sinful dead, 
[is read, 
In whose record o'er Hell's Gate 
That, new as 'twas from her, whom 
naught could dim
Or sink till now, it started even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with
ready wile, [whose smile 
Th' Imposter turn'd to greet her — "thou, 
"Hath inspiration in its rosy beam

"Beyond th' Enthusiast's hope or Pro-
phet's dream; [for's zeal

"Light of the Faith! who twin'est relig. 
"So close with love's, men know not
which they feel, [of heart,

"Nor which to sigh for, in their trance 
"The heav'n thou preachest or the heav'n thou art! [out thee 

"What should I be without thee? with-

(th' Birman Deity) are made, is held sacred.

"Birmanas may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity ready made."—

"How dull were power, how joyless victory!"—[of thine
"Though born by angels, if that smile
"Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.

[eyes, that shone
"But—why so mournful, child? those
"All life last night—what!—is their glory gone?—[made them pale,
"Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath

"They want rekindling—suns themselves would fail—they,

"Did not their comets bring, as I to
"From light's own fount supplies of brilliancy. —[earth is here,
"Thou seest this cup—no juice of
"But the pure waters of that upper sphere,—[flow,

"Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz
"Catching the gem's bright color, as they go. —[furns

"Nightly my Genii come and fill thou
"Nay, drink—in ev'ry drop life's essence burns;—[eyes all light—

"'Twill make that soul all fire, those
"Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night:

"There a youth—why start?—thou saw'st him then;—[men

"Look'd he no nobly? such the godlike
"Thou've to woo thee in the bow's above; —[stern for love,

"Though he, I fear hath thoughts too
"Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss

"The world calls virtue—we must conquer this; —[for thee

"Nay, shrink not, pretty sage, 'tis not
"To scan the mazes of Heav'n's mystery:

"[it can yield

"The steel must pass through fire, ere
"Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.

"This very night I mean to try the art

"Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart. —[and wit,

"All that my Haram boasts of bloom

"Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite, —[ZELA's blue eyes,

"Shall tempt the boy—young MIR.

"Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies; —[day sun,

"AROUYA's cheeks, warm as a spring

"And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,

"Have magic in their pressure; ZEDA's

"And LILLA's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot

"Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the

"All shall combine their witching powers to steep

"My convert's spirit in that softening

"From which to heav'n is but the next advance; —[breast,

"That glowing, yielding fusion of the

"On which Religion stamps her image best. —[each nymph of these

"But hear me, Priestess!—though

"Hath some peculiar, practised pow'r to please, —[ror tried,

"Some oblige or step which, at the mirth

"First charms herself, then all the world beside; —[vict'ry sure,

"There still wants one, to make the

"One who in every look joins every lute;

"Through whom all beauty's beams concentrated pass, [burning glass;

"Dazzling and warm, as through love's

"Whose gentle lips persuade without a word, —[are adored,

"Whose words, ev'n when unmeaning,

"Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,

"Which our faith takes for granted are divine!

"Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light, [to-night;

"To crown the rich temptations of

"Such the refined enchantress that must be [art she?"

"This hero's vanquisher,—and thou

With her hands clas'd, her lips apart and pale, —[Veil

The maid had stood, gazing upon the From which these words, like south winds through a fence [silence;—

Of Kerzrah flow'rs, came fill'd with pes.-So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread

Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled, —[plunged in,

And the wretch felt assured that, once Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream [whose beam

Seem'd all he said: nor could her mind,

As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme, —[art she?"

But when, at length, he utter'd, "Thou

Juno or July passes over that flower, (the Kerzrah,) it will kill him."—Thevenot.
All flash'd at once, and shrieking pitiously,
[God to whom
"Oh, not for worlds!" she cried—"Great
"I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?
[heavenly bliss,
"Are all my dreams, my hopes of
"My purity, my pride, then come to
"To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be
"The pander of his guilt—oh infancy!
"And sunk, myself, as low as hell can
steep
"In its hot flood, drag others down as
"Others—ha! yes—that youth who
 came to-day—
[deep
"Not him I loved—not him—oh! do but
"But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
[ship even thee!"
"And I will serve, dark fiend, will wor-

Beware, young; raging thing;—in
time beware,
[hear,
"Nor utter what I cannot, must not
"Ev'n from thy lips. Go—try thy lute,
[voice,
"The boy must feel their magic;— I
[rejoice
"To see those fires, no matter whence
they rise,
[eyes;
"Once more illumining my fair Priestess'
"And should the youth, whom soon
 those eyes shall warm,
"Indeed resemble thy dead lover's form,
"So much the happier wilt thou find
 thy doom,
[loom,
"As one warm lover, full of life and
"Exceeds ten thousand cold ones in the
tomb,
[eyes were made
"Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet!—those
"For love, not anger—I must be
 obey'd."

"Obe'y'd!—'tis well—yes, I deserve
it all—
[cannot fall
"On me, on me Heav'n's vengeance
"Too heavily—but Azim, brave and
true
"And beautiful—must he be ruin'd too?
"Must he too, glorious as he is, be
driven
[Heaven?
"A renegade like me from Love and
"Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him
—not like me;
[purity
"No—he's all truth and strength and

* The humming-bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile's teeth. The same circumstance is related of the lip-

"Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to
the brim,
[for him
"Its witch'ry, fiends, will have no charm
"Let loose your glowing wantons from
their bow'rs,
[powers
"He loves, he loves, and can defy their
"Wretch as I am, in his heart still I
regain
[stain!
"Pure as when first we met, without a
"Though ruin'd—lost—my mem'ry, like a
charm
[from harem.
"Left by the dead, still keeps his soul
"Oh! never let him know how deep the
 brow
[now;—
"He kiss'd at parting, is dishonor'd
"Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk
is she,
[loves dotingly.
"Whom once he loved—once!—still
"Thou laugh'st, tormentor—what!—
thou'lt brand my name? [shame—
"Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my
"He thinks me true, that naught be-
neath God's sky
"Could tempt or change me, and—so
 once thought I. [death my lot,
"But this is past—though worse than
"Than hell—'tis nothing while he knows
it not.
"Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
"Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I
die;
[whence she came,
"Where none will ask the lost one
"But I may fade and fall without a
soul
[whate'er thou art.
"And thou—cursed man or fiend,
"Who found'st this burning plague-spot
in my heart,
"And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—
through soul and frame, [came
"With more than demon's art, till I be-
"A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all
flame!—
"If, when I'm gone—"

"Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
"Nor tempt my rage—by Heaven, not
half so bold
[hum
"The puny bird, that dares with teasing
"Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws
to come;"
"And so thou'lt fly, forsooth!—what!—
give up all
wing, as a fact to which he was witness, by
Paul Lucas, Voyage fait en 1714.
The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into
the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed atJava.—Barrow's Cookin-China.
LALLA ROOKH.

"Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
Where now to Love and now to ALA,
Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!
[run,
"Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles
The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon
As easily, when caught, the prey may
Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide,
Thou'rt mine till death, till death Mona-Kanna's bride!
Hast thou forgot thy oath?"—

At this dread word,
The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
[anger there,
Through all its depths, and roused an
That burst and lighten'd even through
[breath
Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the
That spoke that word, and stagger'd pale as death.
"Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek
in bow'r's
[was ours!
'Their bridal place—the charnel vault—
Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
[bly;
Rose the rich streams of sweet mortality
[Gay, flick'ring death-light's shone while we were wed,
[Dead,
"And for our guests a row of goodly
[Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,
[look'd out!
"From rocking shrouds upon the rite
[That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine repeat—
[was it sweet?
[That cup—thou shudd'rest, Lady,—
[That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest wine,
[all mine;
"Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul
'Bound thee by chains that, whether bless'd or cursed
[burst!
"No matter now, not hell itself shall

* Circum canem ripas (XIII. vix.) alas est fbris. Ea serpens popultur ova, gratissimi- manque ex eis escam Niliusus refert.—Soliman.
"The feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yantcheou with more magnificence than any where else; and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to

"Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,
[yet stay—
"Look wild, look—any thing but sad;
One moment more—from what this
night hath pass'd,
[at last,
"I see thou know'st me, know'st me well
"Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou
thought'rt all true,
[do—
"And that I love mankind?—I do, I
"As victims, love them; as the sea-dog
dotes
[him floats;
"Upon the small, sweet fry that round
"Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime
[which she lives!—*
"That rank and venomous food on
"And, now thou see'st my soul's an-
gelic hue,
[tain'd too;—
"'Tis time these features were uncur-
"This brow, whose light—oh rare cele-
tial light!
[yor'd sight;
"Hath been reserved to bless thy fa-
"These dazzling eyes, before whose
[and quake—
"Thou'rt seen immortal Man kneel'd down
"Would that they were heaven's light-
nings for his sake! [thou wilt,
"But turn and look—then wonder, if
"That I should hate, should take re-
vengage, by guilt,
[whose mirth
"Upon the hand, whose mischief or
"Sent me thus main'd and monstrous
[upon earth;
[vile they be
"And on that race who, though more
"Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to
[me! [to damn,
"Here—judge if hell, with all its power
"Can add one curse to the foul thing I
am!"—

He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd
slowly round, [upon the ground! Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were sur-
prised and delighted to find the groves all around illuminated; some artists of Yan-tcheou having been sent on prev

transport them thither in a trice. He made
them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones
that were borne up by swans which in a mo-
ment arrived at Yantcheou. The Emperor
saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being car-
ried upon a cloud that hovered over the city
and descended by degrees; and came back
again with the same speed and equipage, no-
body at court perceiving his absence.—The
Present State of China, p. 156.
onsly for the purpose. On each side of the green alley which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work* were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton.—Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendor to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yantcheon,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.†

Without a moment's delay, young Feramor was introduced, and Fadladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnad near her, proceeded:

Prepare thy soul, young Azim!—thou hast braved
The bands of Greece, still mighty though enslaved;
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;

All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow;
But a more perils trial waits thee
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
Or sighs;
From every land where woman smiles
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash
That lightens boldly through the shadowy hush,
To the sly, stealing splenders, almost hid.
Like swords half-shareth'd, beneath the
downcast lid:
Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Thrall, Who feels her brightness, yet deifies her
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers,
Moving lights and busy shapes proclaim the toilet's
From room to room the ready handmaids he,
Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but one eye shone,
Like Sera's Queen could vanquish with that one:‡
[Imbue]
While some bring leaves of Henna, to
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,
[Seem]
Sorbright, that in the mirror's depth they
Like tips of coral branches in the stream:
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom."—Present State of China.

‡ "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes."—Sol. Song.

§ "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna, so that they resembled branches of coral."—Story of Prince Fatton in Bakardannah.

* See a description of the nuptials of Victor Alee in the Asiatic Annual Register of 1804.

† "The vulcan ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous Mandarin, whose daughter, walking one evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this affected father, with his family, ran thither and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,* [are proud to call Which makes the maidens, whom kings From fair Circeasia’s vales, so beautiful. All is in motion; rings, and plumes, and pearls [girls Are shining ev’rywhere:—some younger Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds, [heads; To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, ’tis to see [tree How each thread bears a garland from that Which brings to mind her childhood’s innocent day [away. And the dear fields and friendships far The maid of India, bless’d again to hold In her full lap the Champac’s leaves of gold,† [flood, Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges’ Her little playmates scatter’d many a [gleam Upon her long black hair, with glossy Just dripping from the consecrated stream; While the young Arab, haunted by the spell,— [spell, Of her own mountain flow’rs, as by a The sweet Elcaya,‡ and that courteous tree Which bows to all who seek its canopy,§ Sees, call’d up round her by these magic [tents; The well, the camels, and her father’s Sighs for the home she left with little [pain, And wishes ev’n its sorrows back again! Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls, [falls Silent and bright, where nothing but the Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound *

"The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black Kohol."—Russell.

"None of these ladies," says Shaw, "take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tangled the hair and edges of their eyelids with the powder of lead-ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quilt, and then drawing it afterwards through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 39) may be supposed to mean by rendering the eyes with painting. This practice is no doubt of great antiquity; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (1 Kings, ix. 30) to have painted her face, the original words are, she From many a jasper fount, is heard around, Young Azim roams bewildered,—nor can guess [loneliness. What means this maze of light and Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors [dors, Or mats of Cairo, through long corri-Where, ranged in casolets and silver urns, Sweet wood of aloes or of sandal burns; And spicied rods, such as illumine at night The bow‘rs of Tibet,‖ send forth odor- ous light, [the road Like Peris’ wands, when pointing out For some pure Spirit to its blest abode:— And here, at once, the glittering saloon Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon; [rays Where, in the midst, reflecting back the In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays [tow'r High as th’ enamelled’ cupola, which All rich with Arabesques of gold and [flow’rs, Through and the mosaic floor beneath shines The sprinkling of that fountain’s silv’ry dew, [dye, Like the wet, glist’ning shells, of ev’ry That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings Of women’s love in those fair, living things [age thrown Of land and wave, whose fate—in bond- For their weak loveliness—is like her own! [grace On one side gleaming with a sudden Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase In which it undulates, small fishes shine, Like golden ingots from a fairy mine!—

adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore.‖—Shaw’s Travels.

‖ The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-colored Champac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions."—See Asiatic Researches, vol. iv.

‖ A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen.—Niederl.

‖ Of the genus mimosa, "which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retired under its shade.‖—Ibid.

‖ "Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence."—Turner’s Tibet.
While, on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,*
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is
seen;—
[Between
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree!
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,; and the
thrush
[gush,
Of Hindostan,§ whose holy warblings
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;—
Those golden birds that, in the spice-
time, drop
[sweet food]
About the gardens, drunk with that
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the
summer flood;]
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests ofudding cinnamon
[that fly
In short, all rare and beauteous things,
Through the pure element, here lie
[that dwell
Sleeping in light, like the green birds;]
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!}

So on, through scenes past all imagin-
ing.
[King,]
More like the luxuries of that impious
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his
lightning torch,
[Sure's porch,
Struck down and blasted ev'n in Plea-
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet
sent,
[Enfranchisement—
Arm'd with Heaven's sword, for man's
Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly
round,
[ing sound
His simple garb and war-boots' clank-
But ill according to the pomp and
grace
And silent full of that voluptuous place.

"Is this then, thought the youth,
'is this the way
[sway
'To free man's spirit from the dead'ning

"C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloes, que les
Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du san-
dal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité?"—
D'Herbelot.

"Thousands of variegated loories visit the
coral-trees."—Barrow.

"In Mecca there are quantities of blue
pigeons, which none will affright or abuse,
much less kill."—Pitt's Account of the Mahom-
etians.

"The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among
the first choristers of India. It sits perched
on the sacred pagodas, and from thence de-
livers its melodious song."—Pennant's Hindo-
estan.

*Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of
Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the em-

"Of worldly sloth,—to teach him while
he lives.
[The gives,
'To know no bliss but that which vir-
And when he dies, to leave his lofty
[name
[fame?
'A light, a landmark on the cliffs of
It was not so, Land of the generous
thought
[taught;
'And daring deed, thy godlike sages
'It was not thus, in bowers of wanton
ease,
[gies;
'Th' Freedom nursed her sacred ener-
'Oh! not beneath th'enfessibling, with-
inglow
[grow,
'Of such dull lux'ry did those myrtles
'With which she wreath'd her sword,
when she would dare
'Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
'Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high,
rare,
[breathe
'Ethereal virtue, which alone can
'Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's
wreath.
[we press,—
'Who, that surveys this span of earth
'This speck of life in time's great wil-
[ness,
[less seas,
'This narrow isthmus twixt two bound-
'The past, the future, two eternities!—
'Would stily the bright spot, or leave
it bare,
[pie there,
'When he might build him a proud tem-
'Palm that long shall hallow all its
space,
[place.
'And be each purer soul's high resting-
'But no,—it cannot be, that one, whom
God
[hood's rod,—
'Has sent to break the wizard False-
'A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission
draws
[profane its cause
'It's rights from Heaven, should thus
[With the world's vulgar pomps;—no,
[no,—I see—
[ury
'He thinks me weak,—this glare of lux-

mets come and eat off their legs; and that
hence it is they are said to have no feel-
† Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg
season, come in flocks from the southern isles
to India; and "the strength of the nutmeg," says
Tavernier, "so intoxicates them, that
they fall dead drunk to the earth."

"That bird which liveth in Arabia, and
buildeth its nest with cinnamon."—Brown's
Vulgar Errors.

"The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged
in the crops of green birds."—Gibbon, vol. ix.,
p. 433.

†† Dad, who made the delicious gardens
of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was de-
stroyed by lightning the first time he attempted
to enter them.
"Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze
Of my young soul—shining on, 'twill stand the blaze!"

So thought the youth;—but, ev'n while he defied
This witching scene, he felt its witch'ry
Through ev'ry sense. The perfume
breathing round,
Like a pervading spirit,—the still sound
Of falling waters, falling as the song
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they
throng.
Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to
sleep;
And music, too,—dear music! that can
Beyond all else the soul that loves it
much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a
dream;
All was too much for him, too full of
The heart could nothing feel, that felt
not this;
Softens he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave
on wave
[are laid];
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms
He thought of ZELICA, his own dear
maid,
[sighs],
And of the time when, full of blissful
They sat and look'd into each other's
eyes,
Silent and happy,—as if God had giv'n
Naught else worth looking at on this
side heav'n.

"Oh, my loved mistress, thou, whose
spirit still
[will—
"Is with me, round me, wander where
"It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
"The paths of glory; to light up thy
check,
"With warm approval—in that gentle
"To read my praise, as in an angel's
book,
[from thee]
"And think all toils rewarded, when
"I gain a smile worth immortality!
"How shall I bear the moment, when
restored
[am Lord,
"To that young heart where I alone
"Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best

"Alone deserve to be the happiest:—
"My Pandits assure me that the plant be-
fore us (the Niles) is their Sephalica, thus
named because the bees are supposed to sleep
on its blossoms."—Sir W. Jones.

"When from those lips, unbreath'd upon
for years,
"I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
"And find those tears warm as when
last they started,
[parted!]
"Those sacred kisses pure as when we
"O my own life!—why should a single
day,
[away!]

"A moment keep me from those arms
While thus he thinks, still nearer on
the breeze
[mes, Come those delicious, dream-like harmo-
Each note of which but adds new, downy
links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him tow'rd the sound, and far
away
[play
Through a long vista, sparkling with the
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track
which Day
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks
from us,
[ious;
—
So long the path, its light so tremul-
He sees a group of female forms ad-
vance,
[dance
Some chain'd together in the mazy
By fetters, forged in the green sunny
bow'rs,
[Flow'rs;]
As they were captives to the King of
And some dispersing round, unlinked
and free,
[very.
Who seem'd to mock their sister's sla-
And round and round them still, in
wheeling flight
[night;
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at
While others waked, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of
song
[thrill,
From psal'try, pipe, and lutes of heav'nly
Or their own youthful voices, heav'nlier
still.
[his eye,
And now they come, now pass before
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she
would vie
[things
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.
Awhile they dance before him, then di-
vide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path, that from the
chamber leads

1 "They deferred it till the King of Flowers
should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage.'
—The Bahardamush.
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight
meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the
wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they
are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone;
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous
brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous
But a light golden chain-work round her
hair;—
Such as the maids of Yezd and Shir
From which, on either side, gracefully
hung
A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,
Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less di
vine:
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she
Held a small lute of gold and sandal
wood, [with hurried strain,
Which, once or twice, she touch'd
Then took her trembling fingers off
again,
But when at length a timid glance she
At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features cal'm'd
her fear,
And, like a half-tamed antelope, more
Though shrinking still, she came;—then
sat her down [grown,
Upon a musnud's: edge, and, bolder
In the pathetic mode of Isfahan's
Touch'd a preluding strain and thus bo
gan:—

There's a bower of roses by Ben
demee'r's: stream,
And the nightingale sings round it
t all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a
sweet dream, [song,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's
That bower and its music I never for
get,
[the year,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of

I think—is the nightingale singing there
yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm
No, the roses soon with'rd that hung
'oer the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they shone;
And a dew was distill'd from their flow
ers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when
summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it
dies,
An essence that breathes of it many
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then
to my eyes, [calm Ben
demee'r
Is that bower on the banks of the

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth,
"if thou wert sent, [ishment,
"With thy soft lute and beauty's bland
"To wake unho,ly wishes in this heart,
"Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st
the art. [counsel wrong,
"For though thy lip should sweetly
"Those vestal eyes would disavow its
[thy lay
"But thou hast breathed such purity,
"Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous
day, [der'd thence
"And leads thy soul—if e'er it wan
"So gently back to its first innocence,
"That I would sooner stop the un
chain'd dove, [of love,
"When swift returning to its home
"And round its snowy wing new fetters
twine, [of thine!"
"Than turn from virtue one pure wish

Searc had this feeling pass'd, when
sparkling through
The gently open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, count
less eyes, [ evening skies,
Peeping like stars through the blue
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the
pair [there:
That sat so still and melancholy

Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the
wine of Shiraz."—Forsennier.

6 Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually re
served for persons of distinction.

7 The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call
their musical modes or Perdas by the names of
different countries or cities, as the mode of
Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.

A river which flows near the ruins of
Chihilnur
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, 'mid show'rs of jess-
samine [in play,
Which those without fling after them
Two lightsome maidens spring,—light-
some as they [around
Who live in the air on odors,—and
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of
the ground,
Chase one another, in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and ad-
advance,
Too eloquently love's warm pur-
While she, who sung so gently to the
lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's
ray,— [that sigh,
But takes with her from Aziz's heart
We sometimes give to forms that pass us
by [main,
In the world's crowd, too lovely to re-
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the
nymphae who danced [glanced
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that
More brilliant than the sea-glass glit-
tring o'er [shore;*
The hills of crystal on the Caspian
While from their long, dark tresses, in a
full
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted
trees
Of Eden, shake in the eternal breeze,†
Rung round their steps, at ev'ry bound
more sweet, [feet.
As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their
At length the chase was o'er, and they
stood breath'd [there breathed
Within each other's arms; while soft
Through the cool casement, mingled
with the sighs [to rise
Of moonlight; flow'rs, music that seem'd
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint
close, [maze of chords
The ear could track through all that
And young sweet voices, these impas-
son'd words:

* "To the north of us (on the coast of
the Caspian, near Badak) was a mountain,
which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the
sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds."—
Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia,
1746.
† "To which will be added the sound of the
bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put

A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air;
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is
nigh,
There!
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is
His breath is the soul of flow'rs like
these, [resemble;
And his floating eyes—oh! they
Blue water-lilies,§ when the breeze
Is making the stream around them
tremble.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling
pow'r!

Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!

Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so
sweet as this.
By the fair and brave
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night;
By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky;
By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part;
By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh, could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!

Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so
sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene, whose lux'ries
stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul.
And where, midst all that the young
heart loves most, [be lost,
Flow'rs, music, smiles, to yield was to
The youth had started up, and turn'd
away [curious lay,
From the light nymphs, and their lux-
in motion by the wind proceeding from the
throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for
music."—Sale.
§ "Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-
lilies, agitated by the breeze."—Jaqauder.
The blue lotus, which grows in Cashmere
and in Persia.
To muse upon the pictures that hung round,*—

Bright images, that spoke without a sound, 

And views, like vistas into fairy ground. 

But here again new spells came o'er his sense;—

All that the pencil's mute omnipotence 

Could call up into life, of soft and fair, 

Of fond and passionate, was glowing there; 

Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with 

Which paints of pleasure but the purer part; 

Which knows ev'n Beauty when half- 

Like her own radiant planet of the west, 

Whose orb when half-retired looks lovely,†

There hung the history of the Geni- 

Traced through each day, voluptuous wandering 

With her from SABA's bowers, in whose 

He read that to be blest is to be wise;‡

Here fond Zuleika's woos with open arms 

The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms, 

Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone, 

Wishes that Heav'n and she could both 

And here Mohammed, born for love and guile, 

Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile;—

Then beckons some kind angel from above 

With a new text to consecrate their love.

With rapid step, yet pleased and ling'ring eye, 

Did the youth pass these pictured stories 

And hasten'd to a casement, where the light 

Of the calm moon came in, and freshly 

The fields without were seen, sleeping as still 

As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill. 

Here paused he, while the music, now 

Breathed with a holier language on his ear, 

As though the distance, and that heavy 

Ray took away Through which the sounds came float- 

All that had been too earthly in the lay.

Oh! could he listen to such sounds unmoved, [loved] And by that light—nor dream of her he 

Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st; [taste.

'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever 

Clasp—while her image to the heart, 

Ere all the light, that made it dear, de- 

part. [them last, 

Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st Clear, beautiful, by naught of earth o'er cast;

Recall her tears, to thee at parting giv'n, 

Pore as they weep, if angels weep, in 

Heav'n. [thee now, 

Think, in her own still bow'er she waits 

With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow, [only, 

Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine 

Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.

"It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but *Toderral* shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

"This is not quite astronomically true.

"Dr. Halleys (says Kel) has shown that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun; and that then but only a fourth part of her lucky disk is to be seen from the earth.

"For the loves of King Solomon, (who was supposed to preside over the race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see *D'Herbelot*, and the Notes on the Koran, chap. 5.

"In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid ever running water, in which fish were swimming. "This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, Enter the palace.' And when she saw it, she imagined it to be a great water; and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon Solomon said to her, 'Verify, this is the place evenly floored with glass.' "—Chap. 27.

"The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals.

"The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave, has given rise to a much-esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yaqub ras Zalikha*, by Nowreddin Jamii; the manuscript copy of which, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is supposed to be the finest in the whole world."—Note upon Nott's Translation of *Hasr*.

"The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptu girl, in justification of which he added an extra chapter to the Koran, may be found in Gauntier's Notes upon *Abulfeida*, p. 154.
Oh! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!
The song is hush'd, the laughing
nymphs are flown,
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;
—Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
That sob of grief, which broke from some
one nigh—
 [found]
Whose could it be? alas! is misery
Here, even here, on this enchanted
ground? [wail'd,
He turns, and sees a female form, close
Leaning, as if both heart and strength
had fail'd,
Against a pillar near; — not glitt'ring o'er
With gems and wreaths, such as the
others wore,
But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress;*
BOKHARA's maidens wear in mindfulness
 [away;—
Of friends or kindred, dead or far
And such as ZELICA had on that day
He left her—when, with heart too full
to speak,
 [his cheek.
He took away her last warm tears upon
A strange emotion stirs within him,—
more
Than mere compassion ever waked be-
Unconsciously he opes his arms, while
she
Springs forward, as with life's last
But, swooning in that one convulsive
sound,
 [ground;—
Sinks, ere she reaches his arms, upon the
Her veil falls off—her faint hands clasp
his knees
"Tis she herself!—'tis ZELICA she sees! But, ah, so pale, so changed—none but
a lover
[discover
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine
The once-ador'd divinity—ev'n he
Stood for some moments mute, and
doubtingly
Put back the ringlets from her brow,
and gazed
[brazed,
Upon those lids, where once such lustre
Ere he could think she was indeed his
 [own,
[known
Own darling maid, whom he so long had
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both;
Who, ev'n when grief was heaviest—
when loath
 [hour
He left her for the wars—in that worst
  * "Deep blue is their mourning color." —
Haraway.

Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-
flow'r,†
When darkness brings its weeping glo-
And spreads its sighs like frankincense
about.
  "Look up, my ZELICA—one moment
show
[know
"Those gentle eyes to me, that I may
"Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
"But there, at least, shines as it ever
shone.
[glance, &quot;
Come, kisst upon thy AZIM—and bear
"Like those of old, were heav'n! whatever chance
[blessed one!
"Hath brought thee here, oh, 'twas a
"There—my loved lips—they move—
that kiss hath run [every vein,
"Like the first shoot of life through
"And now I clasp her, mine, all mine
again.
"Oh the delight—now, in this very hour
"When had the whole rich world beer
in my pow'r, [thee,
"I should have singled out thee, only
"From the whole world's collected pura
sury—
[fondly o'er
"To have thee here—to hang thus
"My own, best, purest ZELICA once
more!
"

It was indeed the touch of those fond
lips
[eclipse.
Upon her eyes that chased their short
And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven's
breath,
[beneath,
Melts off and shows the azure flow'r's
Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes
were seen [been,
Gazing on his—not, as they late had
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully
serene;
As if to lie, ev'n for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his beloved caress
Took from her soul one-half its wretched-
ess.
But, when she heard him call her good
Oh, 'twas too much—too dreadful to en-
dure! [embrace,
Shudd'ring she broke away from his
And, hiding with both hands her guilty
face,
[have riv'n
Said, in a tone whose anguish would
A heart of very marble, "Pure!—oh
Heav'n!"—
[† The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to
spread its rich odor after sunset.
That tone—those looks so changed—
the withering blight, [light;]
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they
The dead despondency of those sunk
eyes, [surprise,]
Where once, had he thus met her by
He would have seen himself, too happy
boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;
And then the place,—that bright, un-
holy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each win-
And charm of lux'ry, as the viper weaves
[ leaves, — *
Its wil'y cov'ring of sweet balsam
All struck upon his heart, sudden and
cold [ told—
As death itself; it needs not to be
No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark—whate'er
the hand, [brightness sever,
That could from Heav'n and him such
'Tis done—to Heav'n and him she's lost
forever!]
It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,
The ling'ring, lasting misery of years
Could match that minute's anguish—all
the worst
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash
of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate.

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as
the wild he toss'd ["though I am lost,
His desp'rate hand tow'rd's Heav'n—
'Think not that guilt, that falsehood
made me fall! [it all!]
"No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness did
"Nay, doubt me not—though all thy
love hath ceased— [least,
"I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at
"That ev'ry spark of reason's light must
be [stray from thee.
"Quench'd in this brain, ere I could
"They told me thou wert dead—why,
Azim, why [die
"Did we not, both of us, that instant
"When we were parted? oh! couldst
thou but know

"With what a deep devotedness of wo
"I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er
again
"Thinking of thee, still thee, till
thought grew pain,

* "Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says
were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made

"And mem'ry, like a drop that, night
and day,
"Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my
heart away.
"Didst thou but know how pale I sat at
home, [to come,
"My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert
And, all the long, long night of hope
and fear, [ear—
"Thy voice and step still sounding in my
"Oh God! thou wou'dst not wonder
that, at last, [for'cast,
"When every hope was all at once
When I heard frightful voices round
me say [gave way,
"Azim is dead!—this wretched brain
"And I became a wreck, at random
driven, [Heav'n—
"Without one glimpse of reason or of
"All wild—and even this quenchless
love within [sin—
"Turn'd to foul fires to light me into
"Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wou'dst
— that sky [as I.
"Hath naught beneath it half so lorn
"The fiend, who lured me hither—list:
come near, [hear—
"Or thou too, thou art lost, if he should
"Told me such things—oh! with such
dev'dlish art, [heart—
"As would have ruin'd ev'n a holier
"Of thee, and of that ever-radiant
sphere, [served him here,
"Where bless'd at length, if I but
"I should forever live in thy dear sight,
"And drink from those pure eyes etern-
al light [I must be,
"Think, think how lost, how madden'd I
"To hope that guilt could lead to God
or thee! [that I durst
"Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh,
"Kiss off that tear! but, no—these lips
are cursed, [vine caress,
"They must not touch thee;—one di-
"One blessed moment of forgetfulness
"I've had within those arms, and that
shall lie, [I die;
"Shrined in my soul's deep mem'ry till
"The last of joy's last relics here below;
"The one sweet drop, in all this waste
of wo, [spring
"My heart has treasured from affection's
"To soothe and cool its deadly wither-
ing! [ever go;
"But thou—yes, thou must go—for
very particular inquiry; several were brought
me alive both to Yambo and Jidda."—Bruce.
LALLA ROOKH.

"This place is not for thee—for thee! oh no; [brain]"
"Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured "Would burn like mine, and mine go "wild again! [hearts, once good, "Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that "Now tainted, chill’d, and broken, are his food.— "Enough, that we are parted—that "there rolls [souls, "A flood of headlong fate between our "Whose darkness severs me as wide "from thee "As hell from heav’n, to all eternity?!” "ZELICA, ZELICA!” the youth exclaim’d, In all “the tortures of a mind inflamed Almost to madness—" by that sacred "Heav’n, [thou’lt be forgiv’n, "Where yet, if pray’rs can move, "As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart, [art! "All sinful, wild, and ruin’d as thou "By the remembrance of our once pure love, [burns above "Which, like a churchyard light, still "The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee "Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me! "I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence;— "If thou hast yet one spark of innocence, "Fly with me from this place!” "With thee? oh bliss! "Tis worth, whole years of torment to hear this. [let her rove "What? take the lost one with thee?— "By thy dear side, as in those days of love, "When we were both so happy, both so pure— "Too heav’nly dream! if there’s on earth a cure [after day "For the sunk heart, ’tis this—day "To be the bless’d companion of thy way; "To hear thy angel eloquence—to see "Those virtuous eyes forever turn’d on me; "And, in their light rechaisten’d silently, "Like the stain’d web that whitens in the sun "Upon! "Grow pure by being purely shone "And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt— [of guilt "At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts "Come heaviest o’er the heart, thou’lt lift thine eyes, [skies, "Full of sweet tears, unto the dark’ning "And plead for me with Heav’n, till I can dare [there; "To fix my own weak, sinful glances "Till the good angels, when they see me chug "Forever near thee, pale and sorrowing, "Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiv’n, [to Heav’n! "And bid thee take thy weeping slave "Oh yes, I’ll fly with thee—” Scarcely had she said These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread As that of MONKAN, waking up the dead From their first sleep—so startling ’twas to both— [oath! thy oath! "Rung through the casement near, “Thy Oh Heav’n, the ghastliness of that Maid’s look:— [terror shook “’Tis he,” faintly she cried, while Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes. [nought but the skies Though through the casement, now, And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before— "’Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o’er— "Go—fly this instant, or thou’rt ruin’d too— [true, "My oath, my oath, oh God! ’tis all too “True as the worm in this cold heart it is— [his— "I am MOKANNA’s bride—his, AZIM, "The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow, [them nor "Their blue lips echo’d it—I hear "Their eyes glared on me while I pledged that bowl. [my soul! "’Twas burning blood—I feel it in "And the Veil’d Bridegroom—hiss! I’ve seen to-night [sight, "What angels know not of—so foul a "So horrible—oh! never may’st thou see [and me! "What there lies hid from all but hell "But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine, [that is divine— "Nor Heav’n’s, nor Love’s, nor anguish "Hold me not—ha! think’st thou the fiends that sever [then—forever? “Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, With all that strength, which mad¬ness lends the weak, [a shriek, She flung away his arm: and, with
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years [his ears—
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave
Flew up through that long avenue of light,
[night,
Pleetly as some dark, ominous bird of
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

**Lalla Rookh** could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her grief was gone, and up she looked pensively even upon Fadladeen. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which, too often, like the sunny apples of Istkabar,* is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank, whose employment seemed to them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream; and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, headless of the gay calecads which had drawn up beside her. **Lalla Rookh** was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-Tala, or Sea of Stars,†) informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

**Lalla Rookh**, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramorz, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure; and after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a Princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:

**Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the way,** [day? Where all was waste and silent yester-
This City of War which, in a few short
hours, [powers
Hath sprung up here,§ as if the magic

---

* "In the territory of Istkabar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour."—Bun Haukat.

† For an account of this ceremony, see *Grandpère's Voyage in the Indian Ocean.*

‡ "The place where the Whangö, a river of Thibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars: whence it is called Hotum-nor, that is, the Sea of Stars."—*Description of Thibet in Pinkerton.*

§ "The Lescar or Imperial Camp is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the Prince in his progress, are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents."—*Don's Hindostan.*

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment:—"His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive enclosures of colored calicoes surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged clothes or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm leaves
Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star, 
Built the high pillar'd halls of Chilm $$
Had conjured up, far as the eye can see, 
This world of tents, and domes, and sun- 
bright armory:

Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a 
fold of gold—
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver 
spun,
[sun; Their chains and poïtrels glitt'ring in the 
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's 
shafts and bells;] 
Shaking in every breeze their light-toed

But yester-eye, so motionless around, 
So mute was this wide plain, that not a 
sound
But the far torrent, or the locust bird;
Hunting among the thickets, could be 
heard:—
[kind, Yet hark! what discords now of ev'ry 
Shouts, laughter, and screams are revel-
ing in the wind;
The neigh of cavalry;—the tinkling 
through;
[songs; Of laden camels and their drivers' 
Ringing of arms, and flapping in the 
breeze [pies;—] Of streamers from ten thousand cano-
War-music, bursting out from time to 
time [chime;—] With gong and tymbalon's tremendous 
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds 
are mute, [flute, The mellow breathings of some horn or

hastily spread over similar supports; hand-
some tents and splendid canopy's; horses, 
oxen, elephants, and camels; all intermixed 
without any exterior mark of order or design, 
except the flags of the chiefs, which usually 
mark the centres of a congeries of these 
masses; the only regular part of the encamp-
ment being the streets of shops, each of which 
is constructed nearly in the manner of a booth 
at an English fair. "Historical Sketches of the 
South of India."

† The edifices of Chilmìnar and Balbec 
are supposed to have been built by the Genii, act-
ing under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who 
governed the world long before the time of 
Adam.

‡ "A superb camel, ornamented with strings 
and tufts of small shells."—Ali Bey.

† A native of Khorassan, and allured south-
ward by means of the water of a fountain be-
tween Shiraz and Isphahan, called the Fountain 
of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will fol-
low wherever the water is carried.

§ "Some of the camels have bells about 
their necks, and some about their legs, like

That far off, broken by the eagle note
Of th' Abyssinian trumpet[,] swell and 
float.

Who leads this mighty army?—ask 
ye "who?"
[luc, And mark ye not those banners of dark 
The Night and Shadow;] over yonder 
tent?—

It is the Caliph's glorious armament.
Roused in his Palace by the dread alarms, 
That hourly came, of the false Prophet's 
arms.
And of his host of infidels, who hurl'd 
Defiance fierce at Islam* and the 
world,—
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and 
behind
The veils of his bright Palace calm re-
clined, [should stain, Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy 
Thus unrevenged, the evening of his 
reign?;
But, having sworn upon the Holy Gravett 
To conquer or to perish, once more gave 
His shadowy banners proudly to the 
breeze,
And with an army, nursed in victories, 
Here stands to crush the rebels that o'er-
run [Sun. 
His blest and beauteous Province of the 
Ne'er did the march of Mahadi dis-
play 
Such pomp before;—not ev'n when on 
his way 
To Mecca's Temple, when both land 
and sea

those which our carriers put about their fore-
horses' necks, which, together with the ser-
vants, (who belong to the camels, and travel 
on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant 
noise, and the journey passes away delight-
fully."—Fitz's Account of the Mahometans.

"The camel-driver follows the camels sing-
ing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the 
lower he sings and pipes the faster the camels 
go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives 
over his music."—Tavernier.

* "This trumpet is often called, in Abyss-
sinia, neecer cane, which signifies the Note of the 
Eagle."—Note of Bruce's Editor.

† The two black standards borne before the 
Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called 
allegorically, The Night and The Shadow. — 
See Gibbon.

‡ The Mahometan religion.

†† "The Persians swear by the Tomb of 
Shah Besian, who is buried at Cashin; and 
when one desires another to assent a 
matter, he will ask him if he dare swear by the 
Holy Gravett."—Struy.
Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury:*

When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw,

Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian
Nor ever did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
First, in the van, the People of the Rock,
On their light mountain steeds, of royal
Then, chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich mar-men, from the regions near the Volga's mouth,
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of And Indian lancers, in white turban'd ranks,
From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multi-
That, fired by zeal, or by oppression droll'd,
Round the white standard of th' impost-
Beside his thousands of Believers—blind, Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind—
Feel Many who felt, and more who fear'd to The bloody Islamite's converting steel,

* Mahadd, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.† Nizam Meecam appointavit, rem ibi aut munquum aut rarely visum.—Abulfo'da.
† The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petraea, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock."—Ehox Haukel.
§ "Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlan, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2900 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds."—Niebuhr.
|| "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems."—Asiat. Misc. v. i.
|| Azab or Saba.
* * * The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their tur-

bans."—Account of Independent Tartary.
† In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khurassan) they find turquoise.—Ehox Haukel.

Flock'd to his banner;—Chiefs of th' Uzbek race,
Waving their hero crests with martain, Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth
From th' aromatic pastures of the North;
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills, and those
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows Of Hindoo Kost," in stormy freedom brood,
Their form the rock, their camp the tor.
But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand, [men,§]
Or stern eater, than Iran's outlaw'd Her Worshippers of Fire—all panting then
For vengeance on th' accursed Saracen; Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd, [o'erturn'd.
Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines From Yazd's eternal Mansion of the Fire, [expire :
Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n From Badak, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the Caspian, fierce they came, Careless for what or whom the blow was sped, [rants bled.
So vengeance triumph'd, and their ty-

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host;
That high in air their motley banners toss'd

† For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see Ephcsinone's Quabul.
§§ The Gluebers or Guineers, those original natives of Persia who adhered to their ancient
faith, the religion of Zarostaer, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.
||| "'Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, about 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quabul, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain."—Stephen's Persia.
||| "When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naphthah (an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naphthah often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea at a distance almost incredible."—Hans early on the Everlasting Fire at Baku.
THB VEILED PROPHET.

"He
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gazed
Upon those lids, where once such lustre blazed,
Fro he could think she was indeed his own!"
LALLA ROOKH.

Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set
And risen again, and found them grapled
While streams of carnage in his noon-tide blaze,
Smoke up to Heaven—hot as that
By which the prostrate Caravan is awed,*
In the red Desert, when the wind's
"On, Swords of God!" the panting
CALIPH calls,—
"Thrones for the living—Heaven for
him who falls!"—
"On, brave avengers, on," MOCKANNA cries,
"And ELSIE blast the recreant slave that
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the
troops give way!
They clash—they strive—the CALIPH's
MOCKANNA's self plucks the black banner down,
And now the Orient World's Imperial
Is just within his grasp—when, hark,
that shout! [Moslem's rout;
Some hand hath check'd the flying
And now they turn, they rally—at their
head
A warrior, like those angel youths who
In glorious panoply of Heaven's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through
Beder's vale,]
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuer's blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back—
While hope and courage kindle in his
[mark
And, at each step, his bloody falchion
Terrible vistas through which vict'ry breaks!
In vain MOCKANNA, midst the general

Stands, like the red moon, on some
stormy night, ing by,
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurry—
Leave only her unshaken in the sky—
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge, and coward friends that fly,
And seems of all the Great Arch—
The panic spreads—"A miracle!" throughout
shout,
The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they
All gazing on that youth, whose coming
seems
[dreams;
A light, a glory, such as breaks in
And ev'ry sword, true as o'er billows
[lowing him!
The needle tracks the load-star, fol-

Right to'ards MOCKANNA now he
cleaves his path, of wrath
Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt
He bears from Heaven withheld its awful burst
[way cursed,
From weaker heads, and souls but half
To break o'er Him, the mightiest and
the worst! [hour of blood,
But vain his speed—though, in that
Had all God's seraphs round MOCK-
NA stood, [to fall,
With swords of fire, ready like fate
MOCKANNA's soul would have shielded
them all; [strong
Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too
For human force, hurried ev'n him
along:
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged
array
Of flying thousands—he is borne away;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,
In this forced flight, is—mur'dring as he
goes! [might
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's
Surprises in some parch'd ravine at
night,
[wretched flocks,
Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the
Swept with him in that snow-doo from
the rocks,
And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloody the stream he hath not power
to stay.

* Savory says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller, surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enwrapped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the color of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

† In the great victory gained by Mahomet at Beder, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hizeam.—See The Koran and its Commentator.
"Alla illa Alla!"—the glad shout re-new—
"Alla Aebbar!"—the Caliph's in Me-
Hang out your gilded tapestry in the
streets,
And light your shrines and chant your
The Swords of God have triumph'd—on
his throne
Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief
hath flown.
Who does not envy that young warrior
now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his
In all the graceful gratitude of power,
For his throne's safety in that perilous
hour?
Who doth not wonder, when, amidst th' acclaim
Of thousands, heralding to heaven his
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
Which sound along the path of virtuous
souls,
Like music round a planet as it rolls,—
He turns away—coldly, as if some
gloom
Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can il-
lume;—
Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted
gaze
Though glory's light may play, in vain
Yes, wretched Azim! thine is such a grief,
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can
break,
[Lake,]
Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian
Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is
dead!—
Hearts there have been, o'er which this
weight of wo
 Came by long use of suffer'ing, tame and
But thine, lost youth! was sudden—
over thee
Itbroke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy;
When Hope look'd up, and saw the
 gloomy Past
[Last—
Melt into splendor, and Bliss dawn at
'Twas then, ev'n then, o'er joys so fresh-
ly blown,
This mortal blight of misery came down;

* The Teebir, or cry of the Arabs. "Alla Aebbar!" says Ockley, means, "God is most mighty."
† The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions. —Russell.

Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of
thy heart
[as they start—
Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen
And there, like them, cold, sunless relics
hang,
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.
One sole desire, one passion now re-
mains
To keep life's fever still within his veins,
Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the
wretch who cast
[Blast.
O'er him and all he loved that ruinous
For this, when rumors reach'd him in
his flight
Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
Rumors of armies, thronging to th' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd
him back,
[Furl'd,
Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags un-
And, when all hope seem'd des'rate, wildly hur'd
Himself into the scule, and saved a world.
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall,
For this alone exists—like lightning-fire,
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and ex-
pire!

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives;
With a small band of des'rate fugitives,
The last sole stubborn fragment, left unri'n;
[Ing Heav'n,
Of the proud host that late stood front-
He good'd MEROU—breathed a short
curse of blood [Jihon's flood.
O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the
And gathering all, whose madness of belief
[Chief,
Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'd
Raised the white banner within Ne-
siez's] gates,[conqu'ror waits. And
there, untamed, th' approaching

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive
With music and with sweets sparkling
[flight.
He took but one, the partner of his
One—not for love—not for her beauty's
light—
[gay,
No, Zelica stood with'ring 'midst the
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday

† The Dead Sea, which contains neither ani-
mal nor vegetable life.
‡ The ancient Oxus.
§ A city of Transoxiana.
From th' Alma tree and dies, while over-head 
To-day's young flow'r is springing in its 
Oh, not for love—the deepest Damn'd must be 
Touched with Heaven's glory, ere such 
Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity.
But no, she is his victim:—there lie all 
Her charms for him—charms that can 
ever pall,
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of Heaven is left in her,
To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
As with a page as Virtue o'er would Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
This is his triumph; this the joy accursed,
That ranks him among demons all but first:
This gives the victim, that before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with hell-fire illums
[consumes!]
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it
But other tasks now wait him—tasks
That need][deed
All the deep darkness of thought and
With which the Diest have gifted him—
For mark, [made dark,
Over yon plains, which night had else
Those lanterns countless as the winged lights
[nights,—]
That spangle India's fields on show'ry
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
[Line,
Glimm'ring along th' horizon's dusky
And thence in nearer circles, till they
Shine [the town
Among the founts and groves o'er which
In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements

"You never can cast your eyes on this
tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit; and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-colored flowers) others come forth in their stead," &c. &c.—Nieuhoff.

1 The Demons of the Persian mythology.

† Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season.—See his Travels.

§ Sennacherib, called by the Orientals the King of Moussil.—D'Herbelot.

# Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see Gibbon and D'Herbelot.

There was said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults

MORANNA views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though un
Toiled, beset,
Not less than myriads dare to front him
That friendless, throneless, he thus
stands at bay,
Ev'n thus a match for myriads such as
"Oh, for a sweep of that dark Angel's
wing, [Assyrian King]
"Who brush'd the thousands th' 
To darkness in a moment, that I might
"People Hell's chambers with yon host
—to-night! [grasp the throne,
"But, come what may, let who will
"Caliph or Prophet, Man shall thus
groan; [Caliph—King—
"Let who will torture him, Priest—
"Alike this loathsome world of his shall
ring [the slave,—
"With victims' shrieks and howlings of
"Sounds, that shall glad me ev'n within
my grave!"
Thus, to himself—but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a far different strain:
"Glorious defenders of the sacred Crown
"I bear from Heav'n, whose light nor
blood shall drown [whose gems
"Nor shadow of earth eclipse—before
"The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
"The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd
throne [shone,
"Of Parviz, and the heron crest that
"Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous
eyes,** [the skies:
"Fade like the stars when morn is in
"Warriors, rejoice—tho' the port to which
'we've pass'd
"O'er Destiny's dark wave, beams out at
"Vict'ry's our own—'tis written in that
Book [look,
"Upon whose leaves none but the angels
"That Islam's sceptre shall beneath
the power

*"The crown of Gerashid is clearly and tar
ished before the heron tuft of thy turban."—
From one of the elegies or songs in praise of
All, written in characters of gold round
the gallery of Abbe's tomb.—See Chardin.

† The beauty of All's eyes was so remarkable
that whenever the Persians would describe
any thing as very lovely they say it is Ayn
Hall, or the Eyes of All.—Chardin.
"Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
"When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
[tously shall rise!
"From Nëksheb's Holy Well portent-
"Now turn and see?"—
They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
A sudden splendor all around them broke,
[light,
And they beheld an orb, ample and
Rise from the Holy Well,* and cast its light
[miles,—
Round the rich city and the plain for
Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret,
As autumn suns shed round them when
they set.
[sign
Instantly, all who saw th' illusive
A murmur broke—"Miraculous! divine!"
The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
Had waked, and burst impatient through the
bar
Of midnight, to inflame him to the war;
While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that
ray,
[dom's day,
The glorious Light which, in his free-
Had rested on the Ark,¹ and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his
chain.
"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
call;
Nor stands Mokanna loit'ring at that
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
tide
And forth, like a diminutive mountain-
Into the boundless sea, they speed their
cause
Right on into the Moslem's mighty force.
The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
Had paused, and ev'n forgot the punc-
tual sounds
Of the small drum with which they
count the night,§
To gaze upon that supernatural light,
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
And in a death-groan give their last
alarm.[screen]
"On for the lamps, that light you lofty
"Not blunt your blades with massacre
so mean; [lucky lance
"There rests the Caliph—speed—one
"May now achieve mankind's deliver-
ance."
cast,
Desp'rate the die—such as they only
Who venture for a world, and stake their
last.[for blade
But Fate's no longer with him—blade
Spring up to meet them thro' the glim-
ming shade,
And, as the clash is heard, new legions
soon
Pour to the spot, like bees of Kauzer-
To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till,
at length,
[strength,
The mighty camp swarms out in all its
And back to Nëksheb's gates, covering
the plain
[vventurous train;
With random slaughter, drives the ad-
Among the last of whom the Silver Vel
Is seen glitt'ring at times, like the white
sail
Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
Catching the tempest's momentary light!
And hath not this brought the proud
spirit low? [ing? No,
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his dar-
Though half the wretches, whom at
night he led
[dead,
To thrones and vict'ry, lie disgraced and
Yet morning bears him with unshrink-
ing crest,—

§ The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds
of the watchmen with cries and small drums.
—See Burder's Oriental Customs, vol. 1, p. 119.
¹ The Serrpurda, high screens of red cloth,
stiffened with cane, used to enclose a consider-
able space round the royal tents.—Notes on the
Babardamah.

The tents of Princes were generally illumi-
nated. Norden tells us that the tent of the
Bey of Girze was distinguished from the other
tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it.—See Harmer's Observations on Job.
² "From the groves of orange trees at
Kauzeroon the bees call a celebrated honey."
—Morier's Travels.
Still vaunt of thrones, and vict'ry to the rest;  
And they believe him!—oh, the lover may  
Distrust that look which steals his soul  
The babe may cease to think that it can play  
With Heaven's rainbow—alchymists  
The shining gold their crucible gives out;  
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the  

And well th' Imposter knew all lures  
And arts,  
That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle  
Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot  
Against men's souls, is Zelica forgot.  
Ill-fated Zelica! had reason been  
Awake, through half the horrors thou hast last;  
[had come  
Thou never couldst have borne it—Death  
At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.  
But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense  
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense  
[night,  
And passionate struggles of that fearful  
When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight:  
[broke,—  
And though, at times, a gleam of phrensy  
As through some dull volcano's vale of smoke  
[start,  
Ominous flashings now and then will  
Which show the fire's still busy at its heart,  
[gloom,—  
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in solemn  
Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,  
[death,  
And calm without, as is the bower of  
While busy worms are gnawing underneath—  

But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free  

* "A custom still subsisting at this day,  
seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river."—Savary.  

"That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from Dow's Account of Mamool I. When he arrived at Mouttau, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded  

From thought or pain, a seal'd-up pathy.  
[thrill,  
Which left her off, with scarce one living  
The cold, pale victim of her tort'r'er's will.  

Again, as in MEROU, he had her deck'd  
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;  
And led her glitt'ring forth before the eyes  
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice,—  
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride  
Of the fierce Nile, when, deck'd in all the pride  
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide.*  
And while the wretched maid hung down her head,  
[dead,  
And stood, as one just riscn from the  
Amid that gazng crowd, the fiend would tell  
[or spell  
His credulous slaves it was some charm  
Possess'd her now,—and from that dark'en'd trance  
[liverance.  
Should dawn ere long their Faith's de-  
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,  
Her soul was roused, and words of wild- 

But in blank and pulseless torpor, free  

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen  
[glean  
Gath'ring around; and famine comes to  
All that the sword had left unrap'd:—  
[in vain  
At mount and eve across the nor 'rn  
He looks impatient for the promised spear  
[taineers;  
Of the wild Hordes and Tartar mount- 
They come not—while his fierce beleaguers pour  
Engines of havoc in, unknown before, †  
by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and fire others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The agnee ater, too, in Indian poemes the Instrument of Fire, whose fame cannot be ex- 
tingished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire.—See Wilke's South of India, vol. i. p. 471.  
—And in the curious Javan poem, the Brata Yudha, given by Sir Stamford Raffles in his History of Java, we find, "He aimed at the heart of Soeta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire."

The mention of gunpowder as in use among
And horrible as new;—javelins, that fly
Enwreath'd with smoky flames through
the dark sky,
[Mount
And red-hot globes, that, opening as they
Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha
fount;
Show'r of consuming fire o'er all below;
Looking, as through th' illuminated night
they go,
[Giants off.
Like those wild birds; that by the Ma-
At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing fagots tied
To their huge wings, scatt'ring combustion
wide.
[Fire.
All night the groans of wretches who ex-
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city—while, descending
o'er
Its shrines and domes and streets of syc-
amore,—
Its long bazaars, with their bright cloths
of gold.
[Roll'd.
Since the last peaceful pageant left un-
Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle
jets
Now gush with blood,—and its tall min-
arets,
That late have stood up in the evening
glare
[Er;
Of the red sun, unshallow'd by a prayer
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-
bolts fall,
[All
And death and conflagration throughout
The desolate city hold high festival!

The Arabians, long before its supposed discov-
ery in Europe, is introduced by *Enn Fadl* the
Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thir-
teenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the
form of scorpions, bound round and filled with
nitrates powder, glide along, making a gentle
noise; then, exploding, they lighten, as it were,
and burn. But there are others which, cast
into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring
horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides
vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce
to cinders whatever comes in their way." The
historian *Ben Abdalla*, in speaking of the
sieves of Aboo-ul-halid in the year of the Hegira
712, says, "A fiery globe, by means of com-
bustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly
emitted, strikes with the force of lightning,
and shakes the citadel."—See the extracts
from Geber's Biblioth. Arab. Hispan. in the
Appendix to Berington's Literary History of the
Middle Ages.

The Greek fire, which was occasionally
lent by the emperors to their allies. "It was,"
says Gibbon, "either launched in red-hot balls
of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and
javelins, twisted round with flux and tow,
which had deeply infiltrated the inflammable
oil."
She saw a wearied man dismount
    From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
    Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
    To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
    Upon a brow more fierce than that; —
"I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
"Where—having deep refresh'd each weary limb
   [cherubim],
"With viands, such as feast Heav'n's
"And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim, [Maids above
"With that pure wine the Dark-eyed
"Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,—*
"I will myself uncertain in your sight
"The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
   [disperse
"Then lead you forth, and with a wink
"You myriads, howling through the universe!'"

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
   [hearts; New life into their chill'd and hope-sick Such treach'rous life as the cool draught supplies
   [dies! To him upon the stake, who drinks and Wildly they point their lances to the light Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout "To-night"— [voice
"To-night," their Chief re-echoes in a Of fiend-like mock'ry that bids hell rejoice. Deluded victims!—never hath this earth Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth. [stood

Here, to the few, whose iron frames had This racking waste of famine and of blood [the shout. Paint, dying wretches clung, from whom Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out:— [fire, There, others, lighted by the smould'ring Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre, [around;— Among the dead and dying strud While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled, [head! In ghastly transport waved it o'er his

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause [applause. Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild That lately from those Royal Gardens burst, [accursed, Where the Veil'd demon held his feast When Zelica—alas, poor ruin'd heart,

* "The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk."—Koran, chap. lxxiii.

In ev'ry horror doom'd to bear its part!— Was bidden to the banquet by a slave, Who, while his quiv'ring lip the summons gave, [of the grave Grew black, as though the shadows Compass'd him round, and ere he could repeat [feet! His message through, fell lifeless at her Should ring she went—a soul-felt pang of fear, [near, A presage that her own dark doom was Roused ev'ry feeling, and brought Reason back [the rack. Once more, to write her last upon All round seem'd tranquil—ev'n the foe had ceased, As if aware of that demoniac feast, His fiery bolts; and though the heav'ns look'd red, [spread. 'Twas but some distant conflagration's But hark—she stops—she listens— dreadful tone! [a groan, 'Tis her tormentor's laugh— and now, A long death-groan comes with it:—can this be The place of mirth, the bower of rev'ry? She enters—Holy ALLA, what a sight Was there before her! By the glim- m'ring light [of brands Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands, [spread, She saw the board, in splendid mock'ry Rich censers breathing—garlands over head— [late had quaff'd The urns, the cups, from which they All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught? [guests, Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid With their swell'n heads sunk black'n'ing on their breasts, [glare, Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy As if they sought but saw no mercy there; As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through, Remorse the deadlier torment of the two! While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain Would have met death with transport by his side, [they died, Here mute and helpless gasp'd; —but, as Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain, [in vain. And clench'd the slack'ning hand at him
Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,  
The stony look of horror and despair,  
Which some of these expiring victims cast,  
Upon their souls' tormentor to the  
Upon that mocking Fiend, whose veil,  
now raised,  
Show'd them, as in death's agony they  
Not the long-promised light, the brow  
whose beaming [deeming,  
Was to come forth, all conqu'ring, all re-  
But features horribler than Hell e'er  
 traced [the Waste,"  
On its own brood;—no Demon of  
No chapelyard Ghade, caught lingering  
 in the light [sight  
Of the best sun, e'er blasted human  
With lineaments so foul, so fierce as  
those [shows:—  
Th' Impostor now, in grimming mock'ry,  
"There, ye wise Saints, behold your  
Light, your Star—  
[are.  
"Ye would be dupes and victims, and ye  
Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill  
Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat  
you still?  
[feel within  
"Swear that the burning death ye  
Is but the trance with which Heavn's  
[gracedBegin  
"That this foul visage, soul as e'er dis-  

Ev'n monstros man, is,—after God's  
own taste;  
[wray said  
"And that—but see!—ere I have half-  
My greetings through, th' uncountous souls are fled,  
[die,  
"Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye  
"If Eulens loves you half so well as I,—  
"Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take  
them thy seat; [never meet  
"Nay, come—no shudd'ring—didst thou  
The Dead before?—they graced our  

And these, my guests to-night, have  
brimm'd so true  
Their parting cups, that thou shalt  
pledge one too. [drunk up?  
"But—how is this?—all empty? all  
"Hot lips have been before thee in the  
cup,  

* * "The Afghans believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoolie Beabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying, they are as wild as the Demon of the Waste."—Ephraim Stone's Cusbah.

"Young bride—yet stay—one precious  
drop remains,  
"Enough to warm a gentle Priestess'  
veins;—  
[conqu'ring arms  
"Here, drink—and should thy lover's  
"Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its  
charms, [kiss,  
"Give him but half this venom in thy  
And I'll forgive my haughty rival's  
bliss!  
"For me—I too must die—but not like  
these [breeze;  
"Vile, rankling things, to fester in the  
To have this brow in ruffian triumph  
shorn,  
"With all death's grimness added to its  
And rot to dust beneath the taunting  
eyes [Godship lies!  
"Of slaves, exclaiming, 'There his  
No—cursed race—since first my soul  
drew breath, [ev'n in death.  
"They've been my dupes, and shall be  
Thou see'st thy cistern in the shade—  
'tis fill'd  
[distill'd;  
"With burning drugs, for this last hour  
There will I plunge me in that liquid  
[flame—  
"Fit bath to have a dying Prophet's  
"There perish, all—ere pulse of thine  
shall fail—  
[the tale.  
"Nor leave one limb to tell mankind  
So shall my votaries, where随时随� they  

rave, [Saint it gave:  
"Proclaim that Heavn took back the  
"That I've but vanish'd from this earth  
awhile, [shrouded smile!  
"To come again, with bright, un-  

So shall they build me altars in their  
zeal,  
[fools shall kneel;  
"Where knaves shall minister, and  
"Where Faith may mutter o'er her  
mystic spell, [swell  
"Written in blood—and Bigotry may  
"The sail he spreads for Heavn with  

blasts from hell! [he  
"So shall my banner, through long ages,  
"The rallying sign of fraud and an-  
archy;— Kanna's name,  
"Kings yet unborn shall rue Mo-

† "Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se feta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brillantes et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restaient de sa secte puissent croire qu'il s'était monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver."—D’Herbelot.
"And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
"Shall walk abroad in all the stormy
"And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life. [shakes the wall—
"But, hark! their batt'reng engine
"Why, let it shake—thus I can brave them all. [they come,
"No trace of me shall greet them, when
"And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'lt be dumb. [me,
"Now mark how readily a wretch like
"In one bold plunge commences Deity!"

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—[head, Quick closed the burning waters o'er his And Zelica was left—within the ring Of those wide walls the only living thing, The only wretched one, still cursed with breath, In all that frightful wilderness of death! More like some bloodless ghost—such as they tell. [edwell, In the Lone Cities of the Silent* And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sat Each by his own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs [ers. Throughout the camp of the beleaguerer— Their globes of fire (the dread artillery lent [spent; By GREECE to conqu'ring MAHADI) are And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent [through From high balistae, and the shielded Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along, All speak th' impatient Islamite's intent To try, at length, if tower and battlement [win, And bastion'd wall be not less hard to Less tough to break down than the hearts within. First in impatience and in toil is he, The burning Azim—oh! could he but see [grasp, Th' Impostor once alive within his Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boat's clasps, [or keep pace Could match that gripe of vengeance, With the fell heartiness of Hafez's embrace!"

"They have all a great reverence for burial grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Chica of the Silent, and which

Loud rings the pond'rous ram against the walls; [falls.
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress— But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty swing [ing!
"Of all your beams, together thunder— There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops exult, [catapult "Quick, quick discharge your weights! "Right on that spot, and Neksheh is our own!" [ing down, 'Tis done—the battlements come crash— And the huge wall, by that stroke, rift in two. [new, Yawning, like some old crater rent Shows the din, desolate city smoking through. living seen But strange! no signs of life—naught Above, below—what can this stillness mean? [and eyes— A minute's pause suspends all hearts "In through the breach," impetuous Azim cries; [wife But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile— [vance Just then, a figure, with slow step, ad Forth from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanced A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see The well-known Silver Veil!—"tis He, 'tis He, [around: "MOKANNA, and alone!" they shout Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground— [the task "Mine, Holy Caliph, mine," he cries, To crush you daring wretch—'tis all I ask." Eager he darts to meet the demon foe, Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow And faltering comes, till they are near; [spear Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim's And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows— [flows! Oh!—'tis his ZELICA's life-blood that "I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said, [head, As on his trembling arm she lean'd her And, looking in his face, saw anguish there [can bear— Beyond all wounds the quiv'ring flesh "I meant not thou shouldst have the pain of this:—

they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit at each at the head of his own grave, in visible to mortal eyes."—Euphinstone.
"Though death, with thee thus tasted,
is a bliss
"Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know—[die so!]
"How oft I've pray'd to God I might
"But the Fiend's venom was too scant and slow;—[thought]
"To linger on were madding—and I
"If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught
"The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I
"Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly."[yes—]

"But this is sweeter—oh I believe me,
"I would not change this sad, but dear careless,
"This death within thy arms I would
"For the most smiling life the happiest live!

"All, that stood dark and drear before
"Of my stray'd soul, is passing swiftly by;
"A light comes o'er me from those looks
"Like the first dawn of mercy from above!

"And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiv'n,
"Angels will echo the blest words in Heav'n!
[mine]

"But live, my AZIM;—oh! to call thee
"Thus once again! my AZIM—dream divine!

"Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
"Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,
"Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee
"Morning and night before that Deity,
"To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,

"As thine are, AZIM, never breathed in
"And pray that He may pardon her,
may take

"Compassion on her soul for thy dear
"And, naught remembrance, but her love to thee,

"Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
"Go to those happy fields where first we twined

"Our youthful hearts together—every
"That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flow'r's,

"Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours

"Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel
"For thy poor ZELICA as thou didst then.

"So shall 'thy orisons, like dew that flies
"To Heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise

"With all love's earliest ardor to the skies!
"And should they—but, alas, my senses fail—[ers prevail—]
"Oh for one minute!—should thy pray—
"If pardon'd souls may, from that World of Bliss,
[this—]

"Reveal their joy to those they love in
"I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—[well, farewell,]

"Oh Heav'n—I die—dear love! fare—

Time fled—years on years had pass'd away,
[full day,
And few of those who, on that mourn—Hud stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still—when, by a rustic grave,
[wave,
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent
An aged man, who had grown aged there
[in prayer,
By that lone grave, morning and night
For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
[play'd]
Of death hung dark'n'ing over him, there
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak
Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim.
[skep;
His soul had seen a Vision, while he
She, for whose spirit he had pray'd and
[dress'd]
So many years, had come to him, all
In angel smiles, and told him she was
[and died—
For this theold man breathed his thanks,
And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

The story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear PALADREN's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagon
was, of course, impossible.* In the next
place, the elephant, laden with his fine
antique porcelain, had, in an unusual
fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set
to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many
of the vessels were so exquisitely old, as
to have been used under the Emperors
Yau and Chun, who reigned many ages
before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran,
too, supposed to be the identical copy
between the leaves of which Mahomet’s
favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been
mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole
days; not without much spiritual alarm
to FADLADDEEN, who, though professing
to hold with both loyal and orthodox-
Massulmans, that salvation could only
be found in the Koran, was strongly
suspected of believing in his heart, that
it could only be found in his own par-
ticular copy of it. When to all these
grievances are added the obstinacy of the
cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara
into his dishes instead of the cinnamon
of Serendib, we may easily suppose that
he came to the task of criticism with,
at least, a sufficient degree of irritability
for the purpose.

“In order,” said he, importantly
swinging about his chaplet of pearls,
“to convey with clearness my opinion
of the story this young man has related,
it is necessary to take a review of all
the stories that have ever —— “My
good FADLADDEEN!” exclaimed the Prin-
cess, interrupting him, “we really do
not deserve that you should give your
self so much trouble. Your opinion of
the poem we have just heard, will, I
have no doubt, be abundantly edifying,
without any further waste of your valu-
able erudition.” “If that be all,” rep-
plied the critic,—evidently mortified at
not being allowed to show how much he
knew about every thing but the subject
immediately before him—“if that be all
that is required, the matter is easily dis-
patched.” He then proceeded to ana-
lyze the poem, in that strain (so well
known to the unfortunate bards of Del-
lhi) whose censures were an inflection
from which few recovered, and whose
dry praises were like the honey ex-
tracted from the bitter flowers of the
alo. The chief personages of the story
were, if he rightly understood them, an
ill-favored gentleman, with a veil over
his face;—a young lady, whose reason
went and came, according as it suited
the poet’s convenience to be sensible or
otherwise; — and a youth in one of those
hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took
the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a
Divinity. "From such materials,” said
he, “what can be expected!—after rival-
ling each other making speeches and
absurdities, through some thousands of
lines as indigestible as the filberts of
Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into
a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies
in a set speech, whose only recommenda-
tion is that it is her last; and the
lover lives on to a good old age, for the
laudable purpose of seeing her ghost,
which he at last happily accomplishes,
and expires. This, you will allow, is a
fair summary of the story; and if Nas-
sor, the Arabian merchant, told no bet-
ther, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all
honor and glory!) had no need to be
jealous of his abilities for story-telling.”

With respect to the style, it was wor-
thy of the matter;—it had not even
those politic contrivances of structure,
which make up for the commonness of
the thoughts by the peculiarity of the
vessels which were used under the Emperors
Yau and Chun, who reigned many ages before
the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain
began to be used by the Emperors.” (about
the year 442.)—*Duan’s Collection of Curious Obser-
vations, &c.;—a bad translation of some parts
of the Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses of the
Missionary Jesuits.

1: La lecture de ces Fables plaisait si fort aux
Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit
de l’Histoire de l’Ancien Testament, ils les
meprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser
leur racontaient étoient beaucoup plus belles.
Cette préférence attira à Nasser la considération de
Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.—*D’Her-
belot.
manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's apron converted into a banner, are so easily gild and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable; it had neither the copious flow of Firdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired drayman. The licenses, too, in which it indulged, were unpardonable; for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such:

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream
"What critic that can count," said FADLADEN, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllable superfluities?"—He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candor, thus:—"Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man;—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion—to one

The blacksmith Goo, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

The Humma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omens; and that every head it overshares will in time wear a crown.—Richardson.

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1739, one of the stipulations was, "that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family."—White's South of India.

heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet, himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation. (Being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FADLADEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her man, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi, "Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone, and their eyes are closed forever?"—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. "It is true," she said, "few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth;—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last forever;—but still, there are

He adds in a note:—"The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultan, found at Seringhamput in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy."

"To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c., on those rocks which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain."—Volney. M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount
One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of Life within, like music flowing
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!
some, as delighted, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic forever, like the Old Man of the Sea, upon his back!"—Fadladeen, it was plain, took this last heath-allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess, glancing a look at Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freely over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor, for his favorite sister, Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before, and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion, has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafiz compares his mistress's hair,† to the Cámálátá, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.‡ As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay,§ or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, that if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to Fadladeen, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

One morn a Peri at the gate Of Eden stood, disconsolate; And as she listen'd to the Springs Of Life within, like music flowing, And caught the light upon her wings Through the half-open portal glowing, She wist to think her recreant race Should c'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air, [there, "Are the holy Spirits who wander "Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall; [and sea, "Though mine are the gardens of earth "And the stars themselves have flowers for me, [them all! "One blossom of Heaven outblooms "Though sissy the Lake of cool Cashmere, "With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear, "And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall; plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming Ipo-man."—Foster.

§ According to Father Premace, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself. "Asiat. Res.

|| Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chine, from the plane trees upon it."—Foster.
"Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay.
"And the golden floods that thitherward stray."
"Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
"How the waters of Heaven outsitne them all!"

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
: From world to luminous world, as far
"As the universe spreads its flaming wall: [spheres,
"Take all the pleasures of all the
"And multiply each through endless years, [them all!"
"One minute of heaven is worth

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, behold her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From E'en's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Brahmins say—

Bloomed nowhere but in Paradise.†
"Nympf of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine,
"Tis written in the Book of Fate,
"The Peri yet may be forgiv'n
"Who brings to this Eternal gate
"The Gift that is most dear to heav'n!
"Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—
"Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in."

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embrances of the Sun;—

‡ "The Altar Kol or Golden River of Tibet,
which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which em ploys the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.
"The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue campeas flowers only in Paradise."—Sir W. Jones. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Manangathów, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. "This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower champakas that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere."—Marsden's Sumatra.

† "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the heavens."—Frier.

‡ The Forty Pillars: so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in

Fleeter than the starry brands
Plung at night from angel hands.
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb th' empyreal heights.
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's

Hung hov'ring o'er our world's ex-

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heav'n?—I know
"The wealth," she cries, of every urn,
"In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
"Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;§
"I know where the Isles of Perfume are,¶
"Many a fathom down in the sea,
"To the south of sun-bright Arabia;¶
"I know, too, where the Genii hid
"The jewell'd cup of their King Jam-

§ "With Life's elixir sparkling bright—
"But gifts like these are not for the sky.
"Where was there ever a gem that shone
"Like the steps of ALLA's wonderful

Throne" [would they be
"And the Drops of Life—oh! what
"In the boundless Deep of Eternity!"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
Over coral rocks, and amber beds,† Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,

their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there."—D'Herbelot, Volney.
¶ Diadora mentions the Isles of Panchina, to the south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says Grandpré) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—Voyage to the Indian Ocean.

† The Isles of Panchina.
"The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis"—Richardson.
‡ "It is not like the Sea of India, whose bot tom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains on the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and ivy are collected upon the lands"—Travels of two Mohammedans.
LALLA ROOKH.

Loely, with gold beneath their tides;  
Whose sandal groves and bow'rs of spice  
Might be a Peri's Paradise!  
But crimson now her rivers ran  
With human blood—the smell of death  
Came reeking from those spicy bow'rs,  
And man, the sacrifice of man,  
Mingled his taint with ev'ry breath  
Upwrought from th' innocent flow'rs.  

Land of the Sun! what foot invades  
Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—  
Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,  
Thy Monarchs and their thousand  
Thrones?†  
'Tis He of GAZNA—fierce in wrath  
He comes, and INDIA's diadems  
Lie scattered in his ruinous path.—  
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,  
Teeth from the violated necks.  
Of many a young and loved Sultana;§  
Maidens within their pure Zenana,  
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,  
And chokes up with the glut't'ring  
wrecks  
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!  
Downward the Peri turns her gaze,  
And, through the war-field's bloody haze  
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,  
Alone beside his native river,—  
The red blade broken in his hand,  
And the last arrow in his quiver.  
"Live," said the Conqu'ror, "live to  
share  
"The trophies and the crowns I bear!"  
Silent that youthful warrior stood—  
Silent he pointed to the flood  
All crimson with his country's blood,  
Then sent his last remaining dart,  
For answer, to th' Invader's heart.  

† . . . . . in the ground  
The bended twigs take root, and daughters  
grow  
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade,  
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between.  
—Milton.  

For a particular description and plate of the  
Danyan-tree, see Cordier's Ceylon.  
† "With this immense treasure Mahmood returned to Ghizni, and in the year 400  
p repared a magnificent festival, where he dis  
pplayed to the people his wealth in golden  
 thrones and in other ornaments, in a great  
 plain without the city of Ghizni."—Perishita.  
§ "Mahmood of Gzna, or Ghzni, who con  
quered India in the beginning of the 11th  
century."—See his History in Dove and Sir J.  
Malcolm.  

It is reported that the hunting equipage of  
The Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent  
that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds,  
each of which wore a collar set with jewels,  
False flew the shaft, though pointed  
well;  
The Tyrant lived, the Hero fell!—  
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,  
And, when the rush of war was past,  
Swiftly descending on a ray  
Of morning light, she caught the last—  
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
Before its free-born spirit fled!  

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her  
flight,  
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.  
Though foul are the drops that oft  
distil  
"On the field of warfare, blood like this  
"For Liberty shed, so holy is,||  
"It would not stain the purest rill,  
"That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss.  
"Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
"A boon, an offering Heav'n holds dear,  
"'Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
"From the heart that bleeds and breaks  
in her cause!"  

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave  
The gift into his radiant hand,  
"Sweet is our welcome of the Brave  
"Who die thus for their native  
Land,—  
"But see—alas!—the crystal bar  
"Of Eden moves not—holier far  
"Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,  
"That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"  

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,  
Now among Afric's lunar mountains,§  
and a covering edged with gold and pearls."  
—Universal History, vol. iii.  
|| Objections may be made to my use of the  
word Liberty in this, and more especially in  
the story that follows it, as totally inapplicable  
to any state of things that has ever existed  
in the East; but though I cannot, of course,  
mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble  
sense which is so well understood at the present  
day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted  
upon, yet it is no disparagement to the word to  
apply it to that national independence, that  
liberty from the interference and dictation of  
foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty  
of any kind can exist; and for which both  
Hindoes and Persians fought against their  
Muselman invaders with, in many cases, a  
bravery that deserved much better success.  
§ "The Mountains of the Moon, or Montes  
Lunae of antiquity, at the foot of which the  
Nile is supposed to arise."—Bruce.  
"Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbet
Far to the South, the Peri lighted;  
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
Of that Egyptian tide—whose birth  
Is hidden from the sons of earth  
Deep in those solitary woods  
Where oft the Genii of the Floods  
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,  
And hail the new-born Giant's smile,†  
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,  
Her grots and sepulchres of Kings,‡  
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;  
And now hangs list'ning to the doves  
In warm Rosetta's vale—now loves  
To watch the moonlight on the wings  
Of the white pelicans that break  
The azure calm of Mæris' Lake.§  
'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright  
Never did mortal eye behold!  
Who could have thought, that saw this night  
Those valleys and their fruits of gold  
Basking in Heavn's serenest light;—  
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending  
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,  
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending  
Warns them to their silken beds;—||  
Those virgin lilies, all the night  
Bathing their beauties in the lake,  
That they may rise more fresh and bright,  
When their beloved Sun's awake;—  
Those ruin'd shrines and tow'rs that  
The relics of a splendid dream; [seem amid  
Amid whose fairy loneliness  
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,  
Naught seen but (when the shadows, flitting  
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam,)  
Kamaris, or the white or lunar-colored mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arians a moon-colored horse.**  
* * "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant."—Asiat. Research. vol. I. p. 357.  
† See Perry's View of the Levant, for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Euchis, and the numberless grots covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt.  
‡ "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—Sonnini.  
§ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mæris.  
|| "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—Dafarat el Hadad.  
* "That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colors, has obtained the title of Sultanah."—Sonnini.  
** "Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, 'The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyenas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries,' &c.  
† † "Gondar was full of hyenas from the time it turned dark, till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and mean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Paladins from the neighboring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety."—Bruce.  
‡ ‡ Ibid.
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Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wanting together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the Lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stol'n to die alone.

One who in life where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to shake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
Which shines so cool before his eyes.

No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard;—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have called his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's
Safe in her father's princely hall,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fam'd.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,*
This melancholy bow'r to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek! [dim,
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she passes,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd dresses.

Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear emt 300,*
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shudd'ring as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unmask'd or without shame.

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
"The blessed air, that's breathed by thee—
"And, whether on its wings it bear
"Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
"There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—
"Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
"And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
"To give thy brow one minute's calm.
"Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
"Am I not thine—thy own loved
"The one, the chosen one, whose place
"In life or death is by thy side?
"Think'st thou that she, whose only light
"In this dim world, from thee hath
"Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
"That must be hers when thou art gone?
"That must be hers when thou art
"That I can live, and let thee go,
"Who art my life itself?—No, no—
"When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
"Out of its heart must perish too!
"Then turn to me, my own—turn,
"Before, like thee, I fade and rear,
"Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
"The last pure life that lingers there?"

She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep, on, in visions of odor rest,
"In balmer airs than ever yet stirr'd
"That enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
by Dec. vin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.
"Who sings at the last his own death-
lay," [away!]
"And in music and perfume dies
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
[shed
And shook her sparkling wreath, and
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd,
Upon the eye of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in oder sleeping;
While that benevolent Phœnix beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
Th' Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offer'd in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That he around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls [take,†
Their first sweet draught of glory
But, ah! ev'n Peris' hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
Th' immortal barrier closed— "Not yet,"
The Angel said, as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story
Written in light o'er ALLA's head
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
"But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
"Of Eden moves not—holier far

* * * In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty oriches in his bill, which are con-
tinued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmo-
nies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—Richardson.
† "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stones, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—From Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise, in his Beauties of Christianity

In Richardson this fact that Syria had its name from Surî, a beautiful and delicate species of rose, for which that country has been always famous—hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

"Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
"That opens the Gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses—
Softly the light of Eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet.
While summer, in a vale of flow'rs,
Is sleeping—say at his feet.

To one, who looked from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shineing streams, with ranks
Of golden cypresses on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls—
Gay lizards, glittering' on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright.
As they were all alive with light;
And, yet more splendid, numerous
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks, flocking
With their rich restless wings, that
Variously in the crimson beam [gleam
Of the warm West,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherds' and amazons, their feet,
With the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flow'ry vales;
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales,**

But naught can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the Sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,††

‡ "The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them."—Brace.
§ "The Syrian, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria."—Russell.
∥ "Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said, (Psalm lix.)...

* "Honey out of the stony rock."—Burder's Oriental Customs.
** "The river Jordan is on both sides beset with high thick and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all to-
gether."—Thevenot.
†† "The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seemed,
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves in odour sleeping;
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls should waken.
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her
thither;— [ven.
Still laughs the radiant eye of Hea-
Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flow'rs singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-dies,*
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flow'rs or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who tired with play
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount!

Impatient th'ing him down to drink,
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
In which the Perl's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
* * * You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels.'—Sonnini.

Imaret, "hospital où on loge et nourrit,
gratis, les pélerins pendant trois jours."—Tederini, Translated by the Abbé de Courmand.
—See also Castellán's Mœurs des Othomans, tom. v., p. 145.

"Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are
With blood of guests!—there written all,
Black as the damming drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soft'en'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, when'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its hirc'd glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burn'd all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesperr call to pray'r,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flow'rs, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels't with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From Purity's own cherub month,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flow'ry plain,
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
A scene, whi... might have well beguiled
Ev'n haughty Enlis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt he, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

Then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; in so-much that when a janizary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile, when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which having ended, he leeps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and resumes his journey with the mild expression of Aveh gokummus ahdet, or Come, dear, follow me."—Aaron Hill's Travels.
"There was a time," he said, in mild, Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
"When, young and happily pure as thou,
"I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now"—
He hung his head—each nobler aim,
And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Pei, "that down from the moon
"Falls through the withering airs of June
"Upon Egypt's land," of so healing a pow'r,
"So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
"That drop descends, contagion dies,
"And health reanimates earth and skies—

"Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
"The precious tears of repentance fall?
"Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
"One heavenly drop hath dispel'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble pray'r,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiv'n!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the fear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptured Pei knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw

* The Xneta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

† The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberbad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

* The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, from Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!
"Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
"The gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!
"Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
"To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
[throne,]
"Are the diamond turrets of Shadu-
"And the fragrant bower of Amber-

"Farewell, ye odors of Earth, that die
"Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
"My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,‡
"Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!
"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
[brief;—
"In my fairy wreath, so bright and
"Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown, [throne, §
"To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA'S
"Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
"Joy, joy forever!—my task is done—
"The Gates are pass'd, and Heav'n is won!"

"And this," said the Great Chamberlain, "is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamarra beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FADLADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand

in the palace of Mahomet. See Sale's Prelim. Disc.—Tooba, says D'Herbelot, signifies beautiful, or eternal happiness.

* Mahomet is described, in the 53d chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing; near it is the Garden of Eternal Abdol." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.
Streams of Basra. They who succeeded in this style deserved chaste- 
ment for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after 
gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an i-
regular or unestablished manner. What, 
then, was to be said to those who failed? 
to those who presumed, as in the pres-
cent lamentable instance, to imitate the 
license and ease of the elder sons of 
song, without any of that grace or vigor 
which gave a dignity even to neglig-
ence;—who, like them, flung the loads 
uselessly, but not like them, to the 
mark;—"and who," said he, 
rousing his voice to excite a proper de-
gree of wakefulness in his hearers, "con-
trive to appear heavy and constrained 
in the midst of all the latitude they 
allow themselves, like one of those 
young pagans that dance before the 
Princess, who is ingenious enough to 
move as if her limbs were fettered, in a 
pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of 
Masulipatam!"

It was but little suitable, he con-
tinued, to the grave march of criticism 
to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom 
they had just heard, through all her 
flights and adventures between earth and 
heaven; but he could not help advert-
ing to the puerile conceitiveness of the 
Three Gifts which she is supposed to 
carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, for-
soot, a sigh, and a tear! How 
the first of these articles was delivered into 
the Angel's "radiant hand" he professed 
himself at a loss to discover; and as to 
the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, 
such Peris and such poets were beings 
by far too incomprehensible for him even 
to guess how they managed such mat-
ters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a 
useless of time and patience to dwell 
longer upon a thing so incurably frivol-
ous,—puny even among its own puny 
race, and such as only the Banyan Hos-
pital; for Sick Insects should under-
take,"

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soft-
en this inexorable critic; in vain did 
she resort to her most eloquent common-
places,—reminding him that poets were 
a timid and sensitive race, whose sweet-
ness was not to be drawn forth, like 
that of the fragrant grass near the 
Ganges, by crumson and trampling upon 
them;—that severity often extinguish-
ed every chance of the perfection which 
it demanded; and that, after all, perfec-
tion was like the Mountain of the Talis-
man,—no one had ever yet reached its 
summit.|| Neither these gentle axioms, 
the still gentler looks with which 
they were meekened, could lower for 
one instant the elevation of Fadla-
Deen's eyebrows, or charm him into any 
thing like encouragement, or even toler-
ation, of her poet. Toleration, indeed, 
was not among the weaknesses of Fad-
Ladeen:—he carried the same spirit 
into matters of poetry and of religion, 
and, though little versed in the beauties 
and sublimities of either, was a perfect 
master of the art of persecution in both. 
His zeal was the same, too, in either 
pursuit; whether the game before him 
was pagans or poctasters,—worshippers 
of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid 
city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and 
shrines, magnificent and numberless, 
where Death appeared to share equal 
honors with Heaven, would have power-
fully affected the heart and imagina-

torial for seeds of many sorts, and flat 
bread dishes for water for the use of birds and 
insects."—Parsee's Travels.

It is said that all animals know the Banyan, 
that the most timid approach them, and 
that birds will fly nearer to them than to other 
people.—See Grandpré.

§ "A very fragrant grass from the banks of 
the Ganges, near Herilwar, which in some 
places covers whole acres, and diffuses, when 
crushed, a strong odor."—Sir W Jones on the 
Spikenard of the Ancients.

This account excited a desire of visiting 
the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of 
their benevolence to all kinds of animals that 
were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age 
or accident. On my arrival, there were pre-
sented to my view many horses, cows, and 
oxen, in one apartment; in another dogs, 
sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clew straw 
for them to repose on. Above stairs were do-

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tion of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, dispatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were then making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone forever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil had fallen off in which this passion at first disguises itself, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to live without knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even he should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all had tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!* She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the claw was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only endeavor to forget the short dream of hap-

* "The Arabsians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them."—P. Vandelbe, Relat. d’Egypte.


‡ Ferishta, "Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coins, stamped with the figure of the flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity and, on occasion, thrown.

piness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irin, and then lost them again forever†.

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princes than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people; while the artisans, in chariot adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment;—particularly on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers,§ and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees,|| at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere,—while the by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace.|| The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side. This road is 230 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says Bernier, "erected every half league to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."
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Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to haunt'd by peacocks' feathers and listen to FADLADEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favorite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the Love
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Wound like some that burn below.

Who, that feels what Love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pan—
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,
RISK the fatal dream again?

Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH's heart;—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamored and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foli-

age of the Palmyra,—that favorite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.* In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mango-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus;† while at a distance stood the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loneliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was about to interpose a faint word of objection, but before either of them could speak, a slave was dispatched for FERA-

MORZ, who, in a very few minutes, made his appearance before them—looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH's eyes, that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghelber or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors,‡ preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostacy or persecution in their own. It was impossible,

* "The Baya, or Indian Gross-beak."—Sir W. JONES.
† "Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the waters of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus; the flower is larger than that of the white water lily, and is the most lovely of the nympheas I have seen."—Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.
‡ "On les voit persécutés par les Khâhès se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman: plusieurs choisissent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arrêteront sur les bords du Gange à l'est de Delhi."—M. Anquetil, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 346.
he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Baku,* when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers,† and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FADLADEEHN had ever ventured upon so much prose before FADLADEEHN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating person age. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"—while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse;—he had never before looked half so amanimated; and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the tallmanic characters on the eminence of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted; and while FADLADEEHN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers:

**THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.**

'Tis moonlight over OMAN'S SEA;§
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beautiously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.

'Tis moonlight in HARMOZIA's walls,
And through her EMIR's porphyry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,¶
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;—
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bullfinch's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sung him to his golden rest. [\textit{tjon} ;
All hush'd—there's not a breeze in mo-
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven;
The wind-tower on the EMIR's dome**
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And fulcheons from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on IRAN'S [\textit{f}name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike;—
One of that saintly, murdr'rous brood,
To carnage and the Koran giv'n,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their direcest path to heav'n;
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God

§ The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.
|| The present Gombaroon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.
¶ A Moorish instrument of music.
** At Gombaroon and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind and cooling the houses. — \textit{Le bruyen}.

† † The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.
\textit{A Asiat. Res., Disc. 5.}
Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast
Upon their souls' tormentor till the last;—
Upon that mocking Fiend, whose veil, now raised,
Showed them, as in death's agony they gazed,
Not the long promised light, the brow, whose beaming
Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming
But features horrible than Hell e'er traced
On its own brood;—
Engraven on his reckoning sword;—

Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just ALLA! what must be thy look,
When such a wretch before thee stands

Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—

Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,
And wresting from its page sublime
His creed of lust, and hate, and crime;—
Ev'n as those bees of Trebizond,
Which from the sunniest flower's that glad

With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad.†

Never did fierce ARABIA send
A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was IRAN doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fall'n—her pride was crush'd—

Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
In their own land,—no more their own,—
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her tow'rs, where MITHRA once had
burn'd, [turn'd, To MOESLEM shades—oh shame!—were
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And cursed the faith their sires adored.
Yet has she hearts, mud all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance;—hearts that yet—

Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays
They've treasured from the sun that's set,—

Beam all the light of long-lost days!
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight lux'ry there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay

* On the blades of their cimiters some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed.—

Riessel.
† "There is a kind of Rhododendros about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad."— Tournefort.

† "Their kings wear plumes of black heron's feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty."—Hawesay.

Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray.
Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine;
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power;
None but the loving and the loved
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see,—where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
You turret stands;—where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild—
'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,
All truth, and tenderness, and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race;—
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain!§

Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flow'r that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity.
So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,
Like holy myst'ries, lam'nedshrin'd.
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the vale that shades them o'er!—

Like those who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No hp had ever breathed but theirs.

Beautiful are the maid's that glide,
On summer-eyes, through YEMEN's§ dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils;—
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bow'r,¶

§ The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahom-etan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East.—Richardson.
¶ Arabian Felix.
¶ "In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and enclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall:
Before their mirrors count the time,*
And grow still lovelier ev’ry hour.
But never yet hath bride or maid
In ARABY’s gay Haram smiled,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade.
Before AL HASSAN’s blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant’s dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman’s loveliness;—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abash’d away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the em’rald’s virgin blaze;—
Yet fill’d with all youth’s sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and rapturous fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this:
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion’s soften’d glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Such is the maid who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bow’r,
Watching the still and shining deep.
Ah! twas not thus—with tearful eyes
And beating heart,—she used to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.

large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures.” —Lady M. W. Montagu.

"The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. In Barbary," says Shaw, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when after the drudgery of the day they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat’s skin to fetch water." — Travels.

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotina being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following name intercourse of two lovers before their parents:—"

"He with salute of deference due,
A lotus to his forehead press’d;
She raised her mirror to his view,
Then turn’d it inward to her breast."—Assiatic Miscellany, vol. ii.

"They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones, (emeralds,) why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep.
For man to scale that turret’s height!—

So deem’d at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night-light.

After the day-beam’s with’ring fire,†
He built her bow’r of freshness there,
And had it deck’d with costliest skill,
And fondly thought it safe as fair:

Think, reverend dreamer! think so still,
Nor wake to learn what Love can dare;—

Love, all-defying Love, who sees
No charm in trophies won with ease;—
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are pluck’d on Danger’s precipice!
Bolder than they, who dare not dive
For pearls, but when the sea’s at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
 Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water.
Yes—ARABY’s unrival’d daughter,
Though high that tow’r, that rock-way rude,
Cheek.

There’s one who, but to kiss thy
Would climb th’ untrodden solitude,
Of ARARAT’s tremendous peak,§
And think its steeps, though dark and dread,

Heav’n’s pathways, if to thee they led!
E’vn now thou seest the flashing spray,
He immediately becomes blind."—Ahmed ben Abdalasiz, Treatise on Jewels.

"At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water.” —Marco Polo.

§This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible. Struy says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds, that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold, and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm." —It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it, they say, exists there still, which Struy thus gravely accounts for.—"Whereas none can remember that the air on top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten." —See Carreri’s Travels, where the doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.
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That lights his oar's impatient way;
Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
As if to lift him from below!
Like her to whom, at dead of night,
The bride room, with his locks of light,
Came, in the flush of love and pride,
And scaled the terrace of his bride;—
When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway up in danger clung,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love,
there!"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
The hero Zal in that fond hour,
Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
Now climbs the rocks to Honda's"See—light as up their granite steeps
The rock-goats of Arabia chamber,†
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
And now is in the maiden's chamber.
She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
Some beauteous bird without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in th' undiscover'd seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wing away!
Will he thus fly—her nameless lover?
ALLA forbid! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over
Some ditty to her soft Kanoo,‡
Alone, at this same witching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam through the lattice of the bow'r,
Where nightly now they mix their sights;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay!
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:
And—though, when terror's swoon
had pass'd,
She saw a youth of mortal kind,
Before her in obeisance cast,—
* In one of the books of the Shah Nâmeh,
when Zal (a celebrated hero of Persia, remark-
able for his white hair) comes to the terrace of
his mistress Rodahver, at night, she lets down
her long tresses to assist him in his ascent;—
he, however, manages it in a less romantic
way, by fixing his crook in a projecting beam.
—See Champaigne's Férode.

Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange, awful words,—and gleams have
broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was giv'n
To some unhallow'd child of air,
Some erring Spirit cast from heav'n,
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maid's of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heav'n for woman's eyes.
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he
Who woos thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire,
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day God's living fire.

But quench'd to-night that ardor seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his
brow;—
Never before, but in her dreams,
Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled
sleep,
From which 'twas joy to wake and
Visions that will not be forgot,
But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been.

"How sweetly," said the trembling
maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,
Looking upon that tranquil flood—
"How sweetly does the moonbeam
smile.
"To-night upon yon leafy isle!
"Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,
"I've wish'd that little isle had wings,
"And we, within its fairy bow'r,
"Were wafted off to seas unknown,
"Where not a pulse should beat but
ours,
"And we might live, love, die alone!
"Far from the cruel and the cold,—
"Where the bright eyes of angels only
"Should come around us, to behold
"A paradise so pure and lonely.

† On the lofty hills of Arabia Petraea are
rock-goats. —Neubuh.

† "Casuin, espèce de palétroion, avec des
cordes de buxaux; les danseurs en touchent dans
le saut, avec des doigles armés de pointes de
cocot."—Toderini, trans. by De Cournand.
"Would this be world enough for thee?"

Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heartfelt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams have boded all too right—
'Ve part—forever part—to night!
I knew, I knew it could not last—
'Twas bright, 'twas heav'nly, but 'tis past!
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flow'r,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
Oh misery! must I lose that too?
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet—
Those frightful rocks—that treach'rous sea—
No, never come again—though sweet,
Though heav'n, it may be death to thee.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou goest, beloved stranger!
Better to sit and watch that ray,
And think thee safe, though far away,
Than have thee near me, and in danger!

"Danger!—oh, tempt me not to boast!"
The youth exclaimed—"thou little know'st,
What he can brave, who, born and
In Danger's paths, has dared her worst;
Upon whose ear the signal word [ting;
Of strife and death is hourly breaking,
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking.
Danger!"

"Say on—thou fear'st not then,
And we may meet—oft meet again?"

"Oh! look not so—beneath the skies
I now fear nothing but those eyes,
If aught on earth could charm or force
My spirit from its destined course,—
If aught could make this soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set,
'Twould be those eyes;—they, only they,
Could melt that sacred seal away!
But no—'tis fix'd—my awful doom
Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb
We meet no more;—why, why did Heav'n
Mingle two souls that earth has riv'n,
Has rent asunder wide as ours?
Oh, Arab maid, as soon the Powers
Of Light and Darkness may combine,
As I be linked with thee or thine?
"Thy Father—"

"Holy Alla save
His gray head from that lightning glance!" [brave;
"Thou know'st him not—he loves the
Nor lives there under Heaven's expanse [thee
One who would prize, would worship
And thy bold spirit, more than he.
Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
With the bright falchion by his side,
I've heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior's bride.
And still, when'er at Haran hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flow'rs,
He tells me, when in playful mood,
A hero shall my bridgemoon be,
Since Pride is best in battle wont,
And won with shouts of victory!
Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
Know'st
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou
"Th' unholy strife these Persians wage:— [thou glow'st
Good Heav'n, that frown—even now
With more than mortal warrior's rage.
Haste to the camp by morning's light,
And, when that sword is raised in fight,
Oh, still remember, Love and I
Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
One vict'ry o'er those Slaves of Fire,
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
Abhors—"

"Hold, hold—thy words are death—"
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back and show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him hung.*—

"Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to
"All that thy sire abhors in me!
"Yes—I am of that impious race,
"Those Servants of Fire who, born and

even,

"Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
"Among the living lights of heaven!*

"Yes—I am of that outcast few,
"To Iran and to vengeance true,
"Who curse the hour your Arabs came
"To desolate our shrines of flame,

"And swear, before God's burning eye,
"To break our country's thorns, or die!
"Thy bigot sire,—nay, tremble not,—
"He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,

"With mine sacred as the spot
"From which our fires of worship rise!
"But know—twas he I sought that night,
[sea,

"When, from my watch-boat on the
"I caught this turrett's glimmering light,
"And up the rude rocks desparately
"Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—

"I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
"And found a trembling dove within;
"Thine, thine the victory—thine the sun

"If Love hath made one thought his own,
"That Vengeance claims first—last—

alone!

"Oh! had we never, never met,
"Or could this heart ev'n now forget
"How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,

"Had fate not frown'd so dark between!
"Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,

"In neighboring valleys had we dwelt,
"Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
"At the same kindling altar knelt,—
"Then, then, while all those nameless ties,

"In which the charm of Country lies,
"Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
"Till Iran's cause and thine were one;
"While in thy lute's awaking sigh
"I heard the voice of days gone by,
"And saw, in every smile of thine,
"Returning hours of glory shine:—

"While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
"Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs—through thee,—

"God! who could then this sword with-stand?
"Its very flash were victory!
"But now—estranged, divorced forever,
"Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;

"Our only ties what love has wove,—
"In faith, friends, country, surder'd wide;

"And then, then only, true to love,
"When false to all that's dear beside,
"Thy father Iran's deadliest foe,

"Thyself, perhaps, ev'n now—but no—

"Hate never look'd so lovely yet!

"No—sacred to thy soul will be
"The land of him who could forget
"All but that bleeding land for thee.
"When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
"Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,

"Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,

[all!]

"And for his sake thou'lt weep for

"But look——"

With sudden start he turn'd and pointed to the distant wave,

"They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their casacks, or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it."—Grose's Voyage.—"Le jeune homme nie d'abord la chose; mais, ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portait comme Ghebère," &c., &c.—D'Her- belot, art. Agduami. "Pour se distinguer des Idoles, les Ghebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau."

Encyclopédie Françoise.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

* They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary. —Hawkes. 'As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mythras, or Mihir, to which they pay the highest rever- ence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that lumina- ry, all glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man."—Grose. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer's re- mark, that 'calumny is often added to oppre- sion, if but for the sake of justifying it.'
Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd,
Bluey, as o'er some seaman's grave:
And fiery darts, at intervals.
Flew up all sparkling from the main,
As if each star that nightly falls,
Were shooting back to heav'n again.

"My signal lights!—I must away—"
"Both, both are ruin'd if I stay,
"Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—"
"Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!"
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.
While poor, and mute young Hinda stood,
Nor moved, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of wo:—
Shrieking she to the lattice flew,
"I come—I come—if in that tide
Thou sleep'st to-night, I'll sleep there too,
In death's cold wedlock, by thy side.

"Oh! I would ask no happier bed
"Than the chill wave my love lies under:—"
"Sweeter to rest together dead,
"Far sweeter, than to live asunder!"
But no—their hour is not yet come—
Again she sees his pinace fly,
Waiting him fleetly to his home, [lie
Where'er that ill-starr'd home may
And calm and smooth it seem'd to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind!

"The Mamelukes that were in the other boat, when it was dark used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air, which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars."
—Baumgarten.

"Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Guhlok) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitions notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice."
—Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzein, by W. Hunter, Esq.

"It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near

The Prince, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that Feramorz had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for, whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chew'd the leaves of that enchanted tree which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.†

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low, bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful sight of time-burnt bamboo-stacks, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that, in that very spot, the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath this spacious shade, some pious hands had erected a row of pillars, ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain,‡ which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadaleen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:

The morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea§ palely shines
the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good wagen-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imports a certain melancholy, not perhaps, altogether void of apprehension."
—Oriental Field Sports, vol. II.

§ "The Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councills; the first, from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because petitions were held under its branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved, and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors."
—Pennant.

§ The Persian Gulf.—"To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf."—Sir W. Jones.
Revealing Bahrein's* groves of palm,
And lighting Krishna's* amber vines
Fresh smell the shores of Arab's,
While breezes from the Indian Sea
Blow round Selama's* saunted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and lowry wreath,
Which pions spanner, as they pass'd,
Had trow'd that Holy headland cast—
Oblations to the Genu there
For gentle skyes and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight;
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespengaled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest cimeter
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign.
And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the stary choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flow'r, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—
When, from the banks of Bendemier
To the nut-groves of Samarcand,
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
Who on Cadessia's* bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From Iran's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains:
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
Islands in the Gulf.

1 Or Selimch, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Mussuldem. "The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a pro-
visions voyage."—Morier.
2 "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time, and from the lowest trees at night"—Kessel's Aleppo.
3 In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Franklin says, "The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest cimeter should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."
Thou satrap of a bigot Prince, [cra's;]
Have swarm'd among these Green Sea
Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown;
Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee
Rebellion brake thee from the shore.
Rebellion! soul, dishonoring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again;—
But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!
And who is he, that wields the might
Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink?
Who comes, embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountainers?—
Those mountainers that trust, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God, whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,
Among her snowy mountains throw
The last light of his worship too!
'Tis HAFED—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm!—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manifest arm.
'Tis HAFED, most accursed and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire;
"When the bright cimeters make the eyes
Of our heroes wink."—The Mehalkut, Poem of Amru.
† Tahmuras, and other ancient kings of Persia, whose adventures in Fairy-land among the Persis and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorghi, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.
† This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings
Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorghi resistless wore;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who must to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstand,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!
Such were the tales, that won belief,
And such the coloring Fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes and altars free,
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word, Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names, that have sanctified their blood
As Lebanon's small mountain-flood
Is rendered holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks.†
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tame to Moslem tyranny;
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though framed for Iran's happiest years,
[tears!—
Was born among her chains and
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison-plast—
No—far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
Holy River from the "cedar saints" among
which it rises.
In the Lettres Edifiantes, there is a different
cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these
are deep caverns, which formerly served as so
many cells for a great number of recluse, who
had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses
upon earth of the severity of their penance.
The tears of these pious penitents gave the
river of which we have just treated the name
of the Holy River."—See Chateaubriand's
Beauty of Christianity.
Fall on his soul like drops of flame;  
And, as a lover hails the dawn  
Of a first smile, so welcomed he  
The sparkle of the first sword drawn  
For vengeance and for liberty!  

But vain was valor—vain the flow'r  
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,  
Against Al Hassan's whelming pow'r,—  
In vain they met him, helm to helm,  
Upon the threshold of that realm  
He came in bigots' pomp to sway,  
And with their corpses block'd his way—  
In vain—for every leisure they raised,  
Thousands around the conqueror blazed;  
For every arm that lined their shore,  
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—  
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,  
Before whose swarms as fast they bow'd  
As dates beneath the locust cloud.  

There stood—but one short league away  
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—  
A rocky mountain o'er the Sea  
Of Oman beating awfully;*  
A last and solitary link  
Of those stupendous chains that reach  
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink  
Down winding to the Green Sea beach.  
Around its base the bare rocks stood,  
Like naked giants, in the flood,  
As if to guard the Gulf across;  
While, on its peak, that braved the sky,  
A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high  
That oft the sleepy albatross  
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,  
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering  
Started—to find man's dwelling there  
In her own silent fields of air!  
Beneath, terrific caverns gave  
Dark welcome to each stormy wave  

* This mountain is my own creation, as the  
"stupendous chain," of which I suppose it a  
link, does not extend quite so far as the shores  
of the Persian Gulf.  

† This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media  
from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the  
Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel  
with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf,  
and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gom-  
beroos, (Harmonia,) seems once more to rise in  
the southern districts of Kerman, and following  
an easterly course through the centre of Meck-  
raun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the  
deserts of Sinde."—Kinnier's Persian Empire.  

†† These birds sleep in the air. They are  
most common about the Cape of Good Hope.  

‡‡ There is an extraordinary hill in this  
neighborhood, called Kohd Gahd, or the Gue-  
brs's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty  
cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the  

That dash'd, like midnight revellers,  
in—  
And such the strange, mysterious din  
At times throughout those caverns  
roll'd,—  
And such the fearful wonders told  
Of restless sprites imprisoned there,  
That bold were Moslem, who would  
dare,  
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff  
Beneath the Gheneb's lonely cliff.†  
On the land side, those tow'rs sublime,  
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,  
Were sever'd from the haunts of men  
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,  
So fathomless, so full of gloom.  
No eye could pierce the void between:  
It seem'd a place where Gholes might  
come  
With their foul banquets from the tomb,  
And in its caverns feed unseen.  
Like distant thunder, from below,  
The sound of many torrents came,  
Too deep for eye or ear to know  
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,  
Or floods of ever-restless flame,  
For, each ravine, each rocky spire  
Of that vast mountain stood on fire;§  
And, though forever past the days  
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze  
That from its lofty altar shone,—  
Though fled the priests, the vot'ries gone,  
Still did the mighty flame burn on,  
Through chance and change, through  
good and ill,  
Like its own God's eternal will,  
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!  

Thither the vanquish'd Hafez led  
His little army's last remains;—  
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,  
remains of an Atush Kuda, or Fire Temple. It  
is superstitiously held to be the residence of  
Deuces or Sprites, and many marvellous stories  
are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suf-  
tered by those who essay'd in former days to  
ascent or explore it."—Pottinger's Beloochis-  
tan.  

§ The Gheneb's generally built their temples  
over subterraneous fires.  

§§ At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is  
distinguished by the appellation of the Dérôf  
Abadut, or Sea of Religion, the Gheneb's are  
permitted to have an Atush Kuda or Fire Tem-  
ple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire  
in it since the days of Zoroaster) in their own  
compartment of the city; but for this indul-  
gence they are indebted to the avarice, not the  
tolerance of the Persian government, which  
taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man.  
—Pottinger's Beloochistan.
"Thy gloom, that Ebhi's' self might dread,
"Is Heav'n to him who flies from
O'er a dark, narrow bridgeway, known
To him and to his Chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the
towers,—
"This home," he cried, "at least is
Here we may bleed, unmock'd by
hymns
"Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
"Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
"To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
"Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures'
beaks
"Are whetted on your yet warm cheeks,
"Here—happy that no tyrant's eye
"Gloats on our torments—we may die!—"

'Twas night when to those towers they
And gloomily the fitful flame, [came,
That from the ruin'd altar broke,
Glared on his features as he spoke:—
"'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've
"If Iran will look tamely on, [done—
"And see her priests, her warriors driv'n
"Before a sensual bigot's nod,
"A wretch who shrines his lust in
heav'n,
"And makes a panther of his God;
"If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
"Men in whose veins—oh last dis-
grace!
"The blood of Zal and Rustam* rolls.—
"If they will court this upstart race
"And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
"To kneel at shrines of yesterday;
"If they will crouch to Iran's foes,
"Why, let them—till the land's des-
pair
"Cries out to Heav'n, and bondage
"Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear!
"Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
"Their innmost core, and conscience

*Ancient heroes of Persia. "Among the
Ghebres there are some who boast their de-
scent from Rustam."—Stephens's Persia.
† See Russe1's account of the panthers at-
tacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore
about the roots of Lebanon.
‡ Among other ceremonies the Magi used
to place upon the tops of high towers various
kinds of rich viands, upon which it was sup-
posed the Persis and the spirits of their departed
heroes regaled themselves."—Richardson.
§ In the ceremonies of the Ghebres round
their Fire, as described by Lord "the Duroo," he
says, "giveth them water to drink, and a

"Each coward tear the slave let's fall
"Back on his heart in drops of gall,
"But here, at least, are arms unchained,
"And souls that thraldom never
staid;—
"This spot, at least, no foot of slave
"Or satrap ever yet profaned;
"And though but few—though fast
the wave
"Of life is ebbing from our veins,
"Enough for vengeance still remains.
"As panthers, after set of sun,
"Rush from the roots of Lebanon
"Across the dark-sea robber's way;—
"We'll bound upon our startled prey;
"And when some hearts that proudest
swell
"Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
"When Hope's expiring throbb is o'er,
"And ev'n Despair can prompt no more,
"This spot shall be the sacred grave
"Of the last few who, vainly brave,
"Die for the land they cannot save!"

His Chiefs stood round—each shining
Upon the broken altar laid— [blade
And though so wild and desolate [state;
Those courts, where once the Mighty
Nor longer on those mould'red tow'rs
Was seen the feast of fruits and flow'rs,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wand'ring Spirits of their dead;‡
Though neither priest nor rites were
there, [ate:§
Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegran-
Nur hymn, nor censor's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet;§
Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard them, while on that altar's fires
They swore the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
Should be, in Iran's injured name,
To die upon that Mount of Flame—
The last of all her patriot line,
Before her last untrampled Shrine!

pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to
delemse them from inward uncleanness."
† Early in the morning, they (the Parsees
or Ghebres at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their
devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the
altars there are spheres consecrated, made by
magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and
when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be in-
flamed, and to turn round with a great noise.
They have every one a censor in their hands,
and offer incense to the sun."—Rabbi Benja-
mim.
‡ "Nu d'entretex secrète so parjurer, quand
il à pris à te moin cet élément terrible et ve-
gueur."—Encyclopedia Française.
LALLA ROOKH.

Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
Whom love first touch'd with others' wo—

Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.

Once, EMMI' thy unheeding child,
Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smiled,—
Tranquil as on some battle plain
The Persian lily shines and tw'rs,*
Before the combat's redd'ning stain
Hast fall'n upon her golden flow'rs,
Lighthearted maid, unwav'd, unmoved,
While Heav'n but spared the sire she loved,

Once at thy evening tales of blood
Unlist'ning and aloof she stood—
And oft, when thou hast paced along
Thy Haram halls with furious heat,
Hast thou not cursed her cheerful song,
That came across thee, calm and sweet,
Like huts of angels, touch'd so near
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear!

Far other feelings Love hath brought—
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
She now has but the one dear thought,
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!

Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words—"for my sake weep for all."
And bitterly, as day on day
Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
She weeps a lover snatch'd away
In ev'ry Gheber wretch that bleeds.
There's not a speare mounts her eye,
But with his life-blood seem to swim:
There's not an arrow wings the sky,
But fancy turns its point to him,
No more she brings with footstep light
AL HASSAN's falchion for the fight;
And—had he look'd with clearer sight,
Had not the mists, that ever rise
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—
He would have mark'd her shudd'ring frame,
When from the field of blood he came;

* "A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the plough'd fields are covered with the Persian lily of a resplendent yellow color." —Russell's Aleppo.

The faint'ring speech—the look estrang-
ed—
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd—
He would have mark'd all this, and known
Such change is wrought by Love alone!

Ah! not the Love, that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosp'rous Love,
That, pledged on earth and seal'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness!

No, HINDA, no,—thy fatal flame
Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame;—
A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
It lies like some ill-gotten treasure,—
Some idol, without shrine or name,
O'er which its pale-eyed vot'ries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep.

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN's Sea.
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray
She saw his light e'er rapidly
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
And still she goes, at midnight hour
To weep alone in that high bow'ry,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep;—

But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw his bark again.
The owl's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
And oft the hateful carrion bird,
Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
Which reek'd with that day's banquet-
ing—
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—AL HASSAN's brow
Is brighten'd with unusual joy—
What mighty mischief glads him now.
Who never smiles but to destroy?
The sparkle upon HERKEND's Sea.
When toss'd at midnight furiously;†
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
More surely than that smiling eye!  
† "It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire."—Travels of Two Mohammedans.
"Up, daughter, up—the Kernia's* breath
Has blown a blast would waken death,
And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
This blessed day for Heaven and me,
A day more rich in Pagan blood
Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
Before another dawn shall shine,
His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine:
"This very night his blood shall steep
These hands all over ere I sleep!"
"His blood?" she faintly scream'd—her mind
Still singing one from all mankind—
"Yes—spite of his ravines and tow'r's,
Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conqu'ring treachery,
"Without whose aid the links accursed,
That bind these impious slaves, would
"Too strong for Alla's self to burst!
That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose bawling spells had almost driv'n
Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,
Know 'This night,' with all his band, shall
How deep an Arab's steel can go.
"When God and Vengeance speed the blow,
And—Prophecy! by that holy wreath
Thou wouldest on Omon's field of death,
I swear, for ev'ry sob that parts
In anguish from these heathen hearts,
A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.
But, ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child,
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to Arabia.
"Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
A kind of trumpet—it was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles."—Richardson.
Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one; the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet, wraith, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohood.—Universal History.
"They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes."—Thevenot. The same is asserted of the oranges there; vide Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey.
"The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter-tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water."—Klaproth's Chemical An-
LALLA ROOKH

His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame.
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes, that shone in mockery night,
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted.
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heav'n, and feeling hell!

LALLA ROOKH had, the night before,
been visited by a dream which, in spite
of the impending fate of poor HA'FED,
made her heart more than usually cheerful
during the morning, and gave
her cheeks all the freshened animation
of a flower that the Bidmusk has just
passed over.† She fancied that she
was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where
the seas-gipsies, who live forever on
the water,‡ enjoy a perpetual summer in
wandering from isle to isle, when she
saw a small gilded bark approaching
her. It was like one of those boats
which the Maldivian islanders send
adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves,
laden with perfumes, flowers, and odor-
iferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit
whom they call King of the Sea. At
first this little bark appeared to be empty,
but, on coming nearer—
She had proceeded thus far in relating
the dream to her Ladies, when FEP-
A-MORS appeared at the door of the pavil-
ion. In his presence, of course, every
thing else was forgotten, and the con-
tinuance of the story was instantly re-
quested by all. Fresh wood of aloes
was set to burn in the cassolets;— the
violet sherbets§ were hastily handed
round, and after a short prelude on his
lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava,||
which is always used to express the la-
mentations of absent lovers, the Poet
thus continued:

The day is low'ring—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heav'n's rack,
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy.
There's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past;
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!

ant fishermen, who live in small covered boats,
and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern
ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island,
with the variations of the monsoon. In some
of their customs this singular race resemble
the natives of the Maldives islands. The Mal-
divians annually launch a small bark, loaded
with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous
wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of wind
and waves, as an offering to the Spirit of the Winds;
and sometimes similar offerings are
made to the spirit whom they term the King of
the Sea. In like manner the Bijaks perform
their offering to the god of evil, launching a
small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfor-
tunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall
on the unlucky crew that may be so unlucky
as first to meet with it."—Dr. Leyden on the
Language and Literature of the Indo-Chinese
Nations.

§ "The sweet-scented violet is one of
the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great
taste in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—Hasselmus.
"The sherbet they most esteem, and which
is drunk by the Grand Signor himself, is made
of violets and sugar."—Tavernier.

† "A wind which prevails in February,
called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous
flower of that name."—"The wind which blows
these flowers commonly lasts till the end of
the month."—Le Brunn.

‡ "The Bijaks are of two races: the one
settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike
and industrious nation, who reckon themselves
the original possessors of the island of Borneo.
The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itiner-

—The Project Gutenberg eBook of Lalla Rookh, by William 149
§
While some, already burst and riv'n,
Seem melting down the verge of heav'n;
As though the infant storm had rent
The mighty womb that gave him birth.

And, having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for Ormus' bow'rs,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land;— upon the beach
The pilot oft had paused, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;
And all was boding, drear, and dark.

As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
Wept slowly from the Persian shore,—
No music tim'd her parting oar, *
Nor friends upon the less'ning strand
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Lake some ill-destined bark that steer'd
In silence through the Gate of Tears.†

And where was stern Ali Hassan then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?—
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood. —

With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture smells his food
In the still warm and living breast:
While o'er the wave his weeping daugh-
ter
Is wafted from these scenes of slaugh-
As a young bird of Babylon.—‡

Let loose to tell of vict'ry won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
The flow'rs she nursed—the well-known groves,
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver tails.
Her birds' new plumage to behold,
And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filleted with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount;
Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary.

In her own sweet acacia bow'r,—
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?

No,—silent, from her train apart,—
As even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom
As a pale Angel of the Grave;
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,
Looks, with a shudder, to those tow'rs,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in streaming tide shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!

"Where art thou, glorious stranger!" thou,
"So loved, so lost, where art thou now?"
"Foe—Gheber—infidel what' er
"Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doomed to bear,

"Still glorious—still to this fond heart
"Dear as its blood, what' e r thou art!"
"Yes—ALLA, dreadful ALLA! yes—"
"If there be wrong, be crime in this,
"Let the black waves that round us roll,
"Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
"Forgotten faith—home—father—all—"

"Before its earthly idol fall,
"Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him—"

‡ "They fasten some writing to the wings
of a Bagdad or Babylonian pigeon."—Travels
of certain Englishmen

† "The Empress of Jehan-Gu'ire used to di-
vert herself with feeding tame fish in her ca-
nels, some of which were many years afterwards
known by fillets of gold which she caused to be
put round them."—Harris.

‡ "Le Tesphiq, qui est un chapelet, composé
de 29 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'am-
bre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse.
J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerops; il
étoit de belles et grasses perles parfumées et
géules, estimé trente mille pistres."—Toderner.
His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the Mighty sate;
No longer on those smouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering spirits of their Dead;
LALLA ROOKIE.

"For, oh, so wildly do I love him,
Thy Paradise itself were dim
And joyless, if not shared with him!"

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes up-turn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight
And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd,—though wand'ring earthward now,—
Her spirit's home was in the skies.

Yes—for a spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heed'd not
The rising storm—the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky,—
But, hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—
That crash, as if each engine there,
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
Mid yells and stampings of despair!
Merciful Heaven! what can it be?
'Tis not the storm, though fearful
The ship has shudder'd as she rode
O'er mountain waves—"Forgive me, God!"
"Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and
Trembling all over—for she felt
As if her judgment-hour was near;
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids chung, nor breathed nor
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riv'n the laboring planks asunder,
The deck falls in—what horrors then!
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men,
Come mix'd together through the chasm,—
Some wretches in their dying spasm
Still fighting on—and some that call
"For God and Iran!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of th' infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her breathless from be—
This wilderment of wreck and death?
She knew not—for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hour
Lay, like a pale and scorched flow'r,
Beneath the red volcano's shower,
But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her e're her senses fled!
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above—
The sail, whose fragments, shiv'ring o'er
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the crash
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands—"as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
One gen'ral rage, that left a doubt,
Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!"

Once too—but no—it could not be—
'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,
While yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,
That glory of her soul,—even then
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,
Shining above his fellow-men,
As, on some black and troublous night,
The Star of Egypt, whose proud light
Never hath beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West,
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put Heav'n's cloudier eyes to
But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
A fantasy—and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A deathlike swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone,
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lip of Morn!—

* The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."
† "The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates."—Brown.
‡ See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West.
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
And every drop the thunder-show'r's
Have left upon the grass and flow'rs
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem*
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs:
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and solemn heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when news'reless'd,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the land, when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmozla's bay
Bore her to morn,—whose bloody way
The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,—
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid,
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-claoks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay
A group of warriors in the sun,
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious revelry;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook

That sluggish calm, with many a look
To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest Alla! who shall save her now?
There's not in all that warrior band
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow
From her own Faithful Moslem land.
Their garb—the leathern belt† that wraps
Each yellow vest‡—that rebel hue—
The Tartar fleeces upon their caps§—
Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandon'd her to Hafed's power;
Hafed, the Gheber!—at the thought
Her very heart's blood chills within;
He, whom her soul was hourly taught
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,
Some minister, whom Hell had sent
To spread its blast, where'er he went,
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,
His shadow betwixt man and God!
And she is now his captive,—thrown
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;
His th' infuriate baud she sees,
All infidels—all enemies!
What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lighting, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,
That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,
The vision that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled,—'twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion,
The oars are out, and with light sound

* A precious stone of the Indies, called by
the ancients Ceranium, because it was sup
posed to be found in places where thunder had fallen.
Torrillian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and
the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voy-
tages supposes it to be the opal.

† De Herbelot, art. Aegypti.
‡ "The Guebres are known by a dark yellow
color, which the men affect in their clothes."—

†§ The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians
is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary.
—Waring.
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Seatt’ring its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees,
Their course is tow’rd that mountain-hold.

Those are, that make her life-blood
Where Mecca’s godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer’d scorpions, roll’d
In their last deadly, venemous fold!

Amid th’ illumined land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As ’twere the flag of destiny [be!]
Hung out to mark where death would

Had her bewild’rd mind the pow’r
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man’s foot could scale that mountain’s brow.

Since ne’er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them tow’rd those dismal caves,
That from the Deep in windings pass
Beneath that Mount’s volcanic mass;—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To low’r the mast and light the brands:—
Instantly o’er the dashing tide
Within a cavern’s mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal Porch
Through which departed spirits go:—
Not ev’n the glare of brand and torch
Its flick’ring light could further throw
Than the thick flood that boil’d below.

Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem’d dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter’d it o’er the long black wave,
As ’twere some secret of the grave!

But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track;—

Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oars’ redoubled force
Can stem the eddy’s whirling course;
When, hark!—some des’rate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss’d bark in moorings swings.

Just then, a day-beam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shudd’ring feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng.

O’er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine!—genial Day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.
Ev’n Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awak’ning air,
Which suddeuly around her glowed,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breathed the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—mid crush of boughs,
And fall of loose’d crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep.
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard, from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thund’ring way!

The jackal’s cry, the distant moan
Of the hyena, fierce and lone—
And that eternal sadding sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As ’twere the ever dark Profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of All,
All is fearful—ev’n to see, [Death!]
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings;
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has Fear again
Perplex’d the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then [near—
Come from the gloom, low whispering
“Tremble not, love, thy Gheber’s hero!”
She does not dream—all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."

"Twas his own voice—she could not
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but one such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh, sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,*
Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!

Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near, (drink,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's
Hath power to make even ruin dear,—
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, cross'd
By fears for him, is chill'd and lost.
How shall the ruthless HAPED brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,
With aught but curses in his eye,
On her, a maid of ARABY—
A Moslem maid—the child of him,
Whose bloody banner's dire success
Hath left their altars cold and dim,
And their fair land a wilderness!
And, worse than all, that night of blood
Which comes so fast—Oh! who shall stay
The sword, that once hath tasted food
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
"Save him this night—and if thine eyes
'Have ever welcomed with delight
The sinners' tears, the sacrifice
'Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
And here, before thy throne, I swear
From my heart's inmost core to tear
Love, hope, remembrance, though they be
'There, link'd with each qu'ir'ing life-string
And give it bleeding all to Thee!
Let him but live,—the burning tear,
The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
Which have been all too much his own,
Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
Youth pass'd in penitence, and age

* A frequent image among the oriental poets.
"The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose."—Jones.

In long and painful pilgrimage,
"Shall leave no traces of the flame
That wastes me now—nor shall his
Name
'E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
For his dear spirit, that away
Casting from its angelic ray
Th' eclipse of earth, he, too, may shine
Re deem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
Think—think what victory to win
One radiant soul like his from sin,—
One wand'ring star of virtue back
To its own native, heavenward track!
Let him but live, and both are Thine,
Together Thine—for, bless'd or cross'd,
"Living or dead, his doom is mine,
"And, if he perish, both are lost!"

The next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HUMA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nihea.†

FADLABBEN, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet resumed his profane and seditions story as follows:

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eyes
A day of storms so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest,

† "Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a durable color to silk."—Remarks on the Hous e- bandy of Bengal, p. 300. Nihea is one of the Indian names of this flower.—Sir W. Jones.
The Persians call it Gul.—Carreri.
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours alone for dark ones past.
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong for-giv'n,
Shine, as they fall, with light from
'Twas stillness all— the winds that late
Had rush'd through Kerman's almond groves.

And shaken from her bow'rs of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,*
Now, hull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl (glen
Were melted all to form the stream;
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On Hind'a dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And, pale and awed as those who waken
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave† appear,—
She shudd'ring turn'd to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around;
And saw those towers all desolate.

That o'er her head terrific frown'd,
As if defying ev'n the smile
Of that soft heav'n to gild their pile.
In vain with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mock'ing dream! again 'tis fled.
And oh, the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her immost bosom run.

When voices from without proclaim
"Hafed, the Chief"—and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name!
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare
Not Yemen's boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night,‡
How shall she bear that voice's tone,

* "In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers."—Odo Hauckal.

† The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nukir, who are called "the Searchers of the Grave".

‡ At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter'd like some vast caravan,
When, stretch'd at evening round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell.
Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery brow,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now:
And shudd'ring as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band—
Never was pause so full of dread;
Till Hafed with a trembling hand
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,
"Hinda!"—that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough— the shriek that broke
From her full bosom, told the rest.—
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wond'ring eyes,
To hide them on her Gheber's breast!
"Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,
Hafed, the demon of the light,
Whose voice ummerves, whose glances blight,—
Is her own loved Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smiled
In her lone tow'r, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believed her bow'r had giv'n
Rest to some wanderer from heav'n!

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam— the sun
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse—
Or, like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips,
Sweet'nig the very edge of doom!
The past—the future—all that Fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

Ev'n he, this youth—though dimm'd
and gone
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—
Iran, his dear-loved country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves!—
In the "Credo of the orthodox Mahometans" given by Ockley, vol. ii.

† The Arabian call the mandrake 'the Devil's candle,' on account of its shining appearance in the night."—Richardson.
Himself but ling'ring, dead at heart,
To see the last, long struggling breath
Of Liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down and share her
death—
Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gather'g o'er him,
Yet, in this moment's pure carses,
In the mild eyes that shine before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was loved—well, warmly loved—

Oh! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of wo;—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of mis'rey's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She, too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sohs the while!
The mighty Ruins where they stood,
Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,
Lay open to'wards the ocean flood,
Where lightly o'er the illumined surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk'd in shel'tring creek or bay,
Now bounded on, and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the ev'n'ing gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun
The beauteous clouds, though daylight Star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with ling'ring glories bright,—
As if, to grace the gorgeous West,
The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest
Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.
Never was scene so form'd for love!
Beneath them waves of crystal move
In silent swell—Heav'n glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport giv'n,
Swell like the wave, and glow like
Heav'n.

But ah! too soon that dream is past—
Again, again her fear returns;—
Night, dreadful night, is gather'g fast,
More faintly the horizon burns,

And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea hath died away.
Hastily to the dark'ning skies
A glance she casts—then wildly cries
"At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—"
"Fly, fly—if yet thou lov'st me, fly—"
"Soon will his mur'd'rous band be here,"
"And I shall see thee bleed and die.—"
"Hush! hear'd'st thou not the tramp of
men"
"Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—"
"Perhaps ev'n now they climb the
wood—"
"Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,
"He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy
blood—[night!]"
"I know him—he'll not wait for

In terrors ev'n to agony
She clings around the wond'ring Chief;

"Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
"Thou owest this raving trance of grief.
"Lost as I am, naught ever grew
"Beneath my shade but perish'd too—"
"My doom is like the Dead Sea air,
"And nothing lives that enters there!"
"Why were our banks together driv'n
"Beneath this morning's furious hau'n?
"Why, when I saw the prize that chance
"Had thrown into my desparte arms—"
"When, casting but a single glance
"Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
"I vow'd, though watching viewless o'er
"Thy safety through that hour's
alarms) [more—"
"To meet th' unmanning sight no
"Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
"Why weakly, madly met thee now?—"
"Start not—that noise is but the shock
"Of torrents through yon valley
hurl'd—"
"Dread nothing here—upon this rock
"We stand above the jarring world,
"Allike beyond its hope—its dread—"
"In gloomy safety, like the Dead!
"Or, could ev'n earth and hell unite
"In league to storm this Sacred Height,
"Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,
"And each o'erlooking star that dwells
"Near God, will be thy sentinels;—"
"And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow.
"Back to thy sire."

"To-morrow!—no"—
Of glory, permanent and bright,
To which the brave of after-times,
The suffering brave, shall long look back
With proud regret,—and by its light
Watch through the hours of slavery's night
For vengeance on th' oppressor's crimes.
This rock, his monument aloft,
Shall speak the tale to many an age;
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,
And bring their warrior sons, and tell
The wonder'ring boys where Hafed fell;
And swear the men on those lone remains
Of their lost country's ancient fames,
Never,—while breath of life shall live
Within them,—never to forgive
Th' accursed race whose ruthless chain
Hath left on Iran's neck a stain
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthrone themselves on Hafed's brow;
And ne'er did Saint of Issa a gaze
On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
More proudly than the youth surveys
That píle, which through the gloom behind,
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers—his destined funeral pyre!
Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
Of ev'ry wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er—
The few, to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread,
When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!†

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in Dion Fruscianus, Orat. 36, that the love of wisdom and virtue leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him."—Vide Patrick on Exodus, ili. 2.
What plans he now? what thinks or dreams!
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When ev'ry moment teems with fear?
"HAPED, my own beloved Lord,"
She kneeling cries—"first, last adored!
"If in that soul thou'vest ever felt
"Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
"Here, on my knees, that never knelt
"To any but their God before,
"I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
"Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh
"Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
"Can waft us o'er yon dar'ning sea,
East—west—alas, I care not whither,
"So thou art safe, and I with thee!
"So where we will, this hand in thine,
"Those eyes before me smiling thus,
"Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
"The world's a world of love for us!
"On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
"Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—
"Where thus to worship tenderly
"An erring child of light like thee
"Will not be sin, or, if it be,
"Where we may weep our faults away,
"Together kneeling, night and day,
"Thou, for my sake, at Allá's shrine,
"And I—at any God's, for thine?"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
Then hung her head, and wept for sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With ev'ry deep-heaved sob that came.
While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
And Iran's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights,
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share.
A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole.
First warm'd him of this dangerous cloud
Of softness passing o'er his soul.
Starting, he blush'd; the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—
Like one who, on the morn of light,
Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness, linger'd still
So touching in its look and tone.
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, as yielding as her own,
And smiled and bless'd him, while he said,
"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
"Where fadeless truth like ours is dear,—
"If this be any land of rest
"For those who love and ne'er forget,
"Oh! comfort thee—for safe and bless'd
"We'll meet in that calm region yet!"

Searce had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the roused youth impatient flew
To the tow'r's wall, where, high in view,
a pond'rous sea-horn hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those.
The storm-friend at his rising blows,—
Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For 'twas th' appointed warning blast,
Th' alarm to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast!
And there, upon the mould'ring tow'r,
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his Chieftains at the call
Come slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few!—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
Went gayly prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun,
alarms or giving signals; it sends forth a deep and hollow sound."—Pennant.
LALLA ROOKH.

And, as their couriers charged the wind,  
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,  
Looking, as if the steeds they rode  
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!  
How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan  
Each scar'd and faded visage shone  
As round the burning shrine they came;  
How deadly was the glare it cast,  
As mute they paused before the flame  
To light their torches as they pass'd!  
'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd  
The duties of his soldier-band;  
And each determined brow declares  
His faithful Chieftains well knew theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—  
And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,  
That look from heaven, ye may behold  
Sights that will turn your star-bright soul!  
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,  
The maiden sees the veteran group  
Her litter silently prepare  
And lay it at her trembling feet;—  
And now the youth, with gentle care,  
Hath placed her in the shelter'd seat,  
And press'd her hand—that lingering press  
Of hands, that for the last time sever;  
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,  
When that hold breaks, is dead forever.  
And yet to her this sad caress  
Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!  
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute exess—  
Their happy flight's dear harbinger;  
'Twas warmth — assurance — tenderness—  
'Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grew dark,  
But still, ere night, we'll reach the  
And by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss!  
With thee upon the sun-bright deep,  
Far off, I'll but remember this,  
As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep;  
And then—" but ah!—he answers  
Good Heav'n!—and does she go alone?  
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,  
Where, some hours since, his voice's tone  
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,

"The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to

Sweet as the angel Israfil's,†  
When every leaf on Eden's tree  
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—  
Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh—  
"HAFED! my HAFED!—if it be  
Thy will, thy doom this night to die,  
"Let me but stay to die with thee,  
And I will bless thy loved name,  
"Till the last life-breath leave this frame.  
"Oh! let our hips, our cheeks be laid  
But near each other while they fade;  
Let us but mix our parting breaths,  
And I can die ten thousand deaths!  
"You too, who hurry me away  
"So cruelly, one moment stay—  
"Oh! stay—one moment is not much—  
"He yet may come—for him I pray—  
"HAFED! dear HAFED!"—all the way  
In wild lamentings, that would touch  
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name  
To the dark woods—no HAFED came:—  
No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last:—  
[then.  
Your hearts should both have broken  
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—  
You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!  
Still half-way down the steep he stands,  
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes  
The glimmer of those burning brands,  
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,  
Light all he loves on earth away!  
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,  
By the cold moon have just consign'd  
The corse of one, loved tenderly,  
To the bleak flood they leave behind;  
And on the deck still lingers stay,  
And long look back, with sad delay,  
To watch the moonlight on the wave,  
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard be then?  
That dreadful shout!—across the glen  
From the land-side it comes, and loud  
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd  
Of fearful things that haunt that dell,  
Its Ghales and Dives and shapes of hell,  
Had all in one dread howl broke out,  
So loud, so terrible that shout!  
be found in some places of the Indies."—  
Thenot.  
† "The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."—Sale.
"They come—the Moslems come!"—

he cries.

His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—

"Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam

"Enfranchised through your starry dome,

"Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire

"Are on the wing to join your choir!"

He said—and, light as bridgrooms bound

To their young loves, reclimb’d the And gain’d the Shrine—his Chieftains stood round—

Their swords, as with instinctive leap, Together, at that cry accursad, Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.

And hark!—again,—again it rings; Near and more near its echoing Peal through the chasm—oh! who that Had seen those list’ning warrior-men, With their swords grasp’d, their eyes of flame [shame, Turn’d on their Chief—could doubt the Th’ indignant shame with which they thrill To hear those shouts, and yet stand still? He read their thoughts—they were his own— [these blades, "What! while our arms can wield "Shall we die tamely? die alone? "Without one victim to our shades, "One Moslem heart, where, buried deep, "The sabre from its toil may sleep? "No—God of Iran’s burning skies! "Thou scorn’st th’ inglorious sacrifice, "No—though of all earth’s hope bereft, "Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.

"We’ll make you valley’s rock’d caves "Live in the awe-struck minds of men, "Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves "Tell of the Gheber’s bloody glen. "Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains "Our refuge still from life and chains; "But his the best, the holiest bed, "Who sinks entomb’d in Moslem dead!"

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung, While vigor, more than human, strung Each arm and heart.—Th’ exulting foe Still through the dark defiles below, Track’d by his torches’ lurid fire, Wound slow, as through Golconda’s vale*

* See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.

The mighty serpent, in his ire,
Gilds on with glitt’ring, deadly trail
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each myst’ry of the dell,
So oft have in their wanderings,
Cross’d the wild race that round them dwell,
The very tigers from their dives Look out, and let them pass, as things Untamed and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay Yet darkling in the Moslem’s way; Fit spot to make invaders rue The many fall’n before the few, The torrents from that morning’s sky Had fill’d the narrow chasm breast-high. And, on each side, aloft and wild, Huge cliffs and toppling crags were piled,— [lines The guards with which young Freedom The pathways to her mountain-shrines. Here, at this pass, the scanty band Of Iran’s last avengers stand; Here wait, in silence like the dead, And listen for the Moslem’s tread So anxiously, the carrion-bird Above them flaps his wing unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water Gives signal for the work of slaughter. Now, Ghebers, now—if e’er your blade Had point or prowess, prove them The spoils of the brave, of the valorous None can be too rich—still more a prey To the file that foremost wades! They come—a falchion greets each brow, And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk, Beneath the gory waters sunk, Still o’er their drowning bodies press New victims quick and numberless; Till scarce an arm in Hafed’s band, So fierce their toil, hath power to stir, But listless from each crimson hand The sword hangs, clogg’d with massacre Never was horde of tyrants met [sacre. With bloodier welcome—never yet To patriot vengeance hath the sword More terrible libations pour’d!

All up the dreary, long ravine, By the red, murky glimmer seen Of half-queen’d brands, that o’er the flood Lie scatter’d round and burn in blood, What ruin glare’s! what carnage swells! Heads, blazing turbans, quiv’ring limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand;
Wrathful who wading, half on fire
From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;
And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
Sink wounded with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!
But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;
Countless as tow'rs some flame at night
The North's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot they pour—
Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slipp'ry tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway! on they pass—
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—
Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,
And burn with shame to find how few?
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood;
While some with harder struggle died,
And still fought on by Hafed's side,
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
Tow'rds the high towers his gory track;
And, as a lion swept away
By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
From the wild covert where he lay,*
Long battles with th'em'overwhelming tide
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay.
But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and labyrinths cross'd,
The scattered crowd rush blindly on—
"Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"—
The panting cry, "so far behind!
"Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
To track the way the Gheber went!"
*"In this thicket upon the banks of the Jordan several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbor themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overlowings of the
tVain wish—confusedly along [wrong:
They rush, more deep'nto as more
Till, 'wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glitt'ring up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss;
Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of rav'ning vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrid yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
He lay beside his reeking blade,
Resigned, as if life's task were o'er,
Its last blood-offering amply paid,
And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one ling'ring beam
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—twas she,
His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory.
When all life's other lights were set,
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore,
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her radiance cast;—
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was giv'n,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from hear'n!
A voice spoke near him—twas the tone
Of a loved friend, the only one
Of all his warriors, left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife.—
"And must we then, my Chief, die
"Foes round us, and the Shrine so near!
"Or—[mains
These words have roused the last re-
Of life within him—"What! not yet
"Beyond the reach of Moslem chains?"
The thought could make ev'n Death forget
His icy bondage—with a bound
Hesprings, all bleeding, from the ground,
river, gave occasion to that allusion of Jer-
minah, he shall come up like a lion from the
swelling of Jordan."—Maudrell's Aleppo.
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads.
Speed them, thou God, who hearest
their vow!
[them now—
They mount— they bleed— oh save
The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
The rock-wood's dripping with their gore:
Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength!
Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe
Come near and nearer from below—
One effort more—thank Heav'n! 'tis past,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.
And now they touch the temple's walls,
Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—
When, lo!—his weak, worn comrade falls.
Dead on the threshold of the Shrine.
"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
"And must I leave thee with'ring here,
"The sport of every ruffian's tread,
"The mark for every coward's spear?
"No, by yon altar's sacred beams!
He cries, and with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fall'n Chief, and tords the flame
Bears him along;— with death-damp
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea.—
[Thee,"
"Now, Freedom's God! I come to
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ert the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide?
It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just hath caught upon her side
The death-light—and again is dark.
It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?
That bears the wretched Moslem maid;
Confided to the watchful care
Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their gen'rous Chieftain would not share
The secret of his final doom,
But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,
Was render'd to her father's eyes,
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
The ransom of so dear a prize.—
Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves,
When the cursed war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell—
Sudden each ear, upheld and still,
Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
And, driving at the current's will,
They rock'd along the whispering tide;
While every eye, in mute dismay,
Was tow'r'd that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.
Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the pow'r
Of Fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dreadful hour—
Thy silent agony—'twas such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and lived to tell!
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lord spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart;—
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things, within the cold rock found Alive, when all's congeal'd around.
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain;
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agonized suspense,
From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching,
The heart hath no relief but breaking!
Calm is the wave—Heav'n's brilliant lights
Reflected dance beneath the prow;
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
That starlight o'er the waters thrown—
No joy but that, to make her blest.
LALLA ROOKH.

And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being,
Which bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.
How different now!—but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
Halt draws the falchion from its sheath;
All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie:
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wond'ring guess what means
The battle-cry at this dead hour—
Ah! she could tell you—she who leans
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast:
'To well she knows—her more than her soul's first idol and its last. [Life,
Lies bleeding in that mur'd rons strife.

But see—what moves upon the height? Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence tow'r'd the Shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine
Fix their last fading light-beams there.
'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away, o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent.
While Hafiz, like a vision stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrined in its own grand element!
"Tis he!"—the shudd'r'd maid exclaims,— [more;
But, while she speaks, he's seen no High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave;
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—

* "This wind, (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts."—Stephens's Persia.
† "One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very

Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter! [dark sea.)
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water, [in thee.
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit
Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing, [witchery come,
How light was thy heart till Love's Like the wind of the south * o'er a summer lute blowing, [its frame! And hush'd all its music, and wither'd
But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands, [her the doom
Shall maids and their lovers remember Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands, [up her tomb.
With naught but the sea-start to light
And still, when the merry date-season is burning,† [young and the old,
And calls to the palm-groves the The happiest there, from their pastime returning [is told.
At sunset, will weep when thy story
The young village-maid, when with flow'r's she dresses [day, Her dark flowing hair for some festival Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her Hero! forget thee— [as they start,
Though tyrants watch over her tears Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee, [her heart.
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of
Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow [in the deep;
With ev'ry thing beauteous that grows Each flow'r of the rock and each gem of the billow Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays."—Mirra Abu Taleb.
† For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruit, see Kemyor, Amanita, Exot.
MOORE'S WORKS.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
[wept;]
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has
With many a shell, in whose hollow-
wreathed chamber, [have slept.
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight
We'll dive where the gardens of coral
lie darkling, [head;]
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy
We'll seek where the sands of the Cas-
piant are sparkling, [thy bed;
And gather their gold to strew over
Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet
fountain [brave,
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died
on that mountain,
They'll weep for the Maiden who
sleeps in this wave.

The singular placidity with which
FADLADEEEN had listened, during the last
portion of this ominous story, sur-
prised the Princess and FERAMORZ ex-
ceedingly; and even inclined towards
him the hearts of these unsuspicous
young persons, who little knew the
source of a complacency so marvellous.
The truth was, he had been organizing,
for the last few days, a most notable plan
of persecution against the poet, in con-
sequence of some passages that had
fallen from him on the second evening
of recital,—which appeared to this wor-
thy Chamberlain to contain language and
principles, for which nothing short of
the summary criticism of the Chabukt
would be advisable. It was his inten-
tion, therefore, immediately on their arri-
val at Cashmere, to give information to
the King of Bucharia of the very dan-
gerous sentiments of his minstrel; and
if, unfortunately, that monarch did not
act with suitable vigor on the occasion,
(that is, if he did not give the Chabuk to
FERAMORZ, and a place to FADLADEEEN),

* Some naturalists have imagined that amber
is a concretion of the tears of birds.—See
Trevoux, Chambers.
† "The bay Keselarke, which is otherwise
called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines
as fire."—Stray.
‡ "The application of whips or rods."—Du-
bois.
§ Kempfer mentions such an officer among
the attendants of the King of Persia, and calls
him "formae corporis estimator." His business
was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of
there would be an end, he feared, of all
legitimate government in Bucharia. He
could not help, however, auguring bet-
ter both for himself and the cause of
potentates in general; and it was the
pleasure arising from these mingled an-
ticipations that diffused such unusual
satisfaction through his features, and
made his eyes shine out like poppies of
the desert, over the wide and lifeless
wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it
but humanity to spare him the minor
tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when
they assembled the following evening
in the pavilion, and LALLA ROOKH was
expecting to see all the beauties of her
hard melt away, one by one, in the acidi-
ty of criticism, like pearls in the cup of
the Egyptian queen,—he agreeably dis-
appointed her, by merely saying, with
an ironical smile, that the merits of such
a poem deserved to be tried at a much
higher tribunal; and then suddenly
passed off into a panegyric upon all Mus-
sulman sovereigns, more particularly
his august and Imperial master, Au-
rungzebe,—the wisest and best of the
descendants of Timur—who, among
other great things he had done for man-
kind, had given to him, FADLADEEEN,
the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier,
and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor,
Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful
Fashions, and Grand Nazir, or Chamber-
lain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that For-
bidden River,|| beyond which no pure
Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for
a time in the rich valley of Hussun
Ab-
daul, which had always been a favorite
resting-place of the Emperors in their
annual migrations to Cashmere. Here
often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-
Guire, been known to wander with his
beloved and beautiful Nournahal; and
the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose
limits it was not thought graceful to exceed.
If any of them outgrew this standard of shape,
they were reduced by abstinence till they came
within proper bounds.||

† The Attock.

|| Akbar on his way ordered a fort to be built
upon the Nilah, which he called Attock, which
means in the Indian language Forbidden; for
by the superstitious of the Hindoos, it was held
unlawful to cross that river.—Dow's Hindoo-
stan.
here would **Lalla Rookh** have been happy to remain forever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for Feramorzi and love in this sweet lonely valley. But the time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or, what was still worse, behold him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But, here, in this dear valley, every moment appeared an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, *who attribute the unloading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.*

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a much freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While Padladeen, in addition to the spiritual comfort derived by him from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had also opportunities of indulging, in a small way, his taste for victuals, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, *which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;*—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the Faithful say their prayers.

About two miles from Hussain Abdoul were those Royal Gardens, *which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and its holy silence, interrupted only by the dipping of the wings of birds in its marble basins filled with the pure water of those hills, was to **Lalla Rookh** all that her heart could fancy of fragrance, coolness, and almost heavenly tranquility. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious,"—and here, in listening to the sweet voice of Feramorzi, or reading in his eyes what yet he never dared to tell her, the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening, when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahal, the Light of the Haram, *who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in those marble basins, the small shining fishes of which she was so fond,* the youth, in order to delay the moment of separation, proposed to recite a short story, or rather

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* * * The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sadness or melancholy; on this subject the Sheikh Abu-al-Kheir-Azhari has the following distich:

"Who is the man without care or sorrow, (tell) that I may rub my head to him."

* * *

The Zingians, without care or sorrow, frolicsome with tipsiness and mirth,

The philosophers have discovered that the cause of this cheerfulness proceeds from the influence of the star Sohel, or Canopus, which rises over them every night.—*Extract from a Geographical Persian Manuscript called Drift Akhn, or the Seven Climates, translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.*

* The star Sohel, or Canopus.

* Theazar Stellae. The Arabs call it Har-lun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by declining the head it mimics them when they say their prayers.*—*Hussaini.*

* For these particulars regarding Hussain Abdoul I am indebted to the very interesting

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Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon Canbul.

"As you enter at that Bazar, without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steepie faced with green glazed bricks, which render it very resplendent; it is covered at top with a pavilion of the same stuff. The Turks say this mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious."—*Thesourat.* This reminds one of the following pretty passage in Isaac Walton:—"When I sat last on this prime rose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, 'that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays.'"
When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars, [Isle of Chencars
And the nightingale’s hymn from the
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of
feet [young people meet.—
From the cool, shining walks where the
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight
awakes [it breaks,
A new wonder each minute, as slowly
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call’d forth
every one [the Sun.
Out of darkness, as if but just born of
Where The Spirit of Fragrance is up with
the day, [fing away;
From his Harem of night-flowers steal.
And the wind, full of wantonness, woes
like a lover [ble all over.
The young aspen-trees.§ till they trem-
When the East is as warm as the light
of first hopes, [unfur’d,
And Day, with his banner of radiance
Shines in through the mountainous por-
tall that opes, [the world!
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to
But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer’s ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night!
A happier smile illumines each brow,
With quicker spread each heart un-
And all is ecstasy,—for now [closes,
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses;§
The joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and, in their shower,
Hearts open, like the Season’s Rose,—
The flow’ret of a hundred leaves,**
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

"Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
When Day had hid his sultry flame
and delicacy of color has long been proverbia
in the East."—Forster.

"Tied round her waist the zone of bells,
that sounded with ravishing melody."—Song
of Jawanda.

"The little isles in the Lake of Cachemire
are set with arbors and large-leaved aspen-
trees, slender and tall."—Beruter.

"The Tucket Suliman, the name bestowed
by the Mahommetans on this hill, forms one
side of a grand portal to the Lake."—Forster.

"The Feast of Roses continues the whole
time of their remaining in bloom."—See Pietro
de la Valle.

"G‘n’ sud bork, the Rose of a hundred
leaves. I believe a particular species.—One
by

rhapsody, of which this adored Sulitana
was the heroine. It related, he said,
to the reconciliation of a sort of lovers’
quarrel which took place between her
and the Emperor during a Feast of Roses
at Cashmere; and would remind the
Princess of that difference between
Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress
Marida,* which was so happily made
up by the soft strains of the musician,
Moussali. As the story was chiefly to
be told in song, and Feramosz had mu-
luckily forgotten his own lute in the val-
ley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla
Rookh’s little Persian slave, and thus
began:—

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cash-
mere, [ever gave,[
With its roses the brightest that earth
Its temples, and grootoes, and fountains
as clear [over their way?—
As the love-lighted eyes that hang
Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm
o’er the Lake [throws,
Its splendor at parting a summer eve
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lin-
g’ring to take [she goes!—
A last look of her mirror at night ere
When the shrines through the foliages
are gleaning half shown,
Each hallows the hour by some rites
of its own. [swells,
Here the music of pray’r from a minaret
Here the Magian his urn, full of perf-
fume, is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet
bells [dancer is ringing.†
Round the waist of some fair Indian
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mel-
lowly shines [shrines ;
The light o’er its palaces, gardens, and

* "Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalifé des Abbassides, s’étant un jour brûlé, avec
une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu’il
aimoit cependant jusqu’à l’exécution, et cette més-
intelligence ayant déjà dû quelque temps,
commencer à s’en vanter, Gislar Bardaki, son
favourite, qui s’en apprêta, commanda à Abbas
ben Ahnaf, excellent poète de ce temps là, de
composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette
brulerie. Ce poète exécuta l’ordre de Gis-
lar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en
présence du Khalifé, et ce prince fut tellement
touché de la tendresse des vers du poète et de
la douceur de la voix du musicien, qu’il alla
aussitôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec
elle."—D’Herbelot.
† "The rose of Kashmir for its brilliancy

MOORE’S WORKS.

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—
"Now too—the joy most like divine
"Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
"To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
"Oh misery! must I lose that too?
"Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—
"Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea—
"No, never come again—though sweet,
"Though heaven, it may be death to thee.
Behind the palus of Baramoule, * When maids began to lift their heads Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds, Where they had slept the sun away, And waked to moonlight and to play. All were abroad—the busiest hive On Bena's hills is less alive, When saffron-beds are full in flow'r, Than look'd the Valley in that hour; A thousand restless torches play'd Through every grove and island shade, A thousand sparkling lamps were set On every dome and minaret; And fields and pathways, far and near, Were lighted by a blaze so clear, That you could see, in wand'ring round, The smallest rose-leaf on the ground. Yet did the maids and matrons leave Their veils at home, that brilliant eye; And there were glancing eyes about, And cheeks, that would not dare shine out.

In open day, but thought they might Look lovely then, because 'twas night. And all were free, and wandering, And all exclaim'd to all they met, That never did the summer bring So gay a Feast of Roses yet;
The moon had never shed a light So clear as that which bless'd them there; The roses ne'er shone half so bright, Nor they themselves look'd half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flow'r's! It seem'd as though from all the bow'r's And fairest fields of all the year, The mingled spoil were scatter'd here. The Lake, too, like a garden breathes, With the rich buds that o'er it lie,—
As if a shower of fairy wreaths

* Bernier. 

"A place mentioned in the Tuzeez Jehan-gerry, or Memoirs of Jehan-Guire, where there is an account of the beds of saffron-flowers about Cashmere.

It is the custom among the women to employ the Mazaine to chant from the gallery of the nearest minaret, which on that occasion is illuminated, and the women assembled at the house respond at intervals with a ziraleet or jovous chorus. ---Russet.

"The swing is a favorite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry elimates." —Richardson.

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the masters of the swings." —Thevenot.

Had fall'n upon it from the sky! And then the sounds of joy,—the beat Of tabor and of dancing feet; — The minaret-crier's chant of glee Sung from his lighted gallery; A wail and a ziraleet, [sweet; — From neighboring Haram, wild and The merry laughter, echoing From gardens, where the silken swing Wafts some delighted girl above The top leaves of the orange-grove; Or, from those infant groups at play Among the tents that line the way, Flinging, unawed by slave or mother, Handsful of roses at each other,— Then, the sounds from the Lake,—the low whispering in boats, As they shoot through the moonlight,— the dipping of oars, And the wild, airy warbling that ev'rywhere floats,

Through the groves, round the islands, and all the shores, [and gave Like those of Kattay, utter'd music, An answer in song to the kiss of each wave.† [full of feeling, But the gentlest of all are those sounds, That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,— Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour. Oh! best of delights as it ev'rywhere is To be near the loved One,—what a rapture is [ly may glide Who in meelight and music thus sweet O'er the Lake of Cashmere, with that One by his side! [dear,

If woman can make the worst wilderness Think, think what a Heaven she must make of Cashmere!"

† "At the keeping of the Feast of Roses we beheld an infinite number of tents pitched, with such a crowd of men, women, boys, and girls, with music, dances," &c. &c. —Herbert.

‡ "An old commentator of the Chou-King says, the ancients having remarked that a current of water made some of the stones near its banks send forth a sound, they detached some of them, and being charmed with the delightful sound they emitted, constructed King or musical instruments of them." —Groter.

This miraculous quality has been attributed also to the shore of Atica. "Hujus litius, ait Capella, concertum musicum illius terrena undis redire, quod propter tantam eruditior in uno inveniit."

So felt the magnificent Son of Abar,  
When from pow'r and pomp and the trophies of war  
He flew to that valley, forgetting them  
With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal.  

When free and uncrown'd, as the Conqueror roved  
By the banks of that lake, with his only  
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch [could not match,  
From the hedges, a glory his crown  
And prefer'd in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd of the world.  

Down her exquisite neck to the throne  
There's a beauty, forever unchangeably bright, [day's light,  
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer.  
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender, [splendor.  
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of This was not the beauty—oh, nothing like this, [magic of bliss!  
That to young Nourmahal gave such  
But the loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies, [check to the eyes;  
From the lip to the cheek, from the Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams, [in his dreams.  
Like the glimpses a saint bath of heav'n  
When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace, [her face!  
That charm of all others, was born with  
And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquillest chimes [sometimes—  
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms  
The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken [est when shaken.  
New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweet;  
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye  
At once took a darker, a heav'nlier dye,  
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revelations [of her feelings.  
From innermost shrines, came the light  
Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing  

From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in spring; [sages,  
Ilum'd by a wit that would fascinate Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.  
[control  
While her laugh, full of life, without any  
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rang from her soul; [could discover,  
And where it most sparkled no glance In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—  
Upon,  
Like any fair lake that the breeze is When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun. [m ents, that gave  
Such, such were the peerless enchant-Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave;  
And though bright was his Haram,—a living pa rticr  
Of the flow'rs of this planet—though treasures were there, For which Soliman's self might have giv'n all the store [to his shore,  
That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd Yet dim before her were the smiles of them all, [Nourmahal!  
And the Light of his Haram was young  

But where is she now, this night of joy, When bliss is every heart's employ?—  
When all around her is so bright, So like the visions of a trance, [chance  
That one might think, who came by Into the vale this happy night, He saw that City of Delights!  
In Fairy-land, whose streets and tow'rs Are made of gems, and light, and flow'rs!  
Where is the loved Sultana? where, When mirth brings out the young and fair, Does she, the fairest, hide her brow, In melancholy stillness now?  

Alas!—how light a cause may move Dissension between hearts that love!  
Hearts that the world in vain had tried, And sorrow but more closely tied;  
That stood the storm, when waves were Yet in a sunny hour fell off, [rough,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea, When heaven was all tranquillity!  
visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odors.—Richardson.  
* In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.  
5 The capital of Shaduklam. See note p 432.
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath sha-
And ruder words will soon rush in; Ken,
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part forever.

Oh, you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round;—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For ev'n an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far Eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies!
Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
By which, though light, the links that bind
The fondest hearts may soon be riv'n;
Some shadow in Love's summer heaven;
Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst;—
Such cloud it is that now hangs over
The heart of the Imperial Lover,
And far hath banish'd from his sight
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
Hence is it, on this happy night,
When Pleasure through the fields and groves

* See the representation of the Eastern Cupid, pinioned closely round with wreaths of flowers, in Picart's Cérémonies Religieuses.
† "Among the birds of Thomson is a species of goldfinch, which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colors, but when it flies they lose all their splendor."—Grosier.
‡ "As these birds on the Boisphorus are never known to rest, they are called by the French les âmes damnées."—D'Alton.

Has let loose all her world of loves,
And every heart has found its own,
He wanders, joyless and alone,
And weary as that bird of Thrace,
Whose pinion knows no resting-place.†

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
This Eden of the Earth supplies [pale,
Come crowding round—the cheeks are
The eyes are dim;—though rich the spot
With every flow'r: this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale,
If there his darling rose is not?‡
In vain the Valley's smiling thron
Worship him, as he moves along;
He heeds them not,—one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers.
They but the Star's adorers are,
She is the Heavn that lights the Star!

Hence is it, too, that Nourmahal,
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequester'd bow'ly
With no one near, to soothe or aid,
But that inspired and wondrous maid,
NAMOUNA, the Enchantress;—one,
O'er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now,
Nay, rather,—as the west wind's sigh
Freshens the flow'rs it passes by,—
Time's wing but seem'd, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung.
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believed nor man nor earth
Were conscious of Namouna's birth!

All spells and talismans she knew,
From the great Mantra,|| which around
The Air's sublimer Spirits drew,
To the gold gems of Afric, bound
Upon the wand 'ring Arab's arm,
§ "You may place a hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in his constant heart, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose."—Jami.
|| "He is said to have found the great Mantra, spell or talisman, through which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all demona-
tions."—Wilford.
|| The gold jewels of Jinnie, which are called by the Arabs El Herrer, from the supposed source they contain."—Jackson.
To keep him from the Siltim's* harm,  
And she had pledged her powerful art,—  
Pledged it with all the zeal and heart  
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,  
What 'twas to lose a love so dear,—  
To find some spell that should recall  
Her Selim's† smile to Nourmahal!

'Twas midnight,—through the lattice,  
wreath'd†  
With woodbine, many a perfume breath—  
From plants that wake when others sleep,  
From timid jasmine buds, that keep  
Their odor to themselves all day,  
But, when the sunlight dies away,  
Let the delicious secret out  
To every breeze that roams about:—  
When thus NAMOUNA:—  
'Tis the hour  
'That scatters spells on herb and flow'r,  
'And garlands might be gather'd now,  
'That, twined around the sleeper's brow,  
[lights]  
'Would make him dream of such de—  
'Such miracles and dazzling sights,  
'As Genii of the Sun behold,  
'At evening, from their tents of gold  
'Upon th' horizon—where they play  
'Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,  
'Their sunny mansions melt away.  
'Now, too, a chaplet might be wreath'd  
'Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,  
[stray'd]  
'Which worn by her, whose love has  
'Might bring some Peri from the skies,  
'Some sprite, whose very soul is made  
'Of flow'rets' breaths and lovers' sighs,  
'And who might tell——'  

"For me, for me,"  
Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—  
  * "A demon, supposed to haunt woods, &c., in a human shape."—Richardson.  
  † The name of Jehan-Guiré before his accession to the throne.  
  ‡ Hemacgera, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold color."—Sir W. Jones.  
  § "This tree (the Nagaceera) is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odor of its blossoms justly gives them a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love."—Sir W. Jones.  
  †† "The Malayans style the tube-rose (Polianthes tuberosa) Sandal Malam, or the Mistress of the Night."—Pennant.  
  ¶ The people of the Batta country in Sumatra, (of which Zamara is one of the ancient names), "when not engaged in war, lead an idle, inactive life, passing the day in playing on the kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe-amaranth is a native of the country, mostly prevails."—Mareden.
  §§ "The largest and richest sort (of the Zambu, or rose-apple) is called Amrita, or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree, bearing ambrosial fruit."—Sir W. Jones.  
¶ Sweet basil, called Rayhan in Persia, and generally found in churchyards.  
"The women in Egypt go, at least two days in the week, to pray and weep at the sepulchres of the dead; and the custom then is to throw upon the tombs a sort of herb which the Arabs call Ikhlan, and which is our sweet basil."—Maillet, Lett. 10.  
  §§ "In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary."—Asiat. Res.
With what delight th' Enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dew:
And beams of that bless'd hour!—her
glance
Spoke something past all mortal plea-
As, in a kind of holy trance, [sures,]
She hung above those fragrant tren-
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flow'rs and scented flame, that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in e'er earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip,
Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
That th' Enchantress now began her spell.
Thus, susurrant as the winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves:—
I know where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and flow'rt's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid, [fade.
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The dream of a future, happier hour,
That alights on misery's brow.
Springs out of the silv'ry almond-flow'rt,
That blooms on a leafless bough."
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid, [fade.
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will
The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-erb,† that dyes
The tooth of the lawn like gold.
• "The almond tree, with white flowers, blos-
soms on the bare branches."—Hasseldiet.
† An herb on Mount Libanus, which is said to
communicate a yellow golden hue to the
teeth of the goats and other animals that graze
upon it.
Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the
Eastern alchemists look to as a means of
making gold. "Most of those alchemical en-
thusiasts think themselves sure of success, if
they could but find out the herb which gives the
teeth and gives a yellow color to the flesh of the
sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant
must be of a golden color. It is called Hasch-
tschat ed dab."
Father Jerome Dandini, however, asserts that
the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus
are of a silver color; and adds, "this confirms
me to that which I observed in Candia: to wit,
that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a
certain herb, which renders their teeth of a gold-
en color; which, according to my judgment,
cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines
which are under ground."—Dandini, Voyage
to Mount Libano.
"The myth country.
§ "This idea of deities living in shells was
not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the
young Nereid, or one of the Cupids, as living in
shells on the shores of the Red Sea. —Wilford.
"A fabulous fountain, where instruments
are said to be constantly playing."—Richard
son.
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song,
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the musing, dying notes.
That falls as soft as snow on the sea,
And melts in the heart as instantly:
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The spirits of past Delight obey;
Let but the tuneful talisman sound
And they come, like Genii, h'v'ring round,
And mine is the gentle song that bears
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon-seed from groove to grove.*

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When Memory links the tone that is
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;

"The Pompadour pigeon is the species,
which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See Brown's Illust. Tab. 19.

* "'Tis a moment, which, by carrying the fruit of the cinnamon to different places, is a great disseminator of this valuable tree."—See Brown's Illust. Tab. 19.

And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plumes, that high amid death
With a breath!
Through the field has shone,—yet moves
And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
Like the silent stars that wink and listen
While Heaven's eternal melodies roll.
So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's
I swear by the breath [strain,
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn;†
As if the morn had waked, and then
Shut close her lids of light again,
And Nourmahal is up, and trying
The wonders of her lute, whose
strings—[ing
Oh, bliss!—now murmur like the sighs
From that ambrosial Spirit's wings.
And then, her voice—tis more than human
Never, till now, had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
When angel sighs are most divine.—
"Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
"And he is more than ever mine.

rhyme:—" Elle est l'image de l'espérance et du souvenir, Un son nous fait désirer celui qui doit lui répondre, et quand le second retentit il nous rappelle celui qui vient de nous échapper?"

† "The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazim and the Soobhi Sadig, the false and the real daybreak. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Koli Qaf, (Mount Caucasus.) it passes a hole perforated in a near mountain, and that darting its rays through it, it is the cause of the Soobhi Kazim, or this temporary appearance of daybreak. As it ascends, the earth is again veiled in darkness, until the sun rises above the mountain, and brings with it the Soobhi Sadig, or real morning."—Scott Waring. He thinks Milton may allude to this when he says,—

"Foe the blabbing Eastern scout,
The mee morn on the Indian steep;
From her cabin's loop-hole peep.
And hourly she renews the lay,
So fearful lest its heav'ly sweetness
Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
For things so heav'ly have such fleeting
But, far from fading, it but grows
Richer, diviner as it flows;
Till rapt she dwells on every string,
And pours again each sound along,
Like echo, lost and languishing,
In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening, (trusting that his soul
Might be from haughtiness love released
By mirth, by music, and the bowl.)
Th' Imperial Selim held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar:—*
In whose saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's loveliest all assembled;
All the bright creatures that, like dreams
[Glide through its foliage, and drink
Of beauty from its founts and streams;]
And all those wand'r'ring minstrel-maids,
Who leave—how can they leave?—the shades
Of that dear Valley, and are found
Singing in gardens of the South‡
Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.

There, too, the Haram's inmates smile;—
Maidens from the West, with sun-bright hair,
* "In the centre of the plain, as it approached the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, created a spacious garden called the Shalimar, which abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of waterworks, compose the chief beauty of the Shalimar. To decorate this spot the Mogul Princes of India have displayed an equal magnificence and taste; especially Jehan Gheer, who, with the enchanting Noor Mahal, made Kashmir his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments, each consisting of a saloon, with four rooms at the angles, where the followers of the court attend, and the servants prepare sherbets, coffee, and the hookah. The frame of the doors of the principal saloon is composed of pieces of a stone of a black color, streaked with yellow lines, and of a closer grain and higher polish than porphyry. They were taken, it is said, from a Hindoo temple, by one of the Mogul princes, and are esteemed of great value,"—Forster.

And from the garden of the Nile
Delicate as the roses there:—§
Daughters of love from Cyprus' rocks,
With Paphian diamonds in their locks;—¶
Light Peri forms, such as they are
On the gold meads of Candahar;¶
And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
In their own bright Kathian bow'rs,
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,
That they might fancy the rich flow'rs,
That round them in the sun lay sighing,
Had been by magic all set flying.:*

Every thing young, every thing fair
From East and West is blushing there,
Except—except—oh, Noormahal!
Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
The one whose smile shone out alone,
Amidst a world the only one;
Whose light, among so many lights,
Was like that star on starry nights,
The seaman single from the sky,
To steer his bark forever by!
Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,
And every thing seem'd drear without thee;
But, ah! thou wert, thou wert,—anó brought
Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
Mingling unnoticed with a band
Of lutaniasts from many a land,
And veil'd by such a mask as shades

¶ "The waters of Cashemir are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cashemirians are indebted for their beauty to them."
—Ali Tezdi.
‡ "From him I received the following little Gazzel, or Love Song, the notes of which he committed to paper from the voice of one of those singing girls of Cashmere, who wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India."
—Persian Miscellanies.
§ "The roses of the Jinn Nile, or Garden of the Nile (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's palace), are unequalled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline upon."—Jackson.
¶ "On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful rock-crystal. On account of its brilliancy it has been called the Paphian diamond."—Maritius.
:* "There is a part of Candahar, called Perin, or Fairy Land."—Thenenot. In some of those countries to the north of India, vegetable gold is supposed to be produced.
**: "These are the butterflies which are called in the Chinese language Flying Leaves. Some of them have such shining colors, and are so variegated, that they may be called flying flow
The features of young Arab maids,—
A mask that leaves but one eye free,
To do its best in witchery,—
She roved, with beating heart, around
And waited, trembling, for the minute
When she might try if still the sound
Of her loved lute had magic in it.

The board was spread with fruits and wine;
With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On Casbin's hills;—pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears,
And sunniest apples; that Cabul,
In all its thousand gardens' bears;—
Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaya's nectar'd manguessean;—
Fumes of Bokhara, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of Samarcand,
And Basra dates, and apricots,
Seed of the Sun,§ from Iran's land;—
With rich conserve of Visna cherries,**
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in ERAC's rocky dells.††
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that islet††
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings.
Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw;
Amber Rosolli,§§—the bright dew
From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing,
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
As if that jewel, large and rare,
The ruby for which KUHLAI-KHAN
ers, and indeed they are always produced in
the finest flower-gardens."—Duma.

* "The Arabian women wear black masks
with little claps prettily ordered."—Carreri. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in
conversation.
† "The golden grapes of Casbin."—Description
of Persia.
‡ "The fruits exported from Cabul are appi-eces, pears, pomegranates," s.o.—Elphinston.
§ "We sat down under a tree, listened to
the birds, and talked with the son of our Meh-
maundar about our country and Cabul, of
which he gave an enchanting account: that
city and its 100,000 gardens," &c.—Ib.
‖ "The mangueest, the most delicate fruit
in the world; the pride of the Malay islands."—
Marden.
¶ "A delicious kind of apricot called by the
Persians takmek shems, signifying sun's seed."
—Description of Persia.
** "Sweetsmeat, in a crystal cup, consisting of
rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon of Visna
Offer'd a city's wealth,"†† was blushing,
Melted within the goblets there !

And amply SELIM quaffs of each,
And seems resolved the flood shall reach
His inward heart,—shedding around
A genial deluge, as they run,
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,
For Love to rest his wings upon.
He little knew how well the boy
Can float upon a goblet's streams,
Lighting them with his smile of joy:—
As bards have seen him in their dreams,
Down the blue Ganges laughing glide
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,***
Catching new lustre from the tide.
That with his image shone beneath.

But what are cups, without the aid
Of song to speed them as they flow?—
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
With all the bloom, the fresh'tglow
Of her own country maidens' looks,
When warm they rise from TELFIS brooks;†††
And with an eye, whose restless ray,
Fall, floating, dark—oh, he, who knows
His heart is weak, of Heav'n should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those!—
With a voluptuous wildness flings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda,††† and thus sings:—

Come hither, come hither—by night and
by day,
[gone;]
We linger in pleasures that never are
Like the waves of the summer, as one
dies away,

cherry, orange flowers," &c.—Rused.
†† "Antelopes cropping the fresh berries of
Emc."—The Moottakot. Poem of Tarafa.
‡‡ "Mauri-ga-Sima, an island near Formosa,
supposed to have been sunk in the sea for the
crimes of its inhabitants. The vessels which
the fishermen and divers bring up from it are
sold at an immense price in China and Japan."
—See Roopfer.
§§ Persian Tales.
¶¶ The white wine of Kishma.
†† "The king of Zelian is said to have the
very finest ruby that was ever seen. Kubbah-
Khan sent and offered the value of a city for it,
but the King answered he would not give it for
the treasure of the world."—Marco Polo.
**** The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen
floating down the Ganges on the Nymphae No-
llumo.—See Pennant.
††† Telfis is celebrated for its natural warm
baths.—See Ebn Haukul.
†††† "The Indian Syrinda, or guitar."—Sp.
mez.
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in expiring
[by a bee;]
[gives birth
[in bliss:]
To a new one as warm, as unequal'd
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.*

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant
their sigh
[by the sea;]
As the flow'r of the Amra just oped
And precius their tears as that rain
from the sky,‡
Which turns into pearls as it falls in
Oh I think what the kiss and the smile
must be worth [perfect in bliss,
When the sigh and the tear are so
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar, that, hallow'd
by love,
[from their sphere,
Could draw down those angels of old
Who for wine of this earthly left the fountain above, [we have here.
And forgot heav'n's stars for the eyes
And, bless'd with the odor our goblet
gives forth,
[would miss?]
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden
For, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for
Was caught up by another lute, [sound,
[and so divinely breathed around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing,
[Of Israelit, the Angel, there;—
So powerfully on ev'ry soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sounds with theirs, that none knew
whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together:—
There's a bliss beyond all that the min-
stril has told,
[heav'nly tie,
When two, that are link'd in one
*

"Around the exterior of the Dewan Khafs (a building of Shah Alum's) in the cornice are the following lines in letters of gold upon a ground of white marble—'If there be a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this.'"—Franklin.

"Delightful are the flowers of the Amra trees on the mountain-tops, while the murmurs

With heart never changing, and brow
never cold,
[till they die! 
Love on through all ills, and love on
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wander-
ing bliss;
And, oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips, that gave such pow'r
As Musco knew not till that hour.
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too fully touch'd for utterance, [more:—
Now motion'd with his hand for
Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can
doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?
Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flow'ring in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silv'ry-footed antelope
As gracefully and gayly springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—they Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought,
As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!—

ing bees pursue their voluptuous toil."—Song of Jayadene.

† "The Nisan or drops of spring rain which they believe to produce pearls if they fall
into shells."—Richardson.

§ For an account of the share which wine
had in the fall of the angels, see Marit.

|| The Angel of Musco. See note 1 p. 459.
SO CAME THY EV'RY GLANCE AND TONE
WHEN FIRST ON ME THEY BREATHED AND SHONE;
NEW, AS IF BROUGHT FROM OTHER SPHERES,
YET WELCOME AS IF LOVED FOR YEARS.
THEN FLY WITH ME,—IF THOU HAST KNOWN
NO OTHER FLAME, NOR FALSELY THROWN
A GEM AWAY, THAT THOU HAST SWORN
SHOULD EVER IN THY HEART BE WORK.
COME, IF THE LOVE THOU HAST FOR ME,
IS PURE AND FRESH AS MINE FOR THEE,—
FRESH AS THE FOUNTAIN UNDERGROUND,
WHEN FIRST 'TIS BY THE LAPPING FOUND.

BUT IF FOR ME THOU DOST FORSAKE
SOME OTHER MAID, AND RUDELY BREAK
HER WORSHIP'P IMAGE FROM ITS BASE,
TO GIVE TO ME THE RUIN'P PLACE;—

THEN, FARE THEE WELL,—I'D RATHER MAKE
MY BOWER UPON SOME ICEY LAKE
WHEN THAWING SUMS BEGIN TO SHINE,
THAN TRUST TO LOVE SO FALSE AS THINE!

THERE WAS A PATHOS IN THIS LAY,
THAT, EV'N WITHOUT ENCHANTMENT'S ART,
WOULD INSTANTLY HAVE FOUND ITS WAY
DEEP INTO SELIM'S BURNING HEART;

BUT, BREATHING, AS IT DID, A TONE
TO EARTHLY LUTES AND LIPS UNKNOWN;

WITH EVERY CHOIR FRESH FROM THE TOUCH
OF MUSIC'S SPIRIT,—'TWAS TOO MUCH!
STARTING, HE DASH'D AWAY THE CUP,—

WHICH, ALL THE TIME OF THIS SWEET AIR,
HIS HAND HAD HELD, UNTESTED, UP,

AS IF 'TWERE FIX'D BY MAGIC THERE,—
AND NAMING HER, SO LONG UNNAMED,

SO LONG UNSEEN, WILDLY EXCLAIM'D,
"OH NOURMAHAL! OH NOURMAHAL!
'Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
"I COULD FORGET,—FORGIVE THEE ALL,
" And never leave those eyes again."

THE MASK IS OFF,—THE CHARMS IS WROUGHT—
AND SELIM TO HIS HEART HAS CAUGHT,
IN BLOUSES MORE THAN EVER BRIGHT,
HIS NOURMAHAL, HIS HARAM'S LIGHT!

AND WELL DO VANISH'D FROWNS ENHANCE
THE CHARMS OF EVERY BRIGHTEN'D GLANCE;
AND DEARER SEEMS EACH DAWNING SMILE
THE HODHAD, OR LAPPWING, IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE POWER OF DISCOVERING WATER UNDER GROUND.

For having lost its light awhile:
And, happier now, for all her sighs,
As on his arm her head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses."

FADLADDEEN, AT THE CONCLUSION OF THIS LIGHT RHAPSODY, TOOK OCCASION TO SUM UP HIS OPINION OF THE YOUNG CASHEMIRIAN'S POETRY,—OF WHICH, HE TRUSTED, THEY HAD THAT EVENING HEARD THE LAST. HAVING RECAPITULATED THE EPIPHENES, "FRIVOLOUS"—"IMPALEMING"—"PONSICAL," HE PROCEEDED TO SAY THAT, VIEWING IT IN THE MOST FAVORABLE LIGHT, IT RESEMBLED ONE OF THOSE MALDIVIAN BOATS, TO WHICH THE PRINCESS HAD ALLUDED IN THE RELATION OF HER DREAM;—A SLIGHT, Gilded thing, sent adrift without rudder or ballast, AND WITH NOTHING BUT VAPID SWEETS AND FADED FLOWERS ON BOARD. THE PROFUSION, Indeed, of flowers and birds, which this poet had ready on all occasions,—Not to mention dews, gems, &c.,—was a most oppressive kind of opulence to his hearers: and had the unlucky effect of giving to his style all the glitter of the flower-garden without its method, AND ALL THE FLUTTER OF THE AVIARY WITHOUT ITS SONG. IN ADDITION TO THIS, HE CHOSE HIS SUBJECTS BADLY, AND WAS ALWAYS MOST INSPIRED BY THE WORST PARTS OF THEM. THE CHARMS OF PAGANISM, THE MERITS OF REVOLUTION,—THese WERE THE THEMES HONORED WITH HIS PARTICULAR ENTHUSIASM; AND, IN THE POEM JUST RECITED, ONE OF HIS MOST PAINFUL PASSAGES WAS IN PRAISE OF THAT BEVERAGE OF THE UNFAITHFUL, WINE;—"BEING, PERHAPS," SAID HE, RELAXING INTO A SMILE, AS CONSCIOUS OF HIS OWN CHARACTER IN THE HARAM ON THIS POINT, "ONE OF THOSE BARDS WHOSE FANCY OWES ALL ITS ILLUMINATION TO THE GRACE, LIKE THAT PAINTED PORCELAIN, SO CURIOUS AND SO RARE, WHOSE IMAGES ARE ONLY VISIBLE WHEN LIQUOR IS POURDE INTO IT." UPON THE WHOLE, IT WAS HIS OPINION, FROM THE SPECIMENS WHICH THEY HAD HEARD, AND WHICH, HE BEGDED TO SAY, WERE THE MOST TIRESOME PART OF THE JOURNEY, THAT—WHATEVER OTHER MERITS THIS WELL-DRESSED

WHEN THE VESSEL WAS FULL OF SOME LIQUOR. THEY CALL THIS SPECIES KIA-TEIN, THAT IS, "ACERE IN PUT IN PRESS," ON ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE NATURE IS LAID ON."—"THEY ARE EVERY NOV AND THEN TRYING TO RECOVER THE ART OF THIS MAGICAL PAINTING, BUT TO NO PURPOSE."—DUNN.
LALLA ROOKH.

and, as young birds, no more of their heats is my heart's pleasure, and the possibility of a more agreeable alternative, I would venture to suggest that a florist or a bird-catcher is a much more suitable calling for him than a poet."

They had now begun to ascend those barren mountains, which separate Cashmere from the rest of India; and, as the heat was intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose, there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh saw no more of Feramorz. She now felt that her short dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the house of Azor,* he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart?

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh air and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequaled.† But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains,—neither the splendor of the minarets and pagodas, that arose out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottoes, hermitages, and miraculous fountains;† which make every spot of that region holy ground,—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened, and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The gay pomp and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honor to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lattc~s of the triple colored tortoiseshell of Pegin.‖ Some of its neighborhood."—Toozek Jehangeery.—Vide Asiat. Misc., vol. ii.

There is another account of Cashmere by Abul-Fazil, the author of the Ayn-Acharree, "who," says Major Renold, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the valley, by his description of the holy places in it."

"On a standing roof of wood is laid a covering of fine earth, which shelters the building from the great quantity of snow that falls in the winter season. This fence communicates an equal warmth in winter, as a refreshing coolness in the summer season, when the tops of the houses, which are planted with a variety of flowers, exhibit at a distance the spacious view of a beautifully chequered parterre."—Forster.

"Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes for triple-colored tortoiseshell for the
times, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might fancy he beheld that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth;—while, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters* who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the icy Sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the Ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations, that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could LALLA ROOKH herself help feeling the kindness and splendor with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude, which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments came over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness, which we can fancy in that odious, odorous flower of that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that Imperial Palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though never before had a night of more wakeful and anxious thought been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her Ladies came around her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiance of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul beaming forth from the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the Henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they hung over her head the rose-colored bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake,—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father at parting had hung about her neck.

The morning was as fresh and fair as the maid on whose nuptials it rose, and the shining lake all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To LALLA ROOKH alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have ever borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of FERAMORZ. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an idle or boat she passed on the way, at which her heart did not flutter with the momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the hus blesl slave upon whom the light of his death band fell,—In the barge immediately after the princess sat FADLADDEEN, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, concerning FERAMORZ, and literature, and the Chabuk, as connected therewith.

They now had entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and went gliding on through the gardens that ascended from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height that they stood like tall pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

* For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it appears to these hunters, vide *Encyclopedia.*

† This wind, which is to blow from Syrta

King's Vivary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are made.—*Vincent le Blanc's Travels.*

Analog of the rings is, "Great distress in the world, so that a man when he passes by another's grave shall say, Would to God I were in his place!"—*Sale's Preliminary Discourse.*
at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she could walk up the marble steps which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Coolburga, * on one of which sat ALIRIS, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world. Immediately upon the entrance of LALLA ROOKH into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was FERAMORZ himself that stood before her!—FERAMORZ was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a King.

The consternation of FADLADEEN at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly: he was seized with an admiration of the King's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the Saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the Monarch ALIRIS, and, moreover, ready to prescribe his favorite regimen of the Chabuk for every man, woman, and child that dared to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of LALLA ROOKH, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than FERAMORZ.

POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL POEMS.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR.

P—RC—V—L.

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure was heard, [drop descend; Unembitter'd and free did the tear We forgot, in that hour, how the statesman had err'd, [and friend. And wept for the husband, the father,

* "On Mahommed Shaw's return to Coolburga, (the capital of Dekkan,) he made a great festival, and mounted this throne with much pomp and magnificence, calling it Firozeh, or Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mamood Dhamance, describe it. They say that it was in length nine feet, and three in breadth; made of ebony, covered with plates of pure gold, and set with precious stones of immense value. Every prince of the house of Bhamenee, who possessed this throne, made a point of adding to it some rich stones; so that when, in the reign of Sultan Mamood, it was taken to pieces, to remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one core of annas, (nearly four millions sterling.) I learned also that it was called Firozeh from being partly enameled of a sky-blue color, which was in time totally concealed by the number of jewels."—Foreign. Oh, proud was the meed his integrity won, And gen'rous indeed were the tears that we shed, When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he had done, And, though wrong'd by him, living, bewail'd him, when dead.
Even now, if one harsher emotion intrude,
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lower state,
Had known what he was—and, content to be good,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be great.

So, left through their own little orbit to move,
His years might have roll'd inoffensive away;
His children might still have been bless'd with his love,
And England would ne'er have been cursed with his sway.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir,

In order to explain the following Fragment, it is necessary to refer your readers to a late florid description of the Pavilion at Brighton, in the apartments of which, we are told, "Fum, the Chinese Bird of Royalty," is a principal ornament.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

Mum.

FUM AND HUM, THE TWO BIRDS OF ROYALTY.

One day the Chinese Bird of Royalty, Fum, [Hum], thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty, in that Palace or China-shop (Brighton, which is it?) [a short visit—]
Where Fum had just come to pay Hum near akin are these Birds, though they differ in nation, [ation;]
The breed of the Hums is as old as cre-
Both, full-craw'd Legimates—both, birds of prey, [half way
Both, cackling and ravenous creatures, 'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like Lord C—STL—GH. [Bohea,
While Fum deals in Mandarin, Bronzes, Peers, Bishops and Punch, Hum, are sacred to thee!
So congenial their tastes, that, when Fum first did light on
The floor of that grand China-warehouse at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things round the dome

Wore so like what he left, "Gad," says Fum, "I'm at home."—
And when, turning, he saw Bishop—
"Zooks, it is, Quoth the Bird, "Yes—I know him—a
Bunze, by his phiz—
"And that jolly old idol he kneels to so low
[head, fat Fo!"
"Can be none but our roundabout god—
It chanced at this moment, th' Episco-
Pal Prig [with his wig,]
Was imploring the P—E to dispense
Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high o'er his head, [ronage shed,
And some Tober-like marks of his pat-
Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idol-

That, while Fum cried "Oh, Fo!" all
the court cried "Oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression:—these Birds of a feather
Thus talk'd, 'tother night, on State mat-
ters together;
(The P—E just in bed, or about to de-
part for [of H—TF—D,]
His legs full of gout, and his arms full
"I say, HUM," says FUM—FUM, of

course, spoke Chinese,
But, bless you, that's nothing—at
Brighton one sees

Foreign lingoos and Bishops translated

with ease—
"I say, HUM, how fares it with Royalty
now? [or how?"
"Is it up? is it prime? is it spoony—
The bird had just taken a flash-man's
degree, [young Master L—E,]
Under B—RE—M—RE, Y—TH, and
"As for us in Pekin," here, a devil
of a din [that long Mandarin,
From the bedchamber came, where
C—STL—GH (whom FUM calls the Con-
fucius of Prose) [repose
Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's
To the deep, double bass of the fat Idol's

nose.

(Nota bene—his Lordship and L—V—R—
P—L come, [HUM,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother
C—STL—GH a HUM—BUG—L—V—R—
—L a Hum—Drum.) [C—STL—GH,
The speech being finish'd, out rush'd,
Saddled Hum in a hurry, and, whip,
spur, away,
ever he might be elevated to a Bishopric by
his R—H—SS.
POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL POEMS.

Through the regions of air, like a Snip
on his hobby,
Ne'er paused, till he lighted in St.
Stephen's lobby.

* * * * *

LINES ON THE DEATH OF
SH—R—D—N.

Principiis pliccisse viris!—Horat.

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast
falling tear [tions on those,
Shall be mingled with deep execra-
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian
career, [at its close:
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark
Whose vanity flew round him only while fed
[time gave:
By the odor his fame in its summer-
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
[to feed at his grave.
Like the Ghole of the East, comes
Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
[high-born,
And spirits so mean in the great and
To think what a long line of titles may follow
[less and lorn!
The relics of him who died—friend-

How proud they can press to the fun'r'\narray [sickness and sorrow:
Of one, whom they shunn'd in his
How baffles may seize his last blanket
to-day,[to-morrow!
Whose palt shall be held up by nobles
And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epic-
ure's dream,[had pass'd,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser
Were it not for that cordial and soul-
giving beam,[nothingness cast:
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy
No, not for the wealth of the land that
supplies thee [shrine;
With millions to heap upon Poppery's
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,[whole opulence mine;
Though this would make Europe's

Would I suffer what—ey'n in the heart
that thou hast—[sciously burn'd,
All mean as it is—must have con-

* The sum was two hundred pounds—offered
when SH—R—D—N could no longer take any
sustenance, and declined, for him, by his

When the pittance, which shame had
wrung from thee at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was return'd;

"Was this then the fate,"—future ages
will say,
[history's curse;
When some names shall live but in
When Truth will be heard, and these
Lords of a day [as worse;
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd

"Was this then the fate of that high-
gifted man,[and the hall,
"The pride of the palace, the bow'r
The orator,—dramatist,—minstrel,—
who ran [was master of all;
"Through each mode of the lyre, and

"Whose mind was an essence, com-
pounded with art[men's pow'rs:
"From the finest and best of all other
"Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
"And could call up its sunshine, or
bring down its show'rs;

"Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly's
light,[as it play'd;
"Play'd round every subject, and shone
"Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as
bright,
"Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its
blade;

"Whose eloquence—bright'ning what-
ever it tried,[the grave,
"Whether reason or fancy, the gay or
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant
a tide,[wave!"
"As over bore Freedom aloft on its

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched
his fate;—[to grieve,
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
[them at eve.
And expect 'twill return to refresh

In the woods of the North there are in-
sects that prey [last sigh;
On the brain of the elk till his very
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than
they,[thee to die;
First feed on thy brains, and then leave

† Naturalists have observed that, upon dis-
secting an elk, there were found in its head
some large flies, with its brain almost eaten
away by them.—History of Poland.
EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN,

CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANS-

ACTION.

"Ah, mio Ben!"—Metastasio.

What! Ben, my old hero, is this your renown?

Is this the new go?—kick a man when

the foe has knock’d under, to tread

on him then—

[Ben!]

By the fist of my father, I blush for thee,

"Foul! foul!"—all the lads of the Fancy

exclaim—[spits flame—

Charley Shock is electrified—Belcher

And Molynieux—ay, even Blacky’s]

cries "shame!"

[ence spied]

Time was when John Bull little differ-

’Tuxt the foe at his feet, and the friend

at his side:

[ing and eating]

When he found (such his humor in fight

His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter

for beating.

But this comes, Master Ben, of your

cursed foreign notions,

Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold-

lace and lotions; [knows what—

Your Noyeaus, Curaçoa, and the Devil

(One swig of Blue Ruin] is worth the whole lot!]

[what a brood—

Your great and small crosses—[my eyes,

A cross-buttock from me would do some

of them good!]

* A nickname given, at this time, to the Pr—co R—e.
† Written soon after Bonaparte’s transportation to St. Helena.
‡ Tom, I suppose, was "assisted" to this

Motto by Mr. Jackson, who, it is well known, [was the most learned company going.

Which have spoil’d you, till hardly a drop

my old porpoise,

Of pure English claret is left in your cor-

pus;

[or lau,

And (as Jim says) the only one trick, good

Of the Fancy you’re up to, is fibbing, my

lad.

[thy page!—

Hence it comes,—Boxiana, disgrace to

Having floor’d, by good luck, the first

swell of the age,

Having conquer’d the prime one, that

still’d as all round,

You kick’d him, old Ben, as he gasp’d on

the ground! [you’d got any—

Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if

Kick’d him, and jaw’d him, and lagged]!

him to Botany! [who, alas,

Oh! shade of the cheesemonger!** you

Doubled up, by the dozen, those Moun-

seers in brass, [lay in lakes,

On that great day of milling, when blood

When Kings held the bottle, and Europe

the stakes, [all o’er,

Look down upon Ben—see him, dunghill

Insult the fall’n foe, that can harm him

no more!

Out, cowardly spooony!—again and again,

By the fist of my father, I blush for thee,

Ben.

To show the white feather is many men’s

doom,

But, what of one feather?—Ben shows a

whole Plume.

§ Names and nicknames of celebrated mugil-

lists at that time.

† Gm.

‡ Transported.

** A Life Guardsman, one of the Fancy who
distinguished himself, and was killed in the

memorable *at to at Waterloo.
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.—CASTIGLIONE.

PREFACE.

In what manner the following Epistles came into my hands, it is not necessary for the public to know. It will be seen by Mr. Fudge's Second Letter, that he is one of those gentlemen whose Secret Services in Ireland, under the mild ministry of my Lord C—O, have been so amply and gratefully remunerated. Like his friend and associate, Thomas Reynolds, Esq., he had retired upon the reward of his honest industry; but has lately been induced to appear again in active life, and superintend the training of that Delatorian Cohort, which Lord S.—O—TH, in his wisdom and benevolence, has organized.

Whether Mr. Fudge, himself, has yet made any discoveries, does not appear from the following pages. But much may be expected from a person of his zeal and sagacity, and, indeed, to him, Lord S.—O—TH, and the Greenland-bound ships, the eyes of all lovers of discoveries are now most anxiously directed.

I regret much that I have been obliged to omit Mr. Bingle Fudge's Third Letter, concluding the adventures of his Day with the Dinner, Opera, &c. &c.; but, in consequence of some remarks upon Marinette's thin drapery, which, it was thought, might give offence to certain well-meaning persons, the manuscript was sent back to Paris for his revision, and had not returned when the last sheet was put to press.

It will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous, if I take this opportunity of complaining of a very serious injustice I have suffered from the public. Dr. King wrote a treatise to prove that Bentley “was not the author of his own book;” and a similar absurdity has been asserted of me, in almost all the best informed literary circles. With the name of the real author staring them in the face, they have yet persisted in attributing my works to other people; and the fame of the Twopenny Post-Bag—such as it is—having hovered doubtfully over various persons, has at last settled upon the head of a certain little gentleman, who wears it, I understand, as complacently as if it actually belonged to him; without even the honesty of avowing, with his own favorite author, (he will excuse the pun.)

I can only add, that if any lady or gentleman, curious in such matters, will take the trouble of calling at my lodgings, 245 Piccadilly, I shall have the honor of assuring them, in propriis personis, that I am—his, or her,

Very obedient
And very humble Servant,

THOMAS BROWN, THE YOUNGER.
April 17, 1818.

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

LETTER I.

FROM MISS DIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY—OF CLONKILTY, IN IRELAND.

Amiens.

DEAR DOLL, while the tails of our horses are plaiting, [door, The trunks tying on, and Papa, at the
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating [more, His English resolve not to give a sow
I sit down to write you a line—only
think!— [and French pens,
A letter from France, with French pens.
How delightful! though, would you be-
lieve it, my dear? [here:
I have seen nothing yet very wonderful
No adventure, no sentiment, far as
we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite
as dull as at home;
And but for the post-boy, his boots, and
his queue, [with you:
I might just as well be at Clonkilty.
In vain, at Dessen's, did I take from my
trunk [reading "The Monk"
That divine fellow, Sterne, and fell
In vain did I think of his charming
Dead Ass, [let—als:
And remember the crust and the wa-
No monks can be had now for love or
for money, [Boney,]
(All owing, Pa says, to that mufel
And, though one little Nedly we saw
in our drive [alive!
Out of classical Naumpont, the beast was

By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had
a touch [me much.
Of romance on the pier, which affected
At the sight of that spot where our dar-
ing DIxHurt [feet,*
Set the first of his own dear legitimate
(Model'd out so exactly, and—God
bless the mark! [a Monarque
'Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so Grand
He exclaim'd, "Oh, mon Roi!" and,
with tear-dropping eye,
Stood to gaze on the spot—while some
Jacobin, nigh, [solent thing!
Mutter'd out with a shrug, (what an im-
"Ma foi, he be right—tie de English-
man's King;
[mo vil say
And dat gros pied de cochon—begar,
Dat de foot look mosh better if turn'd
toder way," [nearly forgot—
There's the pillar, too—Lord! I had
What a charming idea!—raised close to
the spot; [I suppose,
The mode being now, (as you've heard,
To build tombs over legs,† and raise pil-
lars to toes.

* To commemorate the landing of Louis le
Désiré from England, the impression of his
foot is marked out on the pier at Calais.

This is all that's occur'd sentimental as
yet; [we've met,
Except, indeed, some little flow'r-nymphs
Who disturb one's romance with pecu-
niaiy views, [bawling for sous!
Flinging flow'rs in your path, and then—
And some picturesque beggars, whose
multitudes seem [régime,
To recall the good days of the ancien
All as ragged and brisk, you'll be happy
to learn, [of dear Sterne.
And as thin as they were in the time
Our party consists (in a neat Calais job
Of Papa and myself, Mr. Connor and
Bon. [at Kilrandy,
You remember how sheepish Bon look'd
But, Lord! he's quite alter'd—they've
made him a Dandy!
A thing, you know, whisker'd, great-
coated, and faced, [the waist:
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown
yet to scholars, [collars,
With heads, so immovably stuck in shirt
That seats, like our music-stools, soon
must be found them,
To twirl, when the creatures may wish
to look round them:
In short, dear, "a Dandy" may describe
What I mean, [I've seen:
And Bon's far the best of the genus
An improving young man, fond of
learning, ambitious, [dishes,
And goes now to Paris to study French
Whose names—think, how quick! he
already knows pat, [call that
A la braise, petites piéces, and—what d'ye
They inflect on potatoes?—oh! materre
d'hôtel— [them as well
I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows
As if nothing else all his life he had eat,
Though a bit of them Bonny has never
touch'd yet; [dishes and cooks,
But just knows the names of French
As dear Pa knows the titles of authors
And books.
As to Pa, what d'ye think? mind, its all
entree now, [from you—
But you know, love, I never keep secrets
Why, he's writing a book—what! a
 tale? a romance?
No, ye Gods, would it were!—but his
Travels in France;

pillar with an inscription raised opposite to the
spot.
† Ci-git la jambe de, &c., &c.
Whose was the hand that turned away
The perils of the infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death?
She knew not—for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hour
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower.
At the special desire (he let out 't other day) Of his great friend and patron, my Lord [C—Stl—R—Gh,]
Who said, "My dear Fudge"—I forget the exact words, And it's strange no one ever remembers my Lord's; [must allow But 'twas something to say that, as all A good orthodox work is much wanting just now, [gumme—science, To expound to the world the new thing Found out by the—what's-its-name— Holy Alliance, [are but folly, And prove to mankind that their rights Their freedom a joke, (which it is, you know, Dolly,) "There's none," said his Lordship, "if I may be judge, [Fudge?] Half so fit for this great undertaking as The matter's soon settled—Pa flies to the Low [ally go,) (The first stage your tourists now usually Settles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises— Starts post from the door, with his tablets—French phrases— "Scott's Visit," of course—in short, ev'ry thing he has [and ideas;— An author can want, except words And lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year, [my dear! Is Phil. Fudge at the front of a quarto, But, bless me, my paper's near out, so I'll better [long letter Draw fast to a close:—this exceeding You owe to a déjeuner à la fourchette. Which Bobby would have, and is hard at it yet,— [the party, What's next? oh, the tutor, the last of Young Connor:—they say he's so like Bonaparte, [rather dreads, His nose and his chin—which Papa As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all heads That resemble old Nap's, and who knows but their honors May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor Connor's? [well enough, Au reste, (as we say,) the young lad's Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;* A celebrated mantua-maker in Paris.}—This excellent imitation of the noble Lord's style shows how deeply Mr. Fudge must have studied his great original, Irish oratory, indeed, abounds with such startling peculiarities. A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job (Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma,) Bob;— And for charity made private tutor to Entre nous, too, a Papist—how lib'ral of Pa! This is all, dear—forgive me for breaking off thus, [a fuss. But Bob's déjeuner's done, and Papa's in B. F. P. S. How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop [ner's shop; Just to run in and rummage some mili And my début in Paris, I blush to think on it, [low bonnet. Must now, Doll, be made in a hideous But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, there will be joy, [Madame Le Roi! And romance, and high bonnets, and

LETTER II.
FROM PHIL. FUDGE, E.Q., TO THE LORD VISCONT C—STL—R—Gh.

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss To date to you a line from this "Demoralized " metropolis; Where, by plebeians low and scurvy, The throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy, And Kingship, tumbled from its seat, "Stood prostrate " at the people's feet; Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes) The level of obedience slopes Upward and downward, as the stream Of hydra faction kicks the beam!† Where the poor Palace changes masters Quicker than a snake its skin, And Louis is roll'd out on castors, [in:— While Bonny's born on shoulders But where, in every change, no doubt, One special good your Lordship traces,— That 'tis the Kings alone turn out, The Ministers still keep their places. How oft, dear Viscount C———gh, I've thought of thee upon the way, As in my job (what place could be More apt to wake a thought of thee?)—

Thus the eloquent Counsellor B———, in describing some hypocritical pretender to charity, said, "He put his hand in his breeches-pocket, like a crocodile, and," &c., &c.}
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
Upon my dicky, (as is fitting
For him who writes a Tour, that he
May more of men and manners see,) I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
Thou guest of Kings, and King of
Tories!
Reflecting how thy fame has grown
And spread, beyond man's usual share,
At home, abroad, till thou art known,
Like Major Simple, everywhere!
And marv'ling with what power of
Your Lordship, having speech'd to
death
Some hundreds of thy fellow-men,
Next speech'd to Sov'reigns' ears,—and
when
All Sov'reigns else were dozed, at last
Speech'd down the Sov'reign's of Belfast.
Oh! mid the praises and the trophies
Thou gain'st from Merosophs and
Sophis;
Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
There's one thou shouldst be chiefly
pleased at—
That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
And C—on's the thing now
sneezed at!

But hold, my pen!—a truce to prais-
ing—
Though ev'n your Lordship will allow
The theme's temptations are amusing;
But time and ink run short, and now,
(As thou wouldst say, my guide and teacher)
In these gay metaphoric fringes, [er I must embark into the feature
On which this letter chiefly hinges;)—

My Book, the Book that is to prove—
And will, (so help ye Sprites above,
That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,
Watching the labors of the Fudges!)
Will prove that all the world, at present,
Is in a state extremely pleasant;
That Europe—thanks to royal swords
And bay'nets, and the Duke com-
manding—
Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,
Passeth all human understanding;
That France prefers her go-cart king
To such a coward scamp as Boxey;
Though round, with each a leading-
string,
There standeth many a Royal crony,
For fear the chunky, tottering thing
Should fall, if left there lawn yone
—
That England, too, the more her debts,
The more she spends, the richer gets;
And that the Irish, grateful nation!
Remember when by thee reign'd over
And bless thee for their flagellation
As Heliosa did her lover!—
That Poland, left for Russia's lunch
Upon the sideboard, snug reposes,
While Saxony's as pleased as Punch,
And Norway "on a bed of roses"
That, as for some few million souls,
Transferr'd by contract, bless the
clouds!
If half were strangely—Spaniards, Poles,
And Frenchmen—twouldn't make
much odds,
So Europe's goodly Royal ones
Sit easy on their sacred thrones;
So Ferdinand embroiders gayly,
And Louis eats his saucis daily;
He is left to Emperor Saxony
To be half Cesar and half Dandy;
And G—er the R—G—T (who'd forget
That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)
Hath wherewithal for trinkets now,
For dragons, after Chinese models,
And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
Might come and nine times knock
their noddles!—
All this my Quarto'll prove—much more
Than Quarto ever proved before:
In reason with the Post I'll vie,
My facts the Courier shall supply,
My jokes V—ns—T, P—le my sense,
And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

the features on which this question chiefly hinges.

"Verbatim from one of the noble Viscount's
Speeches—"And now, Sir, I must embark into

The title of the chief magistrate of Belfast
before whom his Lordship (with the "studium
immane loquendi") attributed by Ovid to that
chattering and rapacious class of birds, the
pies) delivered sundry long and self-gratulatory
orations, on his return from the Continent.
It was at one of these Irish dinners that his
gallant brother, Lord S., proposed the health
of "The best cavalier officer in Europe—the
Regent!"

§ It would be an edifying thing to write a
history of the private amusements of sover-
eigns, tracing them down from the fly-sticking
of Domitian, the mole-catching of Artabamus,
the hog-mimicking of Parmenides, the horse-
carrying of Aretas, to the pelican-embroder-
ing of Ferdinand, and the patience-playing of
the P——— R———.
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

My Journal, pen'd by fits and starts,
On Biddy's back or Bonny's shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
Who longs to be a small place-holder.)

Is—though I say't, that shouldn't say—
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it—only one—
To show its spirit, and I've done.

"Jul. thirty-first.—Went, after snack,
To the Cathedral of St. Denny;
"Sigh'd over the Kings of ages back,
"And—gave the old Concierge a pen-

"(Mem. — Must see Rheims, much
famed, 'tis said,
"For making Kings and gingerbread.)
"Was shown the tomb where lay, so
stately,
"A little Bourbon, buried lately,
"Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
"Though only twenty-four hours old!"

"Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins:
"Ye Bardetts, tremble in your skins!
"If Royalty, but aged a day,
"Can boast such high and puissant sway,
"What impious hand its pow'r would
fix,
"Full fledged and wagg'd at fifty-
six!"

The argument's quite new, you see,
And proves exactly Q. E. D.
So now, with duty to the R—g—r,
I am, dear Lord,
Your most obedient, 

P. F.

Hôtel Bretail, Rue Rivoli,
Neat lodgings—rather dear for me;
But Biddy said she thought 'twould
Genteeler thus to date my Book; [look
And Biddy's right—besides, it curries
Some favor with our friends at Mur-
Ray's,
Who scorn what any man can say,
That dates from Rue St.-Honoré;]

* So described on the coffin: "très-haute et
puissante Princesse, agée d'un jour."
† There is a fulness and breadth in this por-
trait of Royalty, which reminds us of what
Pliny says, in speaking of Trujan's great qual-
ties:—"nome longo latitue Principem ostena-
tant!"
‡ See the Quarterly Review for May, 1816,
where Mr. Hobhouse is accused of having
written his book "in a back street of the
French capital."
§ The Bill of Fare.—Very, a well-known Res-
taurateur.

LETTER III.
FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ——, ESQ.

On Dick! I may talk of your writing
and reading.
Your Logie and Greek, but there's noth-
ing like feeding;
And this is the place for it, Dicky, you
dog, [ters of Prop!]
Of all places on earth—the head-quar-
talk of England—her famed Magna
Charta, I swear, is [Very's;
A humbug, a flam, to the Carteç at old
And as for your Juries—who would not
see o'er 'em
[fore 'em i
A Jury of Tasters,] with woodcocks be-
Give CARTWRIGHT his Parliament's,
fresh every year;
But those friends of short Commons
would never do here;
And, let Romilly speak as he will on
the question, [gestion!]
No Digest of Law's like the laws of di-
By the by, Dick, I fatten—but n'im-
porta for that, [get fat.
'Tis the mode—your Legitimates al-
ways
There's the R—g—r, there's Louis—
and Boney tried too,
But, though somewhat imperial in
paunch, 'twouldn't do:—
He improved, indeed, much in this point,
when he wed, [the head.
But he ne'er grew right royally fat in
Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris !
— but stay—
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just
sketch a day, [I've got,
As we pass it, myself and some comrades
All thorough-bred Gnostics, who know
what is what.
After dreaming some hours of the land
of Cocaline,!

| Nice,
| That Elysium of all that is friend and

|| Mr. Bob alludes particularly, I presume, to
| the famous Jury Dégustateur, which used to
| assemble at the Hôtel de M. Grimod de la Res-
| nière, and of which this modern Archestratus
| has given an account in his Almanach des
| Gourmands, cinquième année, p. 72.
| The fairy-land of cookery and gourman-
| dize: "Pays où le ciel offre les viandes toutes
cuites, et où, comme on parle, les alentou-
tombent toutes roties. Du Latin, coquère."—
| Duchat.
Where for hall they have *bon-bons*, and
claret for rain, *cream-ice*;
And the skaters in winter show off on
Where so ready all nature its cookery
yields, *fields*;
Macaroni au parmesan grow in the
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant
taint, *complaint*.
And the geese are all born with a liver
I rise—put on neckcloth—stiff, tight, as
*Dick*, like me,
For a lad who goes into the world,
Should have his neck tied up, you know
there's no doubt of it—
Almost as tight as some lads who go
out of it.
With whiskers well o'ld, and with boots
that "hold up"
*could sup "The mirror to nature"—so bright you
Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that
draws*.
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's
With head bridled up, like a four-in-
hand leader, *applause*;
And stays—devil's in them—too tight
I strut to the old Café Hardy, which
*chette*.
Beats the field at a *dîner à la four-
There, *Dick*, what a breakfast I eat, not
like your ghost [tea and toast];
Of a breakfast in England, your cursed
But a sideboard, you dog, where one's
eye roves about, *singles out
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence
One *pâte* of larks, just to turn up the
throat, *papillote*.
One's small limbs of chickens, done en

* The process by which the liver of the un-
fortune goose is clarified, in order to produce
that richest of all dainties the *foie gras*, of which
such renowned *patés* are made at Strasbourg and
Toulouse, is thus described in the *Cours Gastro-
nonique"—*On déplume l'estomaque des oies; on
attache ensuite ces animaux aux chenets
d’une cheminée, et on les nourrit devant le feu.
La captivité et la chaleur donnent à ces volatiles
une maladie hépatique, qui fait gonfler leur foie.* &c., p. 206.

Ifs Mr. Bob aware that his contempt for tea
renders him liable to a charge of atheism?
Such, at least, is the opinion cited in
*Christian, Paleter, Amanitzat, Philog.*—"*Atheum inter-
pretatatur homoem ad Neroth. The aversem.*
He would not. I think, have been so irreverent
to this beverage of scholars, if he had read
*Peter Petit's Poem in praise of Tea*, addressed to
the learned *Huet*—or the Epigraph which
*Peacham* wrote for an altar he meant to dedi-
cate to this herb—or the *Anacreontics of Peter
Francius*, in which he calls Tea

One's erudite cutlets, dress'd all ways
but plain, *with champagne*;
Or one's kidneys—imagine, *Dick*—done
Then, some glasses of *Bacchus*, to dilute
—or, mayhap, *tipples of Nectar, Chamberlin*—which you know's the pet
And which Dad, by the by, that legiti-
mate stickler, *(particular*—
Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so
Your coffee comes next, by prescription:
and then, *Dick*,'s *appendix,*
The coffee's *ne'er-failing* and glorious
(If books had but such, my old Grecian,
depend on't, [of the end on't,)
I'd swallow ev'n *W—te—ns*, for sake
A neat glass of *parfait-absolute*, which
one sips
*one's* lips.
Just as if bottled velvet—I tip'd over
This repast being ended, and paid for—
(how odd!)
Till a man's used to paying, there's
something so queer in't!—
The sun now well out, and the girls all
abroad, *Nobs*, to appear in't,
And the word enough air'd for us,
We lounge up the Boulevards, where—
oh, *Dick*, the phyzses, *quizzes*
*The turn-outs*, we meet—what a nation of
Here toddlers along some old figure of
*Domini 1;*
With a coat you might date *Anno
A faced hat, worsted stockings, and—
noble old soul! [eron-hole;
A fine Albion cross in his best but
Just such as our *Pr—ce*, who nor
reason nor in'studes, [hundreds.]*
Inflicts, without ev'n a court-martial, on

The following passage from one of these
Anacreontics will, *I have no doubt, be gratify-
ing to all true Thelists.*

* Θεία, δεύτε τα παρθα, Εκ χοροταυος σϕρόουις
Διότι το δεκταριόν Ισρή
Σε μοι διακαταφυτα
Συναφας εν μυραμένοις,
Τω καλλιε ρεπουράν,
Καλλίς χερσον ιουρά.

Which may be thus translated:
*Yes, let Hebe, ever young,
High in heaven's nectar hold,
And to Jove's immortal throng
Pour the tide in cups of gold—
I'll not envy heav'n's Princes,
While, with snowy hands, for me,
Kate the china tea-cup rinses,
And pours out her best Bohem!*

* The favorite wine of Napoleon.
* Valours en bouteille.*
* It was said by Wiequefort, more than a
The Fudge Family in Paris.

While, for the faith my fathers held to God, [fathers trod, Ev'n in the fields where free those I am proscribed, and—like the spot left bare [fair In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and Amidst their sigh, that Slav'ry had been there—† [I trace On all I love, home, parents, friends, The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace! [try's pangs No! let them stay, who in their coun-See naught but food for factions and harangues; [doors, Who yearly kneel before their masters! And have their wrongs as beggars do their sores: Still let your‡ * : : : : : Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I, Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—everywhere the scourge pursues— [d'yer views, Turn where he will, the wretched wan-In the bright, broken hopes of all his race, [face, Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's Everywhere gallant hearts, and spirits true, [few; Are served up victims to the vile and While E—gl—d, everywhere—the general foe [they glow— Of Truth and Freedom, where'soe'er Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow. Oh, E—gl—d! could such poor revenge alone [deadliest one; For wrongs that well might claim the Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate [ant hate, The wretch who flies from thy intoler-To hear his cursors on such bar'rous sway [less way; Echoed where'er he bends his cheer—Could this content him, every lip he meets

wall of the house unplastered, on which they wrote, in large letters, either the fore-men- tioned verse of the Psalmist ('If I forget thee, 0 Jerusalem,' &c.) or the words—' The memo- ry of the desolation.'"—Leo of Modena.

I have thought it prudent to omit some parts of Mr. Phelim Connor's letter. He is evidently an intemperate young man, and has associated with his cousins, the Fudges, to very little purpose.

Here trips a grisette, with a fond, roguish eye, [by the by;) (Rather catable things these grisettes And there an old demoiselle, almost as fond, [of the Fronde. In a silk that has stood since the time There goes a French Dandy—ah, Dick! unlike some ones We've seen about White's—the Moun- seers are but run ones;

Such hats!—fit for monkeys—I'd back Mrs. Draper [brown paper: To cut neater weather-boards out of And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,[Calais, to dress 'em! They, as club for old Biss—Oh, from The collar sticks out from the neck such a space, [head-lopping nation, That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this To leave there behind them a snug little place [tion.

For the head to drop into, on decapita- In short, what with mountebanks, counts, and friseurs, [amateurs— Some mummers by trade, and the rest What with captains in new jockey-boots and silk breeches, [opera-hats, Old dustmen with swinging great And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches, [Jack Sprat!

There never was seen such a race of From the Boulevards—but hearken! —yes—as I'm a sinner, (to dinner: The clock is just striking the half-hour So no more at present—short time for adorning;—[fine morning. My Day must be finish'd some other Now, hey for old BEAUVILLIERS* lar- der, my boy! [Beuty and Joy And, once there, if the Goddess of Were to write "Come and kiss me, dear Bob!" I'd not budge— Not a step, Dick, as sure as my name is [R. FUDGE.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO— "RETURN!"—no, never, while the with- ring hand Of bigot power is on that hapless land; hundred years ago, "Le Roi d'Angleterre fait seul plus de chevaliers que tous les autres Rois de la Chrétienté ensemble."—What would he say now? * A celebrated restaurateur. † "They used to leave a yard square of the

The Fudge Family in Paris.

While, for the faith my fathers held to God, [fathers trod, Ev'n in the fields where free those I am proscribed, and—like the spot left bare [fair In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and Amidst their sigh, that Slav'ry had been there—† [I trace On all I love, home, parents, friends, The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace! [try's pangs No! let them stay, who in their coun-See naught but food for factions and harangues; [doors, Who yearly kneel before their masters! And have their wrongs as beggars do their sores: Still let your‡ * : : : : : Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I, Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

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wall of the house unplastered, on which they wrote, in large letters, either the fore-men- tioned verse of the Psalmist ('If I forget thee, 0 Jerusalem,' &c.) or the words—' The memo- ry of the desolation.'"—Leo of Modena.

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Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
Were this his luxury, never is thy name
Pronounced, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping power, that shalish pride;
Which vaunts its own, and scorcs all
That low and despicable envy, which to
A neighbor's blessings, risks the few
That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,
Which ever lurks behind thy proflig'd
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,
Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and
Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
That royal, raving flock, whose vampire wings
Brood, O'er sleeping Europe treacherously
And fan her into dreams of promised good
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her
If thus to hear thee branded be a bliss
That Vengeance loves, there's yet more
That was an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art;
That, as the centaur* gave th' infected
In which he died, to rack his conqu'ror's breast
[dead,
We sent thee C——gh; as heaps of
Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
So hath our land breathed out, thy fame
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee,
Soul and limb, him!
Her worst infections all condensed in
* * * * *
When will the world shake off such vokes? oh, when
[men,
Will that redeeming day shine out on
That shall behold them rise, erect and free
[should be!
As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind
When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod, things that o'er her
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;
[earth,
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's
Nor drunken Vi'try, with a Nerro's mirth,
[groans,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
[given—
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be
Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

*Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of pow'r,
[hour;
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of Worship each would-be God, that o'er
[moves,
And take the thundering of his brass for
If this be wisdom, then farewell, my books,
[brooks,
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
[there!—
Of living Truth, that now must stagnate
Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
[fight
Instead of Greece, and her immortal For Liberty, which once awakened my
strings,
Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,
The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's land,
[free,
Against whole millions, panting to be

* Membra et Hercules toros
Urit laes Nessen.
He, ille victor vincitur.
Sene. Hercul. 24t
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

491

Would guard the pass of right-line tyr-
anny.
Instead of him, th' Athenian bard,
Had stood the onset which his pen por-
trayed,
Welcome * * * * * *
And, 'stead of ARISTIDES—wo the day
Such names should mingle!—welcome C—gh!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd
name,* [omen'd came.
Like treasures of old, when words ill
My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,
Thoughts that * * * * * *
Thoughts that—could patience hold
'twere wiser far [they are—
To leave still hid and burning where

LETTER V.
FROM MISS SIDNEY FUDGE TO MISS DOROT
THY.

WHAT a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad,
naughty girl—
For, though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in
a twirl;—
Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a letter to
note 'em. [DOLLY, my dresses,
But, Lord, such a place! and then,
My gowns, so divine!—there's no lan-
guage expresses, [*' magnifique,'
Except just the few words "superbe,"
The trimmings of that which I had home
last week! [which sounded
It is call'd—I forget—à la something
Like aicampance—but, in truth, I'm
confounded [blessom boy's
And brother'd, my dear, 'twixt that tron-
(Bov's) cookery language, and Madame
LE Roi's:
[veal,
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of
Things garni with lace, and things garni
with eel,
[paipilote,
One's hair and one's cutlets both en

* The late Lord C. of Ireland had a curious
theory about names,—he held that every man
with three names was a Jacobin. His instances
in Ireland were numerous:—viz. Archibald
Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone,
James Napper Tandy, John Philpot Curran,
&c., &c., and in England he produced as ex-
amples Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley
Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, Francis Burdett
Jones, &c., &c.

And a thousand more things I shall ne'er
have by rote,
I can scarce tell the difference, at least
as to phrase, [braise.—
Between beef à la Psyché and curls à la
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out
quite à la Française,
With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high
up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chim-
neys from smoking.

Where shall I begin with the endless
delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and
sights—
This dear busy place, where there's
nothing transacting
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and
acting?
Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!
Brother Bobby's remark, t'other night,
was a true one;—[the spear's,
"This must be the music," said he, of
"For I'm cursed if each note of it
doesn't run through one!"
Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's
to make out
'Twas the Jacobins brought ev'ry mis-
chief about)
That this passion for roaring has come
in of late, [the State.—
Since the rabble all tried for a voice in
What a frightful idea, one's mind to
o'erwhelm!
What a chorus, dear DOLLY, would
soon be let loose of it.
If, when of age, every man in the realm
Had a voice like old LAIS,† and chose
to make use of it!
No—never was known in this riotous
sphere [singing, my dear;
Such a breach of the peace as their
So bad, too, you'd swear that the God
of both arts, [frolic
Of Music and Physic, had taken a
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts.
And composing a fine rumbling bass
to a colic!

The Romans called a thief "home trium lit-
erarum." [Tum' trium literarum homo
Me vituperas! Fur.*


† The oldest, most celebrated, and most
noisy of the singers at the French Opera.

* Diodorus supposes this word to be a phonem-
that is, he thinks *'Fur" has made his escape from
the margin into the text.
But, the dancing—ah ! parlez-moi, Doll-
ly, de ça— [But Papa. There, indeed, is a treat that charms all
Such beauty—such grace—oh ye syphons
of romance! [has Fly, fly to TITANIA, and ask her if she
One light-footed nymph in her train that
can dance. [NY BLAIR! Like divine BIGOTTINI and sweet PAN-
FANNY BLAIR in FLORA—dear creature !
— you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance
-twinkle round, [is the air,
That her steps are of light, that her home
And she only par complaisance touch-
es the ground. [eyes
And when BIGOTTINI in PSYCHÉ dish-
Her black flowing hair, and by
demons is driven, [devils,
Oh ! who does not envy those rude little
That hold her and hug her, and keep
her from heaven?
Then, the music—so softly its cadences
die, [and I,
So divinely—oh, DOLLY! between you
It's as well for my peace that there's
nobody nigh
To make love to me then—you're a
soul, and can judge
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend
BIDGY FUDGE !
The next place (which BOBBY has near
lost his heart in)
They call it the Play-house—I think—
of St. Martin; [what folly
Quite charming—and very religious—
To say that the French are not pious,
dear DOLLY, [and rightly,
When here one beholds, so correctly
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames
nightly;]

* The Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin, which
was built when the Opera House in the Palais
Royal was burnt down, in 1851.—A few days
after this dreadful fire, which lasted more than a
week, and in which several persons perished, the
Parisian Dépenses displayed flame-colored
dresses, "conceur de feu d'Opéra!"—Dulaur
Curiosités de Paris.

† "The Old Testament," says the theatrical
Critic in the Gazette de France, "is a mine of
gold for the managers of our small play-houses.
A multitude crowd round the Théâtre de la
Gaîté every evening to see the Passage of the
Red Sea."
In the play-bill of one of these sacred melo-
drames at Vienna, we find, "The Voice of
God to M. Schwartz."
A piece very popular last year, called
"Daniel, ou La Fosse aux Lions." The fol-

And, doubtless, so fond they're of scrip-
tural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in
five acts. [bold defiance
Here DANIEL, in pantomime,† bids
To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuff'd
lions; [round the Prophet,
While pretty young Israelites dance
In very thin clothing, and but little of
it; [scriptural path,
Here BÉGRAND,§ who shines in this
As the lovely SUZANNA, without even
a relic [bath
Of drapery round her, comes out of the
In a manner that, BOB says, is quite
Eee-angelic! [month to recite
But in short, dear, 'twould take me a
All the exquisite places we're at, day
and night; [be glad
And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've
had.

Last night, at the Beaubon,] a place
where—I doubt [that set out
If its charms I can paint—there are cars,
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the
air,
And rattle you down, DOLL—you hardly
know where.
These vehicles, mind me, in which you
go through, [hold too.
This delightfully dangerous journey,
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him—you
smile—'tis a match;
In an instant you're seated, and down
both together [old scratch!°
Go thund'ring, as if you went post to
Well, it was but last night, as I stood
and remark'd
lowing scene will give an idea of the daring
sublimity of these Scriptural pantomimes
"Scène 20.—La fournaise devient un bocceau
de nuages azurés, au fond duquel est un groupe
de nuages plus lumineux, et au milieu 'Jeho-
vah' au centre d'un cercle de rayons brillants,
qui annoncent la presence de l'Eternel."

§ Madame BÉGRAND, a finely-formed woman,
who acts in "Susanna and the Elders,"—
"L'Amour et la Folie," &c., &c.

† The Promenades Aériennes, or French
Mountains.—See a description of this singular
and fantastic place of amusement in a pam-
phlet, truly worthy of it, by "F. F. Cotterel,
Médecin, Docteur de la Faculté de Paris,"
&c., &c.

‡ According to Dr. Cotterel, the cars go at
the rate of forty-eight miles an hour.
On the looks and odd ways of the girls
who embark'd,
[flight,
The impatience of some for the perilous
The forced giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure
and fright,—
That there came up—imagine, dear
DOLL, if you can [faced man,
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-
With mustachios that gave (what we
read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half sav-
age, half soft,
[or
As hymnas in love may be fancied to look,
A something between Abelard and old
BLUCHER!
[ring his head,
Up he came, DOLL, to me, and, uncov'–
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad
English said,
"Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so
very good — [searcie understood
Just for von hittel course"—though I
What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank
him, I woud.
Off we set—and, though faith, dear,
I hardly knew whether [most then,
My head or my heels were the upper
For 'twas like heav'n and earth, DOLLY,
coming together,— [again,
Ya, spite of the danger, we dared it!
And oh! as I gazed on the features and
[defir
Of the man, who for me all this per
I could fancy almost he and I were a
pair [side by side,
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or
dagger, a [ara!
Desperate dash down the Falls of Na-
gardens
This achieved, through the gardens* we
sauter'd about,
Saw the fireworks, exclam'd "mag-
nifique!" at each cracker.
And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man
saw us out
[to our face.
With the air, I will say, of a Prince,
Now, hear me—this stranger—it may be
mere folly— [DOLLY!
But who do you think we all think it is,
Why, bless you, no less than the
great King of Prussia,

Who's here now incog.—he, who made
such a fuss, you. [and PLATOFF,
Remember, in London, with BLUCHER
When SAL was near kissing old BLU-
CHER's cravat off! [money,
Pa says he's come here to look after his
(Not taking things now as he used under
BONEY,) [saw him, he swore,
Which suits with our friend, for Bob
Looking sharp to the silver received at
the door.
[his Queen
Besides, too, they say that his grief for
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's
face to be seen) [car is,
Requires such a stimulant dose as this
Used three times a day with young
ladies in Paris. [such grief
Some Doctor, indeed, has declared that
Should—unless 'twould to utter de-
spairing its folly push—
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as Bob says, "like shot
through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu;—only think,
DOLLY, think
If this should be the King—I have
scaicie slept a wink [papers
With imagining how it will sound in the
And how all the Misses my good luck
will grudge, [drive away vapors,
When they read that Count RUPPIN, to
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss
BIDY FUDGE.

Nota Bene.—Papa's almost certain 'tis
be— [could see,
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and
In the way he went poising and man-
aged to tower
[of Power,
So erect in the car, the true Balance

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER TIM
FUDGE, ESQ., BARRISTER AT LAW.

YOURS of the 12th received just now.—
Thanks for the hint, my trusty
'Tis truly pleasing to see how [brother!
We, FUDGEs, stand by one another.
But never fear— I know my chap,
And he knows me too—verbam sap
ressortir l'albâtre des bras arrondis de colles-
cet."—p. 22.

1 His Majesty, who was at Paris under the
travelling name of Count Reppin, is known to
have gone down the Beaujon very frequently
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,
Like in our ways as two young ferrets;
Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,
To twist into all sorts of places;—
Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and burrow-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,
Call'd "Down with Kings, or Who'd have thought it?"
Bless you, the Book's long dead and gone—
Not ev'n th' Attorney-General bought
And, though some few seditions tricks [it],
I play'd in 95 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,
His Lordship likes me all the better;—
We proselytes, that come with news full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful.

REYNOLDS and I (you know Tom REYNOLDS—
Drink's his claret, keeps his chaise—
Lucky the dog that first unknuckles
Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;—
Or who can help to bag a few, [two;]
When S—D—TH wants a death or
REYNOLDS and I, and some few more
All men, like us, of information,
Friends, whom his Lordship keeps in store,
As under-saviours of the nation—
Have form'd a Club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
And gives us many a bright oration
In praise of our sublime vacation;
Tracing it up to great King MIDAS,
Who, though in fable typified as
A royal Ass, by grace divine
And right of ears, most assinne,
Was yet no more, in fact historical,
Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;
And these, his ears, but allegorical,

* Lord C.'s tribute to the character of his friend, Mr. Reynolds, will long be remembered with equal credit to both.
† This interpretation of the fable of Midas's cars seems the most probable of any, and is thus stated in Hoffmann:—"Hæc allegoria significatim, Midiam, utpe de tyrannum, sub-auscultatores dimittere soletum, per quos, quæcumque per ommum regionem vel crescent, vel decadunt, cognosceret, nimium illis utens aurium vice."
‡ Brossete, in a note on this line of Boilean,
"Midas, le Roi Midas, a des oreilles d'Ane,"
tells us, that "M. Perrault le Médecin voulut faire à notre auteur un crime d'état de ce vers, comme d'une maligne allusion au Roi." I
Meaning Informers, kept at high rent—[chat'ners,
Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury
Like us, for being trusty list'ners;
And picking up each tale and fragment,
For Royal MIDAS's Green Bag meant.
"And wherefore," said this best of Peers,
"Should not the R—g—t too have ears;"
"To reach as far, as long and wide as
"Those of his model, good King Mr—d's?"
This speech was thought extremely good,
And (rare for him) was understood—
Instant we drank "The R—g—t's Ears,
With three times three illustrious cheers,
Which made the room resound like thunder,
[ne'er
"The R—g—t's Ears, and may he
"From foolish shame, like MIDAS, wear
"Old pa'try wigs to keep them un—der!"

This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
Made us merry all as grigs.
In short, (I'll thank you not to mention
These things again,) we get on gayly,
And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
Our little Club increases daily.
CASTLES, and OLIVER, and such,
Who don't as yet full salary touch,
Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy
Houses and lands, like TOX and I,
Of course don't rank with us, salvators,‡
But merely serve the Club as waiters.
Like Knights, too, we're our collar days,
(For as I own, an awkward phrase,)
When in our new costume adorn'd,—
The R—g—t's buff and blue coats turnd—
We have the honor to give dinners
To the chief Rats in upper stations;‡
trust, however, that no one will suspect the line in the text of any such indecorous allusion.
§ It was not under wigs, but triars, that King MIDAS endeavored to conceal these appendages.
Tempora parvula si turdet velare triars.—OVID.
The Noble Giver of the toast, however, had evidently, with his usual clearness, confounded King MIDAS, Mr. Liston, and the R—g—t together.
¶ Mr. Fudge and his friends ought to go by this name—as the man, who, some years since, saved the late Right Hon. George Rose from drowning, was ever after called Salvator Rosa.
|| The intimacy between the Rats and Infor-mers is just as it shoul be—verò dulce sodalitium.
Your W—ys, V—ns,—half-fledged sinners,
Who shame us by their imitations;
Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that?
Give me the useful *punching* Rat;
Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
Brought; Whose wooden heads are all they've Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
But too faint-hearted to betray,
Are, after all their twists and turns,
But souls in Limbo, damn'd half-way.
No, no, we nobler vermin are
A genius useful as we're rare;
'Midst all the things miraculous
Of which your natural histories brag,
The rarest must be Rats like us,
Who *let the cat out of the bag.*
Yet still these Tyros in the cause
Deserve, I own, no small applause;
And they're by us received and treated
With all due honors—only seated
In th' inverse scale of their reward,
The merely *promised* next my Lord;
Small pensions then, and so on, down,
Rat after rat they graduate
Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
To Chanc'llorship and Marquisate.
This serves to nurse the ratting spirit;
The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure;
My Lord, you know, 's an amateur.—*
Takes every part with perfect ease,
Though to the Base by nature suited;
And, form'd for all, as best may please,
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
Turns from his victims to his glees,
And has them both well executed.†

II——T——d, who, though no Rat himself,
Delights in all such liberal arts,
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
And superintends the *Cormi* parts,
While C——N——G——o,† who'd be *first* by choice,

* His Lordship, during one of the busiest periods of his Ministerial career, took lessons three times a week from a celebrated musician, in glee-singing.
† How amply these two propensities of the Noble Lord would have been gratified among that ancient people of Etruria, who, as Aristotle tells us, used to whip their slaves once a year to the sound of flutes!
‡ This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C., if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion:—

Consent to take an *under* voice;
And Gr——V——s,§ who well that signal
Watches the *Volto subitos.* [knows,
In short, as I've already hinted,
We take, of late, prodigiously;
But as our Club is somewhat stinted
For *Gentlemen,* like Tom and me,
We'll take it kind if you'll provide
A few *Squireens* † from t'other side:—
Some of those loyal, cunning elves,
(We often tell the tale with laughter,) Who used to hide the pikes themselves,
Then hang the fools who found them
I doubt not you could find us, too, [after.
Some Orange Parsons that might do;
Among the rest, we've heard of one,
The Reverend—something—*Hammer,*
Who struck a figure of himself [at.
(Delicious thought!) and bad it shot
To bring some Papists to the shelf,
That couldn't otherwise be got at—
If he'll but join th' Association,
We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end,
I've gone into this long detail, [shaken
Because I saw your nerves were
With anxious fears lest I should fail.
In this new, *loyal,* course I've taken.
But, bless your heart, you need not doubt—
We, Fudges, know what we're about.
Look round, and say if you can see
A much more thriving family. [day
There's *Jack,* the Doctor—night and
Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You'd swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, the precious ninnies
steady,
He's counting o'er their pulse so
The rogue but counts how many guineas
He's fob'd, for that day's work, already.

Says Clarinda, "though tears it may cost,
It is time we should part, my dear Sue;
For your character's totally lost,
And I have not sufficient for two!"

‡ The rapidity of this Noble Lord's transformation, at the same instant, into a Lord of the Tiechamber and an opponent of the Catholic Claims, was truly miraculous.
∥ Turn *instantly*—a frequent direction in music-books.
† The Irish diminutive of *Squire.*
I'll ne'er forget th'old maid's alarm, the
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt,
Said, as he drop'd her shrivell'd arm,
"Damn'd bad this morning—only thirty!"

Your dowagers, too, every one,
Sogen'rous are, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, wh'atsoe'er your ailments are,
He can so learnedly explain ye 'em—
Your cold, of course, is a catarrh,
Your headache is a hemi-cranium:
His skill, too, in young ladies' lungs,
The grace with which, most mild of men,
He beggs them to put out their tongues,
Then bids them—put them in again:
In short, there's nothing now like Jack!

Take all your doctors great and small,
Of present times and ages back,
Dear Doctor Fudge is worth them all.

So much for physic—then, in law too,
Counsellor Tim, to thee we bow;
Not one of us gives more cult to [thou.
Th' immortal name of Fudge than
Not to expatiates on the art
With which you play'd the patriot's part,
Till something good and snug should offer;
Like one who, by the way he acts
Th' enlight'ning part of candle-snuffer,
The manager's keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes, like thee, my Tim!—
Who shall describe thy pow'rs of face,
Thy well-feed zeal in ev'ry case,
Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
(As suits thy calling) in the former—
Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that's clear and right,
Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride's to waylay Truth,
And leave her not a leg to stand on.
Thy patent, prime, morality,
Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
Thy candor, when it falls to thee
To help in trouncing for a libel;—
"God knows, I, from my soul, profess
"To hate all bigots and benighters !
"God knows, I love, to ev'n excess,
"The sacred Freedom of the Press,
"My only aim's to—crush the writers."

These are the virtues, Tim, that draw
The briefs into thy bag so fast;
And these, oh Tim—if Law be Law—
Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter's length—
But 'twas my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and
Are all our precious family,[strength,
And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present—
Should we but still enjoy the sway
Of S—DM—F and of C——oh,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England's wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—Fudges!
Good-by—my paper's out so nearly,
I've only room for—Yours sincerely.

LETTER VII.
FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ——
BEFORE we sketch the Present—let us cast
A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.
When he, who had defied all Europe's strength.
[Length—:
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk at
When, loos'd, as if by magic, from a
[Free again,
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, for once, the cause of
Right;—
[Those then was, indeed, an hour of joy to
Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose,
[ture's nest
And hoped the fall of one great vul
Would ring its warning round, and
scare the rest.
All then was bright with promise—
Kings began
[Man,
To own a sympathy with sur'ring
And Man was grateful! Patriots of the
South
[Rom's month,
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Empe
And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northe
air,
[There!
Unwonted words of freedom burst forth
Who did not hope, in that triumphant
time,
[And crime,
When monarchs, after years of spoil
Met round the shrine of Peace, and
Heav'n look'd on.—
Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone;
That that rapacious spirit, which had
The game of Pilsnitz o'er sooth, was laid;
And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
Would blush, and deviate into right at
But no—the hearts, that nursed a hope so fair,
Had yet to learn what men on thrones
Had yet to know, of all earth's raving things,
The only quite untameable are Kings!
Scarcely had they met, when, to its nature true,
The instinct of their race broke out anew;
Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
And "Rapine! rapine!" was the cry again.
And how well, how quick they carried their victims,
Let Saxony, let injured Genon tell;—
Let all the human stock that, day by day,
Was, at that Royal slave-mart, truck'd
The million souls that, in the face of heaven,
Were split to fractions, 'barter'd, sold,
To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
And weigh down Europe with one Man—
How safe the faith of Kings let France decide;—
Her charter broken ere its ink had dried;—
Her Press enthral'd—her Reason mock'd again
With all the monkery it had spurn'd in
Her crown disgraced by one, who dare'd to own
His throne;—
Who had grown old among her bitterest
And now return'd, beneath her conquerors' shields,
Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' To tread down every trophy of her fame,
And curse that glory which to them was shame!—
Let these—let all the damming deeds, that then Were dared through Europe, cry aloud to men,
With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings;
And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear [learn to spare
The shrinking dove, when wolves shall
The helpless victim for whose blood they fasted, [trusted.
Then, and then only, monarchs may be
It could not last—these horrors could not last—
France would herself have ris'n, in Th' insults off—and oh! that then, as now, [brow,
Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky
NAPOLEON ne'er had come to force, it blight,
Ere half matured, a cause so proudly
To paley patriot hearts with doubt and shame,
And write on Freedom's flag a despot's To rush into the lists, unmask'd, alone,
And make the stake of all the game of one! [what pow'r
Then would the world have seen again
A people can put forth in Freedom's hour; [more have blazed;—
Then would the fire of France once
For every single sword, reluctant raised
In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;
And never, never had th' unholy stain Of Bourbon feet disgraced her shores again.
But fate decreed not so—th' Imperial
That, in his neighboring cage, unfear'd, unstir'd,
Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing, [spring;—
Yet watch'd the moment for a daring Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that made [shade;—
His own transgressions whiten in their Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er [more:—
By clumsy tyrants, would be his once

---

*"While the Congress was reconstructing Europe—not according to rights, natural alliances, language, habits, or laws, but by tables of finance, which divided and subdivided her population into souls, demi-souls, and even fractions, according to a scale of the direct duties or taxes which could be levied by the acquiring state," &c.—Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia. The words on the protocol are dimes, demi-dimes, &c.
Forth from his cage the eagle burst to light, [flight, From steeple on to steeple* wing'd his With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne [flown; From which a Royal craven just had And resting there, as in his eyry, hurl'd Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array, [holiday Whose feast of spoil, whose plundering Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth, [earth! By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic Fierce was the cry, and fulminating the ban,— [can, "Assassinate, who will—enchain, who "The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man?" [you, forsooth, "Faithless"!—and this from you—from Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth, Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried; [every side; Whose true Swiss zeal had served on Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known, Well might ye claim the craft as all your own, And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy! Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong To sin forever, and yet ne'er do wrong,— The frauds, the flies of Lords legitimate Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state; [high But let some upset dare to soar so In Kingly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry! What, though long years of mutual treachery Had peopled full all your diplomatic shelves With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves; [dupe—what then? Though each by turns was knave and A Holy League would set all straight again;

Like JUNO's virtue, which a dip or two In some bless'd fountain made as good as new! Most faithful Russia—faithful to who' er

Could plunder best, and give him am- plest share; Who, e'en when vanquish'd, sure to gain his ends, For want of foes to rob, made free with friends;‡ [tions, And, deepening still by amiable grada- When foes were strip'd of all, then fleeced relations! [to th' ears Most mild and saintly Prussia—sleep'd in persecuted Poland's blood and tears. And now, with all her harpy wings outspread O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head! Pure Austria too—whose hist'ry naught repeats [teats; But broken leagues and subsidized de- Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd Venice shows, [ter knows! Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daugh- And thou, oh England—who, though As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy, Art now broke in, and, thanks to C—on! [way! In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the Such was the pure divan, whose pens and wits Th' escape from Elba frighten'd into fits;— Such were the saints, who doomed NA- poleon's life, [knife. In virtuous phrensy to th' assassin's Disgusting crew!—who would not gladly fly To open, downright, bold-faced tyranny, To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie, [like these, From the false, juggling craft of men Their canting crimes and vanish'd vil- lanies; These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest boast them most; Of faith and honor, when they've stain'd From whose affection men should shrink as loath As from their hate, for they'll be fleeced by both; Who, ey'n while plundering, forge Re- ligion's name To frank their spoil, and, without fear or shame

* * "L'aigle volera de clocher en clocher, jusqu'aux tours de Notre-Dame."—Napoleon's Proclamation on landing from Elba. 
† Singulis annis in quodam Attica fonte lota virginitatem recogniserat fingitur.
‡ At the peace of Tilsit, where he abandoned his ally, Prussia, to France, and received a portion of her territory. § The seizure of Finland from his relative of Sweden.
Call down the Holy Trinity* to bless Partition leagues, and deeds of devilish-ness! [swell of rage But hold—enough—soon would this O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty page;— [day, So, here I pause—farewell—another Return we to those Lords of pray'r and pray, [right divine, Whose lostsome cant, whose frauds by deserve a lash—oh! weightier far than mine!

LETTER VIII.

FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD ———, ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old DONALDSON's mending my stays,—
Which I knew would go smash with me one of these days, [the throttle, And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to We lads had begun our dessert with a bottle [back Of neat old Constantia, on my leaning Just to order another, by Jove, I went crack!— [phrase, Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical "D—n my eyes, Bon, in doubling the Cape you've missed' stays."

So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out without them, They're now at the Schneider's— and, while he's about them, Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck and crop. [did I stop? Let us see—in my last I was— where Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as motley a road as [upon; Man ever would wish a day's lounging With its cafes and gardens, hotels and pagodas, [beer in the sun. Its founts, and old Counts sipping With its houses of all architectures you please, [down by degrees From the Grecian and Gothic, DICK,

*The usual preamble of these fingitious compacts. In the same spirit, Catherine, after the dreadful massacre of Warsaw, ordered a solemn "thanksgiving to God in all the churches, for the blessings conferred upon the Poles;" and commanded that each of them should "swear fidelity and loyalty to her, and to shed in her defence the last drop of their blood, as they should answer for it to God, and his terri-rible judgment, kissing the holy word and cross of their Saviour!"

† An English tailor at Paris.

‡ A ship is said to miss stays, when she does not obey the helm in tacking.

To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;
Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner it, [a minaret.
Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from Then, DICK, the mixture of bonnets and bow'rs, [low'rs,
Of foliage and frapp'ry, fiacres and Green-grocers, green-gardens—one hard-ly knows whether 'Tis come up town, they're so mess'd up together! [one sees
And there, if one loves the romantic, Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, re-clined under trees;
Or Quinduness, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's, [those arbors;
Enjoying their news, and grosselle! in While gayly their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling. [them are purling.
And founts of red currant-juice! round Here, DICK, arm in arm as we chatter- ing stray, [by the way, —
And receive a few civil "God-dems" For, 'tis odd, these moussners,—though we've wasted our wealth,
And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a phthisic,
To cram down their throats an old King for their health,
As we whip little children to make them take physic; —
Yet, spite of our good-natured money and slaughter, [water! They hate us as Beezelbub hates holy
But who the deuce cares, DICK, as long as they nourish us [ishes—
Neatly as now, and good cookery flour- Long as, by bay'nets protected, we Nat-ties
May have our full fling at their salmis and pâtes?
And, truly, I always declared 'twould be pity [feeding city.
To burn to the ground such a choice-

§ The dandy term for a tailor.

|| "Lemonade and eau-de-groseille are meas-ured out at every corner of every street, from fantastic vessels, jingling with bells, to thirsty trademen or weariest messengers."—See Lady Morgan's lively description of the streets of Paris, in her very amusing work upon France, book vi.

¶ These gay, portable fountains, from which the grosselle water is administered, are among the most characteristic ornaments of the streets of Paris.
Had Dad but his way, he'd have long ago blown [people; I own, The whole batch to old Nick—and the H for no other cause than their cursed monkey looks, [it, their Cooks! Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole lineage, For aught that I care, you may knock them to spinage; But think, Dick, their Cooks—what a loss to mankind! What a void in the world would their art leave behind! Their chronometer-spits—their intense salamanders— [old ganders, Their ovens—their pots, that can soften All vanish'd forever—their miracles o'er, [bling no more! And the Marmite Perpétuelle* bub- Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies! Take whatever ye fancy—take statues, take money— But leave them, oh leave tact, their Perigueux pies, [pickled tunny! Their glorious goose-livers, and high Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us, [last legs, Though Royalty's here on her very Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us [to dress eggs? Six hundred and eighty-five ways You see, Dick, in spite of their cries of "God-dam," [ous I am! "Coquin Anglais," et cet vra—how gen'r- And now, (to return once again to my "Day," [through in this way,) Which will take us all night to get From the Boulevards we saunter through many a street, Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat— [cal fops, Leave the Signs of the Times to politi- And find twice as much fun in the Signs of the Shops;—

Here, a Louis Dix-huit—there, a Martinus goose, (gone out of use)—(Much in vogue since your eagles are Henri Quatres in shoes, and of Gods a great many, [of any:—But Saints are the most on hard duty St. Tony, who used all temptations to spurn, [tempts in his turn; Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and While there St. Venecla is sits hemming and frying her [milliner;—Holy mouchoir o'er the door of some Saint Austin's the "outward and visi- ble sign [pint of small wine; "Of an inward" cheap dinner, and While St. Denys hangs out o'er some hatter of ton, [his own,] And possessing, good bishop, no head of Take 'em at rest in Dandies, who've got— next to none! [ing's affiches— Then we stare into shops—read the even- Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish [bad trick, Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish As it takes off the bloom of one's appe- tite, Dick.) [des Panoramas] To the Passage des—what d'ye call't— We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as [cozen Seducing young pâtés as ever could One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen. [one day, We vary, of course—petits pâtés do The next we've our lunch with the Gau- frier Hollandais,** [like Sc—tt, That popular artist, who brings out, His delightful productions so quick, hot and hot; Not the worse for the exquisite comment that follows,— Divine maresquino, which—Lord, how one swallows! Once more, then, we saunter forth after our snack, or [of a flacre, Subscribe a few francs for the price compter celles que nos savans imaginent chaque jour. § Veronica, the Saint of the Holy Handker- chief, is also, under the name of Venise, or Venecla, the tutelary saint of milliners. ¶ St. Denys walked three miles after his head was cut off. The mot of a woman of wit upon this legend is well known:—" Je le crois bien; en pareil cas, il n’y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

4 Off the Boulevards Italiens. ** In the Palais Royal; successor, I believe, to the Flamand, so long celebrated for the noblesse of his Gaufres.
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

And drive far away to the old Montagnes Russes, for much use where we find a few twirls in the car to regenrate the hunger and thirst of us sinners, in a tion of dinners. Who've lapsed into snacks—the perils of the journey; And here, Dick—in answer to one of your queries, [much discussion—About which we, Gourmands, have had I've tried all these mountains, Swiss, French, and Ruggieri's; And think, for digestion, there's none like the Russian; So equal the motion—so gentle, though fleet—
It, in short, such a light and salubrious scamper is, That take whom you please—take old L—s D—x—n—T,
And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—with stewed lampreys;†
So wholesome these Mountains, such a solvent! I've found them, That, let me but rattle the Monarch well down them, [away,
The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far And the regicide lampreys be boil'd of their prey!

Such, Dick, are the classical sports that content us, [momentous,§
Till five o'clock brings on that hour so
That epoch—but woal—my lad!—here comes the Schneider,
And, curse him, has made the stays three inches wider— [a Guy! Too wide by an inch and a half—what

* Doctor Cotterel recommends, for this purpose, the Beaujon or French Mountains, and calls them "une médecine sûre, couleur de rose;" but I own I prefer the authority of Mr. Bob, who seems, from the following note found in his own handwriting, to have studied all these mountains very carefully—
  Memoranda—The Swiss little notice deserves, While the fall at Ruggieri's is death to weak nerves;
  And (what's) Doctor Cotterel may write on the question
  The turn at the Beaujon's too sharp for digestion.
I doubt whether Mr. Bob is quite correct in accounting the second syllable of Ruggieri.
† A dish so indigestible, that a late novelist, at the end of his book, could imagine no more summary mode of getting rid of all his heroes and heroines than by a hearty supper of stewed lampreys.
‡ They killed Henry L of England:—"a food (says Hume, gravely) which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution."
Lampreys, indeed, seem to have been always

But, no matter—'twill all be set right by-and-by, [eat still up,
As we've Massinot's eloquent carte in An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.
So—not to lose time, Dick,—here goes for the task; [but ask,

Au revoir, my old boy—of the Gods I
That my life, like "the Leap of the Gen
man,"§ may be,

"Du lit à la table, de la table au lit!"

R. F.

LETTER IX.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE LORD VISOUNT C—ST.

My Lord, th' Instructions, brought to day,
"I shall in all my best obey," [sibly
Your Lordship talks and writes so so—
And—whatso'ever some wags may say—
Oh! not at all incomprehensibly.
I feel th' inquiries in your letter
About my health and French most flattering;
[what better,
Thank ye, my French, though some-
is, on the whole, but weak and smat-
tering;

Nothing, of course, that can compare
With his who made the Congress stare,
(A certain Lord we need not name.)

Who ev'n in French, would have his
And talk of "Bâton un système [trophe,
"Sur l'équilibre de l'Europe!"

Sweet metaphor!—and then th' Epistle
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,
a favorite dish with kings—whether from some
congeniality between them and that fish. I know not; but Dio Cassius tells us that Pollia
suffocated his lampreys with human blood. St. Louis of France was particularly fond of them,
—See the anecdote of Thomas Aquinas eating
up his majesty's lampreys, in a note upon Rabe-
losi, liv. III. chap. 3.
§ Had Mr. Bob's Dinner Epistle been in-
serted, I was prepared with an abundance of learned matter to illustrate it, for which, as, in-
deed, for all my "scelentia popiniae," I am in debt to a friend in the Dublin University,—whose reading formerly lay in the magic line, but, in consequence of the Provost's enlightened alarm at such studies, he has taken to the authors, "de re cibariam" instead; and has left
  Bodin, Rambaud, Agrippa and his little dog
  Filolus, for Apicius, Nonius, and that most
  learned and savory Jesuit, Buengerus.
† A famous Restaurateur—now Dupont.
‡ An old French saying:—"Faire le sort de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit."

* Seneca.
That tender letter to "Mon Prince,"*
Which showed alike thy French and sense;
Oh no, my Lord—there's none can do
Or say un-English things like you:
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast
Could but a vent congenial seek,
And use the tongue that suits them best,
What charming Turkish wouldst thou
But as for me, a Frenchless grab, [speak!]
At Congress never born to stammer,
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub
Full Monarchs, out of Chambeau's grammar—
Bless you, you do not, cannot know
How far a little French will go;
For all one's stock, one need but draw
On some half dozen words like these—
Comme ça—par-là—là-là—ah ha!
They'll take you at through France with ease.

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps
I sent you from my Journal lately,
(Enveloping a few laced caps
For Lady C. ) delight me greatly.
Her flattery speech—"what pretty things
"One finds in Mr. Fudge's pages!"
Is praise which (as some poet sings)
Would pay one for the toils of ages.
Thus flattered, I presume to send
A few more extracts by a friend;
And I should hope they'll be no less
Approved of than my last MS.—
The former ones, I fear, were creased,
As Dobby round the caps would pin them!
But these will come to hand, at least
Unrumpled, for there's nothing in them.

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal, addressed to L. rd C.

Aug. 10.

Went to the Mad-house—saw the man,†
Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while
Of Discord here full Hot ran, (the Pied
He, like the rest, was guillotined;—
But that when, under Boney's reign,
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one.)

* The celebrated letter to Prince Hardenburch, (written, however, I believe, originally in English,) in which his Lordship, professing to see "no moral or political objection" to the dismemberment of Saxony, denounced the unfortunate King as "not only the most devoted, but the most favored of Bonaparte's vassals."
† This extraordinary madman is, I believe,

The heads were all restored again,
He, in the scramble, got a wrong one.
Accordingly, he still cries out
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
And always runs, poor devil, about
Inquiring for his own incessantly!

While to his case a tear I dropp'd,
And saunter'd home, thought I—ye Gods!
How many heads might thus be swopp'd, And, after all, not make much odds!
For instance, there's V—s—tt—t's head—
( "Tam carum" it may well be said)
If by some curious chance it came
To settle on Bill Soames's shoulders,
Th' effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders:
Except that while, in its newocket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A zig-zag way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge directly in.

Good Viscount S—dm—h, too, instead
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
Old lady Wilhelmina Frump's—
So while the hand sign'd Circula,
The head might slip out, "What is
The R—o—r's brains could we transfer
To some robust man milliner,
The shop, the shers, the lace, and riband
Would go, I doubt not, quite as gib on:
And, vice versa, take the pains
To give the P—ce the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow,
Ribands would not be wasted so.

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
And ev'n at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snored,
Thus chopping, swopp'd head for head.
At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit myself.
"Twist sleep and waking, one by one,
With various periclesms saddled,
At last I tried your Lordship's on,
And then I grew completely added—
in the Bistro. He imagines, exactly as Mr.
Fudge states it, that, when the heads of those
who had been guillotined were restored, he by
mistake got some other person's instead of his

† Tam caru capitis.—Horat.
§ A celebrated pickpocket.
Forget all other heads, od rot 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was—
Bottom.

Aug. 21.

Walk'd out with daughter Biddy—was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,
Whose velvet cushion's just the same*
NAPOLEON sat on—what a shame!
Oh, can we wonder, best of speakers,
When Louis seated thus we see,
That France's "fundamental features"
Are much the same they used to be?
However,—God preserve the Throne,
And cushion, too—and keep them free
From accidents, which have been known
To happen ev'n to Royalty!

Aug. 23.

Read, at a stall (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to quote, and gives one's Book
A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
a course of stalls improves me greatly)—
"Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
A monarch's fits's a serious matter;—
And once in every year, at least,
He's weighed—to see if he gets fatter;—
Then, if a pound or two be increased,
There's quite a jubilee!§

Suppose, my Lord—and far from me
To treat such things with levity, but
Suppose the R—g—r's weight
Were made thus an affair of state;
And, every sessions, at the close,—[is
'Sead of a speech, which, all can see,
Heavy and dull enough, God knows—
We were to try how heavy he is.
Much would it glad all hearts to hear
That, while the Nation's Revenue
Loses so many pounds a year, [few,
The P——E, God bless him! gains a

* The only change, if I recollect right, is the substitution of lilies for bees. This war upon the bees is, of course, universal; "exitium miseric apibus," like the angry nymphs in Virgil: but may not new swarms arise out of the victims of legitimacy yet?
† I am afraid that Mr. Foulis alludes here to a very awkward accident, which is well known to have happened to poor L——s le D——s—, some years since, at one of the R—g—l's Fêtes. He was sitting next our glorious Queen at the time.
‡ "The third day of the Feast the King caused himself to be weighed with great care."—F. Bernier's Voyage to Surat, &c.
§ "I remember," says Bernier, "that all

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,
I see the Easterns weigh their Kings;—
But, for the R——r, my advice is,
We should throw in much heavier things:
For instance—'s quarto volumes,
Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them;
Dominie St——d——r's Daily columns,
"Prodigious!"—in, of course, we'd clap them—
Letters that C——r——r——r——r——r——r——r pen indites,
In which, with logical confusion,
The Major like a Minor writes,
And never comes to a Conclusion:—
Lord S——r——r——r——r's pamphlet—or his head—
(Ah, that were worth its weight in lead!)
Along with which we in may whip, sly,
The Speeches of Sir John C——x H——r——r—
That Baronet of many words, [——sly;—
Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
To whisper Bishops—and so nigh
Unto their wigs in whisper'ring goes,
That you may always know him by
A patch of powder on his nose!—
If this won't do, we in must cram
The "Reasons" of Lord B——c——c
H——M;
(As a Book his Lordship means to write,
Entitled "Reasons for my Retiring:")
Or, should these prove too small and light,
His quarto's a host—we'll bundle that
in!
And, still should all these masses fail
To turn the R——g——r's ponderous scale,
Why then, my Lord, in Heaven's name,
Pit in, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R——l——l——y's beauteous Dame—
If that won't raise him, devil's in it!

Aug. 31.

Consulted Murray's Tacitus
About those famous spies at Rome,[f]
The Omars expressed great joy that the King
Weighed two pounds more now than the year preceding."—Another author tells us that "Fatness, as well as a very large head, is considered, throughout India, as one of the most precious gifts of heaven. An enormous skull is absolutely revered, and the happy owner is looked up to as a superior being. To a Prince a joulter head is invaluable."—Oriental Field Sports.
§ Major Cartwright.
[f] The name of the first worthy who set up
The trade of informer at Rome (to whom our
Olivers and kindred right to erect a statue,
was Romanus Hispo;—"qui formam vitae huius
quam postea celebrem misericordiam temporum ei
MOORE'S WORKS.

Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—
Describe as much resembling us;—
Informing gentlemen, at home. [ous,
But, bless the fools, they can't be swi—
To say Lord S—DM—TH's like Tiberius!—
What, he, the Peer, that injures no man,
Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman!—
'Tis true, the Tyrant lent an ear to
All sorts of spies—so doth the Peer, too,
'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
And deal in perjury—ditto Tb's.
'Tis true the Tyrant screen'd and hid
His rogues from justice—ditto Sd.
'Tis true the Peer is grave and glib
His moral speeches—ditto Tb's.
'Tis true, the feats the tyrant did
Were in his dogate—ditto Sd.

So far, I own, the parallel
'Twix Tb and Sd goes vastly well;
But there are points in Tb that strike
My humble mind as much more like
Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him.
Of th' India Board—that soul of whim!—
Like him, Tiberius loved his joke,

On matters, too, where few can bear
E. g. a man, cut up, or broke [one;
Upon the wheel—a devilish fair one!
Your common fractures, wounds and fits,
Are nothing to such wholesale wits;
But, let the sufferer gasp for life,
The joke is then worth any money;
And, if he writhe beneath a knife,—
Oh dear, that's something quite too fun;
In this respect, my Lord, you see [ny.
The Roman wag and ours agree:
Now as to your resemblance—num—
This parallel we need not follow;
Though 'tis in Ireland said by some
Your Lordship beats Tiberius hol-
low;
[too serious
Whips, chains—but these are things
For me to mention or discuss;
Whene'er your Lordship acts Tiberius,
Phil. Fudge's part is Tacitus!

andaeque hominum fecerunt."—TACIT. ANNA.
1. 74.
"They certainly possess the same art of insti-
gating their victims, which the Report of the
Secret Committee attributes to Lord Sidmouth's
agents:—"voxus (says Tacitus of one of them)
Hindum et necessitatum, quo pluribus indulcis
integret." [1
"Neque tamen id Serenonox fulf, quem
edum publicum tutiorem faciebat. Nam ut
quis districtor accusat velut sacrocanetum
erat."—ANNA. Lib. iv. 36.—Or, as it is trans-
lated by Mr. Fudge's friend, Murphy:—"This
daring accuser had the curses of the people, and

Sept. 2.
Was thinking, had Lord S—DM—TH got
Any good decent sort of Plot
Against the winter-time—if not,
Alas, alas, our ruin's fated;
All done up, and spificated!
Ministers and all their vassals,
Down from C—Th—gh to Castles,—
Unless we can kick up a riot,
Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!
What's to be done?—Spa-Fields was
clever;
But even that brought gibes and
Upon our heads—so, mem.—must never
Keep ammunition in old stockings;
For fear some wag should in his cursed
head
Take it to say our force was worsted.
Mem. too—when Sid an army raises,
It must not be "inco"; like Hayes's:
Nor must the General be a hollering
Professor of the art of cobbling;
Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
Should say, with Jacobin grin,
He felt, from solacing Wellingtons, [2
A Wellington's great soul within!
Nor must an old apothecary
Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,
With (what these wags would call, so
merry)
Physical force and vial-ence!
No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be
Next time contrived more skilfully.
John Buil, I grieve to say, is growing
So troublesome; sharp and knowing,
So wise—in short, so Jacobin—
'Tis monstrous hard to take him in.

Sept. 6.
Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
In China, and was sorely nettled;
But think, my Lord, we should not pass
it o'er
Till all this matter's fairly settled;
And here's the mode occurs to me:
As none of our Nobility,
the protection of the Emperor. Informers, in
proportion as they rose in guilt, became sacred
characters;" [3
Murphy even confers upon one of his
speeches the epithet "constitutional." Mr.
Fudge might have added to his parallel, that
Tiberius was a good private character:—
"agerutum vitæ fatamque quoad privatum."
"Ludibria seris permiscere situllis." [4
There is one point of resemblance between
Tiberius and Lord C. which Mr. Fudge might
have mentioned:—"suspensa semper et obscura
verba." [5
[2 Short boots, so called.
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

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Though for their own most gracious King,
(They would kiss hands, or—anything,) Can be persuaded to go through This farce-like trick of the Ko-tou; And as these Mandarins won't bend, Without some numming exhibition, Suppose, my Lord, you were to send Grimaldi to them on a mission: As Legate, Joe could play his part, And if, in diplomatic art, The "volto sciolto"'s meritorious, Let Joe but grin, he has it, glorious! A title for him's easily made; And—by-the-bye, one Christmas time, If I remember right, he play'd Lord Morley in some pantomime;† [him. As Earl of M—RL—Y theu gazette If father Earl of M—RL—Y'll let him. (And why should not the world be blest With two such stars, for East and West?) Then, when before the Yellow Screen He's brought—and, sure, the very essence Of etiquette would be that scene Of Joe in the Celestial Presence!— He thus should say:—"Duke Ho and Soo, "I'll play what tricks you please for you, "If you'll, in turn, but do for me "A few small tricks you now shall see. "If I consult your Emperor's liking "At least you'll do the same for my King." [grins, He then should give them nine such As would astound ev'n Mandarins; And throw such somersets, before The picture of King George (God bless him!) As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er, Would, by Confucius, much distress him!

I start this merely as a hint, But think you'll find some wisdom in't: And, should you follow up the job, My son, my Lord, (you know poor Bob,) Would in the suite be glad to go

* The open countenance, recommended by Lord Chesterfield.
† Mr. Fudge is a little mistaken here. It was not Grimaldi, but some very inferior performer, who played this part of "Lord Morley" in the pantomime, and much to the horror of the distinguished Earl of that name. The expository letters of the Noble Earl to Mr. II.—rr—a., upon this vulgar profanation of his spick-and-

And help his Excellency, Joe;— At least, like noble Ami—rst's son, The lad will do to practise on:†

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY

Well, it isn't the King, after all, my dear creature! But don't you go laugh, now—there's nothing to quiz in— For grandeur of air and for grimace of feature, [hang him, he isn't. He might be a King, Doll, though, At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own, [Malone. If for no other cause but to vex Miss (The great heiress, you know, of Shan- dangan, who's here, [Cashmere,§ Showing off with such airs, and a real While mine's but a palptry old rabbit-skin, dear!) [thing, But Pa says, on deeply considering the "I am just as well pleased it should not be the King; [and jolie, "As I think for my Biddy, so gentille "Whose charms may their price in an honest way fetch, "That a Brandenburgh"—(what is a Brandenburgh, DOLLY ?)— "Would be, after all, no such very great catch, [looking sly— "If the R—g—r indeed,"—added he, (You remember that comical squint of his eye,)—[ can you say so, But I stop'd him with "La, Pa, how "When the R—g—r loves none but old women, you know!" Which is fact, my dear DOLLY—we, girls of eighteen, [Fit to be seen; And so slim—Lord, he'd think us not And would like us much better as old— ay, as old [I've been told As that Countess of Desmond, of whom That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten, [tree then! And was kill'd by a fall from a cherry. What a frisky old girl! but—to come to my lover,

span new title, will, I trust, some time or other, be given to the world.

* See Mr. Ellis's account of the Embassy.
§ See Lady Morgan's "France" for the anecdote, told her by Madame de Genlis, of the young gentleman whose love was cured by finding that his mistress wore a shawl "peau de lapin."
MOORE'S WORKS.

Who, though not a King, is a hero
I'll swear,—[brieclly run over.
You shall hear all that's happen'd, just
Since that happy night, when we
whisk'd through the air!

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes,
DOLLY, yes—[of my bliss,
From that evening I date the first dawn
When we both rattled off in that dear
little carriage,
Whose journey, Bob says, is so like
Love and Marriage,
'Beginning gay, desperate, dashing,
down-hilly,
[Dilly!]
"And ending as dull as a six-inside
Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the
night through;
[ter to you,
And, next day, having scribbled my let-
With a heart full of hope this sweet fel-
low to meet,
HUIT
I set out with Papa, to see Louis DIX
Make his bow to some half dozen women
and boys,
[lO RoIs—
Who get up a small concert of shrill Vive
And how vastly genteel, my dear,
even this is,
[hisses!]
Than vulgar Pall-Mall's oratorio of
The gardens seem'd full—so, of course,
we walk'd o'er'em,
'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-
bred decorum,
[statue,
And daphnes, and vases, and many a
There's staring, with not ev'n a stitch on
them, at you!
[on the brink
The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile
* The ears, on the return, are dragged up slowly by a chain.
† Mr. Bob need not be ashamed of his cook-
ery jokes, when he is kept in countenance by
such men as Cicero, St. Augustin, and that
jovial bishop, Venantius Fortunatus. And the
pun of the great orator upon the "jus Verrinum,"
which he calls bad hog-broth, from a play upon
both the words, is well known; and the Saint's
puns upon the conversion of Lot's wife into
salt, are equally ingenious:—"In salm con-
versa hominibus fidibus quidam prostituit
condimentum, quo sapient alquid, unde ille
[caveator exemplum.]—De Obitu. Det. lib.
[23, cap. 30.—The jokes of the pious favorite
of Queen Radagunda, the convivial Bishop Ven-
antius, may be found among his poems, in
some lines against a cook who had robbed him.
The following is similar to Cicero's pun—
Plus juscella Coel quam mea jura valent.
II., p. 1732.—Of the same kind was Montmaur's
joke, when a dish was split over him—"sum-
mum jus, summa injuria;" and the same cele-
brated parasite, in ordering a sole to be placed
before him said—
To contemplate the play of those
pretty gold fishes—
"Lute bullion," says merciless Bob,
"which, I think,
"Would, if cob'd, with a little mint
sauc'e, be delicious!"†

But what, DOLLY, what, is the gay or-
ange grove,
[of her love?
Or gold fishes, to her that's in search
In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing like a man was—no lover
sat there!
In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs
that went past, [eur,—
To obtain, if I could, but a glance at
A glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred,
my girl,
[men giv'n,
As the lock that, Pa says, is to Musul-
For the angel to hold by that
"lugs
them to heav'n!"
[quiz,
Alas, there went by me full many a
And mustachios in plenty, but nothing
like his!
"well-a-day," Disappointed, I found myself sighing out
Thought of the words of T—M, M.—Re's
Irish Melody,
[light,‡
Something about the "green spot of de-
(Which, you know, Captain Mackin
Tosn sung to us one day;)
Ah DOLLY, my "spot" was that Satur-
day night, [wither'd by Sunday! And
its verdure, how fleeting, had
We dined at a tavern—La, what do I
say?
Eligi eul dicea, tu mibi sola places.
The reader may likewise see, among a good
deal of kitchen erudition, the learned Lipsius's
jokes on cutting up a caupon in his Saturnal.
Sermon. lib. ii., cap. 2.
† For this scrap of knowledge "Pa " was, I
suspect, indebted to a note upon Volney's
ruins; a book which usually forms part of a
Jacobin's library, and with which Mr. Fudge
must have been well acquainted at the time
when he wrote his "Down with Kings," &c.
The note in Volney is as follows:—"It is by
this tuft of hair, (on the crown of the head,) worn
by the majority of Mussulmans, that the
Angel of the Tomb is to take the elect and
carry them to paradise."
‡ The young lady, whose memory is not very
correct, must allude, I think, to the following
lines:
Oh that fairy form is ne'er forgot.
Which First Love traced;
Still it ling ring haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste!
If Bob was to know!—a Restaurateur's, dear;
Where your properest ladies go dine
every day, [tumblers, like beer.
And drink Burgundy out of large
Fine Bob (for he's really grown superfine)
[of the party; Condescended, for once, to make one
Of course, though but three, we had
dinner for nine, [I ate hearty.
And in spite of my grief, love, I own
Indeed, Dolly, I know not how 'tis, but,
in grief, [relief;
I have always found eating a wondrous
And Bob, who's in love, said he felt
the same quite—
"My sighs," said he, "ceased with
the first glass I drank you;
"The lamb made me tranquil, the puffs
made me light,
"And—now that all's o'er—why I'm
—pretty well, thank you!"
To my great annoyance, we sat rather late;
For Bobby and Pa had a furious debate
About singing and cookery—Bobby, of
[full force; Standing up for the latter Fine Art in
And Pa saying, "God only knows
which is worst,
"The French Singers or Cooks, but I
wish us well over it," [cursed
"What with old Lais and Véry, I'm
"If my head or my stomach will ever
recover it!"
'Twas dark when we got to the Boulevards to stroll, street Macaronis,
And in vain did I look 'mong the
When, sudden it struck me—[last hope
of my soul—
That some angel might take the dear
man to Tortoni's [↑
We enter'd—and, scarcely had Bob,
with an air, [the waiters
For a grappe à la jardinière call'd to
When, oh Dolly! I saw him—[my hero
was there,
(For I knew his white small-clothes
and brown leather gaiters,)

A group of fair statues from Greece
smiling o'er him, before him! And lots of red currant-juice sparkling
Oh Dolly, these heroes—what creatures
they are: [full of slaughter! In the boudoir the same as in fields
As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,
As when safe at Tortoni's, o'er iced
currant water! [my ecstasy—
He join'd us—[imagine, dear creature,
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten
necks to see! [place,
Bob wish'd to treat him with Punch à la
But the sweet fellow swore that my
beauté, my grace,
And my je-ne-sais-quoi (then his whis-
kers he twirl'd) [in de vorld."—
Were, to him, "on de top of all Ponch
How pretty!—though oft (as of course,
it must be) [Greek, Dolly, to me.
Both his French and his English are
But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond
heart did; [we parted,
And happier still, when 'twas fixed, ere
That, if the next day should be pastoral
weather, [together,
We all would set off, in French buggies,
To see Montmorency—that place which,
you know, [Jacques Roussel.
Is so famous for cherries and Jean
His card then he gave us—the name,
rather creased—[nel at least! But 'twas Calicot—something—a Colo-
After which—surer there never was a
hero so civil—he [Rivoli,
Saw us safe home to our door in Rue
Where his last words, as, at parting,
he threw "[How do you do?]"
A soft look [o'er his shoulders, were—

But, Lord,—there's Papa for the post—
I'm so vex'd— for my next.
Montmorency must now, love, be kept
That dear Sunday night!—I was charmi-
ingly dress'd, [my best; And—so providential!—was looking
Such a sweet muslin gown, with a
flounce—and my frills,
You've no notion how rich—(though Pa
has by the bills)
estential to those effects, which, in the art of
cookery, correspond to that composite beauty
which is the object of the painter and of the
poet to create."—Philosophical Essays.
* A fashionable café glacier on the Italian
Boulevards.
† "You eat your ice at Tortoni's," says Mr
Scott, "under a Grecian group."
§ Not an unusual mistake with foreigners.
And you'd smile had you seen, where we sat rather near, [my dear. Colonel Calicott eyeing the canvass, Then the flowers in my bonnet—but, la, it's in vain— So, good-by, my sweet doll—I shall soon write again! B. F.

Nota bene—our love to all neighbors about— [gout? Your Papa in particular—how is his P. S.—I've just open'd my letter to say, In your next you must tell me, (now do, Dolly, pray, [quiz,) For I hate to ask Bob, he's so ready to What sort of a thing, dear, a Brandenburg is. —

LETTER XI.
FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO. —

Yes, 'twas a cause, as noble and as great As ever hero died to vindicate— A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice, [choice! And own no power but of the Nation's Such was the grand, the glorious cause that new [brow; Hung trembling on Napoleon's single Such the sublime arbitrament, that pour'd,

In patriot eyes, a light around his sword, A hallowing light, which never, since the day [way! Of his young victories, had illum'd its

Oh, 'twas not then the time for tame debates, [your gates; Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at When he, who late had fled your Chief-tain's eye, fly,* As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus Denounced against the land, that spurn'd his chain, Styrliads of swords to bind it fast again— Styrliads to fierce invading swords, to track [vengeance back; Through your best blood his path of When Europe's Kings, that never yet [conjou'd, But (like those upper Stars, that, when

* See Allen, lib. v. cap. 29—who tells us that these geese, from a consciousness of their own loquacity, always cross Mount Taurus with stones in their bills, to prevent any unlucky soul from betraying them to the eagles.épistres strophes.

† Somebody (Fontenelle, I believe) has said, Shed war and pestilence) to scourge mankind, Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore, Hating Napoleon much, but Freedom more, [see And, in that coming strife, appall'd to The world yet left one chance for liberty— [net No, 'twas not then the time to weave a Of bondage around your Chief; to curb and fret [fight, Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the When every hope was in his speed and might— To waste the hour of action in dispute, And coolly plan how Freedom's boughs should shoot, [root! When your Invader's axe was at the No, sacred Liberty! that God who throws Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows How well I love thee, and how deeply hate All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate— Yet, in that hour, were France my na-tive land, I would have follow'd with quick heart and hand, Napoleon, Nero,—ay, no matter whom To snatch my country from that dam- ning doom, [quer'd waits— That dreaddest curse that on the con- A conqueror's satrap, throned within her gates!

True, he was false—despotic—all you please— [ties— Had trampled down man's holiest liber- Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things Than lie within the grasp of vulgar Kings, But raised the hopes of men—as eaglets With tortoise aloft into the sky— [fly To dash them down again more shat- tringly! All this I own—but still —

that if he had his hand full of truths, he would open but one finger at a time; and the same sort of reserve I find to be necessary with re- spect to Mr. Connor's very plain-spoken letters. The remainder of this Epistle is so full of un- safe matter-of-fact, that it must, for the present at least, be withheld from the public.
LETTER XII.
FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY—.

At last, DOLLY,—thanks to a potent emotic, [sympathetic, Which BORBY and Pa, with grimace Have swallow'd this morning to balance the bliss [visses— Of an eel matelote and a biscue d'écre- I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down [of town. To describe you our heavenly trip out How agog you must be for this letter, my dear! [to hear Lady JANE, in the novel, less languish'd If that elegant corner she met at Lord NEVILLE's [devils, Was actually dying with love—or blue But Love, DOLLY, Love is the theme I pursue; [nothing to do— With Blue Devils, thank heav'n, I have Except, indeed, dear Colonel CALICOT spies [eyes, Any imp of that color in certain blue Which he stares at till I, DOLL, at his do the same; [often exclaim, Then he simper—I blush—and would If I knew but the French for it, "Lord, Sir, for shame!"

Well, the morning was lovely—the trees In full dress [express— For the happy occasion—the sunshine Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going, [and glowing. It scarce could be furnish'd more golden Though late when we started, the scent of the air Was like GATTIE's rose-water,—and, bright, here and there, [terrying yet, On the grass an odd dew-drop was glit- Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet!

While the birds seem'd to warble as bless'd on the boughs, [spouse; As if each a plummed Calicot had for her And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows, [ever one goes And—in short, need I tell you, where- With the creature one loves, 'tis all cou- leur de rose; [long, see And, ah, I shall ne'er, lived I ever so A day such as that at divine Montmo- rency!

* The column in the Place Vendôme.
† "Employant pour cela le plus beau papier doré, sèchant l'écriture avec de la poudre dorée, et écriture avec de la poudre dorée,"—Les Confessions, part ii. liv. 9.

There was but one drawback—at first when we started, [ed; The Colonel and I were inhumanly part- How cruel—young hearts of such mo- ments to rob! [with Bos; He went in Pa's buggy, and I went And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know [so-so. That Papa and his comrade agreed but For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of Boney's— Served with him of course—nay, I'm sure they were cronies. [can trace So martial his features! dear DOLL, you Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face [brass,* As you do on that pillar of glory and Which the poor DUC DE B—RI must hate so to pass!

It appears, too, he made—as most for- eigners do— [or two. About English affairs an odd blunder For example—misled by the names, I dare say— [Lord C—oh; He confounded JACK CASTLES with And—sure such a blunder no mortal hit ever on— [clever one! Fancied the present Lord C—MD—X the But politics ne'er were the sweet fel- low's trade; [onel was made. 'Twas for war and the ladies my Col- And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd Through that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd; And how perfectly well he appear'd, DOLL, to know All the life and adventures of JEAN JACQUES Rousseau!— "Twas there," said he—not that his words I can state;— "Twas a gibb'rish that Cupid alone could translate;— [small and remote, But "there," said he, (pointing where, The dear Hermitage rose,) "there his JULIE he wrote,— [or erasure; "Upon paper gilt-edged,† without blot "Then saddled it over with silver and azure, [not do?— "And—oh, what will genius and fancy "Tied the leaves up together with non- parcille blue!" [of emotions What a trait of Rousseau! I what a crowd d'azur et d'argent, et couissant mes cahiers avec de la nonparcille bleue."—Les Confessions,
From sand and blue ribands are conjured up here! [tions
Alas, that a man of such exquisite* no—
Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!
"‘Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel Calicot said— [led—
As down the small garden he pensively
(Though once I could see his sublime
forehead wrinkle [periwinkle])
With rage not to find there the loved
"‘Twas here he received from the fair D'Epina,
[very day,]
"(Who call'd him so sweetly her Bear!
"That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off
to form
[warm !]" 
A waistcoat to keep the enthusiast
Such, Doll, were the sweet recollections
we ponder'd,
As, full of romance, through that valley
we wander'd. [odd it is!]
The flannel (one's train of ideas, how
Led us to talk about other commodities,
Cambric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall
forget,
[tos its set.
For the sun was then hast'ning in pomp
And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,
When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—
who made my gown? The question confused me—for, Doll,
you must know, [friend long ago,
And I ought to have told my best
That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer
employed Le Roi;
That enchanting couturière, Madame
But am forced now to have Victorine,
who—dence take her!—
It seems is, at present, the King's mantua-maker— [the smartest,
I mean of his party—and, though much
Le Roi is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist.]*

* This word, "exquisite," is evidently a favorite of Miss Fudge's; and I understand she was not a little angry when her brother
Bob committed a pun on the last two syllables of it in the following couplet:
I'd fain praise your Foom—but tell me, how
is it.
When I cry out "Exquisite," Echo cries "quix it!"
† The flower which Rousseau brought into
such fashion among the Parisians, by exclaiming
one day, "Ah, voila de la pervenche!!"
‡ "Mon ours, voila votre asyle—et vous,
mes ours, ne viendrez vous pas aussi?" &c. &c.
§ "Un jour, qu'il geloit tres-fort, en ouvrant

Think, Doll, how confounded I
look'd—so well knowing
The Colonel's opinion—my cheeks
were quite glowing;
I stammer'd out something—nay, even
half-named [he exclaim'd,
The legitimate sempstress, when, loud
"Yes, yes, by the stitching! 'tis plain to
be seen [b—h Victorine!"
"It was made by that Bourlonite
What a word for a hero!—but heroes
will err, [just as they were.
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things
Besides, though the word on good man-
ners intrench,
[French. I
assure you 'tis not half so shocking in
But this cloud, though embarrassing,
soon pass'd away, [that day,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of
The thoughts that arise, when such dear
fellows woo us— [thing to us—
The nothing's that then, love, are ever
That quick correspondence of glances
and sighs [post of the Eyes—
And what Bob calls the "Twoenny-
Ah, Doll! though I know you're a
heart, 'tis in vain [to explain.
To a heart so unpractised these things
They can only be felt, in their fulness
divine,
[decline,
By her who has wander'd, at evening's
Through a valley like that, with a Colo-
nel like mine!
But here I must finish—for Bob, my
dear Dolly, [melancholy,
Whom physic, I find, always makes
Is seized with a fancy for churchyard
reflections;
[lections,
And, full of all yesterday's rich recol-
is just setting off for Montmartre—"for
there is,"
Said he, looking solemn, "the tomb
of the Verlys!!"

un paquet qu'elle m'envoyerait, je trouvai un petit
jupon de flanelle d'Angleterre, qu'elle me
marquait avoir porté, et dont elle voulut que
je me fasse faire un gilet. Ce soin, plus qu'ami-
cal, me parut si tendre, comme si elle se fût
depuis des années perdu de moi, que, dans mon mou-
tion, je baisai vingt fois en pleurant le billet et
le jupon.
† Miss Biddy's notions of French pronuncia-
tion may be perceived in the rhymes which she
always selects for "Le Roi."
‡ Le Roi, who was the Couturière of
the Empress Marie Louise, is at present, of course,
out of fashion, and is succeeded in her station
by the Royalist mantua-maker, Victorine.
§ "It is the brother of the present excellent
"Long, long have I wished, as a rotatory true, my maus; "O'er the grave of such talents to utter "And, to-day—as my stomach is not in good cue [visit their bones!]
"For the flesh of the Vêrs—[I'll
He insists upon my going with him—
how teasing! [shall he
This letter, however, dear DOLLY,
Unseal'd in my draw'r, that, if anything
pleasing
occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—
E. F.

Four o'clock.
Oh, DOLLY, dear DOLLY, I'm ruin'd forever—[never! I ne'er shall be happy again, DOLLY,
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I! [shall die—
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I
My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—[sick!
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my
This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
[draper!!
This Colonel's no more than a vile knave.
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother
Bob so,
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so.)
For some little gift on my birthday—[September [remember
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you
That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach,
[man would prove.)
(Al, little I thought who the shop—
To bespeak me a few of those mouchoirs de poche,
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love—
The most beautiful things—two Napoleon's the price—
And one's name in the corner embroidered so nice!
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should drop
There he stood, my dear DOLLY—no room for a doubt—
Restaurateur who lies entombed so magnificently in the Cimetière Montmartre. The inscription on the column at the head of the

There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,
With a piece of French cambric before him roll'd out,
And that horrid yard-measure upraised in his hand!
Oh—Papa, all along, knew the secret, 'tis clear—
'Twas a shopman he meant by a "Brandenburgh," dear! [a King,
The man, whom I fondly had fanc'd
And, when that too delightful delusion was past, [croms thing—
As a hero had worshipp'd—vile, treachery
To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!
My head swam around—the wretch smiled, I believe,
But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive—
I fell back on Bob—my whole heart seemed to wither—[hither!
And, pale as a ghost, I was carri'd back
I only remember that Bob, as I caught him,
[the Kiddly!
With cruel facetiousness said, "Curse
"A stanch Revolutionist always I've thought him, [one, BIDDY!
"But now I find out he's a Counter
Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known
To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss Malone,
What a story 'twill be at Shandangan forever!
What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!
It will spread through the country—and never, oh, never
Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again!
Farewell—I shall do something desperate, I fear—[ear,
And, oh! if my fate ever reaches your
One tear of compassion my DOLL will not grudge [friend,
To her poor—broken-hearted—young
BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota bene—I am sure you will hear, with delight, [net to-night,
That we're going, all three, to see Brutus,
A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox [error's box.
(Do you know him?) has got us the Gov-
tomb concludes with the following words—
"Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles."
FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Tu Regibus alas

Eripe.

—Clip the wings

Of these high-flying, arbitrary Kings.

Dryden's Translation.

TO LORD BYRON.

Dear Lord Byron,

Though this volume should possess no other merit in your eyes, than that of reminding you of the short time we passed together at Venice, when some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am,

My dear Lord,

Ever faithfully yours,

T. B.

PREFACE.

Though it was the wish of the members of the Poco-curante Society (who have lately done me the honor of electing me their Secretary) that I should prefix my name to the following Miscellany, it is but fair to them and to myself to state, that, except in the "painful pre-eminence" of being employed to transcribe their incantations, my claim to such a distinction in the title-page is not greater than that of any other gentleman, who has contributed his share to the contents of the volume.

I had originally intended to take this opportunity of giving some account of the origin and objects of our Institution, the names and characters of the different members, &c., &c.—but as I am at present preparing for the press the First Volume of the "Transactions of the Poco-curante Society," I shall reserve for that occasion all further details upon the subject; and content myself here with referring, for a general insight into our tenets, to a Song which will be found at the end of this work, and which is sung to us on the first day of every month, by one of our oldest members, to the tune of (as far as I can recollect, being no musician,) either "Nancy Dawson" or "He stole away the Bacon."

It may be well also to state, for the information of those critics who attack with the hope of being answered, and of being, thereby, brought into notice, that it is the rule of this Society to return no other answer to such assailants, than is contained in the three words, "Non curat Hippocides," (meaning in English, "Hippocides does not care a fig,") which were spoken two thousand years ago by the first founder of Poco-curantism, and have ever since been adopted as the leading dictum of the sect.

THOMAS BROWN.

FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

FABLE I.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

A DREAM.

I'VE had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.
I may be wrong, but I confess—
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjurer, to guess—
It seems to me extremely awful,

Methought, upon the Neva's flood
A beautiful Ice Palace stood,
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne,*
Which shone by moonlight—as the tale
Like an Aurora Borealis. Is—

In this said Palace, furnish’d all
And lighted as the best on land are,
I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,
Given by the Emperor Alexander,
To entertain with all due zeal
Those holy gentlemen, who’ve shown a
Regard so kind for Europe’s weal,
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.
The thought was happy—and design’d
To hint how thus the human Mind
May, like the stream imprison’d there,
Be check’d and chill’d, till it can bear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
E’er yet be-praised, to dance upon it.

And all were please’d, and cold, and stately,
Shivering in grand illumination—
Admired the superstructure greatly.
Much too the Czar himself exulted, [tion.
To all plebeian fears a stranger, [ed.
For, Madame Krudener, when consult-
Had pledged her word there was no
So, on he caper’d, fearless quite, [danger.
Thinking himself extremely clever,
And wait’d away with all his might,
As if the Frost would last forever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,
Who reverence monarchs, must have
To see that goodly company, [trembled
At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
My loyal soul, at all unfounded—
For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy
Were seized with an ill-omen’d drip-

And, o’er the floors, now growing glassy,
The Holinesses took to slipping.
The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
Could scarce get on for downright stumbling;
And Prussia, though to slippery ways
Well used, was cursedly near tum-

Yet still ’twas, who could stamp the floor
most, [most—
Russia and Austria ’mong the fore-
And now, to an Italian air,

* "It is well known that the Empress Anne
built a palace of ice on the Neva, in 1740,
which was fifty-two feet in length, and when

This precious brace would, hand in
hand, go;
Now—while old Louis, from his chair,
Entreated them his toes to spare—
Call’d loudly out for a Fandango.
And a Fandango, ’faith, they had,
At which they all set to, like mad!
Never were Kings (though small th’ ex-

Of wit among their Excellencies)
So out of all their primeely senses.
But, ah, that dance—that Spanish dance—

Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
When, glaring red, as ’twere a glance
Shot from an angry Southern sun,
A light through all the chambers flamed,
Astonishing old Father Frost,
Who, bursting into tears, exclam’d,
 "A thaw, by Jove—we’re lost, we’re lost;

"Run, France—a second Waterloo
"Is come to drown you—suave oui

Why, why will monarchs caper so
In palaces without foundations?—
Instantly all was in a flow— [tions—
Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decor-
Those Royal Arms, that look’d so nice,
Cut out in the resplendent ice—
Those Eagles, handsomely provided
With double heads for double deal-

ings—
How fast the globes and sceptres glided
Out of their claws on all the ceilings! Proud Prussia’s double bird of prey,
Tame as a spatch cock, slunk away;
While—just like France herself, when

Proclaims how great her naval skill
Poor Louis’ drowning fleur-de-lys
Imagine themselves water-lilies.
And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,
But—still more fatal execution—
The Great Legitimates themselves
Seem’d in a state of dissolution.
Th’ indignant Czar—when just about
To issue a sublime Ukase,
"Whereas all light must be kept out"—

Dissolved to nothing in its blaze.
Next Prussia took its turn to melt,
And, while his lips illustrious felt
The influence of this southern air,

illuminated had a surprising effect."—Pinker-
tox.
Some word, like "Constitution"—
long
Congeal'd in frosty silence there—
Came slowly thawing from his tongue,
While Louis, lapping by degrees,
And sighing out a faint adieu
To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese,
And smoking fondus, quickly grew
Himself, into a fondu too;—
Or like that goodly King they make
Of sugar for a Twelfth-night cake,
When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,
It melts into a shapeless mass!
In short, I scarce could count a minute,
Ere the bright dome, and all within it,
Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors, all were
gone—
And nothing now was seen or heard
But the bright river, rushing on,
Happy as an enfranchised bird,
And prouder of that natural ray,
Shining along its chainless way—
More proudly happy thus to glide
In simple grandeur to the sea,
Than when, in sparkling fetters tied,
'Twas deck'd with all that kindly pride
Could bring to light its slavery!
Such is my dream—and, I confess,
I tremble at its awfulness.
That Spanish Dance—that southern beam—
But I say nothing—there's my dream—
And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,
May make just what she pleases of it.

FABLE II.
THE LOOKING-GLASSES.
PROEM.
Where Kings have been by mob-elec-
tions [see
Raised to the Throne, 'tis strange to
What different and what odd perfections
Men have required in Royalty.
Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,
Have choos'n their Sovereigns by the
weight;—
your dumpy,
Some wish'd them tall, some thought
Dutch-built, the true Legitimate.*
The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,
Prefer what's called a jolter-head;)
Th' Egyptians weren't at all particular,
So that their Kings had not red hair—
* The Goths had a law to choose always a
short, thick man for their King.—Munster,
Cosmocr. lib. iii. p 164.

This fault not even the greatest stickler
For the blood royal well could bear.
A thousand more such illustrations
Might be adduced from various nations.
But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,
Touching th' acquired or natural right
Which some men have to rule their fel-
lows,
There's one, which I shall here recite:—
FABLE.

There was a land—to name the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty—
Where reign'd a certain royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.
What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they ruled the state,
No history I have seen discloses.
But so it was—a settled case—
Some Act of Parliament, passed snugly,
Had voted them a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly.
As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs;
Your Peers were decent—Knights, so so—
But all your common people, gorgons!
Of course, if any knave had hinted
That the King's nose was turned awry,
Or that the Queen (God bless her!)
Squinted—
The Judges doom'd that knave to die.
But rarely things like this occur'd,
The people to their King were du-
And took it on his Royal word, [teous,
That they were frights, and He was
beauteous.
The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this—these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not know them-
selves.
Sometimes, indeed, their neighbors' faces
Might strike them as more full of rea-
son,
More fresh than those in certain places—
But, Lord, the very thought was trea-
son.
Besides, how'er we love our neighbor
And take his face's part, 'tis known
* "In a Prince a jolter-head is invaluable.'
—Oriental Field Sports
FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

We ne'er so much in earnest labor,  
As when the face attack'd's our own.  
So, on they went—the crowd believing—  
(As crowds well govern'd always do)  
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—  
So old the joke they thought 'twas true,  
But jokes, we know, if they too far go,  
Must have an end—and so, one day,  
Upon that coast there was a cargo  
Of looking-glasses cast away.

Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,  
Had laid their wicked heads together,  
And forced that ship to founder there,—  
While some believe it was the weather.

However this might be, the freight  
Was landed without fees or duties;  
And from that hour historians date  
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.

The looking-glasses got about,  
And grew so common through the land,  
That scarce a tinker could walk out,  
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,  
And night, their constant occupation—  
By dint of looking-glasses, soon,  
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors  
In all the old, establish'd mazars,  
Prohibited the use of mirrors,  
And tried to break them at all hazards:

In vain—their laws might just as well  
Have been waste paper on the shelves;  
That fatal freight had broke the spell;  
People had look'd—and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,  
Presumed upon his ancient face,  
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)  
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace:

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,  
How little Nature holds it true,  
That what is call'd an ancient line,  
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes' they pass'd to regal phiz- 
zes,  
Compared them proudly with their  
And cried, "How could such monstrous quizes  
[own,  
"In Beauty's name usurp the

They then wrote essays, pamphlets,  
Upon Cosmetical Economy, [books,  
Which made the King try various looks,  
But none improved his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court were level'd,  
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,  
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd  
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length—but here I drop the veil,  
To spare some loyal folks' sensations;  
Besides, what follow'd is the tale  
Of all such late enlighten'd nations;

Of all to whom old Time discloses  
A truth they should have sooner known—  
That Kings have neither rights nor noses  
A whit diviner than their own.

FABLE III.
THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I saw it all in Fancy's glass—  
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,  
Who bids this splendid day-dream pass,  
And named each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they  
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,  
When the fleet youths, in long array,  
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,  
To catch the coming flame in turn;—  
I saw, from ready hand to hand,  
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,  
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see;—  
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,  
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And, each, as she received the flame,  
Lighted her altar with its ray;  
Then, smiling, to the next who came  
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion's, whose ancient shrine  
Was furnish'd with the fire already,  
Columbia caught the boon divine,  
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,  
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising  
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,  
As she would set the world a-blazing!
Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high,
Her altar blazed into the air,
That A LB ION, to that fire too nigh,
Shrank back, and shudder'd at its glare!

Next, S PA I N, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
That fell upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd—and all again was dark.

Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies:
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame? alas,
Unworthy NAPLES—shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frightened by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

And full it might have long remain'd;
But GREECE, who saw her moment now,
[stain'd,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate,
And wavel'd round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bade me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to sour,
Who thus in song their voices blend'd:

"Shine, shine forever, glorious Flame,
"Divinest gift of Gods to men!"
"From GREECE thy earliest splendor came,
"To GREECE thy ray returns again.
"Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
"When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return, [found,
"Till not a shrine through earth be
"On which thy glories shall not burn!"

FABLE IV.
THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.
PROEM.

Of all that, to the sage's survey,
This world presents of topsy-turvy,

There's naught so much disturbs one's patience
As little minds in lofty stations.
'Tis like that sort of painful wonder,
Which slender columns, laboring under enormous arches, give beholders; or those poor Caryatides,
Condemn'd to smile and stand at ease,
With a whole house upon their shoulders.

If, as in some few royal cases,
Some minds are born into such places—
If they are there by Right Divine,
Or any such sufficient reason,
Why—Heav'n forbid we should require!
To wish it otherwise were treason;
Nay, ev'n to see it in a vision,
Would be what lawyers call misprision.

Sir ROBERT F L IM E R saith—and he,
Of course, knew all about the matter—
"Both pious and beasts love Monarchy;"
Which proves how rational—the latter.

S I D N E Y, we know, or wrong or right,
 Entirely differ'd from the Knight!
 Nay, hints a King may lose his head,
 By slipping awkwardly his bridle:—
 But this is treasonous, ill-bred,
 And (now-a-days, when Kings are led
 In patent snuff-boxes) downright idle.

No, no—it isn't right-line Kings,
(Those sovereign lords in leading-strings
Who, from their birth, are Faith-Defenders,) [tenders,
That move my wrath—'tis your pre-
Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,
Who—not, like 't others, bores by birth,
Establish'd gratia Dei blockheads,
Born with three kingdoms in their pockets—

Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,
Push up into the loftiest stations,
And, though too dull to manage shops,
Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is, that moves my gall,
And starts up bile, and spleen, and all.
While other senseless things appear
To know the limits of their sphere—
While not a cow on earth romances
So much as to conceit she dances—
While the most jumping frog we know of,
Would scarce at Astley’s hope to show off—
Your ***’, your ***’s dare, [them
Untrain’d as are their minds, to set
To any business, any where.
At any time that fools will let them.

But leave we here these upstart things—
My business is, just now, with Kings;
To whom, and to their right-line glory,
I dedicate the following story.

FABLE.
The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies; [ed to teach,
And, ev’n when they most condescend—
They pack’d up their meaning, as they
did their mummies, [one’s reach.
In so many wrappers, ’twas out of
They were also good people, much
given to Kings—
Fond of craft and of crocodiles, mon-
keys and mystery;
But blue-bottle flies were their best be-
loved things— [history.
As will partly appear in this very short

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,
[Anacharsis)
To that other great traveller, young
Stepp’d into a temple at Memphis one
day, [call farces.
To have a short peep at their mysti

He saw* a brisk blue-bottle Fly on the
altar, [something divine;
Made much of, and worship’d, as
While a large, handsome Bullock, led
there in a halter, [shrine.
Before it lay stabb’d at the foot of the

Surprised at such doings, he whisper’d his teacher—
“If’tain’t impertinent, may I ask why
“Should a Bullock, that useful and
powerful creature, Fly?”
“Be thus offer’d up to a blue-bottle

“No wonder”—said t’other—“you
stare at the sight, [view it—
“But see as a Symbol of Monarchy
“That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate
Right,
[sacrificed to it.”

And that Bullock, the People, that’s

* According to Ælian, it was in the island of
Lemania they practis’d this ceremony—
[Quoq

† Amor, demi-doux, &c.

FABLE V.
CHURCH AND STATE.
PROEM.
“The moment any religion becomes national,
or established, its purity must certainly be lost,
because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected
with men’s interests; and, if connected, it
must inevitably be perverted by them.”
—Soame Jenyns.

Thus did Soame Jenyns—though a
Tory,
A Lord of Trade and the Plantations,
Feel how Religion’s simple glory
Is stain’d by State associations.

When Catherine, ere she crush’d the
Poles,
Appeal’d to the benign Divinity;
Then cut them up in protocols,
Made frictions of their very souls—†
All in the name of the bless’d Trinity;
Or when her grandson, Alexander,
That mighty Northern salamander,‡
Whose icy touch, felt all about,
Puts every fire of Freedom out—
When he, too, winds up his Ukases
With God and the Panagia’s praises—
When he, of royal Saints the type,
In holy water dips the sponge,
With which, at one imperial wipe,
He would all human rights expunge;
When Louis (whom as King, and eater,
Some name Dix-huit and some Des-
Huitres)
Calls down “St. Louis’ God” to witness
The right, humanity, and fitness
Of sending eighty thousand Solons,
Sages, with muskets and laced coats,
To cram instruction, nolens volens,
Down the poor struggling Spaniards’
throats—
I can’t help thinking, (though to Kings
I must, of course, like other men, bow.)
That when a Christian monarch brings
Religion’s name to gloss these things—
Such blasphemy out-Benbows Ben-
bow §

Or—not so far for facts to roam,
Having a few such nearer home—
When we see Churchmen, who, if ask’d,
“Must Ireland’s slaves be tithed, and
ask’d,
“And driv’n like Negroes or Croats,
§ The salamander is supposed to have the power of extinguishing fire by its natural cold-
ness and moisture.

† A well-known publisher of irreligious books.
"That you may roll in wealth and bliss?"
Look from beneath their shovel hats
With all due pomp, and answer "Yes!"
But then, if question'd, "Shall the brand
"Intolerance flings throughout that land,—
"Shall the fierce strife now taught to
"Betwixt her palaces and hovels,
"Be ever quench'd?"—from the same shovels
["No."
Look grandly forth, and answer
'Alas, alas! have these a claim
To merciful Religion's name?
If more you seek, go see a bevy
Of bowing parsons at a levee— [fore
(Choosing your time, when straw's become
Some apostolic bishop's door,)
Then, if thou canst, with life, escape
That rush of lawn, that press of crape,
Just watch their reverences and graces,
As on each smirking suitor fries,
And say, if those round shining faces
To heav'n or earth most turn their disks?
This, this it is—Religion, made,
'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a trade—
This most ill-match'd, unholy Co.,
From whence the ill we witness flow;
The war of many creeds with one—
Th' extremes of too much faith, and none—
Till, betwixt ancient trash and new,
Twixt Cant and Blasphemy—the two
Rank ills with which this age is cursed—we
Can no more tell which is worst,
Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
In various plagues, determine which
She thought most pestilent and vile,
Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlisle,
Croaking their native mud-notes loud,
Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
Of pluralists, obsoletely lowring,
At once benighting and devouring!
This—this it is—and here I pray
Those sapient wits of the Reviews,
Who make us poor, dull authors say,
Not what we mean, but what they choose;
Who to our most abundant shares
Of nonsense add still more of theirs,
And are to poets but such evils
* The greatest number of the ichneumon tribe are seen settling upon the back of the caterpillar, and darting at different intervals
As caterpillars find those flies,*
Which, not content to sting like devils,
Lay eggs upon their backs likewise—
To guard against such foul deposits
Of others' meaning in my rhymes,
(A thing more needful here, because it's
A subject, ticklish in these times)—
I, here, to all such wits make known,
Monthly and Weekly, Whig and Tory,
'Tis this Religion—this alone
I aim at in the following story:

FABLE.
When Royalty was young and bold,
Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become,
If it's civil to say old,
At least, a ci-devant jeune homme;
One evening, on some wild pursuit
Driving along, he chanced to see
Religion, passing by on foot,
And took him in his vis-a-vis.
This said Religion was a Friar,
The humblest and the best of men,
Who ne'er had notion or desire
Of riding in a coach till then.
"I say,"—quoth Royalty, who rather
Enjoy'd a masquerading joke—
"I say, suppose, my good old father,
"You lend me, for a while, your cloak."
The Friar consented—little knew
What tricks the youth had in his head;
Besides, was rather tempted too
By a laced coat he got in stead.
Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,
Scam'ring like mad about the town,
Broke windows, shiver'd lamps to smash,
And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.
While naught could they, whose heads
were broke,
[fore," Learn of the "why" or the "where—
Except that 'twas Religion's cloak,
The gentleman, who crack'd them, wore.
Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was turn'd
By the laced coat, grew frisky too;
Look'd big—his former habits spurn'd—
And storm'd about, as great men do:
their stings into its body—at every dart they
depose an egg."—Goldsmith.
Dealt much in pompous oaths and
curses—
Said "d—mn you!" often, or as bad—
Laid claim to other people's purses—
In short, grew either knave, or mad.

As work like this was unbecoming,
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,
Summon'd the culprits both before it.

Where, after hours in wrangling spent,
(As Courts must wrangle to decide
Religion to St. Luke's was sent, [well,]
And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell.

With this proviso—should they be
Restored, in due time, to their senses,
They both must give security,
In future, against such offences—

Religion ne'er to lend his cloak;
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to;
And Royalty to crack his joke,—[too.]
But not to crack poor people's heads

FABLE VI.
THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.
PROEM.

NOVILLA, a young Bolognese; [tor,*
The daughter of a learn'd Law Doc-Who had with all the subtleties
Of old and modern jurists stock'd her,
Was so exceeding fair, 'tis said,
And over hearts held such dominion,
That when her father, sick in bed,
Or busy, sent her, in his stead,
To lecture on the Code Justinian,
She had a curtain drawn before her,
Lest, if her charms were seen, the
students [her,
Should let their young eyes wander o'er,
And quite forget their jurisprudence.]†
Just so it is with truth, when seen,
Too dazzling far,—'tis from behind
A light, thin allegoric screen,
She thus can safest teach mankind.

FABLE.
In Thibet once there reign'd, we're told,
A little Lama, one year old—

*Andreas.
†Quand il était occupé d'aucune essoine, il
envoyait Noville, sa fille, en son lieu lire aux
escoles en charge, et, afin que la blâme d'elle
n'empêchât la pensée des yains, elle avait
une petite courtoise devant elle.—Christ. de
Pise, Cité des Dames, p. 11, cap. 36.

Raised to the throne, that realm to bless,
Just when his little Holiness
Had cut—as near as can be reckon'd—
Some say his first tooth, some his second.
Chronologers and Nurses vary,
Which proves historians should be wary.
We only know th' important truth,
His Majesty had cut a tooth.†
And much his subjects were enchanted,—
As well all Lamas' subjects may be,
And would have giv'n their heads, if
wanted,
To make tee-totums for the baby.
Throned as he was by Right Divine—
(What Lawyers call Jure Divino,—
Meaning a right to yours and mine,
And everybody's goods and rhino.)
Of course, his faithful subjects' purses
Were ready with their aids and succ-
cors;
Nothing was seen but pension'd Nurses.
And the land groan'd with bibs and
tuckers;
Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennet,
Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,
Ye Gods, what room for long debates
Upon the Nursery Estimates!
What cutting down of swaddling-clothes
And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!
What calls for papers to expose
The waste of sugar-plums and rattle!
But no—if Thibet had M. P.'s,
They were far better bred than these;
Nor gave the slightest opposition,
During the Monarch's whole duration.
But short this calm—for, just when he
Had reach'd th' alarming age of three,
When Royal natures, and, no doubt,
Those of all noble beasts break out—
The Lama, who till then was quiet,
Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot;
And, ripe for mischief, early, late,
Without regard for Church or State,
Made free with whose'ev'r came nigh;
'Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the
nose,
Turn'd all the Judges' wigs away,
And trod on the old Generals' toes;
Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,
Rode cockhorse on the City maces,
And shot from little devilish guns,
†See Turner's Embassy to Thibet for an
account of his interview with the Lama.—
"Teshoo Lama (he says) was at this time
eighteen months old. Though he was unable
to speak a word, he made the most expressive
signs, and conducted himself with astonishing
dignity and decorum."
Hard peas into his subjects' faces,
In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,
And grew so mischievous, God bless him!

That his Chief Nurse—with ev'n the aid
Of an Archbishop—was afraid,
When in these moods, tocomb or dress him.

Nay, ev'n the persons mostinclined
Through thick and thin, for Kings to stickle,
[ mind,
Thought him (if they'd but speak their
Which they did not) an odious pickle.

At length some patriot lords—a breed
Of animals they've got in Thibet,
Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,
For folks like Pidcock, to exhibit—
Some patriot lords, who saw the length
To which things went, combined their strength,
And penn'd a manly, plain, and free
Remonstrance to the Nursery:
Protesting warmly that they yielded
To none, that ever went before 'em,
In loyalty to him who wielded
Th' hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em;
That, as for treason, 'twas a thing
That made them almost sick to think of—
That they and theirs stood by the King,
Throughout his meases and his chin-cough,
When others, thinking him consumptive,
Had rattled to the Heir Presumptive!—
But, still—though much adoring Kings,
(And chiefly those in leading-strings,) They saw, with shame and grief of soul,
There was no longer now the wise
And constitutional control
Of birek before their ruler's eyes;
But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,
And freaks occur'd the whole day long,
As all, but men with bishopricks,
Allow'd, in ev'n a King, were wrong.

Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd
That Honorable Nursery,
That such reforms be henceforth made,
As all good men desired to see;—
In other words, (lest they might seem
Too tedious,) as the gentlest scheme
For putting all such pranks to rest,
And in its bud the mischief nipping—
They ventured humbly to suggest
His Majesty should have a whipping.

When this was read, no Congreve rocket,
Discharged into the Gallic trenches,
Ere equal'd the tremendous shock it
Produced upon the Nursery benches.
The Bishops, who of course had votes,
By right of age and petticoats,
Were first and foremost in the fuss—
"What, whip a Lama! suffer birch
"To touch his sacred —— infamous!
"Deistical! — assailing thus
"The fundamentals of the Church!—
"No—no—such patriot plans as these,
"(So help them Heaven—and their
Sees!)"
"They held to be rank blasphemies."
The alarm thus given, by these and other
Grave ladies of the Nursery side,
Spread through the land, till, such a
pother,
Such party squabbles, far and wide,
Never in history's page had been
Recorded, as were then between
The Whippers and Non-whippers seen.
Till, things arriving at a state,
Which gave some fears of revolution,
The patriot lords' advice, though late,
Was put at last in execution.
The Parliament of Thibet met—
The little Lama, call'd before it,
Did, then and there, his whipping get,
And (as the Nursery Gazette
Assures us) like a hero bore it.

And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some
Lament that Royal Martyrdom,
(Please to observe, the letter D
In this last word's pronounced like B,)
Yet to th' example of that Prince
So much is Thibet's land a debtor,
That her long line of Lamas, since,
Have all behaved themselves much
better.

FABLE VII.
THE EXTINGUISHERS.

PROEM.

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports,
The natural allies of Courts,
Wor to the Monarch, who depends
Too much on his red-coated friends;
For even soldiers sometimes think—
Nay, Colonels have been known
to reason,——

And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
Or red, or blue, are on the brink
(Nine cases out of ten) of treason.
FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
As fond of liberty as Mina;
Else—wo to kings, when Freedom’s
fever
Once turns into a Scarletina!
For then—but hold, ’tis best to veil
My meaning in the following tale:—

FABLE.

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,
Just come into a large estate, [bors,
Was shocked to find he had for neigh-
Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,
Whose fires, beneath his very nose,
In heretic combustion rose.
But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,
Do what they will—so, one fine morn-
He turned the rascal Ghebers out, [ing,
First giving a few kicks for warning.
Then, thanking Heaven most piously,
He knocked their Temple to the
Blessing himself for joy to see [ground,
Such Pagan ruins strew’d around.
But much it vex’d my Lord to find
That, while all else obey’d his will,
The Fire these Ghebers left behind,
Do what he would, kept burning still.
Fiercely he storm’d, as if his frown
Could scare the bright insurgent down;
But, no—such fires are headstrong
things.
And care not much for Lords or Kings,
Scarce could his Lordship well contrive
The flashes in one place to smother,
Before—hey presto!—all alive,
They sprung up freshly in another.

At length, when, spite of prayers and
damns,
’Twas found the sturdy flame defied
His stewards came, with low salams,
Offering, by contract, to provide him
Some large Extinguishers, (a plan
Much used, they said, at Isphahun,
Vienna, Petersburgh—in short,
Wherever Light’s forbid at court,)
Machines no Lord should be without,
Which would, at once, put promptly out
All kinds of fires,—from staring, stark
Volcanoes to the tiniest spark;
Till all things slept as dull and dark,
As, in a great Lord’s neighborhood,
’Twas right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies
Of these Extinguishers were fur-
nish’d,
(All of the true Imperial size,)
And there, in rows, stood black and
burnish’d,
Ready, where’er a gleam but shone
Of light or fire, to be clapp’d on.
But, ah, how lordly wisdom errs,
In trusting to extinguishers!
One day, when he had left all sure,
(At least, so thought he,) dark, secure—
The flame, at all its exits, entries,
Obstructed to his heart’s content,
And black extinguishers, like sentries,
Placed over every dangerous vest—
Ye Gods, imagine his amaze, [ing,
His wrath, his rage, when, on return.
He found not only the old blaze,
Brisk and before, crackling and burning,
Not only new, young confagurations,
Popping up round in various stations—
But, still more awful, strange, and dire,
Th’ Extinguishers themselves on fire!!!
They, they—those trusty, blind ma-
chines [praising.
His Lordship had so long been
As, under Providence, the means
Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
Wore now, themselves—a lais, too true
The shameful fact—turn’d blasers too,
And, by a change as odd as cruel,
Instead of dampers, served for fuel!
Thus, of his only hope bereft,
“What,” said the great man, “must
be done?”
All that, in scrapes like this, is left
To great men is—to cut and run.
So run he did: while to their grounds,
The banish’d Ghebers bless’d return’d;
And, though their Fire had broke its
bounds
And all abroad now wildly burn’d,
Yet well could they, who loved the
flame,
Its wand’ring, its excess reclaim;
And soon another, fairer Dome
Arose to be its sacred home,
Where, cherish’d, guarded, not confined,
The living glory dwelt inshrined,
And, shedding lustre strong, but even,
Though born of earth, grew worthy
heav’n.

“Letters to Julia”—a production which con-
tains some of the happiest specimens of playful
poetry that have appeared in this or any age.
MORAL.
The moral hence my Muse infers
Is, that such Lords are simply elves,
In trusting to Extinguishers,
That are combustible themselves.

FABLE VIII.
LOUIS FOURTEENTH'S WIG.
The money raised—the army ready—
Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy
Valiantly braying in the van,
To the old tune, "Eh, eh, Sire Ane!"—*
Nought wanting, but some coup dramatic
To make French sentiment explode,
Bring in, at once, the goût fanatic,
And make the war "la dernière mode"—
Instantly, at the Pavillon Marson,
Is held an Ultra consultation—
What's to be done to help the farce on?
What stage-effect, what decoration,
To make this beastious France forget,
In one grand, glorious pirouette,
All she had sworn to but last week,
And, with a cry of "Magnifique"
Rush forth to this, or any war,
Without inquiring once—"What for?"
After some plans proposed by each,
Lord Chateaubriand made a speech,
(Quoting, to show what men's rights are,
Or rather what men's rights should be,
From Hobbes, Lord Castlecragh, the
Czar,
And other friends to Liberty.)
Wherein he—having first protested
'Gainst humoring the mob—suggested
(As the most high-bred plan he saw
For giving the new War éclat)
A grand, Baptismal Melo-drame,
To be got up at Notre-Dame, [guess!]
In which the Duke (who, bless his High-
Had by his hilt acquired such fame,
'Twas hoped that he as little shyness
Would show, when to the point he came)

* They celebrated in the dark ages, at many churches, particularly at Rouen, what was called the Feast of the Ass. On this occasion the ass, finely dressed, was brought before the altar, and they sang before him this elegant anthem, "Eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane. Eh, eh, eh, Sire Ane."—Warton's Essay on Pope.
† Brought from the river Jordan by M. Châteaubriand, and presented to the French Emperor for the christening of young Napoleon.

Should, for his deeds so lion-hearted,
Be christen'd Hero, ere he started;
With power, by Royal Ordonnance,
To bear that name—at least in France.
Himself—the Viscount Chateaubriand—
(To help th' affair with more esprit on)
Offring, for this baptismal rite,
Some of his own famed Jordan wa-
(Marie Louise not having quite [ter—†
Used all that, for young Nap, he
brought her.)
The baptism, in this case, to be
Applied to that extremity,
Which Bourbon heroes most expose;
And which (as well all Europe knows)
Happens to be, in this Defender
Of the true Faith, extremely tender.‡

Or if (the Viscount said,) this scheme
Too rash and premature should seem—
If thus discounting heroes, on tick—
This glory, by anticipation,
Was too much in the genre romantique
For such a highly classic nation,
He begg'd to say, the Abyssinians
A practice had in their dominions,
Which, if at Paris got up well,
In full costume, was sure to tell.
At all great epochs, good or ill,
They have, says Bruce, (and Bruce
ne'er budge
From the strict truth,) a grand Quadrille
In public danced by the Twelve
Judges—§
And, he assures us, the grimaces,
The entre-chats, the airs and graces
Of dancers, so profound and stately,
Divert the Abyssinians greatly.

"Now, (said the Viscount,) there's but few
[do:
"Great Empires, where this plan would
"For instance, England,—let them take
"What pains they would—twere vain
to strive— [make
"The twelve stiff Judges there would
"The worst Quadrille-set now alive.
"One must have seen them ere one could
"Imagine properly Judge Wood,

† See the Duke's celebrated letter to madame, written during his campaign in 1815, in which he says, "J'ai le postérieur légèrement endommagé."
‡ "On certain great occasions, the twelve Judges (who are generally between sixty and seventy years of age) sing the song and dance the figure-dance," &c.—Book v.
"Performing, in his wig, so gayly,
A queue-de-chat with Justice Bailey! [means,
"French Judges, though, are, by no
This sort of stiff, be-wig'd machines!
And we, who've seen them at Saumur,
And Poitiers lately, may be sure
'They'd dance quadrilles, or anything,
That would be pleasing to the King—
'Nay, stand upon their heads, and
more do, [deaux!"

To please the little Duke de Bor-
After these several schemes there came
Some others—needless now to name,
Since that, which Monsieur plann'd himself,
Soon doom'd all others to the shelf,
And was received par acclamation,
As truly worthy the Grande Nation.

It seems (as Monsieur told the story)
That Louis the Fourteenth,—that glory,
That Coryphée of all crown'd pates,—
That pink of the Legitimates—
Had, when, with many a pious pray'r, he
Bequeath'd unto the Virgin Mary
His marriage deeds, and cordon bleu,*
Bequeath'd to her his State Wig too—
(An off'ring which, at Court, 'tis thought,
The Virgin values as she ought)—
That Wig, the wonder of all eyes,
The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,
To watch and teud whose curls adored,
Rebuild its tow'ring ring, when flat,
And round its rumpled base, a Board
Of sixty Barbers daily sat,†
With Subs, on State-Days, to assist,
Well pension'd from the Civil List:—
That wondrous Wig, array'd in which,
And form'd alike to awe or witch,
He beat all other heirs of crowns,
In taking mistresses and towns,
Requiring but a shot at one,
A smile at Tother, and 'twas done!—

"That Wig" (said Monsieur, while his
brow
Rose proudly) "is existing now;—
"That Grand Perruque, amid the fall
Of every other Royal glory,
* "Louis XIV. fit présent à la Vierge de son
cordon bleu, que l'on conserve solennellement,
et lui envoya ensuite, son Contrat de Mariage
et le Traité des Pyrénées, magnifiquement rédité.
† J. Memmat, Analectes pour servir, &c.

The learned author of Recherches Histori-
tiques sur les Perruques says that the Board
consisted but of Forty—the same number as
the Academy. "Le plus beau tems des per-

With curls erect survives them all,
"And tells in ev'ry hair their story.
Think, think, how welcome at this
"A relic, so beloved, sublime! [time
"What worthier standard of the; Cause
"Of Kingly Right can France demand?
"Or who among our ranks can pause
"To guard it, while a curl shall stand?
"Behold, my friends"—(while thus he
cried,
A curtain, which conceal'd this pride
Of Princely Wigs was drawn aside)

"Behold that grand Perruque—how big
"With recollections for the world—
"For France—for us—Great Louis' Wigs.
[en'd—

"By Hippolyte! first frizz'd and
"Now frizz'd! alas, tis but too true,
"Well may you start at that word now—
"But such the sacrifice, my friends,
"Th' Imperial Cossack recommends;
"Thinking such small concessions sage,
"To meet the spirit of the age,
"And do what best that spirit flatters,
"In Wigs—if not in weightier matters.
"Wherefore, to please the Czar, and
show
[know

"That we too, much-wrong'd Bourbons,
"What liberalism in Monarchies is,
"We have conceded the New Fraz!
"Thus arm'd, ye gallant Ultras, say,
"Can men, can Frenchmen, fear the fray
"With this proud relic in our van,
"And D'Angouleme our worthy
"Let rebel Spain do all she can, [leader,
"Let recreant England arm and feed
her,—

"Urged by that pupil of Hungr's school,
"That Radical Lord Liverpool—
"France can have naught to fear—far
from it—

"When once astounded Europe sees
"The wig of Louis, like a Comet,
"Streaming above the Pyrenees,
"All's o'er with Spain—then on, my
"On, my incomparable Duke, [sons,
"And, shouting for the Holy Ones,
"Cry Vive la Guerre—et la Per-
rueque"

raques fut celui où Louis XIV. commence à
porter, lui-même, perruque; . . . . . . . . On
ignore l'époque où se fit cette révolution; mais
on sait qu'elle engagea Louis le Grand à y
donner ses soins paternels, en créant, en 1666,
quarante charges de perruquiers, suivant la
cour; et en 1673, il forma un corps de deux
cents perruquiers pour la Ville de Paris."—
P. 111.

A celebrated Coiffeur of the present day.
RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING MEMBER OF

THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY, 1819.

The greater part of the following Rhymes were written or composed in an old calèche, for the purpose of beguiling the ennui of solitary travelling; and as verses, made by a gentleman in his sleep, have been lately called "a psychological curiosity," it is to be hoped that verses, composed by a gentleman to keep himself awake, may be honored with some appellation equally Greek.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

Different Attitudes in which Authors compose.
—Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, etc.—
Writing in Bed—in the Fields.—Plato and
Sir Richard Blackmore.—Fiddling with
Gloves and Tongs.—Madame de Stael.—
Rhyming on the Road, in an old Calèche.

What various attitudes, and ways,
And tricks, we authors have in writ-
ing! [Bayes,
While some write sitting, some, like
Usually stand, while they're inditing;
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride;
While some, like Henry Stephens,
pour out
Rhymes by the dozen, while they
Herodotus wrote most in bed;
And Richerand, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclined position.[on
If you consult Montaigne* and Pliny
The subject, 'tis their joint opinion
That Thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields;
That bards, who deal in small retail,
* Pleraque sua carmina equitans composit.
—Paravicini, Singular.
† "Mes pensées dorment, si je les assis."—
Montaigne.
Animus corum qui in aperto acre ambulant,
attollitur.—Pliny.

At home may, at their counters, stop;
But that the grove, the hill, the vale,
Are Poe'y's true wholesale shop.
And, verily, I think they're right—
For, many a time, on summer eyes,
Just at that closing hour of light,
When, like an Eastern Prince, who
leaves
For distant war his Haram bow'res,
The Sun bids farewell to the flow'rs,
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are
flowing
Mid all the glory of his going!—
Even I have felt, beneath those beams,
When wand'ring through the fields
alone,
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
Which, far too bright to be my own,
Seem'd lent me'by the Sunny Power,
That was abroad at that still hour.

If thus I've felt, how must they feel,
The few, whom genuine Genius
warns;
Upon whose souls he stamps his seal,
Graven with Beauty's countless
forms;—
The few upon this earth, who seem
Born to give truth to Plato's dream,
Since in their thoughts, as in a glass,
Shadows of heavenly things appear,
Reflections of bright shapes that pass
Through other worlds, above our
sphere!

But this reminds me I digress;—
For Plato, too, produced, 'tis said,
(As one, indeed, might almost guess,)
His glorious visions all in bed;†
† The only authority I know for importing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin
Poem by M. de Vialo's on his Bed, in which he
says:—
Lucifer Herodorum vidit Vesperone cubantem,
Desedit totos hece Plato sepe dies.
To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain's height,
Had been a fair enchanting sight.
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the West
Opens her golden bowers of rest.
RHYMES ON THE ROAD. 523

"Twas in his carriage the sublime
Sir Richard Blackmore used to rhyme;
And (if the wits don’t do him wrong)
'Twixt death* and epics pass’d his time,
Scribbling and killing all day long—
Like Phoebus in his car, at ease,
Now warbling forth a lofty song,
Now muri’dring the young Niobes.

There was a hero ’mong the Danes,
Who wrote, we’re told, ’mid all the pains
And horrors of exinteration,
Nine charming odes, which, if you’ll look,
You’ll find preserved, with a translation,
By Bartholin’s in his book:†
In short, ‘twere endless to recite
The various modes in which men write.
Some wits are only in the mind,
When beausand belles are round them prating;
Some, when they dress for dinner, find
Their muse and valet both in waiting;
And manage, at the same time, ’T adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some bard there are who cannot scribble
Without a glove to tear or nibble;
Or a small twig to whisk about—
As if the hidden founts of Fancy,
Like wells of old, were thus found out
By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.
Such was the little feathery wand,‡
That, held forever in the hand,
Of her,§ who won and wore the crown
Of female genius in this age,
Secn’d the conductor that drew down
Those words of lightning to her page.
As for myself—to come, at last,
To the odd way in which I write—
Having employ’d these few months past
Chiefly in traveling, day and night,
I’ve got into the easy mode,
Of rhyming thus along the road—
Making a way-bill of my pages,
Counting my stanzas by the stages—
’Twixt lays and re-lays no time lost—
In short, in two words, writing post.

* Sir Richard Blackmore was a physician, as well as a bad poet.
† Edlem cura nec minores inter cruciatus nam infeliceum agenti fuit Astibro Prudae
‡ Danico heroi, cum Bruso Ipsam, intestina extrales, immanter torqueter, tene end novem
§ Madame de Stael.
¶ Between Vattay and Gex.

EXTRACT I.

View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura.—
Anxious to reach it before the Sun went down.
—Obliged to proceed on foot.—Alps.—Mont Blanc.—Effect of the Scene.

"Twas late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view,
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first [told,
Approaching scenes, where, they are
Such glories on their eyes will burst,
As youthful bard in dreams behold.

"Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn’d to the sun, who now began
to call in all his outpost rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero’s flight.
Oh, how I wish’d for Joshua’s pow’r,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no—the sun still less became,
Diminish’d to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on th’ Apostles’ heads descend.

"Twas at this instant—while there glow’d
This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its Lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make dogs
The ramparts of a Godhead’s dwell.
I stood entranced—as Rabbins say
This whole assembled, gazing world
Will stand upon that awful day,
When the Ark’s Light, aloft unfurl’d,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity’s own radiant sign!

Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Delta
As e’er to mortal gaze was given;
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o’er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget. [then!
The dream, the trance that rapt me

Carminia ceceinit, &c.—Bartolin. De Causis Contempt. Mort.
Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or feather.
§ Madame de Stael.
¶ Between Vattay and Gex.
'Twas all that consciousness of pow'r
And life, beyond this mortal hour:—
Those mountings of the soul within
At thoughts of Heav'n—as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise, [skies;—
When near their time for change of
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame—oh hitherto shame!—
At having risk'd that splendid right,
For aught that earth through all its
Of glories, offers in exchange! [range
'Twas all this, at that instant brought,
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my
'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
Thus purely ever, man might grow
Ev'n upon earth, a thing divine,
And be, once more, the creature made
To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade!
No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place.
And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,
Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy
pow'r,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour,
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And feel my immortality!

EXTRACT II.

FATE OF GENEVA IN THE YEAR 1782.
A FRAGMENT.

Yes—if there yet live some of those,
Who, when this small Republic rose,
Who, as a startled hive of bees,
Against her leaguer'ing enemies—*
When, as the Royal Satrap shook
His well-known fetters at her gates,
Ev'n wives and mothers arm'd, and took
Their stations by their sons and
mates;
And on these walls there stood—yet
Shame to the traitors—*would have
As firm a band as e'er let flow [stood
At Freedom's base their sacred blood:

* In the year 1729, when the forces of Berne,
Sardinia, and France laid siege to Geneva, and
when, after a demonstration of heroism and
self-devotion, which promised to rival the feats
of their ancestors in 1602, against Savoy, the
Genevans, either panic-struck or betrayed, to
If those yet live, who, on that night,
When all were watching, girt for fight,
Stole, like the creeping of a pest, [beast
From rank to rank, from breast to
Filling the weak, the old with fears,
Turning the heroine's zeal to tears,—
Betraying Honor to that brink,
Where, one step more, and he must
sink—
[the last,
And quenching hopes, which, though
Like meteors on a dawning mast,
Would yet have led to death more
bright,
Than life e'er look'd in, all its light!
Till soon, too soon, distrust, alarms
Throughout th' embattled thousands
And the high spirit, late in arms, [ran,
The seal, that might have work'd such
Fell, like a broken talisman—[charms,
Their gates, that they had sworn should
be
The gates of Death, that very dawn,
Gave passage widely, bloodlessly,
To the proud foe—nor sword was
drawn,
Nor ev'n one martyr'd body cast
To stain their footsteps, as they pass'd;
But, of the many sworn at night
To do or die, some fled the sight,
Some stood to look, with sullen frown,
While some, in impotent despair,
Broke their bright armor and lay down,
Weeping, upon the fragments there!—
If those, I say, who brought that shame,
That blast upon Geneva's name,
Be living still—though crime so dark
[Shall hang up, fix'd and unforgiv'n,
In History's page, th' eternal mark
For Scorn to pierce—so help me, Heav'n,
I wish the traitorous slaves no worse,
No deeper, deadlier disaster,
From all earth's ills no fouler curse
Than to have ***** their mas-
ter!

EXTRACT III.

Geneva.

Fancy and Truth.—Hippomenes and Atalanta.
—Mont Blanc.—Clouds.

EVEN here, in this region of wonders, I
find
[far behind;
That light-footed Fancy leaves Truth
the surprise of all Europe, opened their gates
to the besieg'd, and submitted without a
struggle to the extinction of their liberties.—
See an account of this Revolution in Core's
Switzerland.
Or, at least, like Hippomenes, turns her astray.

By the golden illusions he lingers in her

What a glory it seem’d the first evening
I gazed, [deely raised]

MONT BLANC, like a vision, then sud-

On the wreck of the sunset—and all his array
[with a light]

Of high-towering Alps, touch’d still
Far holier, purer than that of the Day,

As if nearness to Heaven had made them so bright! [dors away

Then the dying, at last, of these splen-

From peak a peak, till they left but a ray,

One roseate ray, that, too precious to fly,
O’er the Mighty of Mountains still glowering hung. [when high

Like the last sunny step of ASTRREA,
From the summit of earth to Elysium she sprung
[from the sight]

And those infinite Alps, stretching out
Till they mingled with Heaven, now

shorn of their light, [sky,

Stood lofty, and lifeless, and pale in the

Like the ghosts of a Giant Creation gone by!

That scene—I have view’d it this evening again,
[over it then—

By the same brilliant light that hung
The valley, the lake in their tenderest charms— [aud the whole

MONT BLANC in his awfulllest pomp—
A bright picture of Beauty, reclined in the arms [soul!

Of Sublimity, bridegroom elect of her
But where are the mountains, that

round me at first,

One dazzling horizon of miracles, burst?
Those Alps beyond Alps, without end, sweeling on [they gone!

Like the waves of eternity—where are
Clouds—clouds—they were nothing but clouds, after all!

That chain of MONT BLANCS, which

my fancy flew o’er,

* niti ditaque cupidine pomii
Declinat causas, aurrunque violiiblo toilir.

OVID.

It is often very difficult to distinguish between clouds and Alps; and on the evening when I first saw this magnificent scene, the clouds were so disposed along the whole horizon as to deceive me into an idea of the stupendous extent of these mountains, which my subsequent observation was very far, of course, from confirming.

With a wonder that naught on this earth can recall,
Were but clouds of the evening, and

now are no more.

What a picture of Life’s young illusions!
Oh, Night,
Drop thy curtain, at once, and hide all from my sight.

EXTRACT IV.

WENT to the Brera—saw a Dance of Loves [pencil teens

By smooth ALBANO;* him, whose
With Cupids, numerous as in summer groves [beams.

The leaflets are, or motes in summer

’Tis for the theft of Enna’s flow’r’d from earth, [mirth

These urnches celebrate their dance of Round the green tree, like fayr upon a [bright.

beaut—

[bright.

Those, that are nearest, link’d in order Cheek after cheek, like rose-buds in a [wreathe

wreath;

and those, more distant, showing from The others’ wings their little eyes of [brother,

light.

While see, among the clouds, their eldest But just flown up, tells with a smile of [mother,

bliss

This prank of Pluto to his charmed This who turns to greet the tidings with a [kiss!

kiss!

Well might the Loves rejoice—and well did they, [their weaving,

Who wove these fables, picture, in That blessed truth, (which, in a darker [ing.]*

day,

Origenes lost his sainthood for believing That Love, eternal Love, whose fadeless [east

ray

Nor time, nor death, nor sin can over-

This picture, the Avar of Guercino, and the Apostles of Guido, (the two latter of which are now the chief ornaments of the Brera,) were formerly in the Palazzo Zampieri, at Bologna.

§ That fair field

Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers. Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis was gathered.

The extension of the Divine Love ultimately open to the regions of the damned.
Ev'n to the depths of hell will find its way; [there at last!]
And soothe, and heal, and triumph.
Guercino's Agar—where the bondmaid hears [must part;]
From Abram's lips that he and she And looks at him with eyes all full of tears, [her heart.
That seem the very last drops from Exquisite picture!—let me not be told Of minor faults, of coloring tame and cold—
If thus to conjure up a face so fair,* So full of sorrow; with the story there Of all that woman suffers, when the stay [away—
Her trusting heart hath lean'd on falls If thus to touch the bosom's tender rest spring,
By calling into life such eyes, as bring Back to our sad remembrance some of those [joys and woes,
We've smiled and wept with, in their Thus filling them with tears, like tears we've known, [own—
Till all the pictured grief becomes our If this be deem'd the victory of Art— If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare
The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart Before all eyes, be Genius—it is there! ———

EXTRACT V.
Padua.

Fancy and Reality—Rain-drops and Lakes.—
Plan of a Story.—Where to place the Scene of it.—In some unknown Region.—Pseudo-
ar's Imposture with respect to the Island of Formosa.

The more I've view'd this world, the more I've found,
That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare, [round.
Fancy commands, within her own bright A world of scenes and creatures far more fair. [there
Nor is it that her power can call up A single charm, that's not from Nature won, [can wear
No more than rainbows, in their pride, A single hue unborrow'd from the sun— [through
But 'tis the mental medium it shines *It is probable that this fine head is a por-
trait, as we find it repeated in a picture by Guercino, which is in the possession of Signor

That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue; [lake
As the same light, that o'er the level One dull monotony of lustre flings, Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
. Colors as gay as those on Peris' wings!
And such, I deem, the differnce be-
【eeen real, Existing Beauty and that form ideal, Which she assumes, when seen by poets' eyes, [dyes,
Like sunshine in the drop—with all those Which Fancy's variegating prism sup-
plies.
I have a story of two lovers, fill'd With all the pure romance, the bliss-
sful sadness, [th' ill'd
And the sad, doubtful bliss, that ever Two young and longing hearts in that sweet madness.
But where to choose the region of my vision [spot
In this wide, vulgar world—what real Can be found out sufficiently Elysian For two such perfect lovers, I know not.
Oh for some fair FORMOSA, such as he, The young Jew fabled of, in the Indian Sea, [known, By nothing, but its name of Beauty, And which Queen Fancy might make all her own, [lands,
Her fairy kingdom—take its people, Andtemenmes into her own bright hands, [fit
And make, at least, one earthly corner For Love to live in, pure and exquisite!—

EXTRACT VI.
Venice.

The Fall of Venice not to be lamented.—For-
er Glory.—Expedition against Constantin-
ople.—Gustavianus.—Republic.—Character istic of the Old Government.—Golden Book —Bronzeii Mouths.—Spies.—Dungeons.—Pre sen Desolation.

Mourn not for VEnice—let her rest In ruin,'mong those States unhless'd, Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride, Where'er they trampled, Freedom died. No—let us keep our tears for them, Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been

Camucelini, the brother of the celebrated painter at Rome.
Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-\nBut from high daring in the cause
Of human Rights—the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His mighty sword on land or flood.
Mourn not for Venice; though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all.
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish e'ry King and State,
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against God and man!
True, her high spirit is at rest,
And all those days gone long,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce
Shone;
When, with her countless barks she
To meet the Orient Empire's might,*
And her Giustinians sent
Their hundred heroes to that fight.†
Vanish'd are all her pomp's, 'tis true,
But morn them not—for vanish'd, too,
* Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.
† "La famille entière des Justiniani, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, vouloit marcher contre l'armée de l'Empire turc, elle fournit cent combattants; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome; le même jour les attendent."—Histoire de Venise, par Du Tac.
The celebrated Fra Padu. The collection of Maximus which this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an overcharged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy, seriously inscribed, but too readily and constantly pursued.
The spirit, in which these maxims of Father Paul are conceived, may be judged from the instructions which he gives for the management of the Venetian colonies and provinces. Of the former he says:—"Il faut les traiter comme des animaux féroces, les rogner les dents, et les griffer, les bâtonner sous les yeux, les destoyer sans remorse, sans peine et sans gain. Il faut que ce soit; enfin, s'il se trouve dans les provinces quelques chefs de parti, il faut les exterminer sous un pretexte quelconque, mais en (Thanks to that Pow'r, who, soon or late,
Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
Where the Republic's standard stood.
Desolate Venice! when I track [back;
Thy haughty course through cent'ries
Thy ruthless pow'r, obey'd but cursed—
The stern machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would, like steam, have
burst,
[ hate;—
Had stronger fear not chill'd ev'n
Thy perfidy, still worse than angt
Thy own unblushing Sarr!† taught ;—
Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
Its shadow, rain'd down wews of death;—§
Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
Closed against humble Virtue's name,]
But open'd wide for slaves who sold
Their native land to thee and shame;‡
Thy all-pervading host of spies,
Watching o'er ev'y glance and breath,
Till men look'd in each others' eyes,
To read their chance of life or death;—
Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
And legalized th' assassin's knife;—**
événement de recourir à la justice ordinaire. Que
le poison fasse l'office de bourreau, cela est moins
odieux et beaucoup plus profitable.
§ Conduct of Venice towards her allies and
dependencies, particularly to unfortunate Pa-
dua.—Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which
"A l'exception des trente citadins admis
au grand conseil pendant la guerre di Chioggia,
il n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talons
des services aient pour eux à coté des titres
d'orgueil qu'ils ont en leur petits.
—DARU.
‡ Among those admitted to the honor
of being inscribed in the Libro d'oro were some
families of Brescia, Treviso, and other places,
whose only claim to that distinction was the
seal with which they protrasted themselves and
their country at the feet of the republic.
** By the infamous statutes of the State In-
quision,† not only was assassination recog-
nized as a regular mode of punishment, but
this secret power over life was delegated to
their minions at a distance, with nearly as
much facility as a license is given under the
game laws of England. The only restriction
seems to have been the necessity of applying
for a new certificate, after every individual
exercise of the power.
† M. Daru has given an abstract of these
Statutes, from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque
du Roi, and it is hardly credible that such a
system of treachery and cruelty should ever
have been established by any government, or
submitted to, for an instant, by any people.
Among various precautions against the in-
Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
And racks, and Leads, that burnt out life;—
When I review all this, and see
The doom that now hath fall'n on thee;
Thy nobles, tow'ring once so proud,
Themselves beneath the yoke now bow'd,—
A yoke, by no one grace redeem'd,
Such as, of old, around thee beam'd,
But mean and base as e'er yet gall'd
Earth's tyrants, when, themselves, enthral'd.—
I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat,
"Thus perish ev'ry King and State"
"That read the steps which VENICE"
"Strong but in ill, and only great [trod,
"By outrage against man and God!"

EXTRACT VII. Venice.

Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself—Reflections, when about to read them.

LET me, a moment,—ere with fear and hope
[Iope—
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is
Given. Doub'ts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
trigues of their own Nobles, we find the following—"Pour persuader aux étrangers qu'il était difficile et dangereux d'entreprendre quelque intrigue secrète avec les nobles Vénitiens, on imagina de faire avertir mystérieusement le nonce du Pape (afin que les autres ministres en fussent informés) que l'Inquisition avait autorisé les patriciens à pêcher qui qu'on se fût de tester leur fidélité. Mais craignant que les ambassadeurs ne prétassent foi difficilement à une délibération, qui en effet n'existait pas, l'Inquisition voulut prouver qu'elle en était capable. Elle ordonna des recherches pour découvrir s'il n'y avait pas dans Venise quelque exilé au-dessus du commun, qui eût rompu son ban; ensuite un des patriciens qui étaient aux gages du tribunal, reçut la mission d'assassin ser ce malheureux, et l'ordre de s'en vanter, en disant qu'il s'était porté à cet acte, parce que ce boni était l'agent d'un ministre étranger, et avait cherché à le corrompre."—"Remarques," adda M. Duru, "que ceci n'est pas une simple anecdote; c'est une mission projetée, délibérée, caryter d'avance: une règle de conduite tracée par des hommes graves à leurs successeurs, et consignée dans des statuts." The cases, in which assassination is ordered by these Statutes are as follow:—

"Un ouvrier de l'arsenal, un chef de ce qu'on

If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heav'n—
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?

To what far region have his songs not
Like Psaphon's birds, speaking their master's name,
In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame?
How all, who've felt the various spells combined
Within the circle of that master-mind,—
Like spells, derived from many a star, and met
Together in some wondrous amulet,—
Would burn to know when first the Light
Awoke in his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
Most pain or bliss in those on whom they blazed; [that pow'r,
Would love to trace th' unfolding
Of which hath grown ample, grander, ev'ry hour;
[France,
And feel, in watching o'er his first ad
As o'er th' Egyptian traveller, when he stood
appelle parmi les marins le monstre, passa
It to a service of a puissance étrangère; il
 tenía l'assassin, surtout si c'était un
homme réputé brave et habile dans sa profes-
sion." (Art. 3, des Statuts.)

"Avait-il commis quelque action qu'on ne
jugeait pas à propos de punir juridiquement, on
devait le faire empoisonner." (Art. 14.)

"Un artisan passait-il à l'étranger en y ex-
portant quelque procédé de l'industrie nation-
ale : c'était encore un crime capital, que la loi
inconnue ordonnait de punir par un assassinat." (Art. 26.)
The facility with which they got rid of their
Duke of Bedford's, Lord Fitzwilliams, c.e., was
admirable; it was thus—

"Le patricien qui se permettait le moindre
propos contre le gouvernement, était admon-
éré deux fois, et à la troisième noge comme
incorrigible." (Art. 26.)

"Les prisons des plombs; c'est-à-dire ces
foursaines ardentes qu'on avait distribuées en
petites cellules sous les terrasses qui courcent le
du palais."

Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of
the world, taught multitudes of birds to
speak new tongues, and then let them fly away in
various directions; whence the proverb, "Psa-
phous avec."

Bruce.
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance [flood.
The fast small fountains of that mighty They, too, who, 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell [streams, —
In his rich fancy, tinged all its As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
On earth of old,* had touch'd them with its beams,— [to hate,
Can track a spirit, which, though driven From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
[with blight,
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is Comes out, at times, in love's own native light ; [struggling rays
How gladly all, who've watch'd those Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays;
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips, [had driven
What desolating grief, what wrongs That noble nature into cold eclipse ;
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer [sphere,
With warmth and lastre all within its Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts which it casts !
Naught, but the wide, cold shadow Eventful volume! whatsoever the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange — [told—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold. [locks
If Truth with half so prompt a hand un
His virtues as his failings, we shall find [rocks,
The record there of friendships, held like And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd : [shill,
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or
In those who served him, young, and serve him still; [less art
Of generous aid, giv'n with that noise—Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart; [taught
Of facts—but, no—not from himself must Of the bright features of his life be sought. [Milton's cloud]
While they, who court the world, like

"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night;
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns, [sight,
And gilds his social nature hid from
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

EXTRACT VIII.

Female Beauty at Venice.—No longer what it was in the Time of Titian.—His Mistress.—
Various Forms in which he has painted her. —Venus.—Divine and Profane Love.—La Fragilita d'Amore.—Paul Veronese.—His Women.—Marriage of Cana—Character of Italian Beauty.—Raphael Fornarina.—Moderately.

Try brave, thy learnt'd, have pass'd away:
Thy beautiful!—ah, where are they? The forms, the faces, that once shone, Models of grace, in Titian's eye, fond Where are they now? while flowers live In ruin'd places, why, oh why Must Beauty thus with Glory die?
That maid, whose lips would still have moved, [them:
Could art have breathed a spirit through
Whose varying charms her artist loved More fondly ev'ry time he drew them, (So oft beneath his touch they pass'd, Each semblance fairer than the last;) Wearing each shade that Fancy's range Offers to Love—yet still the one Fair idol, seen through every change, Like facets of some orient stone,— In each the same bright image shown. Sometimes a Venus, unarray'd But in her beauty!—sometimes deck'd In costly raiment, as a maid That kings might proud for a throne select,§
Now high and proud, like one who thought
The world should at her feet be brought; Now, with a look reproachful, sad, —[ § Unwonted look from brow so glad; And telling of a pain too deep For tongue to speak or eyes to weep. Sometimes, through allegory's veil, In double semblance seen to shine,

In the Tribune at Florence.
§ In the Palazzo Pitti.

* Alludes particularly to the portrait of her in the Sciarra collection at Rome, where the look of mournful reproach in those full, shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly accused of something wrong, is exquisite.

** The name of the star is called wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood."—Rev. viii.
Telling a strange and mystic tale
Of Love Profane and Love Divine—*  
Akin in features, but in heart
As far as earth and heav'n apart.
Or else (by quaint device to prove
The frailty of all worldly love)
Holding a globe of glass, as thin
As air-blown bubbles, in her hand,
With a young Love confined therein,
Whose wings seem waiting to expand—
And telling, by her anxious eyes,
That, if that frail orb breaks, he flies!†

Thou, too, with touch magnificent,
PAUL OF VERONA!—where are they,
The oriental forms,† that lent
Thy canvass such a bright array?
Noble and gorgeous dames, whose dress
Seems part of their own loveliness;
Like the sun's drapery, which, at eve,
The floating clouds around him weave
Of light they from himself receive!
Where is there now the living face
Like those that, in thy nuptial throng,
By their superb, voluptuous grace,
Make us forget the time, the place,
The holy guests they smile among,—
Till, in that feast of heaven-sent wine,§
We saw no miracles but thine.

If 'e'er, except in Painting's dream,
There bloom'd such beauty here, 'tis
gone,
Gone, like the face that in the stream
Of Ocean for an instant shone,
When Venus at that mirror gave
A last look, ere she left the wave.
And though, among the crowded ways,
We oft are startled by the blaze
Of eyes that pass, with fitful light,
Like fire-flies on the wing at night,||
'Tis not that nobler beauty, giv'n
To show how angels look in heav'n.
By'n in its shape, most pure and fair,
'Tis Beauty, with but half her zone,—
All that can warm the Sense is there,
But the Soul's deeper charm is flown:
'Tis RAPHAEL'S Fornarina,—warm,
Luxuriant, arch, but unrefined;

A flower, round which the noontide
swarm
Of young Desires may buzz and wind,
But where true Love no treasure meets,
Worth hoarding in his hive of sweets.
Ah, no,—for this, and for the hue
Upon the rounded cheek, which tells
How fresh, within the heart, this dew
Of Love's unrifled sweetness dwells,
We must go back to our own Isles,
Where Modesty, which here but gives
A rare and transient grace to smiles,
In the heart's holy centre lives;
And thence, as from her throne diffuses
O'er thoughts and looks so bland a reign.
That not a thought or feeling loses
Its freshness in that gentle chain.

EXTRACT IX.

Venice.

The English to be met with everywhere.—Alps
and Threadneedle Street.—The Simplon and
the Stocks.—Rape for travelling.—Blue Stock-
ings among the Wababees.—Pyramids and
Pyramids.—Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of
China.

And is there then no earthly place,
Where we can rest in dream Elysian,
Without some cursed, round English
face,
Popping up near to break the vision?
'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cits we're doom'd to meet;
Nor highest, Alps nor Apennines
Are sacred from Threadneedle Street!
If up the Simplon's path we wind,
Fancifying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my
dear—"
"The Funds—(phew, curse this ugly
"Are low'ring fast,—(what, higher
still?)—"
"And—(zoeks, we're mounting up
"Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.

† As Paul Veronese gave but little into the
dream ideal, his women may be regarded as
pretty close imitations of the living models
which Venice afforded in his time.

§ The Marriage of Cana.

‖ "Certain it is (as Arthur Young truly and
feelingly says) one now and then meets with
terrible eyes in Italy."
The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—
And scarce a pin's head difference
which—
Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,
With every rill from Helicon!
And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
If Cockneys, of all sets and castes,
Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
To gape at things in foreign lands,
No soul among them understands;
If Blues desert their coteries,
To show off among the Wahabees;
If neither sex nor age controls,
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
Young ladies, with pink parasols,
To glide among the Pyramids—*
Why, then, farewell all hope to find
A spot, that's free from London-kind!
Who knows, if to the West we roam,
But we may find some Blue "at home"
Among the Blacks of Carolina—
Or, flying to the Eastward, see
Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
And toast upon the Wall of China.

EXTRACT X.

Mantua.

Verses of Hippolyta to her Husband.

They tell me thou'rt the favor'd guest
Of every fair and brilliant throng;
No wit, like thine, to wake the jest,
No voice like thine, to breathe the song.
And none could guess, so gay thou art,
That thou and I are far apart.
Alas, alas, how different now,
With thee and me the time away.
Not that I wish thee sad, heaven knows—
Still if thou canst, be light and gay;
I only know that without thee
The sun himself is dark for me.

Do I put on the jewels rare
Thou'rt always loved to see me wear?
Do I perfume the locks that thou
So oft hast braided o'er my brow, [run, Thus deck'd, through festive crowds to
And all th' assembled world to see,—
* It was pink spencer, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up.
† Uteque ferunt lustus convivia jata
Et celebres ludit ostia mista jocis;
Aut cithara restitutus atemna cantuque calorem.
Hei mihi, quam dispar nunc mea vita tue!
Neo mihi dislocat, quem suantibus gratia
Sed ipse est,
Tene sine, lux ocellis pecun inimicus.
Non auro aut gemma caput exorare nitemi

All but the one, the absent one, [me! Worth more than present worlds to
No, nothing cheers this widow'd heart—
My only joy, from thee apart,
From thee thyself, is sitting hours
And days, before thy pictured form—
That dream of thee, which Raphael's
powers [warm!
Have made with all but life-breath
And as I smile to it, and say
The words I speak to thee in play,
I fancy from their silent frame,
Those eyes and lips give back the same;
And still I gaze, and still they keep
Smiling thus on me—till I weep!
Our little boy, too, knows it well,
For there I lead him every day,
And teach his lisping lips to tell
The name of one that's far away.
Forgive me, love, but thus alone
My time is cheer'd, while thou art gone.

EXTRACT XI.

Florence,

No—tis not the region where Love's to be found—[glances that rove,
They have bosoms that sigh, they have
They have language a Sappho's own lip
might resound,
When she warbled her best—but they've nothing like Love.
Nor is't that pure sentiment only they want, [truant hath made—
Which Heav'n for the mild and the
Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted
plant, [in the shade;
Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles.
That feeling, which, after long years
have gone by, [in youth,
Remains, like a portrait we've sat for
Where, ev'n though the flush of the
colors may fly; [smiling truth;
The features still live, in their first
That union, where all that in Woman is kind,
[tow'r,s,
With all that in man most ennoblingly
Me jucrat, ant Arabo spargere ocres comas;
Non celebres ludos fastis spectare diebus.

Sola tuos vultus referens Raphaelis imago
Picta mann, cura aliaque uque meas;
Hunc ego delicius facio, arorlieque jocorique,
Alloquor et tanquam reddere verba quae
tissue natique mina sepe illa videter
Dicere velit aliquid et tao verba loqui.
Agnoscit bulboque patrem puer ore salutat
Hoc sohor longas decipioque dies.
Grow wreath'd into one—like the column, combined (capital's flower's.
Of the strength of the shaft and the
Of this—bear ye witness, ye wives, ev'rywhere,
By the Arno, the Po, by all Italy's
Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,
Not a husband hath even one glimpse
But it is not this, only;—born full of the light
Of a sun, from whose fount the lux
Of those beautiful valleys,Drink lustre so bright, [north are but moons,—
That beside him our sums of the
We might fancy, at least, like their climate they burn'd;
And that Love, though unused in this
region of spring, [turn'd,
To be thns to a tame Household Deity
Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing.
And there may be, there are, those explosions of heart,
Which burst, when the senses have first caught the flame; [ impart,
Such fits of the blood as those climates
Where Love is the sun-stroke that maddens the frame.
But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the soul; [as the source
Whose beginnings are virginly pure
Of some small mountain rivulet, destined to roll [ its course—
As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in
A course, to which Modesty's struggle
but lends [chance of recall;
A more headlong descent, without
But which Modesty even to the last edge attends, [round its fall!
And, then, throws a halo of tears
This exquisite Passion—ay, exquisite even [ hath made,
Mid the ruin its madness too often
As it keens, even then, a bright trace of th. heaven, [has stray'd—
That heaven of Virtue from which it
This entireness of love, which can only be found, [holy, watch'd over,
Where Woman, like something that's
And fenced, from her childhood, with purity round, [to a lover!
Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring.

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses, [move.
Till spirit with spirit in sympathy
And the Senses, asleep in their sacred
recesses, [temple of Love!—
Can only be reach'd through the
This perfection of Passion—how can it be found,
[round the tie
Where the mystery nature hath hung
By which souls are together attracted
and bound, [and eye;—
Is laid open, forever, to heart, ear,
Where naught of that innocent doubt
can exist, [ledge more bright,
That ignorance, even than know.
Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist, [ native light;—
And curtains them round in their own
Where Experience leaves nothing for
Love to reveal, [the thought;
Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er
But the truths which, alone, we would
die to conceal
From the maiden's young heart, are the only ones taught.
No, no, 'tis not here, howsoever we sigh, [planet we pray,
Whether purely to Hymen's one
Or adore, like Sabaens, each light of Love's sky, [stray.
Here is not the region, to fix or to
For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,
[to restrain,
Without honor to guard, or reserve
What have they, a husband can mourn as a loss? [a gain?
What have they, a lover can prize as

EXTRACT XII.

Florence.

Music in Italy.—Disappointed by it.—Recollections of other Times and Friends.—Dalton.—Sir John Stevenson.—His Daughter.—Musical Evenings together.

* * * * *

If it be true that Music reigns,
Supreme, in Italy's soft shades,
'Tis like that Harmony, so famous,
Among the spheres, which, He of Samos Declared, had such transcendent merit,
That not a soul on earth could hear it;
For, far as I have come—from Lakes, Whose sleep the Tramontana breaks,
RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

Through MILAN, and that land, which
gave
The Hero of the rainbow vest—*
By MINUCIO's banks, and by that wave,†
Which made VERONA's hard so bless'd—
Places, that (like the Attic shore,
Which rung back music, when the sea
Struck on its marge) should be, all o'er,
Thrilling alive with melody—
I've heard no music—not a note
Of such sweet native airs as float,
In my own land, among the throng,
And speak our nation's soul for song.
Nay, ev'n in higher walks, where Art
Performs, as 'twere, the gardener's part,
And richer, if not sweeter, makes
The flow'rs she from the wild-hedge takes—
[ear,
Ev'n there, no voice hath charmed my
No taste hath won my perfect praise,
Like thine, dear friend—long, truly dear—
Thine, and thy loved OLIVIA's lays.
She, always beautiful, and growing
Still more so ev'ry note she sings—
Like an inspired young Sibyl,‡ glowing
And with her own bright imaginings!
And thou, most worthy to be tied
In music to her, as in love,
Breathing that language by her side,
All other language far above,
Eloquent Song—whose tones and words
In ev'ry heart find answering chords!
How happy once the hours we pass'd,
Singing or list'ning all day long,
Till Time itself seem'd changed, at last,
To music, and we lived in song!
Turning the leaves of HAYDN o'er,
As quick, beneath her master hand,
They open'd all their brilliant store,
Like chambers, touch'd by fairy wand;
Or o'er the page of MOZART bending,
Now by his airy warblings cheer'd,
Now in his mournful Requiem blending
Voices, through which the heart was heard.
And still, to lead our ev'ning choir,
Was He invoked, thy loved-one's
Sire—[§

He, who if aught of grace there be
In the wild notes I write or sing,
First smooth'd their links of harmony,
And lent them charms they did not bring;—
He, of the gentlest, simplest heart,
With whom, employ'd in his sweet art,
(That art, which gives this world of ours
A notion how they speak in heav'n,)
I've pass'd more bright and charmed
hours [giv'n.
That all earth's wisdom could have
Oh happy days, oh early friends,
How Life, since then, hath lost its
flow's!
But yet through Time some foliage
The stem, the Friendship, stills ours;
And long may it endure, as green,
And fresh as it hath always been!
How I have wander'd from my theme!
But where is he, that could return
To such cold subjects from a dream,
Through which these best of feelings
burn'd?—
Not all the works of Science, Art,
Or Genius in this world are worth
One genuine sigh, that from the heart
Friendship or Love draws freshly
forth.

EXTRACT XIII.

Rome.

Reflections on reading Du Cerceau's Account
of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1847.—The Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of
the 19th of May.—Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol.—Rienzi's Speech.

'TWAS a proud moment—ev'n to hear
the words [temples breathed,
Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these
And see, once more, the Forum shine
with swords,
In the Republic's sacred name un-
sheath'd—,[day,
That glimpse, that vision of a brighter
For his dear ROME, must to a Roman
be,
Short as it was, worth ages pass'd away
In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

[Such as those of Domenichino in the Palazzo
Borghese at the Capitol, &c.
Sir John Stevenson.
"The "Conjuration de Nicolas Gabrini, dit
de Rienzi," by the Jesuit Du Cerceau is chiefly
taken from the much more authentic work of
Fortunio Scala on the same subject. Rienzi was
the son of a laundress.

* Bergamo—the birthplace, it is said, of Har-
kin.
† The Lago di Garda.
‡ Edward Taitte Dalton, the first husband of
Sir John Stevenson's daughter, the late Mar-
chiness of Hesford.
'Twas on a night of May, beneath that moon,
Which had, through many an age, seen
The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell
[shell—
From his rude hands, a broken, silent
The sound of the church clock,* near
ADRIAN'S Tomb, [for ROME,
Summon'd the warriors, who had risen
To meet unarmed,—with none to watch
them there,
[In prayer.
But God's own eye,—and pass the night
Holy beginning of a holy cause,
When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat,
pause
[their might,
Before high Heav'n, and, humble in
Call down its blessing on that coming fight.
At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot
band;
And, as the breeze, fresh from the Tiber,
Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see
The palm-tree there, the sword, the
keys of Heav'n†—
Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,
That were to bless them, when their
chains were riv'n.
On to the Capitol the pageant moved,
While many a Shade of other times,
that still
proved
A round that grave of grandeur sighing.
Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred
Hill,
[Last
And heard its mournful echoes, as the
High-minded heirs of the Republic
pass'd. [(name, which brought
'Twas then that thou, their Tribune,*
Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,) [seek
Didst, with a spirit Rome in vain shall
To wake up in her sons again, thus
speak;—
"ROMANS, look round you,—on this sa—
There once stood shrines, and gods,
and godlike men.
"What see you now? what solitary trace
* It is not easy to discover what church is
meant by Du Cerceau here;—"Il fit crier dans
les rues de Rome, à son de trompe, que chacun
était à se trouver, sans armes, la nuit du lende-
main, dix-neuvième, dans l'église du château
de Saint-Ange, an son de la cloche, afin de
pourvoir au bon Etat."
† Les gentilhommes conjurés portaient
devant lui trois étendards. Nicolas Guadato,
surnommé le bon dieu, portait le premier, qui
était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les
autres. On y voyait des carteres d'or avec
une femme assise sur deux lions, tenant d'une

"Is left of all, that made Rome's
glory then? [Mount bereft
"The shrines are sunk, the Sacred
"Ev'n of its name—and nothing now
remains
"But the deep mem'ry of that glory, left
"To whet our pangs and aggravate
our chains! [(the same,—
"But shall this be?—our sun and sky
"Treading the very soil our fathers
trod,—
"Soul and frame,
"What with'ring curse hath fallen on
"What visitation hast there come
from God,
[slaves,
"To blast our strength, and rot us into
"Here, on our great forefathers' glorious
graves? [Dead,—
"It cannot be—rise up, ye Mighty
"If we, the living, are too weak to crush
[empire tread,
"These tyrant priests, that o'er your
"Till all but Romans at Rome's tame
ness blush!
"Happy, PALMYRA, in thy desert domes,
"Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss; [(homes
"And thou, whose pillars are but silent
"For the stork's brood, superb PER
SEPOLIS! [(guish'd race
"Thrice happy both, that your extin
"Have left, no embers—no half-living
trace—"[proud spot,
"No slaves, to crawl around the once
"Till past renown in present shame's
forgot. [very wrecks,
"While ROME, the Queen of all, whose
"If lone and lifeless through a desert
hurld, [than decks
"Would wear more true magnificence
"Th' assembl'd thrones of all th' exis
"Siting world—
"ROME, ROME alone, is haunted, staid'
and cursed,
"Through ev'ry spot her princely Tri
ber laves, [worst,
"By living human things—the deadliest,
main the globe of the monde, and de l'autre une
Palme pour représenter la ville de Rome.
C'était le Gonfalon de la Liberté. Le second,
à fonds blanc, avec un St. Paul tenant de la
droite une Epée nue et de la gauche le cou
ronne de Justice, était porté par Étienne Mag
naucuea, notaire apostolique. Dans le
troisième, St. Pierre avait en main les cieux de
la Concorde et de la Paix. Tout cela insinuait
le dessein de Rienzi, qui était de rétablir la
liberté, la justice et la paix.—Du Cerceau
liv. ii.
; Rienzi.
"This earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves! [ponder'd o'er
And—oh, shame!—we, who have
"The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay;" [cient lore,
"Have mounted up the streams of an-
"Tracking our country's glories all the way—
"Ev'n we have tamely, basely kiss'd
Before that Papal Power,—that
Ghost of Her, [ting, crown'd
"The World's Imperial mistress—sit-
"And ghastly, on her mouldring sep-
pulchre!"
But this is past,—too long have lordly
priests [our pride
And priestly lords led us, with all
With 'ring about us—like devoted
beasts, [garlands tied.
"Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded
'Tis o'er,—the dawn of our deli'rance breaks!
"Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
"The Genius of the Old Republic, free
"As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
"And sends his voice through ages yet to come, [Eternal Rome!"
Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome,

EXTRACT XIV.

Rome.

Fragment of a Dream.—The great Painters supposed to be Magicians.—The Beginnings of the Art.—Guidings on the Glories and Dram-
peries.—Improvements under Giotto, &c.—
The First Dawn of the true Style in Masaccio.
—Studied by all the great Artists who followed
him.—Leonardo da Vinci, with whom com-
enced the Golden Age of Painting.—His
Knowledge of Mathematics and of Music.—
His Female Heads all like each other.—Tri-
gular Faces.—Portraits of Mona Lisa, &c.—
Picture of Vanity and Modesty.—His chef-
d'œuvre, the Last Supper.—Faded and almost
effaced.

I'll d with the wonders I had seen,
In Rome's stupendous shrines and
I felt the veil of sleep, screen, [halls,
* The fine Canzone of Petrarch, beginning
"Spirito gentil" is supposed, by Voltaire and
others, to have been addressed to Rieu; but
there is much more evidence of its having been
written, as Gincgné asserts, to the young
Stephen Colonna, on his being created a Sena-
tor of Rome. That Petrarch, however, was
filled with high and patriotic hopes by the
first measures of this extraordinary man, ap-
ppears from one of his letters, quoted by Du
Cercean, where he says,—"Pour tout dire, en
un mot, j'atteste, non comme lecteur, mais
comme témoin oculaire, qu'il nous a ramené la

Come o'er the meantry of each scene,
As twilight o'er the landscape falls.
Nor was it slumber, sound and deep,
But such as suits a poet's rest—
That sort of thin, transparent sleep,
Through which his day-dreams shine
the best.
Methought upon a plain I stood, [said,
Where certain wondrous men, 'twas
With strange, miraculous power, endured,
Were coming, each in turn, to shed
His arts' illusions o'er the sight,
And call up miracles of light.
The sky above this lonely place
Was of that cold, uncertain hue,
The canvass wears, ere, warn'd apace,
Its bright creation dawns to view.
But soon a glimmer from the east
Proclaim'd the first enchantments
And as the feeble light increased, [night;
Strange figures moved across the sky,
With golden glories deck'd, and streaks
Of gold among their garments' dy's;
And life's resemblance tinged their
cheeks,
But naught of life was in their eyes;—
Like the fresh-painted Dead one meets,
Borne slow along Rome's mournful
streets.
But soon these figures pass'd away;
And forms succeeded to their place,
With less of gold in their array,
But shining with more natural grace,
And all could see the charming wands
Had pass'd into more gifted hands.||
Among these visions there was one,¶
Surpassing fair, on which the sun,
Justice, la paix, la bonne foi, la sécurité, et tous
les autres vestiges de l'âge d'or."
† This image is borrowed from Hobbes,
whose words are, as near as I can recollect:
"For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the
old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the
grave thereof!"
‡ The paintings of those artists who were
introduced into Venice and Florence from
Greece.
¶ Marguerite of Orezza, who was a pupil
and imitator of the Greeks, is said to have in-
vvented this art of gilding the ornaments of
pictures, a practice which, though it gave way
to a purer taste at the beginning of the 16th
century, was still occasionally used by many
of the great masters; as by Raphael in the
ornaments of the Fornarina, and by Rembrandts
not unfrequently in glories and flames.
§ Chasubles, Glačte, &c.
¶ The words of Masaccio—for the character
of this powerful and original genius, see Sir
Joshua Reynolds' twelfth discourse. His cel
That instant ris'n, a beam let fall,
Which through the dusky twilight																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																							
With his disciples, when he said—
*Mournfully to them,"I shall be
"Betray’d by one, who here hath fed
"This night at the same board with
me.""

And though the Saviour, in the dream
Spoke not these words, we saw them
Legibly in his eyes, (so well [beam
The great magician work’d his spell,) And
read in every thoughtful line
Imprinted on that brow divine,
The meek, the tender nature, grieved,
Not angered, to be thus deceived—
Celestial love requited ill
For all its care, yet loving still—
Deep, deep regret that there should fall
From man’s deceit so foul a blight
Upon that parting hour—and all
*His Spirit must have felt that night,
Who, soon to die for human kind,
Thought only, ‘mid his mortal pain,
How many a soul was left behind
For whom he died that death in vain!

Such was the heavenly scene—alas,
That scene so bright so soon should pass!
Bt’ pictur’d on the humid air,
Its tints, ere long, grew languid there;*
And storms came on, that, cold and rough,
Scatter’d its gentlest glories all—
As when the baffling winds blow off
The hues that hang o’er Tern’s fall,—
Till, one by one, the vision’s beams
Faded away, and soon it fled,
To join those other vanish’d dreams
That now flit palely ’mong the dead,—
The shadows of those shades, that go,
*Around Oblivion’s lake, below!

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EXTRACT XV.

Rome.

Mary Magdalen.—Her Story.—Numerous Pi
tures of her—Correggio.—Guido.—Raphael,
dc.—Canova’s two exquisite Status.—The
Somarive Magdalen.—Chantrey’s Admiration
of Canova’s Works.

No wonder, Mary, that thy story
Touches all hearts—for there we see
The soul’s corruption, and its glory,
Its death and life combined in thee.

From the first moment, when we find—
Thy spirit haunted by a swarm
Of dark desires—like demons shrined
Unholily in that fair form,—
Till when, by touch of Heav’n set free,
Thon can’t with those bright locks of
(So oft the gaze of Bethany,) [gold
And cov’ring in their precious fold
Thy Saviour’s feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years!
Thence on, through all thy course of love
To Him, thy Heavenly Master,—Him,
Whose bitter death-cup from above
Had yet this cordial round the brim,
That woman’s faith and love stood fast
And fearless by Him to the last —
Till, oh, bless’d doon for truth like thine!
Thon wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
When risen from the dead, first shone;
That thou might’st see how, like a cloud,
Had pass’d away its mortal shroud,
And make that bright revelation known
To hearts, less trusting than thy own.
All is affecting, cheering, grand;
The kindliest record ever giv’n,
Ev’n under God’s own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heav’n!

No wonder, Mary, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where Man before his God appears,
Hopeful—were he not taught to see
All hope in Him who pardou’d thee!
No wonder that the painter’s skill
Should oft have triumph’d in the
Of keeping thee all lovely still [pow’r
Ev’n in thy sorrow’s bit’rest hour;
That soft Correggio should diffuse
His melting shadows round thy form;
That Guido’s pale, unearthly hues
Should in portraying thee, grow
That all—from the ideal, grand, [warm;
Inimitable Roman hand,
Down to the small, enamelling touch
Of smooth Carlino—should delight
In pict’ring her, who “lov’d so much,”
And was, in spite of sin, so bright!

But, Mary, ’mong these bold essays
Of Genius and of Art to raise

* Leonardo appears to have used a mixture of oil and varnish for this picture, which alone, without the various other causes of its ruin, would have prevented any long duration of its beauties. It is now almost entirely effaced.
A semblance of those weeping eyes—
A vision worthy of the sphere
Thy faith has earned thee in the skies,
And in the hearts of all men here,—
None e'er hath match'd, in grief or grace,
Canova's day-dream of thy face,
In those bright sculptured forms more bright!

With true expression's breathing light,
Than ever yet, beneath the stroke
Of chisel, into life awoke.
The one,* portraying what thou wert
In thy first grief,—while yet the flow'r
Of those young beauties was unhurt
By sorrow's slow, consuming pow'r;
And mingling earth's seductive grace
With heav'n's subliming thoughts so well,
We doubt, while gazing, in which place
Such beauty was most form'd to dwell

The other, as thou look'dst when years
Of fasting, penitence, and tears
Had worn thy frame;—and ne'er did Art
With half such speaking pow'r express
The ruin which a breaking heart
Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness.
Those wasting arms, that keep the trace
Ev'n still, of all their youthful grace,
That loos'en'd hair, of which thy brow
Was once so proud—neglected now!—
Those features, ev'n in fading worth
The freshest bloom to others giv'n,
And those sunk eyes, now lost to earth,
But, to the last, still full of heav'n!

Wonderful artist!—praise, like mine—
Though springing from a soul that feels
Deep worship of those works divine,
Where Genius all his light reveals—
How weak 'tis to the words that came
From him, thy peer in art and fame;†
Whom I have known, by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight;
And, while his lingering hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays;‡
Give thee, with all the gen'rous zeal
Such master-spirits only feel,
That best of fame, a rival's praise!

* This statue is one of the last works of Canova, and was not yet in marble when I left Rome. The other, which seems to prove, in contradiction to very high authority, that expression, of the intensest kind, is fully within the sphere of sculpture, was executed many

EXTRACT XVI.

Les Charmettes.

A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warreens.—Their Ménage.—Its Grossness.—Claude Anet.—Reverence with which the Spot is now visited.—Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame.—Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seduction of the Scene.—Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History.—Impostures of Men of Genius.—Their power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, &c.

Strange power of Genius, that can throw
Round all that's vicious, weak, and low,
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes!

'Tis worse than weak—'tis wrong, 'tis shame,
This mean prostration before Fame;
This casting down beneath the car
Of Idols, whatsoe'er they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies,
To be career'd o'er, as they please.
No—give triumphant Genius all
For which his loftiest wish can call:
If he be worship'd, let it be
For attributes, his noblest, first;
Not with that base idolatry,
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold;—may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should That holy homage, which is felt [know; In treading where the great have dwelt; This reverence, whatsoe'er it be, I fear, I feel, I have it not:—
For here, at this still hour, to me
The charms of this delightful spot;
Its calm seclusion from the throng,
From all the heart would fain forget
This narrow valley, and the song
Of its small murm'ring rivulet;
The fitting, to and fro, of birds,
Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the starting words
Of Man disturb'd their orisons;
Those little, shadowy paths, that wind
Up the hill-side, with fruit trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes,

years ago, and is in the possession of the Count Somariva, at Paris.

† Chantrey.

‡ Canova always shows his fine statue, the Venere Vinictrix, by the light of a small candle.
Or vistas, here and there, that ope
Through weeping willows, like the
snatches
Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope
Ev'n through the shade of sadness
catches!—
All this, which—could I once but lose
The memory of those vulgar ties,
Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues
Of Genius can no more disguise,
Than the sun's beams can do away
The filth of fens o'er which they play—
This scene, which would have fill'd my
heart
With thoughts of all that happiest is;—
Of Love, where self hath only part,
As Echoing back another's bliss;
Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;
Which, while it shelters, never chills
Our sympathies with human wo,
But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,
Purer and fresher in their flow;
Of happy days, that share their beams,
'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ;
Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,
The moonlight of the morning's joy!—
All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those gross mementoes near:
Those sullying truths that cross the track
Of each sweet thought, and drive them
Full into all the mire, and strife, [back
And vanities of that man's life,
Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd
With Fancy's flame, (and it was his,
In fullest warmth and radiance,) show'd
What an impostor Genius is;
How, with that strong, mimetic art,
Which forms its life and soul, it takes

All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels, itself, one thro' it wakes;
How like a gem its light may smile
O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itsself as mean a worm, the while,
As crawls at midnight o'er the sod;
What gentle words and thoughts may fall
From its false lip, what zeal to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
Lie waste beneath its selfishness;
How, with the pencil hardly dry
From coloring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through heav'n they rove,
They, who can thus describe and move,
The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor know a joy, above
Some Maman's or Theresa's arms!

How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues, they want the
most;
And, while with freedom on their lips,
Sounding their timbrels, to set free
This bright world, laboring in th' eclipse
Of priestcraft and of slavery,—
They may, themselves, be slaves as low
As ever Lord or Patron made
To blossom in his smile, or grow,
Like stunted brushwood, in his shade.
Out on the craft!—I'd rather be
One of those hinds, that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noonday sun that's o'er his head,
Than thus, with high-built genius cursed,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all, at once, that's brightest, worst,
Sublimest, meanest in creation.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

OF VARIOUS DATES.

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Corry, in the character of Vapid, after the play of the Dramatist, at the Kilkenny Theatre.

(Entering as if to announce the Play.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, on Monday night,
For the ninth time—oh accents of delight
To the poor author's ear, when three times three
With a full bumper crowns his Comedy!
When, long by money, and the muse, forsak'n,
He finds, at length, his jokes and boxes
And sees his play-bill circulate—alas,
The only bill on which his name will pass!

Thus, Vapid, thus shall Thespian scrolls
Through box and gallery waft your well-known name,
While critic eyes the happy cast shall
And learned ladies spell your Dram. Person.

'Tis said our worthy Manager* intends
To help my night, and he, you know, has friends. [parts,
Friends, did I say? for fixing friends, or
Engaging actors, or engaging hearts,
There's nothing like him! wits, at his request,
[to jest;
Are turn'd to fools, and dull dogs learn
Soldiers, for him, good "trembling cowards" make, [his sake;
And beaus, turn'd clowns, look ugly for
For him ev'n lawyers talk without a fee.
For him (oh friendship!) last tragedy!
In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive tricks
[sticks.
Make boars amusing, and put life in

With such a manager we can't but please, [O. P.'s,†
Though London sent us all her loud
Let them come on, like snakes, all hiss and rattle,
Arm'd with a thousand Fangs, we'd give
them battle:

You, on our side, R. P. upon our ban-
ers,

Manners;

Soon should we teach the saucy O. P.'s
And show that here—how'er John Bull may doubt—
In all our plays, the Riot-Act's cut out;
And, while we skim the cream of many a jest,
Our well-timed thunder never sours its

Oh gently thus, when three short weeks are past,
At Shakespeare's altar, shall we breathe
And, ere this long-loved dome to ruin

Nods,

Die all, die nobly, die like demigods!

EXTRACT

FROM A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR, AT THE OPENING OF THE KILKENNY THEATRE, OCTOBER, 1809.

Yet, even here, though Fiction rules
The hour; [yond her power;
There shine some genuine smiles, be
And there are tears, too—tears that

Memory sheds [spreads,
Ev'n o'er the feast that mimic Fancy
When her heart misses one lamented

Guest,

The initials of our manager's name.

This alludes to a scenic representation then
Prepared for the last night of the performances.

The late Mr. John Lyster, one of the oldest
Members and best actors of the Kilkenny
Theatrical Society.

* The late Mr. Richard Power.
† The brief appellation by which those persons were distinguished who, at the opening of the new theatre of Covent Garden, clamored for the continuance of the old prices of admission.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Whose eye so long; threw light o'er all the rest!
There, there, indeed, the Muse forgets her task, [mask.
And drooping weeps behind Thalia's
Forgive this gloom—forgive this joyless strain, [train.
Too sad to welcome pleasure's smiling
But, meeting thus, our hearts will part the lighter, [brighter;
As mist at dawn but makes the setting Gay Epilogue will shine where Prologue fails— [their tails.
As glow-worms keep their splendor for
I know not why—but time, methinks, hath pass'd [last.
More fleet than usual since we parted
It seems but like a dream of yester-
night, [delaying light;
Whose charm still hangs, with fond, And, ere the memory lose one glowing hue
Of former joy, we come to kindle new, Thus ever may the flying moments haste [waste,
With trackless foot along life's vulgar But deeply print and lingeringly move, When thus they reach the sunny spots we love.
Oh yes, whatever be our gay career, Let this be still the solstice of the year, Where Pleasure's sun shall at its height remain,
And slowly sink to level life again.

THE SYLPH'S BALL.

A SYLPH, as bright as ever sported
Her figure through the fields of air,
By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,
And, strange to say, he won the fair.
The annals of the oldest witch
A pair so sorted could not show,
But how refuse?—the Gnome was rich,
The Rothschild of the world below;
And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures, Are told, betimes, they must consider Love as an auctioneer of features,
Who knocks them down to the best bidder.
Home she was taken to his Mine—
A Palace, paved with diamonds all—
And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine, Sent out her tickets for a Ball.
The lower world, of course, was there,
And all the best; but of the upper
The sprinkling was but shy and rare,
A few old Sylphs, who loved supper.
As none yet knew the wondrous Lamp
Of DAVY, that renown'd Aladdin,
And the Gnome's Halls exhale a damp,
Which accidents from fire were bad in;
The chambers were supplied with light
By many strange but safe devices;
Large fire-flies, such as shine at night Among the Orient's flowers and spices—
Musical flint-mills—swiftly play'd
By Elfin hands—that, flashing round, Like certain fire-eyed minstrel maids, Gave out, at once, both light and sound.
Bologna stones, that drink the sun;
And water from that Indian sea, Whose waves at night like wild-fire Cork'd up in crystal carefully. 
Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes, Like little light-houses, were set up; And pretty phosphorescent fishes, 
'Tis said, apprized That he was coming, and, no doubt, Alarm'd about his touch, advised He should, by all means, be kept out.
But others disapproved this plan,
And, by his flame though somewhat frightened,
Thought Love too much a gentleman, In such a dangerous place to light it.
However, there he was—and dancing With the fair Sylph, light as a feather; They look'd like two fresh sunbeams, glancing, At daybreak, down to earth together.
And all had gone off safe and well,
But for that plaguy torch, whose light, Though not yet kindled—who could tell How soon, how devilishly, it might?
And so it chanced—which, in those dark And fireless halls, was quite amazing;
Did we not know how small a spark Can set the torch of Love a-blazing.
Whether it came (when close entangled In the gay waltz) from her bright eyes, Or from the faeiole, that spangled Her locks of jet—is all surmise;
But certain 'tis th' ethereal girl Jing, Did drop a spark, at some odd turn-Which, by the waltz's windy whirl, Was found'd up into actual burning.
Oh for that Lamp's metallic gaze, Which Davy delicately draws Around illict, dangerous fire—
The wall he sets 'twixt Flame and Air. (Like that, which barr'd young Thisbe's bliss,) [ous pair Through whose small holes this danger-May see each other, but not kiss.*
At first the torch look'd rather bluely, A sign, they say, that no good boded—Then quick the gas became unruly, And, crack! the ball-room all exploded.
Sylphs, gnomes, and fiddlers mix'd together, [niece, With all their aunts, sons, cousins, Like butterflies in stormy weather, Were blown—legs, wings, and tails, to pieces!
While 'mid these victims of the torch, The Sylph, alas, too, bore her part—Found lying, with a livid search, As if from lightning, o'er her heart!
* * * * *
"Well done"—a laughing Goblin said—Escaping from this gaseous strife—"'Tis not the first time Love has made A blow-up in connubial life!"

REMONSTRANCE.

After a Conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some Idea of giving up all political Purposes.

WHAT! thou, in thy genius, thy youth, and thy name— [strict to run Thou, born of a Russell—whose in-The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same on the sun! As the eagle's, to soar with his eye— Partique dedere Oceula quiesque sua, non pervenientia contra OVID.

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal, [e'er set; Far, far more ennobling than monarch With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the seal [tyrdom yet! Of a nation, that swears by that mar- Shalt thou be faint-hearted, and turn from the strife, [is grand. From the mighty arena, where all that And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life, [to command? Is for high-thoughted spirits like thine Oh no, never dream it—while good men despair [timid men bow, Between tyrants and traitors, and Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare [as thou. Such a light from her darkening horizon With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of those [and warm; Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breathed her storm;

With an ardor for liberty, fresh as, in youth, It first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre; Yet mellord, 's now, by that mildness of truth, Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire;

With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height, [por ore o'er, Which sparkle, and foam, and in va- But a current, that works out its way into light [thought and of lore. Through the filtering recesses of Thus gifted, thou canst not sleep in the shade; [of fame, If the stirrings of Genius, the music And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade, Yet think how to Freedom thou'ret pledged by thy Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree [vice divine, Set apart for the Fane and its ser- So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree, [her Shrine. Are by Liberty claim'd for the use of
MY BIRTH-DAY.

"My birth-day"—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—"I were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
"He would do all that he had done."—
Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwell
In sober birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly;
Of counsel mock'd; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthy shrines;
Of nursing many a wrong desire;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire, [star.—
That cross'd my pathway, for his All this it tells, and, could I trace
'Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With pow'r to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away—
All—but that Freedom of the Mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
[tried, Those friendships, in my boyhood And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark, And comfortless and stormy round!

Nor is it that her power can call up there
[tune won,—
A single charm, that's not from na- No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear
A single that unborrow'd from the sun; But 'tis the mental medium it shines through. [hue:
That lends to Beauty all its charms and
A the same light, that o'er the level lake
One dull monotony of lustre flings,
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make [wings:
Colors as gay as those on angels'—

SONG.

FANNY, DEAREST!

Yes! had I leisure to sigh and mourn, Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh; And every smile on my cheek should To tears when thou art nigh. [turn But, between love, and wine, and sleep, So busy a life I live, That even the time it would take to weep Is more than my heart can give. Then wish me not to despair and pine, Fanny, dearest of all the dears! The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine, Would be sure to take cold in tears. Reflected bright in this heart of mine, Fanny, dearest, thy image lies; But, ah! the mirror would cease to shine, If dim'd too often with sighs. They lose the half of beauty's light, Who view it through sorrow's tear; And 'tis but to see thee truly bright That I keep my eye-beams clear. Then wait no longer till tears shall flow— Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain; If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow, I shall never attempt it with rain.

TRANSLATIONS FROM CATUL- I

CARM. 70.

Diesdas quondam, &c.

TO LESBIA.

Thou told'st me, in our days of love, That I had all that heart of thine; That, ev'n to share the couch of Jove, Thou wouldst not, Lesbia, part from mine.
How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!  
Not with the vague and vulgar fires  
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men,—  
But loved, as children by their sires.

That flâtr'ing dream, alas, is o'er;—  
I know thee now—and though these  
Dost on thee wildly as before, [eyes  
Yet even in doting, I despise.

Yes, sorceress—mad as it may seem—  
With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,  
That passion even outlives esteem,  
And I, at once, adore and scorn thee.

Carm. 11.
Pauca muniamus nec puellae.

* * * * *

Comrades and friends! with whom,  
where'er  
The fates have will'd through life  
Now speed ye home, and with you bear  
These bitter words to her I've loved.

Tell her from fool to fool to run,  
Where'er her vain enprize may call;  
Of all her dopes not loving one,  
But ruining and madd'ning all.

Bid her forget—what now is past—  
Our once dear love, whose ruin lies  
Like a fair flow'r, the meadow's last,  
Which feels the ploughshare's edge,  
and dies!

Carm. 29.
Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque  
Oeide.

Sweet Sirmio! thou, the very eye  
Of all peninsulas and isles,  
That in our lakes of silver lie,  
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's  
smiles—

How gladly back to thee I fly!  
Still doubting, asking—can it be  
That I have left Eithynia's sky,  
And gaze in safety upon thee?  

Oh! what is happier than to find  
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;  
When, anxious long, the lighten'd maid  
Lays down its load of care at last:

When, tired with toil o'er land and deep,  
Again we tread the welcome floor  
Of our own home, and sink to sleep  
On the long-wish'd-for bed once more.*

This, this it is, that pays alone  
The ills of all life's former track.—  
Shine out, my beautiful, my own  
Sweet Sirmio! greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs  
The light of heav'n, like Lydia's sea,  
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs  
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!  

TIBULLUS TO SULPICIA.

Nulla tum nobis subducta femina lectum, &c.  
&c.  

"NEVER shall woman's smile have  
pow'r  
[charms?]*—

"To win me from those gentle  
This swore I, in that happy hour,  
When Love first gave thee to my arms.  
And still alone thou char'mst my sight—  
Still, though our city proudly shine  
With forms and faces, fair and bright,  
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me,  
And couldst no heart but mine al-  
To all men else unpleasing be, [lure!—  
So shall I feel my prize secure.†  

Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest  
Of others' envy, others' praise;  
But, in its silence safely bless'd,  
Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet pow'r  
All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued—  
My light, in ev'n the darkest hour,  
My crowd, in deepest solitude ††

No, not though hear'n itself sent down  
Some maid, of more than heav'nly  
charms,  
With bliss undreamt thy hard to crown,  
Would he for her forsake those arms!

IMITATION.
FROM THE FRENCH.

With women and apples both Paris and  
Adam  
Made mischief enough in their day:—

† Displectus adia, sc ego tutes ero.
‡ Tu mihi cærærum requies, tu nocte vel mañ  
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turbae loco.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

God be praised that the fate of mankind,
my dear Madam,
Depends not on us, the same way.
For, weak as I am with temptation to
grapple;
The world would doubtly too rue
Like Adam, I'd gladly take from thee
the apple,
Like Paris, at once give it to thee.

INVITATION TO DINNER.

ADRESSED TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

September, 1818.

Some think we bards have nothing real;
That poets live among the stars so;
Their very dinners are ideal,— [so,—]
(And, heav'n knows, too oft they are)
For instance, that we have, instead
Of vulgar dishes, and stews, and
hashes,
First course—a Phœnix, at the head;
Done in its own celestial ashes;
At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing
All the time its neck was wringing.
Side dishes, thus—Minerva's owl,
Or any such like learned fowl:
Doves, such as heaven's poulterer gets,
When Cupid shoots his mother's pets.
Larks, stew'd in Morning's roseate
breath,
Or roasted by a sunbeam's splendor;
And nightingales, berhym'd to death—
Like young pigs whipp'd to make them
tender.

Such fare may suit those bards, who're
able
To banquet at Duke Humphrey's table;
But as for me, who've long been taught
To eat and drink like other people;
And can put up with mutton, bought
Where Bromham* rears its ancient
steeple—
If Lansdowne will consent to share
My humble feast, though rude the fare,
Yet, season'd by that salt he brings
From Attica's saltiest springs.
'Twill turn to dainties;—while the cup
Beneath his influence bright'ning up,

* A picturesque village in sight of my cot-
tage, and from which it is separated but by a
small verdant valley.
† Soon after Mr. Crabbè's death, the sons of
that gentleman did me the honor of presenting
to me the inkstand, pencil, &c., which their
distinguished father had long been in the habit
of using.

Like that of Daucis, touch'd by Jove,
Will sparkle fit for gods above!


VERSE TO THE POET CRABBÈ'S

INKSTAND.†

WRITTEN MAY, 1832.

All, as he left it,—ev'n the pen,
So lately at that mind's command,
Carelessly lying, as if then
Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,
A little hour, seems to have pass'd,
Since Life and Inspiration's song
Around that relic breathed their last.

Ah, powerless now—like talisman,
Found in some vanish'd wizard's halls,
Whose mighty charm with him began,
Whose charm with him extinguish'd falls.

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shone
Around that pen's exploring track,
Be now, with its great master, gone,
Nor living hand can call them back;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
Rest on the enchanter's broken wand,
Each earth-born spell it work'd arise
Before him in succession grand?—

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er
all;

The unshrinking Truth, that lets her
Through Life's low, dark interior fall,
Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
O'er scenes which angels weep to see—
Where Truth herself half veils the
In pity of the Misery. [Wrong,

True bard— and simple, as the race
Of true-born poets ever are,
When, stooping from their starry place,
They're children, near, though gods
afar.

How freshly doth my mind recall,
'Mong the few days I've known with
One that, most buoyantly of all, [*thee,]
Floats in the wake of memory ;

† The lines that follow allude to a day passed
in company with Mr. Crabbè, many years
since, when a party, consisting of only Mr.
Rogers, Mr. Crabbè, and the author of these
verses, had the pleasure of dining with Mr.
Thomas Campbell, at his house at Syden
ham.
When he, the poet, doubly graced,
In life, as in his perfect strain, [Taste,
With that pure, mollowing power of
Without which Fancy shines in vain;
Who in his page will leave behind,
Pregnant with genius through it be,
But half the treasures of a mind,
Where Sense o'er all holds mastery:—
Friend of long years! of friendship tried
Through many a bright and dark event;
In doubts, my judge—in taste, my
In all, my stay and ornament!
He, too, was of our feast that day,
And all were guests of one, whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land;
In whose sea-odes—as in those shells
Where Ocean's voice of majesty
Seems still to sound—in mortal dwell
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.
Such was our host: and though, since then,
Slight clouds have ris'n twixt him and
Who would not grasp such hand again,
Stretch'd forth again in amity?
Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank, atoning word,
Like sunshine, melts them all away?
Bright was our board that day—though one
Unworthy brother there had place;
As 'mong the horses of the Sun,
One was, they say, of earthly race.
Yet, next to Genius is the power
Of feeling where true Genius lies;
And there was light around that hour
Such as, in memory, never dies;
Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,
Thou relic of the Dead, on thee,
Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,
Brightly indeed—but mournfully!

TO CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS VALLETORT.
WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832.
WHEN I WOULD SING THY BEAUTY'S LIGHT,
Such various forms, and all so bright,
I've seen thee, from thy childhood, wear,
I know not which to call most fair,
Nor 'mong the countless charms that spring
Forever round thee, which to sing.
When I would paint thee as thou art,
Then all thou wert comes o'er my heart—
The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,
Within the nursery's shade withheld,
Or peeping out—like a young moon
Upon a world 'twill brighten soon,
Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour,
As from thy own loved Abbey-tow'r
I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,
With smiles that to the hoary frown
Of centuries round thee lent a ray,
Chasing even Age's gloom away;—
Or, in the world's resplendent throng,
As I have mark'd thee glide along,
Among the crowds of fair and great
A spirit, pure and separate,
To which even Admiration's eye
Was fearful to approach too nigh;—
A creature, circled by a spell—
Within which nothing wrong could
And fresh and clear as from the source,
Holding through life her limpid course
Like Arethusa through the sea
Stealing in fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light!
As noble bride, still mockly bright,
Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above
All earthly price, pure woman's love;
And show'st what lustre Rank receives,
When with his proud Corinthian
Here rose thus high-bred Beauty waves.

Wonder not if, where all's so fair,
To choose were more than bard can
Wonder not if, while every scene [dare;
I've watch'd thee through so bright hath been,
Th' enamor'd Muse should, in her quest
Of Beauty, know not where to rest,
But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,
Hailing thee beautiful in all!

A SPECULATION.
OF all speculations the market holds forth,
[spell,
The best that I know for a lover of
Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is
worth,
[sets on himself
And then sell him at that which he
TO MY MOTHER.
WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK, 1822.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

LOVE AND HYMN.

Love had a fever—ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking,
And wild and strange enough, Heav'n knows,
The things he raved about while wake.

To let him pine so were a sin;— [or—
One, to whom all the world's a debt So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
And Love that night slept rather bet.
Next day the case gave further hope yet,
Though still some ugly fever haf—
"Dose, as before"—a gentle oint,
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,
So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

LINES ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES, 1821.

Carbone notati.

Ay—down to the dust with them,
slaves as they are,
From this hour let the blood in their
dastardly veins,
[t]y's war,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liber-
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in
chains.
On, on like a cloud, through their beau-
tiful vales,
[o'er—
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them

Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye
sails [and shadow their shore! From each slave-mart of Europe,
Let their fate be a mock-word—let men
of all lands [ring to the poles,
Laugh out, with a scorn that shall
When each sword, that the cowards let
fall from their hands, [their souls.
Shall be forged into fetters to enter
And deep, and more deep, as the iron is
dry'n. [agon'y be,
Base slaves! let the wheel of their
To think—as the Doom'd often think of
that heav'n.
They had once within reach—that
they might have been free.

Oh shame! when there was not a bosom,
whose heat [heart,
Ever rose 'bove the zero of C——h's
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,
And send all its prayers with your
Liberty's start;

When the world stood in hope—when a
spirit, that breathed
The fresh air of the olden time, whis-
per'd about; [unsheath'd,
And the swords of all Italy, half-way
But waited one conquering cry, to
flash out!

When around you the shades of your
Mighty in fame,
Filicajas and Petrarchis, seem'd
bursting to view,
And their words, and their warnings,
like tongues of bright flame
Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling
on you!

Oh shame! that, in such a proud mo-
ment of life,
[you but hurl'd
Worth the hist'ry of ages, when, had
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that
strife
Between freemen and tyrants had
spread through the world—

That then—oh! disgrace upon manhood
—even then, [pitiful breath;
You should falter, should cling to your
Cow'r down into beasts, when you might
have stood men, [tion to death.
And prefer the slave's life of prostra-
And, though there ne'er was transport
Even
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in heaven,
The' she wears a cloud amid its joy.

A JOKE VERSIFIED.

"COME, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
"There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
"It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife?"— [shall I take?]
"Why, so it is, father—are whose wife

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Pure as the mantle, which, o'er him who stood [the sky,
By Jordan's stream, descended from In that remembrance, which the wise
and good [when they die,
Leave in the hearts that love them, So pure, so precious shall the memory be,
Immortal Life into her soul, Bequeath'd, in dying, to our souls by Thee— [ish'd warm
Some evil spirit pour'd, 'tis said, So shall the love we bore thee, cherish—Within our souls through grief, and pain, and strife,
One drop of wine into the bowl—
Which, mingling darkly with the stream, To Psyche's lips—she know not why—
Made even that blessed nectar seem As though its sweetness soon would die,
Oft, in the very arms of Love, A chill came o'er her heart—a fear That Death might, even yet, remove Her spirit from that happy sphere.
"Those sunny ringlets," she exclaimed, Twining then round her snowy fingers;
"That forehead, where a light, unnamed, "Unknown on earth, forever lingers;
"Those lips, through which I feel the breath Of Heaven itself, whom'er they Say, are they mine, beyond all death, "My own, hereafter, and forever?

Smile not—I know that starry brow, "Those ringlets, and bright lips of thine,
Will always shine as they do now— "But shall I live to see them shine?
In vain did Love say, "Turn thine eyes "On all that sparkles round thee here—
"Thou'rt now in heaven, where nothing dies, [fear]
"And in these arms what canst thou
In vain—the fatal drop, that stole Into that cup's immortal treasure, Had lodged its bitter near her soul, And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE STRAINER.

Brighton, June, 1825.

This life, dear Corry, who can doubt?— Resembles much friend Ewarts' wine, When first the rosy drops come out, How beautiful, how clear they shine! And thus awhile they keep their tint, So free from even a shade with some, That they would smile, did you but hint, That darker drops would ever come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short, Each minute makes the sad truth plainer, Till life, like old and crusty port, When near its close, requires a strainer.

This friendship can alone confer,
Alone can teach the drops to pass,

* A wine-merchant.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

If not as bright as once they were,
At least unclouded, through the glass.
Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,
Of which this heart were fonder,
Vainer,
Than thus, if life grow like old wine,
To have thy friendship for its strainer.

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.
Here lies Factotum Ned at last;
Long as he breathed the vital air,
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,
In which Ned hadn't some small share.

Whoe'er was in, whoe'er was out,
Whatever statesmen did or said,

'Twas all, at least, contrived by Ned.

With NAP, if Russia went to war,

'Twas owing, under Providence,
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar—
(Vide his pamphlet—price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo—
As all but Frenchmen think she was—
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news—no envoy's bag
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it;
Scarcely a telegraph could wag
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
With foreign names, one's ear to buzz
From Russia, chefs and qfs in lots, [in!
From Poland, owskis by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's creed,
Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,
And men ask'd—who advised the deed?
Ned modestly confess'd 'twas he.

For though, by some unlucky miss,
He had not downright seen the King,
He sent such hints through Viscount
This,
To Marquis That, as clenched the

The same it was in science, arts,
The Drama, Books, MS. and printed—
Kean learnt from Ned his cleverest parts,
Thwarted,
And Scott's last work by him was
Child's Harold in the proofs he read,
And here and there infused some soul
in't—

Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,
Had—odd enough—an awkward hole
in't.

'Twas thus, all-doing and all-knowing,
Wit, statesman, boxer, chemist,
Singer,
Whatever was the best pie going, [ger.
In that Ned—trust him—had his fin

WHAT SHALL I SING THEE?

What shall I sing thee? Shall I tell
Of that bright hour, remember'd well
As though it shone but yesterday,
When, loitering idly in the ray
Of a spring-sun, I heard, o'er head,
My name as by some spirit said,
And, looking up, saw two bright eyes
Above me from a casement shine,
Dazzling my mind with such surprise
As they, who sail beyond the Line,
Feel when new stars above them rise;
And it was thine, the voice that spoke,
Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then;
And thine the eye, whose lustre broke—
Never to be forgot again!

What shall I sing thee? Shall I weave
A song of that sweet summer-eve,
(Summer, of which the sunniest part
Was that we, each, had in the heart.)
When thou and I, and one like thee,
In life and beauty, to the sound
Of our own breathless minstrelsy,
Danced till the sunlight faded round,
Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,
Lights, music, company, and all!
Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain
Of late like mine, whose day is past,
To call up even a dream again
Of the fresh light those moments cast.

COUNTRY DANCE AND QUAD-RILLE.

One night the nymph call'd Country Dance—
(Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,
Preferring a crotchet from France,
That mincing thing, Mamselle Quad-rille)—
Having been chased from London down
To that most humble haunt of all
She used to grace—a Country Town—
Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.
"Here, here, at least," she cried,
"though driven [tracks—
"From London's gay and shining
"Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,
"I've lost, forever lost, Almack's—
"Though not a London Miss alive
"Would now for her acquaintance own me;
"And spinster's, even, of forty-five,
"Upon their honors ne'er have known me;
"Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
"And—spite of some few dandy Lancers,
"Who vainly try to preach Quadrille—
"See naught but true-blue Country Dancers.
"Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
"My throne, like Magna Carta, raise
"Mong sturdy, freeborn legs and arms,
"That scorn the threaten'd chaton Anglaise."
'Twas thus she said, as 'mid the din
Of footmen, and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King's Head Inn,
And up the stairs triumphant ran.
The Squires and their Squiressees all,
With young Squirillas, just come out,
And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt.)—
All these, as light she tripped up stairs,
Were in the cloak-room seen assembl-ling—
When, hark! some now, outlandish airs,
From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.
She stops—she listens—can it be?
Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape
It is "Di tanti palpiti" [it—
As plain as English bow can scrape it.
"Courage!" however—in she goes,
With her best, sweeping country grace;
When, ah too true, her worst of foes,
Quadrille, there meets her, face to face.
Oh for the lyre, or violin,
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
Their looks and language, airs and trickery.
There stood Quadrille, with cat-like face,
(The bean-ideal of French beauty,) A bandbox thing, all art and lace
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tie.
Her flounces, fresh from Victorine—
From Hippolyte, her rouge and hair—
Her poetry, from Lamartine—
Her morals, from—the Lord knows where.
And, when she danced—so slendidly,
So near the ground she ploied her art,
You'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.
Her face too, all the while, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Like a bright pendule's dial-plate—
So still, you'd hardly think 'twas go ing.
Full fronting her stood Country Dance—
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know
For English at a single glance—
English all o'er, from top to toe.
A little gauche, 'tis fair to own, [ces ;
And rather given to skips and bounds—
Endangering thereby many a gown,
And playing, oft, the devil with floun ces.
Unlike Manselle—who would prefer
(As morally a lesser ill)
A thousand flaws of character,
To one vile rumple of a frill.
No rouge did she of Albion wear ;
Let her but run that two-heat race
She calls a Set, not Dian e'er
Came rosier from the woodland chase.
Such was the nymph, whose soul had in't
Such anger now—whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,
Which English maids call "Water- loo")
Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While—to the tune of "Money Musk,"*
Which struck up now—she proudly spoke :—
* An old English Country Dance.
"Heard you that strain—that joyous strain?
"Twas such as England loved to hear,
"Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,
"Corrupted both her foot and ear—

"Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
"Presumed, in sight of all beholders,
"To lay his rude licentious hands
"On virtuous English backs and shoulders—

"Ere times and morals both grew bad,
"And, yet unfleeced by funding blockheads,
"Happy John Bull not only had, [ets.]
"But danced to, 'Money in both pock-

"Alas, the change!—Oh, L-d-y,
"Where is the land could 'scape disas-

"With such a Foreign Secretary,
"Aided by Foreign Dancing Masters?
"Wo to ye, men of ships and shops!
"Rulers of day-books and of waves!

"Quadrill'd, on one side, into fops,
"And drill'd, on 'other, into slaves!

"Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,
"Like pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,
"With elbows à la crapaudine,
"And feet in—God knows what posi-

"Hemd'm'd in by watchful chaperons,
"Inspectors of your airs and graces,
"Who intercept all whisper'd tones,
"And read your telegraphic faces;

"Unable with the youth adored,
"In that grim cordon of Mammies,
"To interchange one tender word,
"Though whisper'd but in queue de chats.

"Ah did you know how bless'd we ranged
die—
"Ere vile Quadrille usurp'd the fid-
"What looks in setting were exchanged,
"What tender words in down the mid-
dle;

"How many a couple, like the wind,
"Which nothing in its course controls,
"Left time and chaperons far behind,
"And gave a loose to legs and souls;

"How matrimony thro'—ere stopp'd
"By this cold, silent, foot-eoquetting—

"How charmingly one's partner popp'd
"Th' important question in pousset-
ting.

"While now, alas—no sly advances—
"No marriage hints—all goes on badly—
"Twixt Parson Malthus and French
"We, girls, are at a discount sadly.

"Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
"Declares not half so much is made
"By Licenses—and he must know well—
"Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade!

She ceased—tears fell from every Miss—
She now had touch'd the true pathet-
One such authentic fact as this [sic]:—
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was 'Country Dance'
And the maid saw, with brightening face,
The Steward of the night advance,
And lead her to her birthright place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceased,
Now tuned again their summons sweet,
And, for one happy night, at least,
Old England's triumph was complete.

GAZEL.

HASTE, Maami, the spring is nigh;
Already, in th' unopen'd flowers
That sleep around us, Fancy's eye
Can see the blush of future bowers;
And joy it brings to thee and me,
My own beloved Maami!

The streamlet frozen on its way,
To feed the marble Founts of Kings,
Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,
Upon its path exulting springs—
As doth this bounding heart to thee,
My ever blissful Maami!

Such bright hours were not made to stay
Enough if they a while remain,
Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,
From time to time, and come again,
And life shall all one Irem be
For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart
Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
That rends its inmost leaves apart
With passion for the nightingale
So languishes this soul for thee,
My bright and blushing Maami!
LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ATKINSON ESQ., OF DUBLIN.

If ever life was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthened flow [last,
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the
'Twas his who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart, above all worldly Light wit that plays along the calm of life, [smiles;
And stirs its languid surface into Pure charity, that comes not in a shower, [feeds,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it But, like the dew, with gradual silent power, [meads;
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the

The happy grateful spirit that improves And brightens every gift by fortune given; [loves,
That, wander where it will with those it Makes every place a home, and home a heaven;

All these were his.—Oh, thou who read'st this stone, [sky
When for thyself, thy children, to the Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone, [may die!
That ye like him may live, like him

GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Scriptis quidem fata, sed sequitur. SENECA.

Of old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,
As Nature meant, supreme, alone;
With mind uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd, [own.
His views, his conquests were his
But power like his, that digs its grave
With its own sceptre, could not last;
So Genius' self became the slave
Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.

As Jove, who forged the chain of Fate,
Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it;
His nods, his struggles all too late—
"Qui semel fusiit, semper pareit."

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne in-Made Criticism his prime Vizir, [yaded,
And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation's school,
Afraid of even his own ambition,
His very victories were by rule,
And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds—the same,
That dazzled, when spontaneous actions— [tame.
Now, done by law, seem'd cold and
And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr'd to take the air,
Instant the Vizir's counsel sat—
"Good Lord, your Highness can't go there— [that.
"Bless me, your Highness can't do

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy
Rich jewels for his diadem,
"The taste was bad, the price was high—
"A flower were simpler than a gem."

To please them, if he took to flowers—
"What trifling, what unmeaning things!
"Fit for a woman's toilet hours,
"But not at all the style for Kings."

If, fond of his domestic sphere,
He play'd no more the rambling com-
et—
"A dull, good sort of man, 'twas clear,
"But as for great or brave, far from it."

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,
For realms more worthy to enthrone him?
"Saint Aristotle, what wild notions!
"Serve a 'ne exeat regno' on him,"

At length, their last and worst to do,
They round him placed a guard of watchmen,
Reviewers, knaves in brown or blue,
Turn'd up with yellow—chiefly Scotchmen;

To dog his footsteps all about, [grounds,
Like those in Longwood's prison
Who at Napoleon's heels rode out,
For fear the Conqueror should break bounds.

Oh for some Champion of his power,
Some Ultra spirit, to set free,
As erst in Shakspeare's sov'reign hour,
The thunders of his royalty—
To vindicate his ancient line,
The first, the true, the only one
Of Right eternal and divine,
That rules beneath the blessed sun.

TO LADY J.* R.* Y.,
ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING IN HER ALBUM.
Written at Middleton.

Or albums, albums, how I dread
Your everlasting scrap and scrawl!
How often wish that from the dead,
Old Omar would pop forth his head,
And make a bonfire of you all!
So might I 'scape the splinter band,
The bluishless blues, who, day and night,
Like duns in doorways, take their stand.
To waylay bards, with book in hand,
Crying forever, "Write, sir, write!"
So might I shun the shame and pain,
That o'er me at this instant come,
When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,
Knocks at the portal of my brain,
And gets, for answer, "Not at home!"

November, 1838.

TO THE SAME,
ON LOOKING THROUGH HER ALBUM.

No wonder bards, both high and low,
From Byron down to **** and me,
Should seek the fame, which all bestow
On him whose task is praising thee.
Let but the theme be J*r**y's eyes,
At once all errors are forgiven;
As ev'n old Sternhold still we prize,
Because, though dull, he sings of heaven.

AT NIGHT.*

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footsteps, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat,
With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
"Tis late, my love!" and chide delay,
* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "at night" written over him.

Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute careers, [night!]
With those we love exchanged at

TO LADY HOLLAND,
ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX.

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch'd, forever high;
Oh! could be see the proud, the happy
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

Paris, July, 1821.

EPilogue.

WRITTEN FOR LADY DACRE'S TRAGEDY OF INA.

Last night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and—all that,
And wondering much what little knavish
Had put it first in women's heads to write:
[dream—
Sudden I saw—as in some witching
A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,
[light
From whose quick-opening folds of azure
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his head,
Some sunny morning, from a violet bed.
"Bless me!" I starting cried, "what imp are you?"—

BAR BLEU—
"A small he-devil, Ma'am—my name
A bookish sprite, much giv'n to routs
And reading; [breeding,
'Tis I who teach your spinsters of good
The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
[maps,
"The last new bounds of tuckers and of
"And, when the Waltz has twir'd her giddy brain,
[again!"
"With metaphysics twirl it back
I view'd him, as he spoke—his hose was blue,
[view
His wings—the covers of the last Re-
Cerulean, border'd with a jaundice hue,
And this'd I gayly o'er for evening wear,
[fledged pair.
Till the next quarter brings a new-
"Inspired by me.—(pursued this wag-
gish Fairy)—
“That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,
"Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
"Makes her own play-foot epigrams
and shoes, [shine, for me the eyes of young Camilla
"And mingle Love’s blue brilliances
with mine; [shrinking, for me she sits apart, from coxcombs
"Looks wise—the pretty soul! and
thinks she’s thinking.
"By my advice Miss Indigo attends
Lectures on Memory, and assures her
friends, [surpass the plan
"’Pon honor!—(mimics)—nothing can
"Of that professor—(trying to recollect)
—psa! that memory man
"That—what’s his name?—him I attended lately—
[greatly.’"
"’Pon honor, he improved my memory
Here, curtseying low, I ask’d the blue-leg’d sprite, [night.
What share he had in this our play to
"Nay, there—he cried)—there I am
guiltless quite— [Gothic time,
"What! choose a heroine from that
When no one waltz’d, and none but
monks could rhyme; [and wild,
"When lovely woman, all unschool’d
Blush’d without art and without cult;
they shone,
"Simple as flowers, while yet unclass’d
Ere Science call’d their brilliant world
her own, [orders,
"Ranged the wild, rosy things in learned
And’ fill’d a with Greek the garden’s
blushing borders!—
"No, no—your gentle Inas will not do—
To-morrow evening, when the lights
burn blue,
"I’ll come—(pointing downwards)—you
understand—fill then adieu!”

And has the sprite been here? No—
jests apart—
Howe’er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman’s glories is the heart.
And, if our muse have sketched’d with
pencil true
The wife—the mother—firm, yet gentle
too— [spun,
Whose soul, wrapp’d up in itself hath
Trembles, if touch’d in the remotest one;
* In these stanzas I have done little more
than relate a fact in verse; and the lady,
whose singing gave rise to this curious instance
of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert
Arkwright.

Who loves—yet dares even Love him-
self disown, [his throne;
When Honor’s broken shaft supports
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,
Dire as they are, of Critics and—Blue
Devils.

THE DAY-DREAM.*

They both were hush’d, the voice, the
chords,—
I heard but once that witching lay;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away;
Traces remember’d here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain;—
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.
Ev’n these, too, ere the morning, fled;
And, though the charm still linger’d on,
That o’er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded, gone;—
Gone, like the thoughts that once were
ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer
flowers,
Though what they were, we now for-
in vain, with hints from other strains,
I woo’d this truant air to come—
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.
In vain:—the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not mutter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when
dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight’s beams,
A face—the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a
shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought—
Come with its music close to mine;
And sung the long-lost measure o’er,—
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before,—
All perfect, all again my own!

* From the stanzas, I have done little more
than relate a fact in verse; and the lady,
whose singing gave rise to this curious instance
of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert
Arkwright.
Like parted souls, when, 'mid the Blest
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.
Nor even in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well as now I knew this strain.
And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.


SONG.

Where is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour, like this, to live—
Full, to the brim, of life's delights?—
Look, look around
This fairy ground,
With love-lights glittering o'er;
While cups that shine
With freight divine
Go coasting round its shore.
Hope is the dute of future hours,
Memory lives in those gone by;
Neither can see the moment's flowers
Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
Wouldest thou, or thou,
Forego what's now,
For all that Hope may say?
No—Joy's reply,
From every eye,
Is, "Live we while we may."

SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Hand curst Hippocides.
Erast. Adag.
To those we love we've drank to night;
But now attend, and stare not,
While I the ampler list recite
Of those for whom—We care not.
For royal men, how'er they frown,
If on their fronts they bear not
That noblest gem that decks a crown,
The People's Love—We care not.
For slavish men, who bend beneath
A despot yoke, yet dare not
Pronounce the will, whose very breath
Would rend its links—We care not.
For priestly men, who covet sway
And wealth, though they declare not;
Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go—We care not.
For martial men, who on their sword,
Howe'er it conquers, wear not
The pledges of a soldier's word,
Redeem'd and pure—We care not.
For legal men, who plead for wrong,
And, though to lies they swear not,
Are hardly better than the throng
Of those who do—We care not.
For courtly men, who feed upon
The land, like grubs, and spare not
The smallest leaf, where they can sun
Their crawling limbs—We care not.
For wealthy men, who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want—We care not.
For prudent men, who hold the power
Of Love aloof, and bare not
Their hearts in any guardless hour
To Beauty's shaft—We care not.
For all, in short, on land or sea,
In camp or court, who are not,
Who never were, or 'er will be
Good men and true—We care not.

ANNE BOLEYN.

TRANSLATION FROM THE METRICAL "HISTOIRE D'ANNE BOLEYN."

S'elle estoit belle et de taille élégante,
Estoit des yeux encor plus attirante.
Lesquels a değildir bien conduire à propos
En les tenant quelqu' où en repos;
Aucune oyse vivant en messager
Porter du cœur le secret témoignage.

MUCH as her form seduced the sight,
Her eyes could even more surely woo;
And when and how to shoot their light
Into men's hearts full well she knew.

For sometimes, in repos, she hid
Their rays beneath a downcast lid;
And then again, with wakening air,
Would send their sunny glances out
Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.
THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS.
FROM DANTE.

Nell' era, credo, che dell' oriente
Prima raggiò nel monte Citernea,
Che di fuoco d' amor par sempre ardente
Giovanz e bella in sogno mi parea.
Donna vedere andar per una landa
Cogliendo fiori; e cantando dicea:

Sappia qualunque 'l mio nome dimanda,
Ch' io mi son Lia, e vo movendo 'norno
Le belle mani a formi una ghirlanda—
Per piacermi aito specchio qui m' adorno;
Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga
Dal suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto il giorno.

Ell' è de' suoi begli occhi veder vaga,
Com' io dell' adornarmi con le mani;
Let lo vedere e me l'ovare appaga.

—Dante, Purg. canto xxvii.

'Twas eve's soft hour, and bright above,
The star of Beauty beam'd,
While lull'd by light so full of love,
In slumber thus I dream'd—
Methought, at that sweet hour,
A nymph came o'er the lea,
Who, gathering many a flow'ry
Thus said and sung to me:

"Should any ask what Leila loves,
"Say thou, To wreathe her hair
"With flow'rets curl'd from glens and
"Is Leila's only care."

"While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,
"O'er hill and dale I roam,
"My sister, Rachel, far more fair,
"Sits lone and mute at home.

"Before her glass unerring
"With thoughts that never stray,
"Her own bright eyes admiring,
"She sits the live-long day;

"While I!—oh, seldom even a look
"Of self salutes my eye;
"My only glass, the limpid brook,
"That shines and passes by."

—SOVEREIGN WOMAN.
A BALLAD.

Th'e dance was o'er, yet still in dreams
That fairy scene went on;
Like clouds still flush'd with day-light
Though day itself is gone. [glares,
And gracefully, to music's sound,
The same bright nymphs went gliding round;
While thou, the Queen of all, wert there—
The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then changed—in halls of
I saw thee high enthroned; [state
While, ranged around, the wise, the
In thee their mistress own'd: [great,
And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way—
Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine!

But lo, the scene now changed again—
And borne on plum'd steed,
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
Our land's defenders lead;
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,
Thy very smile was victory!

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone—
In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria's still her name.
For though she almost blush to reign,
Though love's own flow'rets wreathe the
Disguise our bondage as we will, [chain,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.
A BALLAD.

Come, play me that simple air again,
I used so to love, in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay;
The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain—
Say where, where is it now?

But play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fills ev'n its tears with light.

The new-found life that came
With love's first echo'd vow;—
The fear, the bliss, the shame—
Ah—where, where are they now?

But, still the same lov'd notes prolong,
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old day,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
To breathe life's hour away.
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

1823.

PREFACE.

The Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai, are the only sources to which I need refer, for the origin of the notion on which this Romance is founded. In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavored to do in the following stories) the fall of the Soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of Heaven are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate to the following pages the same moral interest.

Among the doctrines, or notions, derived by Plato from the East, one of the most natural and sublime is that which inculcates the pre-existence of the soul, and its gradual descent into this dark material world, from that region of spirit and light which it is supposed to have once inhabited, and to which, after a long lapse of purification and trial, it will return. This belief, under various symbolic forms, may be traced through almost all the Oriental theologies. The Chaldeans represent the Soul as originally endowed with wings, which fall away when it sinks from its native element, and must be reproduced before it can hope to return. Some disciples of Zoroaster once inquired of him, "How the wings of the Soul might be made to grow again?"—"By sprinkling them," he replied, "with the Waters of Life."—"But where are those Waters to be found?" they asked.—"In the Garden of God," replied Zoroaster.

The mythology of the Persians has allegorized the same doctrine, in the history of those genii of light who strayed from their dwellings in the stars, and obscured their original nature by mixture with this material sphere, while the Egyptians, connecting it with the descent and ascent of the sun in the zodiac, considered Autumn as emblematic of the Soul's decline towards darkness, and the re-appearance of Spring as its return to light and life.

Besides the chief spirits of the Mahometan heaven, such as Gabriel, the angel of Revelation, Israfil, by whom the last trumpet is to be sounded, and Azrael, the angel of death, there were also a number of subaltern intelligences, inroad of the spirits of darkness, who, finding themselves in the neighborhood of this pure light, and becoming passionately enamored of its beauty, break the boundaries between them, and take forcible possession of it.

* See note on page 324.
‡ The account which Macrobius gives of the downward journey of the Soul, through that gate of the zodiac which opens into the lower spheres, is a curious specimen of the wild fancies passed for philosophy in ancient times.

In the system of Manes, the luminous or spiritual principle owes its corruption not to any evil tendency of its own, but to a violent

* In Somn. Scipionis, cap. 12.
† See a Treatise "De la Religion des Perses," by the Abbé Pouyer, Mémobres de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 444.
of which tradition has preserved the names, appointed to preside over the different stages, or ascents, into which the celestial world was supposed to be divided.* Thus Kelal governs the fifth heaven; while Sadiel, the presiding spirit of the third, is also employed in steadying the motions of the earth, which would be in a constant state of agitation, if this angel did not keep his foot planted upon its orb.†

Among other miraculous interpositions in favor of Mahomet, we find commemorated in the pages of the Koran the appearance of five thousand angels on his side at the battle of Bedr.

The ancient Persians supposed that Ormuzd appointed thirty angels to preside successively over the days of the month, and twelve greater ones to assume the government of the months themselves; among whom Bahman (to whom Ormuzd committed the custody of all animals, except man) was the greatest. Mibh, the angel of the 7th month, was also the spirit that watched over the affairs of friendship and love; —Chur had the care of the disk of the sun; —Mah was agent for the concerns of the moon; —Ispandaramaz (whom Cazvin calls the Spirit of the Earth) was the tutelar genius of good and virtuous women, &c., &c., &c. For all this the reader may consult the 19th and 20th chapters of Hyde de Relig. Vet. Persamen, where the names and attributes of these daily and monthly angels are with much minuteness and erudition explained. It appears, from the Zendavesta, that the Persians had a certain office or prayer for every day of the month, (addressed to the particular angel who presided over it,) which they called the Sirouzé.

The Celestial Hierarchy of the Syri-ans, as described by Kircher, appears to be the most regularly graduated of any of these systems. In the sphere of the Moon they placed the angels, in that of Mercury the archangels, Venus and the Sun contained the Principalities and the Powers; —and so on to the summit of the planetary system, where, in the sphere of Saturn, the Thrones had their station. Above this was the habitation of the Cherubim in the sphere of the fixed stars; and still higher, in the region of those stars which are so distant as to be imperceptible, the Seraphim, we are told, the most perfect of all celestial creatures, dwelt.

The Sabeans also (as D'Herbelot tells us) had their classes of angels, to whom they prayed, as mediators or intercessors; and the Arabsians worshipped female angels, whom they called Benad Hasche, or Daughters of God.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'Twas when the world was in its prime, When the fresh stars had just begun Their race of glory, and young Time Told his first birth-days by the sun; When, in the light of Nature's dawn Rejoicing, men and angels met On the high hill and sunny lawn,— Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn 'Twixt man and heav'n her curtain yet! When earth lay nearer to the skies Than in these days of crime and wo, And mortals saw without surprise, In the mid-air, angelic eyes Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane, Ev'n then, the morning of the earth! That, saddler still, the fatal stain [birth— Should fall on hearts of heavenly And that from Woman's love should fall So dark a stain, most sad of all! One ev'ning, in that primal hour, On a hill's side, where hung the ray Of sunset, bright'ning roll and bow'r, Three noble youths conversing lay; And, as they look'd, from time to time, To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd His radiant wing, their brows sublime Bespoke them of that distant world— Spirits, who once, in brotherhood Of faith and bliss, near Alla stood, And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown [throne,§ the wind that breathes from Alla's homes n'enrent qu'une seule religion, et furent souvent visite des Anges, qui leur donnaient la main.

* "We adored the lower heaven with lights, and placed therein a guard of angels."—Koran, chap. xlii.
† See D'Herbelot, passim.
‡ The Mahometans believe, says D'Herbelot, that in that early period of the world, "les
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS. 561

But springs to another bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent.†
And midway choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element—
Oh, beautiful, but fatal sight!
One of earth's fairest woman-kind,
Half veiled from view, or rather shrouded
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a
Pausin in wonder I look'd on, [dream.
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone.
She moved in light of her own mak-
At length, as from that airy height [sing.
I gently lower'd my breathless flight,
The tremble of my wing all o'er [thrill)
(For through each plume I felt the
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion, were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!
In pity to the wond'ring maid, [sing,
Though loath from such a vision turn'd
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings to hide the burn-
ing
Of glances, which—I well could feel—
For me, for her, too warmly shone;
But, ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal [gone—
One sidelong look, the maid was
Hid from me in the forest leaves,
Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
The Moon into his dusky arms.

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

"TWAS in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
So often as the Blessed wish for music." See Sale's Koran, Preface, Deport.
* The ancient Persians supposed that this
Throne was placed in the Sun, and that through
the stars were distributed the various classes of
Angels that encircled it.
The Basilidians supposed that there
were three hundred and sixty-five orders of angels,
"dant la perfection aléit en décroissant, a

measure qu' ils s'Eloignoient de la première classe
d'esprits placés dans le premier ciel." See
Dupuis, Orig. des Cultes, tom. ii. p. 112.
† It appears that, in most languages, the
term employed for an angel means also a
messenger. Fräschelin, the Persian word for
angel, is derived (says D'Herbelet) from the
verb Frischah, to send. The Hebrew term
too, Melak, has the same signification.
'Tis not in words to tell the power, The despotism that, from that hour, Passion held o'er me. Day and night I sought around each neighboring spot; And, in the chase of this sweet light, My task, and heaven, and all forgot; All, but the one, sole, haunting dream Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side I found myself, whole happy days, List'n'ing to words, whose music vie'd With our own Eden's seraph lays. When seraph lays are warm'd by love, But, wanting that, far, far above!— And looking into eyes where, blue And beautiful, like skies seen through The sleeping wave, for me there shine A heaven more worship'd than my own.

Oh what, while I could hear and see Such words and looks, was heav'n to me? Though gross the air on earth I drew, 'Twas blessed, while she breathed it too; Though dark the flow'rs, though dim the sky, Love lent them light, while she was Throughout creation I but knew [small, Two separate worlds—the one, that Beloved, and consecrated spot Where Lea was—the other, all [not! The dull, wide waste, where she was.

But vain my suit, my madness vain; Though gladly, from her eyes to gain One earthly look, one stra'e desire, I would have torn the wings, that hung Furl'd at my back, and o'er the Fire In Gehim's* pit their fragments flung;— 'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmoved She stood, as lilies in the light Of the hot noon but look more white; And though she loved me, deeply loved, 'Twas not as man, as mortal—no, Nothing of earth was in that glow— She loved me but as one, of race Angelic, from that radiant place She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven, To which her prayers at morn were sent, And on whose light she gazed at even, Wishing for wings, that she might go Out of this shadowy world below, To that free, glorious element!

Well I remember by her side Sitting at rosy even-tide, When,—turning to the star, whose head Look'd out, as from a bridal bed, At that mute, blushing hour,—she said, 'Oh! that it were my doom to be The Spirit of you beauteous star, 'Dwelling up there in purity, [are ;— 'Alone, as all such bright things 'My sole employ to pray and shine, 'To light my censor at the sun, 'And cast its light on towards the shine 'Of Him in heav'n, th' Eternal one!' So innocent the maid, so free From mortal taint in soul and frame, Whom 'twas my erine—my destiny — To love, ay, burn for, with a flame 'To which earth's wildest fires are tame. Had you but seen her look, when first From my mad lips th' avowal burst; Not anger'd—no—the feeling came From depths beyond mere anger's It was a sorrow, calm as deep, [flame— A mournfulness that could not weep, So fill'd her heart was to the brink, So fix'd and froze'n with grief, to think That angel natures—that ev'n 1, Whose love she clung to, as the tie Between her spirit and the sky— Should fall thus headlong from the height Of all that heav'n hath pure and bright! That very night—my heart had grown Impatient of its inward burning; The term, too, of my stay was flown, And the bright Watchers near the throne, Already, if a meteor shone Between them and this nether zone, Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning. Oft did the potent spell-word giv'n To Enveys hither from the skies, fenders; the third, Hothama, is appointed for Jews; and the fourth and fifth, called Suef and Saar, are destined to receive the Sabseans and the worshippers of fire; in the sixth, named Gehem, those pagans and idolaters who admit a plurality of gods are placed, while into the abyss of the seventh, called Derk Asfal, or the Deepest, the hypocritical secters of all religions are thrown.
To be pronounced, when back to heav'n
It is their time or wish to rise,
Come to my lips that fatal day;
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze of heav'n began to play;
When my heart fail'd—the spell was broken—
The word unfinish'd died away,
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.
How could I leave a world which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me?
No matter where my wand'rings were,
So there she look'd, breathed, moved about—
Wo, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than Paradise itself, without!

But, to return—that very day
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
Came—crowding thick as flow'r's at play
In summer winds—the young and gay
And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there, and 'mid the young
And beautiful stood first, alone;
Though on her gentle brow still hung
The shadow I that morn had thrown—
The first, that ever shame or wo
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was madden'd;—in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth—that rush
Of desperate gayety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness!
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions—like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in light.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'n'ing not only Earth, the while,
But grasping Heav'n, too, in their

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
Its dews of darkness through my lips,*

Casting what'er of light remain'd
To my lost soul into eclipse;
And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of heav'n's beams,
Haunt us forever—like wild-fires
That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest;—our banquet done,
I sought her in 'th'accustom'd bow'r
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
At the same silent, moonlight hour.
Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd
To her lov'd star, whose lustre burn'd
Purer than ever on that night;
While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though she borrow'd of its light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which, had my burning brain not been
Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,
As though I trod celestial ground.
E vn as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,

I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And though too well each glance of mine
To the pale, shrinking maiden proved
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which she loved,
Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
'Tis soothing but to think she saw
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then placed above him—far above—
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
When, with a voice, where Passion shed
All the deep sadness of her power,
Her melancholy power—I said,
'Then be it so; if back to heaven
I must unloved, unpitied, fly,
Without one blest memorial giv'n
since found that Marit's version of the tale (which differs also from that of Dr. Prideaux, in his Life of Mahomet) is taken from the French Encyclopédie, in which work, under the head of "Arctor Paris," the reader will find it

* I have already mentioned that some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as given by Marit, who says that the author of the Talmim founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine.* I have

* The Baharandush tells the fable differently.
'To soothe me in that lonely sky;
'One look, like those the young and fond
'Give when they're parting—which would be,
'Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond
'All heav'n hath left of bliss for me!
'Oh, but to see that head recline
'A minute on this trembling arm,
'And those mild eyes look up to mine,
'Without a dread, a thought of harm!
'To meet, but once, the thrilling touch
'Of lips too purely fond to fear me—
'Or, if that boon be all too much,
'Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me!

'Nay, shrunk not so—a look—a word—
'Give them but kindly and I fly;
'Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
'And tremble for their home on high.
'Thus be our parting—check to check—
'One minute's lapse will be forgiv'n,
'And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
'The spell that plumes my wing for heav'n!'

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself, afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flow'rs beneath
The searching of the south-wind's breath:

But when I named—alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder'd then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,
Her brow, her eyes, uprose again,
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,
'The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
'And I will bless thee!' she exclaim'd—

Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
And lost already, on her brow
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarcely was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heav'n she spoke it out
With that triumphant look Faith wears,

When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapor from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,

And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle around Alla's Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose,
Above me, in the moonbeam shone.
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glist'ning through!
Most holy vision! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Elois, in his downfall, bore
The third of the bright stars away—
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice
The power'ful words that were, that night,—
Oh, ev'n for heav'n too much delight!—
Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did—I spoke it o'er and o'er—
I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had pow'r no more.
There seem'd around me some dark
Which still, as I essay'd to soar, I chain'd,
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavor;—
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So wills th' offended God—for ever!

It was to yonder star I traced
Her journey up th' illumined waste—
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now—such, Purity,
Thy bless'd reward—ordain'd to be
Her home of light for evermore!
Once—or did I but fancy so?—

'Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,
'Mid all her spirit's now-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below
On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pitied yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lessen'd to a point, as small
As are those specks that yonder burn—
Those vivid drops of light, that fall
The last from Day's exhausted urn,
And when at length she merged, afar
Into her own immortal star,
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And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heav'n and love both pass'd away;
And I forgot my hope, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revel'd in gross joys of earth,
Till I became—what I am now!"

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;
A shame, that of itself would tell—
Were there not ev'n those breaks of flame,
Celestial, through his clouded frame—
How grand the height from which he fell!
That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets
Th' unbleench'd renown it used to wear;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine has been there.

Once only, while the tale he told,
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy, stainless star, where she Dwelt in her bower of purity!
One minute did he look, and then—
As though he felt some deadly pain
From its sweet light through heart and brain—
Shrank back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit? he
With the proud front and piercing glance,
[expansc,]
Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's
As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into th' Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where ALLA's grandest secrets lie?—
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew.
'Twas Rubi—once among the prime
And flower of those bright creatures, named
Spirits of Knowledge,* who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
Second alone to Him, whose light
Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night;
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide as would the journey be

* The Kerubim, as the Mussulmans call them, are often joined indiscriminately with the Azra'il or Seraphim, under one common name

To reach from any island star.
The vague shores of Infinity!

'Twas Rubi, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the
Like echoes, in some silent place, [ear
When first awaked for many a year;
And when he smiled, if o'er his face
Smile ever shone, 'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone. [same,
Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the
A soft'ning shade from sorrow came;
And though at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw—
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke
The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
Closed the sad hist'ry of his fall;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
For many a day, resumed his cheek—
Beautiful, as in days of old;
And not those eloquent lips alone,
But every feature seem'd to speak
Thus his eventful story told:—

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

"You both remember well the day,
When unto Eden's new-made bow'rs,
ALLA convoked the bright array
Of his supreme angelic pow'rs,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon heav'n and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went,
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
of Anzazil, by which all spirits who approach near the throne of Alla are designated.
New loveliness from each new thought!  
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace  
The progress of the noontide air,  
Dimpling its bright and silent face  
Each minute into some new grace,  
And varying heav'n's reflections there—  
Or, like the light of evening, stealing  
O'er some fair temple, which all day  
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing  
Its several beauties, ray by ray,  
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,  
All full of light and loveliness.  
Can you forget her blush, when round  
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground  
She look'd, and saw, the sea—the skies—  
And heard the rush of many a wing,  
On high behests then vanishing;  
And saw the last few angel eyes,  
Still lingering—mine among the rest,—  
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest!  
From that miraculous hour, the fate  
Of this new, glorious Being dwelt  
Forever, with a spell-like weight,  
Upon my spirit—early, late,  
Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,  
The thought of what might yet befall  
That matchless creature mix'd with all.—  
Nor she alone, but her whole race  
Through ages yet to come—whate'er  
Of feminine, and fond, and fair, [face,  
Should spring from that pure mind and  
All wak'd, my soul's interest care;  
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me  
Creation's strangest mystery!  

It was my doom—ev'n from the first,  
When witnessing the primal burst  
Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise  
Those bright creations in the skies,—  
Those worlds instinct with life and light  
Which man, remote, but sees by night,—  
It was my doom still to be haunted  
By some new wonder, some sublime  
And matchless work, that, for the time  
Held all my soul, enchant'd, enchant'd,  
And left me not a thought, a dream,  
A word, but on that only theme!  
The wish to know—that endless thirst,  
Which ev'n by quenching is awakened,  
And which becomes or bless'd or cursed,  
As is the fount whereat 'tis slaked—  
Still urged me onward with desire  
Insatiate, to explore, inquire—  
Whate'er the wondrous things might be  
That waked each new idolatry—  
Their cause, aim, source, whence-ever  
Sprung—  
Their most pow'r's, as though for me  
Existence on that knowledge hung.  

Oh what a vision were the stars,  
When first I saw them burn on high,  
Rolling along, like living cars  
Of light, for gods to journey by!*  
They were my heart's first passion—days  
And nights, unwearied, in their rays  
Have I hung floating, till each sense  
Seem'd full of their bright influence.  
Innocent joy I alas, how much  
Of misery had I shunn'd below,  
Could I have still lived bless'd with such;  
Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know  
[wo.  

The knowledge that brings guilt and  
Often—so much I loved to trace  
The secrets of this starry race—  
Have I at morn and evening run  
Along the lines of radiance spurn  
Like webs, between them and the sun  
Untwisting all the tangled ties  
Of light into their different dyes—  
Then fleety wing'd I off in quest  
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,  
That watch, like winking sentinels,†  
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells;  
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued  
Their track through that grand solitude,  
Asking intently all and each  
What soul within their radiance dwelt,  
And wishing their sweet light were speech,  
That they might tell me all they felt,  
given the names and stations of the seven arch-  
angels, who were by the Cabala of the Jews  
distributed through the planets.  
† According to the cosmogony of the ancient  
Persians, there were four stars set as sentinels  
in the four quarters of the heavens, to watch  
over the other fixed stars, and superintend  
the planets in their course. The names of these  
four sentinal stars are, according to the Ben-  
dezi, Taschter, for the east; Sateris, for the  
west; Venand, for the south; and Haforang,  
for the north.
Nay, oft, so passionate my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow—let a ray
Should 'scape me in the furthest
Some pilgrim Comet, on his way [night—
To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exultingly, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn;
Ere yet this newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flow'rs of Paradise!
Then henceforth my nature all was changed,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
And he, who but so lately ranged
Ya wonderful expanse, where glow
Worlds upon worlds,—yet found his mind
Ev'n in that luminous range confined,—
Now bless'd the humblest, meaneast sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
In vain my former idols glisten'd [ears
From their far thrones; in vain these
To the once-thrilling music listen'd,
That hymn'd around my favorite spheres—
To earth, to earth each thought was giv'n,
That in this half-lost soul had birth;
Like some high mount, whose head's in
heaven
While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrall'd
My spirit in his burning ties;
And less, still less could it be call'd
That grosser flame, round which Love
Nearer and nearer, till he dies— [flies
No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion more profound, intense,—
A vehement, but wand'ring fire,
Which, though nor love, nor yet desire—
Though through all womankind it took
Its range, as lawless lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon One.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
Th' insatiate curiosity
To know how shapes, so fair, must feel—
To look, but once, beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness, and see

What souls belong'd to such bright eyes—
Whether, as sunbeams find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies, [ray,
Those looks could inward turn their
And make the soul as bright as they:
All this impell'd my anxious chase,
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conqu'ring grace,
Th' intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which sprung there solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man—oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite—her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led—
Mingled with—what I durst not blame,
For 'tis my own—that zeal to know,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of wo; [came,
Which, though from heaven all pure it
Yet stain'd, misused, brought sin and
On her, on me, on all below! [shame
I had seen this; had seen Man, arm'd,
As his soul is, with strength and sense,
By her first words to ruin charm'd;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smiled away;
Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this—
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
(And with her—that, at least, was bliss.)
Had I not heard him, ere he cross'd
The threshold of that earthly heav'n,
Which by her wildering smile he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiv'n!—
Had I not heard him, as he press'd
The frail, fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doomed to sin and strife
Call her—ev'n then—his Life! his Life!*
Yes, such the love-taught name, the first,
That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Ev'n in his outcast hour, when cursed
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love, the grave!

* Chavah, or, as it is in Arabic, Harah, (the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression,) means "Life."
Shame,
Such One,
Except As
To the heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near!
Could I help wondering at a creature,
Thus circled round with spells so strong—
One, to whose ev'ry thought, word, fear,
In joy and wo, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?
Nor did the marvel cease with her—
New Eyes in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise and blame,
[shame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or He still th'unreasoning worshipper,
And they, throughout all time the same,
Enchantresses of soul and frame;
Into whose hands, from first to last,
This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by heav'n seems cast,
To save or ruin, as they please!
Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
How restless I sigh'd to find
Some one, from out that witching throng,
Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which
In my own arms beheld, possess'd,
I might learn all the powers to witch,
To warm, and (if my fate unbless'd
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
Rifled, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer—
(For such—oh what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong?—this lip press'd
At length my ominous prayer was heard—
But whether heard in heaven or hell,
Listen—and thou wilt know too well.

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along th' unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tred in places where her feet
A star at ev'ry step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness [caught—
By which the wilder'd sense is
Of lips, whose very breath could bless;
Of playful blushes, that seem'd naught
But luminous escapes of thought;
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became, [bird,
As though they could, like the sun's
Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form, as plant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits
That drop from it in summer's hour;—
'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to lovelyest woman's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make ev'n them more fair—
But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear
Through her whole frame—the soul, still near,
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun
That shines on flowers, would be re-
splendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon—
'Twas this, all this, in one combined—
Th'unnumber'd looks and arts that
The glory of young woman-kind, [form
Taken in their perfection, warm,
Ere time had chil'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefined,
The impress of Divinity!

'Twas this—a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own—
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,
A bright twin-sister from on high—
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

The mix'd delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here.

Had we—but hold—hear every part
Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
Is stir'd thus in the wound again—
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last, dark precipice,
Where perish'd both—the fallen, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her—day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
And 'mid her loneliness musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts forever glow—
Vague wishes, fond imaginings, [ing,
Love-dreams, as yet no object know-
ing;—
Light, winged hopes, that come when
And rainbow joys that end in weeping;
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping:

'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er
Young hearts are beating—I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspiring high beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
Glimpses of glory, far away
Into the bright, vague future given;
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too—what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art!—
A zeal for knowledge, such as never
Enshrin'd itself in form so fair,
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve
With every fruit of Eden bless'd,
Save one alone—rather than leave
That one unreach'd, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
In that rich twilight of the soul,
When reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds—
'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
Vague, glistening visions to her view;—

Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to naught,
And vistas, with no pathway through—
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
Then closed, dissolved, and left no trace.
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Through every dream still in her sight,
'Th' enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight.
Who said, 'Behold you world of light,'
Then sudden dropp'd a veil between!

At length, when I perceived each thought,
Waking or sleeping,fix'd on naught
But these illusive scenes, and me—
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half-revelations only meant
To madden curiosity—
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,
One night—twas in a holy spot, [grot
Which she for prayer had chosen—a
Of purest marble, built below
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,
Brightly pervading all the place—
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face—
There, at her altar, while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt, [sighs—
When God and man both claim'd her
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—
Then, as the mystic light's soft ray
Grew softer still, as though its ray
Was breathed from her, I heard her say:—

'Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
Thy nature be—human, divine,
Or but half heavenly—still too fair,
Too heavenly to be ever mine!

Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
'Slumber so lovely that it seems
'No longer life to live awake, [dreams,
'Since heaven itself descends in
Why do I ever lose thee? why
When on thy realms and thee I gaze
Still drops that veil, which I could die,
"Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?"

Long ere such miracles as thou [thirst
And thine came o'er my thoughts, a
"For light was in this soul, which now
"Thy looks have into passion nursed.

There's nothing bright above, below,
"In sky — earth — ocean, that this breast
Doth not intensely burn to know,
"And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
"The curtains of thy radiant home,
"If thou wouldst be as angel shrined,
"Or loved and clasp'd as mortal, come!

Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
"That I may, waking, know and see;
"Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
"Thy heaven, or — ay, even that with thee!

Demon or God, who hold'st the book
"Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
[look
"Give me, with thee, but one bright
Into its leaves, and let me die!

By those ethereal wings, whose way
"Lies through an element, so fraught
"With living Mind, that, as they play,
"Their every movement is a thought!

By that bright, wretched hair, between
"Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
"Of Paradise so late hath been,
"And left its fragrant soul behind!

By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
"Their light into the inmost heart:
"Like sunset in the waters, felt
"As molten fire through every part—

I do implore thee, oh most bright,
"And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
"My waking, wondering eyes this night,
"This one blest night — I ask no more!

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of line, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she raised;
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blazed
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace; — my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than
mar
The dawning hour of some young star;
And nothing left, but what besem'd
Th' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman — whose eyes beam'd
Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for
flame,
[same;—
Whose sin, whose madness was the
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love — oh more
Of heaven's light than ev'n the power
Of heav'n itself could now restore!
And yet, that hour! —

The Spirit here
Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts — like
chords,
Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong;
While the clench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throb'd there
now!
But soon 'twas o'er — that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days —
That relic of a flame, whose burning
Had been too fierce to be resumed
Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turn-
ing
To his bright listeners, thus resumed:
"Days, months elapsed, and though what
most
On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all—
Yet — was I happy? God, thou know'st,
How'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall!
'Twas bitterest anguish — made more
been
Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

In purgatory* catch of heaven!
The only feeling that to me
Seem'd joy—or rather my sole rest.
From aching misery—was to see [blest.
My young, proud, blooming LILIS
She, the fair fountain of all ill
To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
Fervidly panted after still, [first—
And found the charm fresh as at
To see her happy—to reflect
Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made
And whose soul worshipp'd even my shade—
This was, I own, enjoyment—this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
And proud she was, fair creature!—proud,
Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion hourly growing
Stronger and stronger—to which even
Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
Every thing strange in earth and heaven—
Not only all that, full reveal'd,
'Th' eternal ALLA loves to show,
But all that He hath wisely seal'd
In darkness, for man not to know—
Ev'n this desire, alas, ill starr'd
And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As never, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!
In the deep earth—beneath the sea—
Through caves of fire—through wilds
Wherever sleeping Mystery
[of air—

Called by the Musulmans Al Araf—a sort
of wall or partition which, according to the 7th
chapter of the Koran, separates hell from para-
dise, and where they, who have not merits
sufficient to gain them immediate admittance
into heaven, are supposed to stand for a certain
period, alternately tantalized and tormented
by the sights that are on either side presented
to them.

Manes, who borrowed in many instances
from the Platonists, placed his purgatories, or
places of purification, in the Sun and Moon.—

Leconte de Lisle, lit. Ill. chap. 8.

† "Quelques my bones désireux de devenir im-
mortels, avoient voulu gagner les bonnes graces
de nos filles, et leur avaient apporté des pier-
reries dont ils sort gardiens naturels et ces au-
tres ont cru, s'appuyant sur le livre d'Enoch
mal entendu, que c'étoient des piéges que les
anges amoureux," &c. &c.— Comte de Gabalis.

As the fiction of the loves of angels with
women gave birth to the fanciful word of syphils
and gnomes, so we owe to it also the invention
of those beautiful Genii and Peris, which em-
bellish so much the mythology of the East;
for in the fabulous histories of Caliamarath, of
Thamurath, &c., these spiritual creatures are
always represented as the descendants of Soth,
and called the Land Alccan, or children of Giann.
† I am aware that this happy saying of Lord
Albeameele's loses much of its grace and play-
fulness, by being “cut into the mouth of any but
a human lover.
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—
The mystery of that fountain-head,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis spread,
Through men or angels, flowers or suns—
The workings of th' Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos he design'd
The outlines of this world; and through
That depth of darkness,—like the bow,
Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue*—
Saw the grand, gradual picture grow;
The covenant with human kind
By ALLA made!—the chains of Fate
He round himself and them hath twined,
Till his high task he consummate;—
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,
And Fate shall lose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again!
Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some ev'n more obscure, profound,
And wildering to the mind than these,
Which—far as woman's thought could sound,
Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach—
She dared to learn, and I to teach.
Till—still'd with such unearthly lore,
And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that fancy had, before,
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings—
Th' enthusiastic girl spoke out, as one
Inspired, among her own dark race,
Who from their ancient shrines would
Leaving their holy rites undone [run,
To gaze upon her holier face. (spoke,
And, though but wild the things she Yet, 'mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd, some gleams of pure religion broke—
Hlimpses that have not yet awak'd.
But startled the still dreaming world! Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which heav'n would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till its own time,
Stole out in these revelations then—

* According to Whitehurst's theory, the mention of rainbows by an antediluvian angel is an anachronism; as he says, "There was no rain before the flood, and consequently no rainbow, which accounts for the novelty of this sight after the Deluge."
† For the terms of this compact, of which the angels were supposed to be witnesses, see the chapter of the Koran, entitled Al Araf, and the article "Adam" in D'Herbelot.
‡ In acknowledging the authority of the great Prophets who had preceded him, Mahomet represented his own mission as the final "Seal," or consummation of them all.
§ The Zodiacal Light.
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Even then her glorious smile to me balm;
Brought warmth and radiance, if not
Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
Which all who love, beneath you sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
The dreadful thought that it must die!
That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sickles the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads!

This fear, so sad to all—to me
Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on,* when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;
That heaven to me this final seal
Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel [die!]
The death-pang, without power to
Ev'n this, her fond endearments—fond
As ever cherish'd the sweet bond [away;
'Twixt heart and heart—could charm
Before her look no clouds could stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!
But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of her tempter's sin,
Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence
To snatch the fated victim thence!

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dreamt away;
In that same garden, where—the pride
Of seraph splendor laid aside,
And those wingsfurl'd, whose open light
For mortal gaze were else too bright—
I first had stood before her sight,
And found myself—oh, ecstasy,
Which even in pain I ne'er forget—
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
And loved as never man was yet!
In that same garden were we now,
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
With its own silent fascies shining,

* Pococke, however, gives it as the opinion of
the Mahometan doctors, that all souls, not
only of men and of animals, living either on

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blushing on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if naught ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
In looking at that light—even she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
Felt the still hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world—the close
Of all things beautiful and bright—
The last grand sunset, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as though some livelier thought
Had suddenly her fancy caught,
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
Diluted into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise.
As 'twere to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head [said:—
Her white hand rested, smiled and

'I had, last night, a dream of thee,
'Resembling those divine ones, given,
'Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
'Before thou can'st, thyself from

The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
'Dazzling as if of starlight made;
'And these wings, lying darkly now,
'Like meteors round thee flash'd and

'Thou stood'st all bright, as in those
'Dreams,
'As if just wafted from above;
'Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's
'And this one, a creature to adore and love. [beams,

'Sudden I felt thee draw me near
'To thy pure heart, where, fondly
'I seem'd within the atmosphere [placed,
'Of that exhalings light embrac'd;

'And felt, methought, th' ethereal flame
'Pass from thy purer soul to mine;
'Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
'Like thee, all spirit, all divine!

'Say, why did dream so bless'd come
'o'er me,
'If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?
'When will my Cherub shine before me
'Thus radiant as in heav'n he shone?

land or in the sea, but of the angels also, must
necessarily taste death.
When shall I, waking, be allow'd
To gaze upon those perfect charms,
And clasp thee once, without a cloud,
A chill of earth, within these arms?

Oh what a pride to say, this, this
Is my own Angel—all divine,
And pure, and dazzling as he is,
And fresh from heav'n—he's mine, he's mine!

Think'st thou, were Lillis in thy place,
A creature of yon lofty skies,
She would have hid one single grace,
One glory from her lover's eyes?

No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,
Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
Of thy most proud divinity, [gaze.
Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal

Too long and oft I've look'd upon
Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus—
Too near the stars themselves have
To fear aught grand or luminous.

Then doubt me not—oh, who can say,
But that this dream may yet come true,
And my bless'd spirit drink thy ray
Till it becomes all heavenly too?

Let me this once but feel the flame
Of those spread wings, the very pride
Will change my nature, and this frame
By the mere touch, be defied!

Thus spoke the maid, as one not used
To be by earth or heaven refused—
As one who knew her influence o'er
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,
And, though to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to
Little did she, alas, or I— [her.
Ev'n I, whose soul, but half-way yet
Immerged in sin's obscurity,
Was as the earth whereon we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set—
Little did we foresee the fate,
The dreadful—how can it be told?
Such pain, such anguish to relate
Is o'er again to feel, behold !

* The Dove, or pigeon which attended Mahomet as his Familiar, and was frequently seen to whisper in his ear, was, if I recollect right, one of that select number of animals (including also the ant of Solomon, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, &c.) which were thought by the Prophet worthy of admission into Paradise.

The Moslems have a tradition that Mahomet was saved (when he hid himself in a

But charged as 'tis, my heart must
Its sorrow out, or it will break! [speak
Some dark misgivings had, I own,
Pas'd for a moment through my breast—
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
To one, or both—something undefl'd
To happen from this proud request.
But soon these boding fancies fled;
Nor saw I that could forbid
My full revelation, save the dread
Of that first dazzle, when, unhid,
Such light should burst upon a lid
Ne'er tried in heaven;—and even this
She might, by love's own nursing care,
Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
For well I knew, the lustre shed [spread
From Cherub wings, when proudest
Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night.
Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept [slept
Through clouds in which the lightning
As in its lair, ready to spring, [wing
Yet waked it not—though from my
A thousand sparks fell glittering!
Oft too when round me from above
The feather'd snow, in all its white-
ness,
 [Dove,—
Fell, like the moultings of heaven's
So harmless, though so full of bright-
ness,
 [shakes
Was my brow's wreath, that it would
From off its flowers each downy flake
As delicate, unmelted, fair,
And cool as they had lighted there.

Nay ev'n with Lillis—had I not
Around her sleep all radiant beam'd,
Hung o'er her slumbers, nor forgot
To kiss her eyelids, as she dream'd?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not waked, unsnatched and
bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?

Thus having—as, alas, deceived
By my sin's blindness, I believed—

cave in Mount Shur] by his pursuers finding the mouth of the cave covered by a spider's web, and a nest built by two pigeons at the entrance, with two eggs unbroken in it, which made them think no one could have entered it. In consequence of this, they say, Mahomet enjoined his followers to look upon pigeons as sacred, and never to kill a spider. —Modern Universal History, vol. i.
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

No cause for dread, and those dark eyes
Now fix'd upon me, eagerly
As though th' unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me—
How could I pause? how ev'n let fall
A word, a whisper that could stir
In her proud heart a doubt, that all
I brought from heaven belong'd to her.
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, and pride;
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, at eventide,
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,
'Twill madden them to look upon!

Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
Was left behind me in yon star
That shines from out those clouds afar,
Where, relic sad, 'tis treasured yet,
The downfallen angel's coro'n!

Of all my glories, this alone
[Brow, Was wanting:—but th' illumined
The sun-brighth locks, the eyes that now
Had love's spell added to their own,
And pour'd a light till then unknown;
Th' unfolded wings, that, in their play,
Shed sparkles bright as ALLA's throne;
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, gilded to her arms;
Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,
Her dazzled brow had, instantly,
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see!
Great Heaven! how could thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright? [charms
How could the hand, that gave such
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame
When—oh most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now, by my transgression, turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce, ravening nashes;
Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie
Blackening within my arms to ashes!
That brow, a glory but to see— I first
Those lips, whose touch was what the
Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those claspings arms, within whose round—
My heart's horizon—the whole bound
Of its hope, prosperity, heaven was found!
Which, even in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,
Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last!
All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd
As if Love's self there breathed and beam'd
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came—
I, the cursed spirit, whose cares
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas maddening!—but now hear even worse—
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust—and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agonized farewell,
And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!
Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell
Thou mayst to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—
In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss impress'd,
So withering!—I feel it now— [bless'd
'Twas fire—but fire, ev'n more un
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!
Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went;
And here—mark here, the brand, the stain
he appeared in his proper form, much less
would others be able to support it.
It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which all the pomp and pride
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence—
Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, (but for one proud, fond offence,) Had honor'd heaven itself, should be
Now down!—I cannot speak it—no
Merciful ALLA! 'tis not so
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.
And yet, that look—so deeply fraught
With more than anguish, with despair—
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
In heaven or earth—this scorch I bear!

Oh—for the first time that these knees Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees [call,
 Thou couldest for prayer like mine re-
Pardon that spirit, and on me,
On me, who taught her pride to err,
Shed out each drop of agony
Thy burning vial keeps for her!
See, too, where low beside me kneel
Two other outcasts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the wo
That Passion brings upon the best,
The wisest, and the loveliest—
Oh, who is to be saved, if such
Bright, erring souls are not forgiven;
So loath they wander, and so much
Their very wand'ring's lean towards heaven!
Again, I cry, Just Power, transfer
That creature's sufferings all to me—
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
To save one minute's pain to her,
Let mine last all eternity!"

He paused, and to the earth bent down His throbbing head; while they, who
That agony as 'twere their own, [felt
Those angel youths, beside him kneel,
And, in the night's still silence there,
While mournfully each wand'ring air Play'd in those plumes, that never more
To their lost home in heaven must soar,
Breathed inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—
And which if Mercy did not hear,
Oh, God would not be what this bright

And glorious universe of His,
This world of beauty, goodness, light,
And endless love, proclaims He is?

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme, and murmurd round
The new-born fancy, with fond tone,
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!
Till soon a voice, that match'd as well
That gentle instrument, as suits
The sea-air to an ocean-shell,
(So kin its spirit to the lute's,)
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought, that else had lain
Unfledged and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief
The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier trace;
As if, even yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not fled him—as if still
Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood, from whence that
Of solitary sweetness broke; [sound
Then, listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it spoke:
"Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
"My angel-lord, come pray with me;
"In vain to-night my lip hath strove
"To send one holy prayer above—
"The knee may bend, the lip may move,
"But prayer I cannot, without thee!"
"I've fed the altar in my bower [tree;
"With droppings from the incense
"I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
"But dim it burns the livelong hour,
"As if, like me, it had no power
"Of life or lustre without thee!"

"A boat at midnight sent alone
"To drift upon the moonless sea,
"A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
"A wounded bird, that hath but one
"Imperfect wing to soar upon,
"Are like what I am, without thee!"
Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
"In life or death, thyself from me;
But when again, in sunny pride,
Thou wak'st through Eden, let me glide,
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
"Oh happier thus than without thee!"

The song had ceased, when, from the wood
[height, Which, sweeping down that airy Reach'd the lone spot whereon they stood—
There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blazed, Across the brow of one, who raised Its flame aloft, (as if to throw
The light upon that group below,) Display'd two eyes, sparkling between The dusky leaves, such as are seen By fancy only, in those faces, That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
'Twas but a moment—the blush, brought O'er all her features at the thought Of being seen thus, late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought, Had scarcely for an instant shone Through the dark leaves, when she was gone.
Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said, "Behold, how beautiful!"—tis fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, "I come,
"I come, my NAMA," reach'd her ear, In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home,—

* Seth is a favorite personage among the Orientals, and acts a conspicuous part in many of their most extravagant romances. The Syrians pretended to have a Testament of this Patriarch in their possession, in which was explained the whole theology of angels, their different orders, &c. &c. The Curds, too, (as Hyde mentions in his Appendix,) have a book, which contains all the rites of their religion, and which they call Solomon Siet, or the Book of Seth.

In the same manner that Seth and Cham are supposed to have preserved those memorials of antediluvian knowledge, Xixuthrus is said in Chaldean fable, of the people of Beirs, to have deposited in Siparta, the city of the Sun, those monuments of science which he had saved out of the waters of a deluge.—See Jablonski's learned remarks upon these columns or tablets of Seth, which he supposes to be the same with the pillars of Mercury, or the Egyptian Thoth.—Pantheon, "Egypt. Lib. v., cap. 5.

† The Mussulmans, says D'Herbelot, apply the general name, Mocarreboim, to all those

Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow one,—of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear;
A music, breathing of the past,
The present, and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
Lengthen out life's true harmony!
Nor long did he, whom call so kind
Summon'd away, remain behind;
Nor did there need much time to tell
What they—alas!—more fall'n than he
From happiness and heaven—knew well,
His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run—not as he told
The tale himself, but as 'tis grave'd
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By Sera were from the deluge saved,
All written over with sublime
And sadd'n ing legends of th'unbless'd,
But glorious Spirits of the time,
And this young Angel's morn the rest.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

Among the Spirits, of pure flame,
That in th' eternal heavens abide—
Circles of light, that from the same
Uncloed centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side—
Like spheres of air that wait around
The undulations of rich sound,
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffused into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne Of ALLA,† as if most his own,
The Seraphs stand—this burning sign
Spirits "qui approchent le plus près le Trône."
Of this number are Mikail and Gehral.
† The Seraphim, or Spirits of Divine Love.
There appears to be, among writers on the East, as well as among the Orientals themselves, considerable indecision with regard to the respective claims of Seraphim and Cherubim to the highest rank in the celestial hierarchy. The derivation which Hyde assigns to the word Cherub seems to determine the precedence in favor of that order of spirits:—
"Cherubim, t. e. Propinquii Angelii, qui sc. Deo propinii quam ali accincti; nam Cherub est L. g. Karab, appropinquare." (P. 263.) Al Heilavi, too, one of the commentators of the Koran, on that passage, "the angels, who bear the throne, and those who stand about it," (chapp. xl.), says, "These are the Cherubim, the highest order of angels." On the other hand, we have seen, in a preceding note, that the Syrians place the sphere in which the Seraphs dwell at the very summit of all the celestial systems; and even among Mahometans, the words Azrael and Mocarrebon (which mean
Traced on their banner, "Love divine!"
Their rank, their honors, far above
Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubins
Given, [love]
Though knowing all,—so much doth
Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in heaven!

'Mong these was Zaraph once—and
E'er felt affection's holy fire,—[love]
Or yearn'd toward th' Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire.
Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole—
The very life-breath of his heart!
Oft, when from Alla's lifted brow
A lustre came, too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow,
To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare
To look upon th' effulgence there—
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze,
(Such pride he in adoring took;)
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
The power of looking, than not look!
Then, too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strong
Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of Zaraph above all rejoice!
Love was in ev'ry buoyant one—
Such love, as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone [song!]
Could, ev'n from angels, bring such
Alas, that it should e'er have been
In heav'n as 'tis too often here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance unto ill;
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, ev'n the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in!
So was it with that Angel—such
The charm, that sloped his fall along,
From good to ill, from loving much,
the spirits that stand nearest to the throne of Alla are indiscriminately applied to both Seraphim and Cherubim.

Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—
Ev'n so that amorous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
From the bright things above the moon
Down to earth's beaming eyes descend,
Till love for the Creator soon
In passion for the creature ended.

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he loved steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loath, by ev'n a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—
There, where the rich cascade of day
Had o'er th' horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium roll'd away!
Of God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne forever smiled,
Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the
Of Peace, of that Atoning Love, [way!]
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song,
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
 Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave
An echo, that some sea nymph gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!
Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracing that music's melting course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,
Before whose feet th' expiring waves
Plung'd their last offering with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves die—
Lay down the far-brought gift, and
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She raised, like one beatified, [given
Those eyes, whose light seemed rather
To be adored than to adore—
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Such eyes, as may have look'd from heav'n,
But ne'er were raised to it before!
Oh Love, Religion, Music*—all
That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so
Delights to take religion's wing, (prone,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranced Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They both still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could Zaraph fail to feel
That moment's witcheries!—one, so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he did feel it; all too well—[cost—
With warmth, that far too dearly
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
And pure, as aught of earth could be.
For then first did the glorious sun
Before religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledged, in love to live and die.
Blest union! by that Angel wove,
And worthy from such hands to come;—
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fall'n or exiled from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,
Had, from his station 'mongst the bless'd
Worship, down by woman's smile, allow'd
Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God's image, there so bright before—
Yet never did that Power look down
On error with a brow so mild;
Never did Justice wear a frown,

* "Les Egyptiens disent que la Musique est Sœur de la Religion."—Voyages de Pythagore, tom. l. p. 422.
† Sara.

Through which so gently Mercy smiled.
For humble was their love—with awe
And trembling like some treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law—
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both—but most
In Nama's heart, by whom alone
Those charms for which a heaven was lost,
Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;
And when her seraph's eyes she caught,
And hid hers glowing on his breast.
Even bliss was humbled by the thought—
"What claim have I to be so bless'd?"
Still less could maid so meek, have nursed
Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,
With which the sex hath all been cursed.
From luckless Eve to her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the angels;—no—
To love as her own Seraph loved,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—
Faith, that, were even its light removed,
Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
And wait till it shine out again;
With Patience that, though often bow'd
By the rude storms, can rise anew;
And Hope that, even from Evil's cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through!

This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heaven than all the Cherub's lore—
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
Of her fond heart—th' unreasoning scope
Of all its views, above, below—
So true she felt it that to hope,
To trust, is happier than to know.
And thus in humbleness they trod:
Abash'd, but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, awhile united
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last!—
Two fallen Splendors, from that tree, Which buds with such eternally,†
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong, However sweet, must bear its brand,) Their only doom was this—that, long As the green earth and ocean stand, They both shall wander here—the same, Throughout all time, in heart and frame— Still looking to that goal sublime, Whose light remote, but sure, they see;

Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity!

Subject, the while, to all the strife,
Cup Love encounters in this life—
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;
The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapor, ere they rise;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies:
Still worse, th' illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him, on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas,—
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Bless'd meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood pass'd far away,
When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sum into the stars shed out,
To be by them shed back again—
That happy minglement of hearts,[are,
Where, changed as chymic compounds

Each with its own existence parts.
To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd
Rise up rewarded for their trust [power,
In Him, from whom all goodness
springs,

And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander forever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants—
Who shine wherever they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the wayside violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot—
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one
Whose voices utter the same wills—
Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose pietie is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above—
Like two fair mirrors face to face,
Whose light from one to th' other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
'Tis Zarath and his bride we see;
And call young lovers round, to view
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
Their pathway towards eternity.

* An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jewish Cabala, represented as a tree, of which God is the crown or summit.

† The reader may judge of the rationality of this Jewish system by the following explanation of part of the machinery:—"Les canaux qui sortent de la Misericorde et de la Force, qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d'un graine d'Ange. Il y a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui recommencent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints." &c., &c.—For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Einleid's very useful Compendium of "On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre . . . l'Enéas qu'on met au-dessus de l'arbre Sephirotoque ou des Splendeurs divine est l'Infant." L'Histoire des Juifs, liv. ix. 11.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

The following trifles, having enjoyed, in their circulation through the newspapers, all the celebrity and length of life to which they were entitled, would have been suffered to pass quietly into oblivion without pretending to any further distinction, had they not already been published, in a collective form, both in London and Paris, and, in each case, been mixed up with a number of other productions, to which whatever may be their merit, the author of the following pages has no claim. A natural desire to separate his own property, worthless as it is, from that of others, is, he begs to say, the chief motive of the publication of this volume.

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

Effarca causam nominis,
Utrumque mutes hoc tui
Neces descreo, an monam hoe
Secuta morum regula. 

Sir Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson Lowe,
(By name, and ah! by nature so,)
As thou art fond of persecutions,
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men
And having valiantly ascended [did—
Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,
They did so strut!—upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins
Amused themselves with sticking pins
And needles in the great man's breeches:
And how some very little things,
That pass'd for Lords, on scaffolding:
Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas! that it should happen
To mighty men to be caught napping!—
Though different, too, these persecutions:
For Gulliver, there, took the nap (tions; —
While, here the Nap, oh sad mishap,
Is taken by the Lilliputians!

AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN
BANK AND GOVERNMENT.

Bank.
Is all then forgotten? those amorous pranks
[eriment, play'd;
You and I, in our youth, my dear Gov-
When you call'd me the fondest, the
truest of Banks,
[I made! And enjoy'd the endearing advances
When left to ourselves, unmolested and
free, [ple should do,
To do all that a dashing young cou-
A law against paying was laid upon me,
But none against owing, dear helps-
mate, on you.

And is it then vanish'd?—that "hour
(as Othello [rectio?"
So happily calls it) of Love and Di-
And must we, like other fond doves, my
dear fellow, [connection?
Grow good in our old age, and cut the

Government.
Even so, my beloved Mrs. Bank, it must
be; [with wooing:—
This paying in cash plays the devil
We've both had our swing, but I plainly
foresee [ing and coining.
There must soon be a stop to our bill-
Propagation in reason—a small child or
two— [friend to;
Even Reverend Malthus himself is a
The issue of some folks is moderate and
few— [there's no end to:
But ours, my dear corporate Bank,

—" finem, specie exoleto resumtis,
Luctibus imposuit, venitique salutifer urbi." 

Met. I. xx. v. 743.
DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE POUND NOTE.

"O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet areas
Aqua lupos, capreque beates." Hor.

SAID a Sov'reign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat, [leather,
Where they met in a neat purse of
"How happens it, I prithee,
"That, though I'm wedded with thee,
[gether?
"Fair Pound, we can never live to-
"Like your sex, fond of change,
"With silver you can range,
"And of lots of young sixpences be mother;
"While with me—upon my word,
"Not my Lady and my Lord
"Of W—st—th see so little of each other!"

The indignant Note replied,
(Lying crumpled by his side,)  
"Shame, shame, it is yourself that roam,
One cannot look askance, [Sir—
"But, whip! you're off to France,
"Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

"Your scampering began
"From the moment Parson Van,
"Poor man, made us one in Love's fet-
[ter;  

* Honorable Frederick R—b—n—n.
† So called, to distinguish her from the "Aurea" or Golden Venus.
‡ See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednes-

"Is the usual marriage curse,
"But ours is all 'worse' and no 'better.
"In vain are laws pass'd,
"There's nothing holds you fast,
"Tho' you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you—
"At the smallest hint in life,
"You forsake your lawful wife,
"As other Sovereigns did before you,
"I flirt with Silver, true—
"But what can ladies do, [ectors?  
"When disown'd by their natural pro-
"And as to falsehood, staff!
"I shall soon be false enough,
"When I get among those wicked Bank
Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
Now swore, upon his honor,
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
But, within an hour or two,
Why—I sold him to a Jew,
And he's now at No. 10 Palais Royal.

AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

"Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?" VIRG.
1826.

How can you, my Lord, thus delight to
 torment all [ening their corn,]
 The Peers of the realm about cheap-
 When you know, if one hasn't a very
 high rental, [high born?]
 Tis hardly worth while being very
 Why bore them so rudely, each night of
 your life, [much to abhor in?]
 On a question—like asking one, "How is
 your wife?"—[foreign.
 At once so confounded domestic and
 As to weavers, no matter how poorly
 they feast; [for show,
 But Peers, and such animals, fed up
 (Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately
 deceased,) [ming, you know.
 Take a wonderful quantum of cram-
 You might see, my dear Baron, how
 bored and distress'd
 Were their high noble hearts by your
 merciless tale,
 day, March 1, 1826, when Lord King was
 severely reproved by several of the noble Peers,
 for making so many speeches against the Corn
 Laws.
THE SINKING FUND CRIED.

"Now what we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund—these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the amount of four hundred thousand pounds annually! Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself?"—The Times.

Take your bell, take your bell,
Good Crier, and tell
To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears are stunn'd,
That, lost or stolen,
Or fall'n through a hole in

The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund

O yes! O yes!
Can anybody guess

What the deuce has become of this

Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,

And R—fun—un's scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

Folks well knew what
Would soon be its lot,

When Frederick and Jenky set hob-nobbing,
And said to each other,

"Suppose, dear brother,
"We make this funny old Fund worth robbing."

We are come, alas!
To a very pretty pass—
Eight Hundred Millions of score to pay,
With but Five in the till,
To discharge the bill,
And even that Five, too, whipp'd away!
Stop thief! stop thief!—
From the Sub to the Chief,

These Gemmen of Finance are plundering cattle—
Call the watch—call Brougham,
Tell Joseph Hume,

That best of Charleys, to spring his rat—

Whoever will bring
This aforesaid thing

To the well-known house of Robinson and Jenkin,
Shall be paid, with thanks,

these very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them."—

*An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L.'s joke.

§ In 1824, when the Sinking Fund was raised by the imposition of new taxes to the sum of five millions.
In the notes of banks,
Whose funds have all learn'd "the Art of Sinking,"
O yes! O yes!
Can anybody guess
What the devil has become of this Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,
And R—man's screw'd with a goose-quill, under.

ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.
BY SIR TH.—M—S L.—THIR—E.
"Legiferæ Ciceri Phæboque. VIRGIL.
DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know, [local bodies,]
(Among other odd whims of those com-Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show [Gentleman's Goddess. Thou wert always a true Country-
Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee, [by beseeches,
An eloquent 'Squire, who most hum-
Great Queen of Mark-Lane, (if the thing doesn't bore thee.) Thou'l read o'er the last of his—never-last speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn [archly, so boasted;
Now heap'd upon England's 'Squire—Improving on Hunt,] 'tis no longer the Corn. [alas! roasted.
'Tis the growers of Corn that are now, In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us— [doubt.
Reviewers, economists—fellows, no That thou, my dear Ceres, and Venns, and Bacchus, [about.
And Gods of high fashion know little
There's B—nth—m, whose English is all his own making,—
Who thinks just as little of settling a nation [taking
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of (What he, himself, calls) his "post- prandial vibration."†

* A sort of "breakfast-powder," composed of roasted corn, was about this time introduced by Mr. Hunt, as a substitute for coffee.
† The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk.

There are two Mr. M——ls, too, whom those that love reading
Through all that's unreadable call very clever—
And, whereas M——ll Senior makes war on good breeding,
M——ll Junior makes war on all breeding whatever!

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided [fine sages;
Between utra blockheads and super-
With which of these classes we, land-
lords, have sided
Thou'll find in my Speech, if thou'll read a few pages.

For therein I've proved, to my own satisfaction, [honor of meeting,
And that of all 'Squires I've the That 'tis the most senseless and foul-
mouthed detraction
To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

On the contrary, such the "chaste notions" of food [inner's heart,
That dwell in each pale manufactur-
They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,
That would make thee, dear God-
ess, less dear than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a bless day, [fond combination,
When the Land and the Silk$ shall, (Like Silky and Silky, that pair in the play,) [and Starvation!
Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents
Long life to the Minister!—no matter who, whom, or how dull he may be, if, with dig-
Keeps the ports shut—and the people's mouths too,— [dry's prosperity.
We shall all have a long run of Fred-
And, as for myself, who've, like Hanni-
bal, sworn
To hate the whole crew who would take our rents from us,
Had England but One to stand by thee, Dear Corn, [be Sir Th—m—s! That last, honest Uni-Corn$ would

† A phrase in one of Sir T—m—s's last speeches.
‡ Great efforts were, at that time, making for the exclusion of foreign silk.
§ "Road to Ruin."
A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

“And animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo.”

And now—cross-buns and pancakes o'er—
Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!
Thrice hail and welcome, Houses
The short eclipse of April-Day (Twain! Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,
Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ay's and Noes, through thick and thin,—
With Paddy H—Imes for whipper-in—
Whate'er the job, prepared to back it;
Come, voters of Supplies—bestowers
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,
At eighty mortal pounds the jacket!
Come—free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares—
Ye Senators of many Shares,
Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary
So fond of aught like Company,
That you would even have taken tea
( had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry.

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;
Come, wise Sir Thomas—wisest then,
When creeds and corn-laws are debated;
Come, rival even the Harlot Red,
And show how wholly into bread
A 'Squire is transubstantiated.

Come, L—derd—e, and tell the world,
That—surely as thy scratch is curl'd,
As never scratch was curl'd before—
Cheap eating does more harm than good, And working-people, spoil'd by food,
The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, G—Ib—rn, with thy glib defence
(Which thou'dst have made for Peter's Pence)
Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter;
Two pipes of port (old port, 'twas said
allusion to the natural history of the Unicorn,
which is supposed to be something between the
Boa and the Asinus, and, as Rees's Cyclopaedia assures us, has a particular liking for every thing
"chaste.

"An item of expense which Mr. Hume in
vain endeavored to get rid of—trumpeters, it appears, like the men of All-Souls, must be
"bene vestiti."

The gentleman, lately before the public,
who kept his Joint-Stock Tea Company all to himself, singing "Te solo adoro."

By honest Newport bought and paid
By Papists for the Orange Altar!

Come, H—rt—n, with thy plan, so merry.
For poplings Canada from Kerry—
Not so much rendering Ireland quiet
As grafting on the dull Canadians
That liveliest of earth's contagions,
The bull-pock of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wondrous men
Of wit and wisdom, come again;
Though short your absence, all deplore it—
Oh, come and show, what'er men say,
That you can, after April-Day,
Be just as—sapient as before it.

MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1826.

The Budget—quite charming and witty—no hearing,
For plaudits and laughs, the good things
that were in it;
Great comfort to find, though the Speech
isn't cheering,
[minute.
That all its gay auditors were, every
What, still more prosperity!—mercy
upon us,
[as, already,
"This boy'll be the death of me”—of
Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly
undone us,
[like Freddy.
For Ruin made easy there's no one

tuesday.

Much grave apprehension express'd by
the Peers,
Lest—calling to life the old Peachum's
and Lockitts—[three years,
The large stock of gold we're to have in
Should all find its way into highway-
men's pockets!]...


WEDNESDAY.

Little doing—for sacred, oh Wednesday,
thou art
[an almanac—
To the seven-o'clock joys of full many
Sir John Newport.
§ This charge of two pipes of port for the
sacrumental wine is a precious specimen of the
sort of rates levied upon their Catholic fellow-
parishioners by the Irish Protestants.

"The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine."—Debates in the Lords.

Il "Another objection to a metallic currency
was, that it produced a greater number of high-
way robberies."—Debate in the Lords.
When the Members all meet, to make much of that part, [in the Fable.
With which they so rashly fell out,
It appear'd, though to-night, that—as church-wardens, yearly,
Eat up a small baby—those cormorant sinners,
[no lernly
The Bankrupt-Commissioners, bolt very
A moderate-sized bankrupt, tout chand, for their dinners!*

Nota bene—a rumor to-day, in the City,
"Mr. R—4—ns—n just has resign'd"—
what a pity!
[bing,
The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sob—
When they heard of the fate of poor
Cock Robin;
[pretty,
While thus, to the nursery tune, so
A murmuring stock-dove breathed her ditty:—

Alas, poor Robin, he crow'd as long
And as sweet as a prosperous Cock
could crow;
[finch's song
But his note was small, and the gold-
Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.
Who'll make his shroud?

"I," said the Bank, "though he play'd me a prank,
[be roll'd in 't.
"While I have a rag, poor Rob shall
"With many a pound I'll paper him round,
[gold in't."
"Like a plump rouleau—without the
* * * *

ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(Sung in the Character of Britannia.)

"The public Debt is due from ourselves, to ourselves, and resolves itself into a Family Account."—Sir Robert Peel's Letter.

Tune.—My banks are all furnish'd with bees.

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,
So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em;
I've torn up my old money-bags,
Having little or naught to put in 'em.
My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,
But this is all nothing, they say;
For bankrupts, since Adam, are cou-
So, it's all in the family way. [sins,—

My Debt not a penny takes from me,
As sages the matter explain; —

* Mr. Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy
Just owes it to Bob back again.
Since all have thus taken to owing,
There's nobody left that can pay;
And this is the way to keep going,—
All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,
To put in Prosperity's budget;
And though it were billions or trillions,
The generous roguies wouldn't grudge
'Tis all but a family hop, [lt.
'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay;
Hands round!—why the deuce should
'Tis all in the family way. [we stop?

My laborers used to eat mutton,
As any great man of the State does;
And now the poor devils are put on
Small rations of tea and potatoes.
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,
The King is your father, they say;
So, ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,
'Tis all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,
My poor ones have nothing to chew;
And, even if themselves do not grumble,
Their stomachs undoubtedly do.
But coolly to fast en famille,
Is as good for the soul as to pray;
And famine itself is genteel,
When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,
A secret for next Budget day;
Though, perhaps, he may know it al-
As he, too, 's a sage in his way. [ready,
When next for the Treasury scene he
Announces "the Devil to pay;"
Let him write on the bills, "Nota bene,
'Tis all in the family way."

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step
which they did, of proposing a fair comparison
of strength, upon the understanding that which-
ever of the two should prove to be the weakest,
should give way to the other."—Extract from
Mr. W. J. —'s Letter to Mr. ——.

B—kes is weak, and G—lb—n too,
No one 'e'er the fact denied; —
Which is the "weakest" of the two
Cambridge can alone decide.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—n of the Pope afraid is,
B—kes, as much afraid as he;
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS. 557

Never yet did two old ladies
On this point so well agree.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,
Each the same conclusion reaches;
G—lb—n, foolish in his speeches,
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,
When his own affairs have gone ill;
B—kes he dammeth Buckingham,
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
Fix'd th' election to a throne,
So, whichever first shall bray,
Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
Choose him, choose him by his bray,
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.  
June, 1826.

MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.  
1826.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir—Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an avalanche, where he had remained, bien frappé, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject.

Yours, &c.  
LAUDATOR TEMPOrum ACTI.

What a lucky turn up!—just as El-
d—n's withdrawing, [year
To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only
wants thawing, [as the Peer;—
To serve for our times quite as well
To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom
alone [on our shelves, of our Ancestors, such as 'tis found
But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and
full-grown, [themselves!
To shovel up one of those wise bucks
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home— [on the way;
Let him learn nothing useful or new
With his wisdom kept snug from the light
let him come
And our Tories will hail him with
"Hear!" and "Hurra!"

What a God-send to them!—a good, ob-
solete man, [been a reader;—
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can, [shall choose him for leader.
And the L—nsd—les and H—rtf—rds—

Yes, sleeper of ages, thou shalt be their
chosen;
row, good men,
And deeply with thee will they sor-
To think that all Europe has, since thou
wert frozen,
again.
So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it
And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad in-
novation [that he
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy
Has been also laid up in a long conglu-
ation,
'er, like thee. And is only now thawing, dear Rog-

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DIS-
PATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPTOSO DIABO-
LO, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC
MAJESTY.

St. James's Street, July 1, 1826.

GREAT Sir, having just had the good
luck to catch [to go,
An official young Demon, preparing
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-
depatch, [to our Hell, below—
From the Hell here, at Cr—ck—rd's,
I write these few lines to your Highness
Satanic,
[directions,
To say that, first having obey'd your
And done all the mischief I could in
"the Panic," [Elections.
My next special care was to help the
Well knowing how dear were those times to
thy soul; [his brother,
When every good Christian tormentéd
And caused, in thy realm, such a saving
of souls, [by each other:
From all coming down, ready grill'd
Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd thee
to part [d'oeuvre of Law,
With the Old Penal Code—that chef-
In which (though to own it too modest
thou art) [touch of thy claw;
We could plainly perceive the fine
I thought, as we ne'er can those good
times revive,
(Though Eld—n, with help from your
Highness, would try,)
"Twould still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,
Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry;
That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerys,
So like is to ours, in its spirit and tone,
That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,
To think that Religion should make
So, having sent down for th' original notes
Of a chorus, as sung by your Majes-
With a few pints of java, to gargle the throats
Fit "with fire,"*
Of myself and some others, who sing
Thought I, "if the Marseillais Hymn
could command
Such audience, though yell'd by a Sans-culotte crew, [in our band,
"What wonders shall we do, who've men
That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too."
Such then were my hopes; but, with sorrow, your Highness,
I'm forced to confess—be the cause what it will, [ness, or shyness,—
Whether fewness of voices, or hoarse-
Our Beelzebub chorus has gone off but ill.
The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key, [various;
The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so
And certain base voices, that look'd for a fee
[it precarious.
At the York music-meeting, now think
Even some of our Reverends might have
been warmer, [we've had;
Though one or two capital roarsers
Doctor Wise] is, for instance, a charming performer, [not bad!
And Huntingdon Maberly's yell was
Altogether, however, the thing was not hearty;— [so so;
Even Eld—n allows we got on but
And when next we attempt a No-Popery party, [crut from below.
We must, please your Highness, re-

† This reverend gentleman distinguished himself at the Reading election.
‡ "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny."—Rev. vi.

But hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his whip—[to be civil;—
Excuse me, Great Sir—there's no time
The next opportunity shan't be let slip,
But, till then,
I'm, in haste, your most dutiful
Devil.

July, 1826.

THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REV.
EREND MR. IVY—NG "ON PROPHETIC.

1826.

A MILLENNIUM at hand!—I'm delighted to hear it—[now go,
As matters, both public and private,
With multitudes round us all starving,
or near it, [à propos.
A good rich Millennium will come
Only think, Master Fred, what delight
To behold,
of Rags,
Instead of thy bankrupt old City
A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof
to the flags—
A City, where wine and cheap corn;
shall abound—[tery shelves
A celestial Cocaigne, on whose but-
We may swear the best things of this world will be found,
As your Saints seldom fail to take care of themselves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures
Elysonian, [in reach
Divine Squintifobus, who, placed with-
Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of
your vision, [look at each;—
Can cast, at the same time, a sly
Thanks, thanks for the hopes thou af-
fordest, that we [lee share,
May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubil-
Which so long has been promised by
prophets like thee,
[despair.
And so often postponed, we began to

There was Whiston,† who learnedly
took Prince Eugene
For the man who must bring the
Millennium about;

† See the oration of this reverend gentleman, where he describes the connubial joys of Para-
dize, and paints the angels hovering round
"each happy pair."

† When Whiston presented to Prince Eu-
There's Faber, whose pious productions have been
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out;—
There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an
Irish M. P.,
Who discoursed on the subject with
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see
[signal éclat, of Armagh!]
A Millennium break out in the town
There was also—but why should I burden my lay
With your Brothers, Southcotes, and names less deserving,
When all past Milleniums henceforth must give way?
[Irv—ng.
To the last new Millennium of Orator Go on, mighty man,—doom them all to the shelf,—
And when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy soul,
Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that
Art the Beast (Chapter iv.) that sees nine ways at once.

THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus Ikatamur tribus. 1836.

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,
There are three that all Doctors out—
top,
Doctor Eady, that famous M. D.,
Doctor S—th—y, and dear Doctor Slop.

The purger—the prosér—the bard—
All quacks in a different style;
Doctor S—th—y writes books by the yard,
Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile !

Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone
By his scribbling or physicking brother,
given to the Essay in which he attempted to
connect his victories over the Turks with
Revelation, the Prince is said to have replied that
"he was not aware he had ever had the honor
of being known to St. John."

* Mr. Dobbs was a member of the Irish Par-
liament, and, on all other subjects but the Mil-
ennium, a very sensible person, he chose
Armagh as the scene of his Millennium, on ac-
count of the name Armageddon, mentioned in
Revelation.

The editor of the Morning Herald, so nick-
named.

† Alluding to the display of this doctor's name, in chals, on all the walls round the me-
tropolis.

Can dose us with stuff like the one,
Ay, and doze us with stuff like the other.

Doctor Eady good company keeps
With "No Popery" scribes on the walls;
Doctor S—th—y as gloriously sleeps
With "No Popery" scribes, on the stalls.

Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,
Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,
That, if Eady should take the mad line,
He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,
Doctor S—th—y attacks, like a Turk;§
Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,
Attacks but his maid-of-all-work.¶

Doctor S—th—y, for his grand attack,
Both a laureate and pensioner is;
While poor Doctor Eady, alack,
Has been had up to Bow-street for his
And truly, the law does so blunder,
That, though little blood has been
spill'd, he
May probably suffer, as under
The Chalking Act, known to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime [stop]
(With whose catalogue ne'er should I
Of the three greatest lights of our time,
Doctor Eady, and S—th—y, and Slop:

Should you ask me to which of the three
Great Doctors the preference should
As a matter of course, I agree [fall,
Doctor Eady must go to the wall.

But as S—th—y with laurels is crown'd,
And Slop with a wig and a tail is,
Let Eady's bright temples be bound
With a swinging "Corona Murallis!"¶

§ This satirical doctor, in the preface to his last work, (Vindice Ecclesiae Anglicanae,) is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics:—"They have for their immediate allies (he says) every ficion
that is banded against the State, every
demagogue, every irreligious and sedulous
ejournalist, every open and every insidious
enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity."

¶ See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the
Police-offices, in consequence of an alleged
assault on his "maid-of-all-work."

¶ A crown granted as a reward among the
Romans to persons who performed any extra-
curricular exploits upon walls, such as scaling
EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

LAMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard, Put mourning round thy page, Debrett, For here lies one, who ne'er preferred A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit, Before him beauty's rosiest girls, Apollo for a star he'd quit, And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford, He took, of course, to peers' relations; And, rather than not sport a Lord, Put up with ev'n the last creations.

Even Irish names, could he but tag 'em With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to call; And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggnum Was better than no Lord at all.

Heaven grant him now some noble nook, For, rest his soul! he'd rather be Genteele damn'd beside a Duke, Than saved in vulgar company.

ODE TO A HAT.

— "aulm Edificat caput." JUVENAL. 1836.

HAIL, reverend Hat!—sublime 'mid all The minor feels that round thee grovel;— Thou, that the Gods "a Delta" call, While meaner mortals call thee "shovel."

When on thy shape (like pyramid, Cut horizontally in two), I raptured gaze, what dreams, unbid, Of stalls and mitres bless my view! That brim of brims, so sleekly good— Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyans', down, But looking (as all churchmen's should) Devoutly upward—towards the crown.

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim, So redolent of Church all over, What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim,— Some pig-tail'd, some like Cherubim, With ducklings' wings—around it hover!

Tenths of all dead and living things, That Nature into being brings, From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks, The very cock most orthodox, To which, of all the well-fed throng Of Zion, joy'st thou to belong? Thou'rt not Sir Harcourt Lee's—no For hats grow like the heads that wear 'em;

And hats, on heads like his, would grow Particularly harum-scarum. [pate Who knows but thou may'st deck the Of that famed Doctor Ad—mth—e, (The reverend rat, whom we saw stand On his hind-legs in Westmoreland,) Who changed so quick from blue to yellow, And would from yellow back to blue, And back again, convenient fellow, If 'twere his interest so to do.

Or, haply, smartest of triangles, Thou art the hat of Doctor Ow—n; The hat that, to his vestry wrangles, That venerable priest doth go in,— And, then and there, amid the stare Of all St. Olave's, takes the chair, And quotes, with this right orthodox, Th' example of his reverend brothers, To prove that priests all fleece their flocks, And he must fleece as well as others.

Bless'd Hat! (who'er thy lord may be) Thou low I take off mine to thee, The homage of a layman's castor, To the spruce delta of his pastor. Oh may'st thou be, as thou proceedest, Still smarter cock'd, still brush'd the brighter, Till, bowing all the way, thou leadest Thy sleek possessor to a mitre!

NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

1826.

DEAR Coz, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper, [paper, When Parliament's up, ever take in a But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends [friends— As you chance to pick up from political section of a pyramid."—Grant's History of the English Church. f Archibishop Magee affectionately calls the Church Establishment of Ireland "the little Zion."
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

591

Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down [that's in town.
To transmit you the last newest news As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things couldn't look better—
His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster) [off a letter Has just taken Rhodes, and dispatch'd To Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Master;
Engaging to change the old name, if he From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St. Dan;— [whim]
Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better Being made the Colossus, 'tis all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are that the Czar— [reigns are,
Most generous and kind, as all serve—And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose) [old clothes—
Was to give away all his late brother's Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care, [thinks of bestowing
The late Emperor's night-caps, and One nightcap apiece (if he has them to spare) [going,
On all the distinguish'd old ladies now (While I write, an arrival from Riga—
the "Brothers"—
Having nightcaps on board for Lord Eldn—n and others.)

Last advices from India—Sir Archy, 'tis thought, [ever caught Was near catching a Tartar, (the first In N. Lat. 21.)—and His Highness Burmese,
Being very hard press'd to shell out the rupees, [say, meant And not having rhino sufficient, they To pawn his august Golden Foot for the payment, [when they choose, (How lucky for monarchs, that thus, Can establish a running account with the Jews!) [calls "goat.
The security being what Rothschild A loan will be shortly, of course, set on foot; [and Co.
The parties are Rothschild, A. Baring With three other great pawnbrokers: each takes a toe,
And engages (lest Gold-foot should give us leg-ball, [the nail.
As he did once before) to pay down on

* A distribution was made of the Emperor Alexander's military wardrobe by his successor.

This is all for the present—what vile pens and paper! Miss Draper.
Yours truly, dear Cousin—best love to September, 1826.

A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL.

"Up!" said the Spirit, and, ere I could One hasty orison, whir'd me away [pray To a Limbo, lying—I wist not where— Above or below, in earth or air; [flight, For it glimmer'd o'er with a doubtful One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night;
And 'twas cross'd by many a mazy track, One didn't know how to get on or back; And I felt like a needle that's going astray [of hay;
(With its one eye out) through a bundle When the Spirit he grin'd, and whis-per'd me, [cery!
"Thou'rt now in the Court of Chan—
Around me flitted unnumb'd swarms Of shapeless, bodiless, tallow forms; (Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room [Home)—
Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard All of them, things half-kill'd in rearing; Some were lame—some wanted hearing;
Some had through half a century run, Though they hadn't a leg to stand upon. Others, more merry, as yet beginning Around on a point of law were snaping; Or balanced aloft, 'twixt Bill and Answer, Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer. [please 'em;
—
Somo were so cross, that nothing could Some gulp'd down affidavits to ease it;
—
All were in motion, yet never a one, [on. Let it move as it might, could ever move "These," said the Spirit, "you plainly see,
"Are what they call Suits in Chancery!" I heard a loud screaming of old and young, Like a chorus by fifty Vellusis sung;
Or an Irish Dump ("the words by Moore") [score; At an amateur concert scream'd in So harsh on my ear that wailing fell Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell!

† This poteniate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden Foot.
It seem'd like the dismal symphony
Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see; [cook]
Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous
Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook.
To cry all night, till life's last dregs,
"Give us our legs!—give us our legs!"
Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful
scene,
I ask'd what all this yell might mean,
When the Spirit replied, with the grin
of glee,
"'Tis the cry of the Suitors in Chan-
I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise, *
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.
In his aged hand he held a wand,
Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band.
And they moved, and moved, as he
waved it o'er,
[more.
But they never got on one inch the
And still they kept limping to and fro,
Like Ariels round old Prospero—
Saying, "Dear Master, let us go,"
But still old Prospero answer'd "No."
And I heard, the while, that wizard elf
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,
While o'er as many old papers he turn'd,
As Hume o'er moved for, or Omar burnd.
He talk'd of his virtue—"though some,
less nice."
(He own'd with a sigh) orer'd his
And he said, "I think"—"I doubt"—
"I hope.;
Call'd God to witness, and damm'd the
With many more sleights of tongue and
hand
[stand.
I couldn't, for the soul of me, under-
Amazed and posed, I was just about [out,
To ask Lie name, when the screams with-
The merciless clack of the imp's within,
And that conjuror's mutterings, made
such a din,
[bad-
That, startled, I woke—leap'd up in my
Found the Spirit, the imp, and the con-
juror fled,
[see,
And bless'd my stars, right pleased to
That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery.

THE PETITION OF THE ORANGE-
MEN OF IRELAND.

1826.

To the people of England, the humble
Petition [showing—
Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen,
*The Lord Chancellor Eld—n.
To such important discussions as these the
greater part of Dr. Southey's Vindiciae Eccle-
sica Anglicana is devoted.

That sad, very sad, is our present con-
dition;—
Our jobbing all gone, and our noble
That, forming one seventh, within a few
fractions, [heads and hearts,
Of Ireland's seven millions of hot
We hold it the basest of all base trans-
actions
[six parts;—
To keep us from murl'ring the other
That, as to laws made for the good of
the many, [less true;
We humbly suggest there is nothing
As all human laws (and our own more
than any) [few;—
Are made by and for a particular
That much it delights every true
Orange brother, [evince,
To see you, in England, such ardor
In discussing which sect most torment-
ed the other
And burn'd with most gusto, some
hundred years since.

That we love to behold, while Old En-
gland grows faint, [ing to blows,
Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh con-
To decide whether Dunstan, that
strong-bodied Saint, [ill's nose;
Ever truly and really pull'd the Dev-

Whether t'other Saint, Dominic, burn'd
the Devil's paw—
Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgi-
va's old mother—
And many such points, from which
Southey can draw [each other.
Conclusions most apt for our hating

That 'tis very well known this devout
Irish nation [ly on,
Has now, for some ages, gone happy
Believing in two kinds of Substantia-
[in Cov.;
One party in Trans and the other in

That we, your petitioning Cons, have,
in right
[lands,
Of the monosyllable, ravaged the
And embezzeled the goods, and annoy'd,
day and night,
Both the bodies and souls of the
sticklers for Trans;—

†Consubstantiation—the true reformed be-
lief; at least, the belief of Luther, and, as
Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and
other such sages, [state of mind;]
For keeping us still in the same
Pretty much as the world used to be in
those ages, [den'd mankind;—

When still smaller syllables mad-

When the words ez and per" served as
well, to annoy
One's neighbors and friends with, as
eon and trans now;
And Christians, like S—th—y, who
sticked for oi,
Cut the throats of all Christians who
sticked for ou,†

That, relying on England, whose kind-
ness already [game o'er,
So often has help'd us to play this
We have got our red coats and our
carabines ready; [as before.
And wait but the word to show sport,

That, as to the expense—the few mil-
ions or so, [Bull has to pay—
Which for all such diversions John
"Tis, at least, a great comfort to John
Bull to know, [all find its way.
That to Orangemen's pockets 'twill
For which your petitioners ever will
pray,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c. &c.

COTTON AND CORN.

A DIALOGUE.

Sat—Cotton to Corn, t'other day,
As they met and exchanged a sa-
lute—

(Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,
Poor Cotton, half famish'd, on foot:)

"Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil
To hint at starvation before you,
Look down on a poor hungry devil,
And give him some bread, I im-
please you!"

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,
Perceiving he meant to make free—
"Low fellow, you've surely forgotten
The distance between you and me!
To expect that we, Peers of high birth,
"Should waste our illustrious acres,

* When John of Ragusa went to Constanti-
nople, (at the time this dispute between "ex" and "per" was going on,) he found the Turks,
we are told, "laughing at the Christians for
being divided by two such insignificant parti-
cles."
Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold
A world thou hast honor'd by cheat—
Thou'tt find still among us one Person—
Who also by tricks and the Seals makes a penny.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee!
Thy smiles to beatified B—tt—r
Two "lights of the Gentiles" are thou;
Anne, and he, [Toad Lane]:

The Heathen, we know, made their Gods out of wood,
And Saints may be framed of as handy materials—
Old women and B—tt—rw—ths make just as good
As any the Pope ever book'd as

Great Galen of souls, with what vigor he crams
Down Erin's idolatrous throats, till
Bolus on bolus, good man!—and then
dams
Both their stomachs and souls, if they
care cast them back again.

How well might his shop—as a type representing
The creed of himself and his sanction—
On its counter exhibit "the Art of Tormenting,"
"Duty of Man!"

Canonize him!—by Judas, we will canonize him;
For Cant is his hobby and twaddling

And, though wise men may pity and wits may despise him,
He'll make but the better shop-saint for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,
Convoking all the serious Tag-rag of
Bring Shakers and Snuffers and Jumpers and Ranters,
Conisation!
To witness their B—tt—rw—ths's Can-

Yea, humbly I've ventured his merits to paint,
Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to
And they form a sum-total for making a Saint
That the Devil's own Advocate could

Jump high, all ye Jumpers, ye Ranters all roar,
Raised from your eyes,
While B—tt—rw—ths's spirit, up—
Like a kite made of foolscap, in glory
shall soar,
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to

AN INCANTATION.
SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

Air.—Come with me, and we will go Where the rocks of coral grow.
Come with me, and we will blow Lots of bubbles, as we go;
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope
Drew from fancy—or from soap;
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent
From its frothy element!
Come with me, and we will blow Lots of bubbles as we go.
Mix the lather, Johnny W—iks,
 Thou, who rhym'st so well to bilks;§
Mix the lather—who can be
Fitter for such task than thee,
Great M. P. for Sudbury!
Now the frothy charm is ripe,
Puffing Peter, bring thy pipe,—
Thou, whom ancient Coventry
Once so dearly loved, that she
stable in Bethlehem, or from Toad Lane, Man-
chester."

§ Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names.
Marvell thought so, when he wrote "Sir Edward Sutton,
The foolish Knight who rhymes to mutton."

"The member, during a long period, for Cow-
entry."
Knew not which to her was sweeter,  
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter;—  
Puff the bubbles high in air,  
Puff thy best to keep them there.  
Bravo, bravo, Peter M—re!  
Now the rainbow humbugs* soar,  
Glist'ring all with golden hues,  
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews;—  
Some, reflecting mines that lie  
Under Chil's glowing sky,  
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep  
Cloister'd in the southern deep;  
Others, as if lent a ray  
From the streaming Milky Way,  
Glist'ning o'er with curds and whey  
From the cows of Alderney.  

Now's the moment—who shall first  
Catch the bubbles, ere they burst?  
Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, ran,  
Br—gd—n, T—ynh—m, P—im—t—n:  
John W—Iks junior runs beside ye!  
Take the good the knaves provide  
ye!†  
See, with up't'nd eyes and hands,  
Where the Shareman;† Br—gd—n,  
Gaping for the froth to fall [stands,  
Down his gullet—lye and all.  
See!—[out—  
But, hark, my time is  
Now, like some great water-spout,  
Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,  
Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!  

[A scene descends.  

A DREAM OF TURTLE.  

BY W. CURTIS.  

'Twas evening time, in the twilight  
Sweet  
I sail'd along, when—whom should I  

* An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a poem against war, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, thus apostrophizes him—"thou rainbow ruffian!"  
† "Lovely Thais sits beside thee:  
Take the good the Gods provide thee."  
† So called by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the ch, in the word "Chairman."  
§ We are told that the passport of this grand diplomatic Turtle (sent by the Secretary for  

But a Turtle journeying o'er the sea,  
"On the service of his Majesty."§  
When spying him first through twilight  
dim,  
I didn't know what to make of him;  
But said to myself, as slow he plied  
His fins, and roll'd from side to side  
Conceitedly o'er the watery path—  
"Tis my Lord of St—w—ll taking a  

"And I hear him now, among the fishes,  
"Quoting Vatel and Burgersdiscius!"  
But, no—twas, indeed, a Turtle, wide  
And plump as ever these eyes descried;  
A Turtle, juicy as ever yet  
Gined up the lips of a Baronet!  
And much did it grieve my soul to see  
That an animal of such dignity  
Like an absentee abroad should roam,  
When he ought to stay and be at home.  

But now "a change came o'er my  
dream,"  

[der —  
Like the magic lantern's shifting sl—  
I look'd, and saw, by the evening beam,  
On the back of that Turtle sat a  
der—  
A goodly man, with an eye so merry  
I knew twas our Foreign Secretary;  
Who there, at his ease, did sit and  
smile,  
Like Waterton on his crocodile;‡  

Cracking such jokes, at ev'ry motion,  
As made the Turtle speak with glee,  
And own they gave him a lively notion  
Of what his forced-meal balls would be.  

So, on the Sec. in his glory went,  
Over that briny element,  
Waving his hand, as he took farewell,  
With graceful air, and bidding me tell  
Inquiring friends that the Turtle and he  
Were gone on a foreign embassy—  
To soften the head of a Diplomate,  
Who is known to doat upon verdant fat,  
And to let admiring Europe see,  

Foreign Affairs to a certain noble envoy) described him as "on his majesty's service."  
§ Mr. Canning.  
‡ Wanderings in South America. "It was the first and last time (says Mr. Waterton) I was ever on a crocodile's back."}
That *calipash* and *calipee*
Are the English forms of Diplomacy.

**THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.**

A FABLE.

"fessus jam sudat assulus,
"Parece illi; vestrum delicium est asinus."

**Virginia.**

A Donkey, whose talent for burdens
was wondrous,
So much that you'd swear he rejoiced
One day had to jog under panniers so
pompous,
That—down the poor Donkey fell
His owners and drivers stood round in
amaze—

perous Neddy,
What! Neddy, the patient, the pros-
So easy to drive, through the dirtiest
ways,
ready!
For every description of job-work so
One driver (whom Ned might have
"hail'd as a brother")
Had just been proclaiming his Don-
key's renown
For vigor, for spirit, for one thing or
When, lo, 'mid his praises, the Donkey
came down!

But, how to upraise him—one shouts,
*toller* whistles,
[all,
While Jenky the Conjuror, wise of
Declarations, that an *over-production of
thistles,*— [cause of his fall.]
(Here Ned gave a stare) "was the
Another wise Solomon cries, as he
passes— [will soon cease;
"There, let him alone, and the fit
The beast has been fighting with
other jack-asses, *to peace,*"
"And this is his mode of *transition*
Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with
learned grimmaces,

pronounced that too long without
shoes he had gone—
"Let the blacksmith provide him a
*sound metal basis, *to jog on."
(The wise-acres said,) and he's sure

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture
and fear,
[to groan;
Lay under his panniers, scarce able
And—what was still dolefuller—lend-
ing an ear [match for his own.
To advisers, whose ears were a
At length, a plain rustic, whose wit
went so far [as he pass'd—
As to see others' folly, roar'd out
"Quick, off with the panniers, all dolts
as ye are, kick his last!"
"Or your prosperous Neddy will soon

October, 1826.

**ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.**

1826.

**Great Sultan, how wise are thy state compositions!** [Decree,
And oh, above all, I admire that
In which thou command'st, that all she
politicians [in the sea.
Shall forthwith be strangled and cast
'Tis my fortune to know a lean Ben-
thamite spinner— [puts;
A maid, who faith in old Jeremy
Who talks with a lisp, of "the last new
Westminster," [upon Ghts;
And hopes you're delighted with "Mill
Who tells you how clever one Mr. Fun-
blank is, [Nobility —
How charming his Articles 'gainst the
And assures you that even a gentleman's
rank is, [ity.
In Jeremy's school, of no sort of util-
To see her, ye Gods, a new Number pe-
rusing— [by Pl—e,;
ART. 1. — "On the Needle's variations,
ART. 2. — By her fav'rite Fun-blank—
so amusing! [a Law case,
"Dear man! he makes Poetry quite
ART. 3. — "Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's
own — [readers ;
(Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find
ART. 4. — "Upon Honesty," author un-
known; — ["Hints to Breeders,
ART. 5. — (by the young Mr. M——

† A celebrated political tailor.

§ This pains-taking gentleman has been at
the trouble of counting, with the assistance of
Cocker, the number of metaphors in Moore's
"Life of Sheridan," and has found them to
amount, as nearly as possible, to 2235—and
some fractions.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS. 597

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the bag [tempted to call—
And the bowstring, like thee, I am
Though drowning's too good for each
blue-stocking bag, [of them all! I would bag this she Benthamite first
Andlest she should ever again lift her head
[to renew—
From the watery bottom, her cloak
As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,
[darling Review.
I would hang round her neck her own

CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum
Dirius borum? Incerti Auctoris.

What! still those two infernal questions?
mix—
That with our meals, our slumbers
That spoil our tempers and digestions—
Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?
Nothing else talk'd of night or morn—
Nothing in doors, or out of doors,
But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests—
While Ministers, still worse than either,
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,
Plague us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet
Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,
Whether, this year, 'twas bonded Wheat,
Or bonded Papists, they let out.

Here, landlords, here, polemics nay you,
Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;

Prices and Texts at once assail you—
From Daniel these, and those from Jacob.*

And when you sleep, with head still torn
mix,
Between the two, their shapes you Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn—
Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now, Dantzic wheat before you floats—
Now, Jesuits from California—
Now Ceres, link'd with Titus Oats,
Comes dancing through the "Porta Cornea,"†

* Author of the late Report on Foreign Corn.
† The Horn Gate, through which the ancients

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,
And a whole crop of heads appears,
Like Papists, bearding Church and State—
Themselves, together by the ears!
In short, these torments never cease;
And oft I wish myself transferr'd off
To some far, lonely land of peace,
Where Corn or Papists ne'er were heard of.

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole;
For—if my fate is to be chosen
'Twixt bores and icebergs—on my soul,
I'd rather, of the two, be frozen!

A CASE OF LIBEL.

"The greater the truth, the worse the libel.
A certain Sprite, who dwells below,
"(Twere a libel, perhaps, to mention where,) Came up incoy., some years ago,
To try, for a change, the London air.

So well he look'd, and dress'd, and talk'd,
And hid his tail and horns so handy,
You'd hardly have known him as he walk'd,
From C——c, or any other Dandy.
(His horns, it seems, are made t' unscrew;
the socket, So, he has but to take them out of
And—just as some fine husbands do—
Conveniently clap them into his pocket.)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,
And even contrived—to his own great wonder—
By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,
To keep the sulphurous hogo under.
And so my gentleman hoof'd about,
Unknown to all but a chosen few
At White's and Crockett's, where, no doubt,
He had many post-obits falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit, [crew,
At night he was seen with Crockett's
At morn with learned dames would sit—
blue.
So pass'd his time 'twixt black and
supposed all true dreams (such as those of the
Popish Plot, &c.) to pass.
MOORE'S WORKS.

Some wish'd to make him an M. P.,
But, finding W—lks was also one, he
Swore in a rage, "he'd be d—d, if he
"Would ever sit in one house with
Johnny!"

At length, as secrets travel fast,
And devils, whether he or she,
Are sure to be found out at last,
The affair got wind most rapidly.

The Press, the impartial Press, that
snubs
Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers—
Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's—
Fired off a squib in the morning pa-
pers:
"We warn good men to keep aloof
"From a grim old Dandy, seen about,
"With a fire-proof wig and a cloven hoof
[out]."
"Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking
Now—the Devil being a gentleman,
Who piques himself on well-bred
dealings,—[he ran,
You may guess, when o'er these lines
How much they hurt and shock'd his
feelings.
Away he posts to a Man of Law,
And 'twould make you laugh could
you have seen 'em,[paw
As paw shook hand, and hand shook
And 'twas "hail, good fellow, well
met," between 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd—
And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,
When, asking about the Bench, he heard
That, of all the Judges, his own was
Best.*

In vain the Defendant profess'd proof
That Plaintiff's self was the Father of
Evil—[hoof,
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the
And Stultz to speak to the tail of the
Devil.

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,
And readers of virtuous Sunday pa-
pers) [which
Found for the plaintiff—on hearing
The Devil gave one of his loftiest ca-
pers.

For oh, 'twas nutes to the Father of Lies
(As this wily fiend is named in the
Bible)
To find it settled by laws so wise,
That the greater the truth, the worse
the libel!

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—Authors of all-work, to job
for the season, [neither;
No matter which party, so faithful to
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme
or a reason, [out either.
Can manage, like *****, to do with-
If in jail, all the better for out-o'-door
topics;[retreat;
Your jol jol is for Travellers a charming
They can take a day's rule for a trip to
the Tropics,
And sail round the world at their
case, in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of
schools—[Bench community,
He can study high life in the King's
Aristotle could scarce keep him more
within rules,[to the unity.
And of place he, at least, must ad

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age
To have good "Reminiscences,"
(three-score or higher.)
Will meet with encouragement—so
(much, per page,
And the spelling and grammar both
found by the buyer.

No matter with what their remem-
brance is stock'd,[tum desired;—
So they'll only remember the quan-
Enough to fill handsomely Two Vol-
tumes, oct., [that's required.
Price twenty-four shillings, is all

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old
jeu-d'esprits, [cal frolic;
Like Dibdin, may tell of each farci-
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Gen-
lis,[ them the cotic.
That gingerbread-cakes always give

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets
on Corn, [(worthies whose lands
By "Farmers" and "Landholders,"—
have, from time to time, given her pills that
agreed with her; always desiring that the
pills should be ordered " comme pour elle."
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

Enclosed all in bow-pots, their attics adorn, [seen on their hands.] Or, whose share of the soil may be

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein, [who pen 'em,
Sure of a market; should they, too, Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'S—IL—v—n.* [tional venom.
Something extra allow'd for th' addi-
Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance, [penny ;—
All excellent subjects for turning a
To write upon all is an author's sole chance [edge of any.
For attaining, at last, the least know-
Nine times out of ten, if his title is good, The material within of small conse-
queness is ;— [derstood,
Let him only write fine, and, if not un-
Why—that's the concern of the rea-
der, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to show, [express it]
That Horace (as clearly as words could
Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago, [in Fund is, assess it."
When he wrote thus—"Quodcunque

THE IRISH SLAVE.† 1827.

I heard, as I lay, a wailing sound,
" He is dead—he is dead," the rumor flew; [Round,
And I raised my chain, and turn'd me
And ask'd, through the dungeon-win-
dow, "Who?"

I saw my livid tormentors pass;
Their grief 'twas bliss to hear and see !
For, never came joy to them, alas,
That didn't bring deadly bane to me.

Eager I look'd through the mist of night,
And ask'd, "What foe of my race
hath died?"
"Is it he—that Doubter of law and right,
"Whom nothing but wrong could e'er decide—"

"Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,
"Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt,
A gentleman who distinguished himself by his evidence before the Irish Committees.
† According to the common reading: "Quod-
cunque in fundis, assisit."
† Written on the death of the Duke of York.

"What suitors for justice he'd keep in,
"Or what suitors for freedom he'd shut out—"
"Who, a clog forever on Truth's advance,
"Hangs round her, (like the Old Man of the Sea

Round Sinbad's neck,) nor leaves a
"Of shaking him off—is't he? is't he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smiled,
And thrusting me back to my den of wo,
With a laughter even more fierce and Than their funeral howling, answer'd

"No."

But the cry still pierced my prison-gate, And again I ask'd, "What scourge is gone?"
"Is it he—that Chief, so coldly great, "Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon—"

Whose name is one of th' illomen'd words [plains;
"They link with hate, on his native "And why?—they lent him hearts and swords, [chains!
"And he, in return, gave scoffs and

"Is it he? is it he?" I loud inquired,
When, hark!—there sounded a Royal knell;
And I knew what spirit had just expired,
And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledged a hate unto me and mine; [choice,
He had left to the future nor hope nor But seal'd that hate with a Name Divine,
And he now was dead, and—I couldn't rejoice !

He had fan'd afresh the burning brands Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim;
He had arm'd anew my torturer's hands, And th' had I curse—but sigh'd for him.

For, his was the error of head, no heart; And—oh, how beyond the ambush'd foe,
Who to vanity adds the traitor's part, And carries a smile, with a curse be-

† "You fell, said they, into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks."— Story of Sinbad.
If ever a heart made bright amends
For the fatal fault of an erring head—
Go, learn his fame from the lips of friends,
In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,
To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,
For Worth he had ever a hand and a smile,
And for Misery ever his purse and a tear.

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,
I cal侮辱y sunk in my chains again;
While, still as I said, "Heaven rest his soul!"
"Amen!"

My mates of the dungeon sigh'd
January, 1827.

ODE TO FERDINAND. 1827.

Quit the sword, thou King of men,
Grasp the needle once again;
Making petticoats is far
Safer sport than making war;
Trimming is a better thing,
Than the being trimm'd, oh King!
Grasp the needle bright with which
Thou didst for the Virgin stitch
Garment, such as ne'er before
Monarch stitch'd or Virgin wore.
Not for her, oh semester nimble!
Do I now invoke thy thimble;
Not for her thy wanted aid is,
But for certain grave old ladies,
Who now sit in England's cabinet,
Waiting to be clothed in tabernet,
Or whatever choice étoffe is
Fit for Dowagers in office.
First, thy care, oh King, devote
To Dame Eld—n's petticoat.
Make it of that silk, whose dye
Shifts forever to the eye,
Just as if it hardly knew
Whether to be pink or blue.
Or—material fitter yet—
If thou couldst a remnant get
Of that stuff, with which, of old,
Sage Penelope, we're told,
Still by doing and undoing,
Kept her suitors always wooing—
That's the stuff which I pronounce, is
Fittest for Dame Eld—n's Hounces.
After this, we'll try thy hand,
Mantua-making Ferdinand,
For old Goody W—stum—I—d;

One who loves, like Mother Cole,
Church and State with all her soul;
And has pass'd her life in frolics
Worthy of your Apostles.
Choose, in dressing this old flirt,
Something that won't show the dirt,
As, from habit, every minute
Goody W—stum—I—d is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,
Hie thee, monarch, to thy task;
Finish Eld—n's frills and borders,
Then return for further orders.
Oh what progress for our sake,
Kings in millinery make!
Ribands, garters, and such things,
Are supplied by other Kings,—
Ferdinand his rank denotes
By providing petticoats.

HAT VERSUS WIG. 1827.

"At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord Eld—n, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony."—

metes omnes et inerorabile fatum
Subject pedibus, strepitumque Acheronius avari.

TWIXT Eld—n's Hat and Eld—n's Wig
There lately rose an altercation,—
Each with his own importance big,
Disputing which most serves the nation.

Quoth Wig, with consequential air,
"Pooh! pooh! you surely can't design
"My worthy beaver, to compare
"Your station in the state with mine.

"Who meets the learned legal crew?
"Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?
"The Wig, the Wig, my friend, while you
"Hang dangling on some peg outside.

"Oh, 'tis the Wig, that rules like Love,
"Senate and Court, with like éclat—
"And wards below, and lords above,
"For Law is Wig and Wig is Law!"

"Who tried the long W—LL—SLY suit,
"Which tried one's patience in return?

"*Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and gods above.
For Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love."
—Scott.
Not thou, oh Hat!—though, could'st thou do't, [learn.

Of other brims* than thine thou'dst.

'Twas mine our master's toil to share;

'Twas only 'Hell and Jenny,' in the play,†

'Twas dull, every minute, cried out 'Swear,'

And merrily to swear went they;—

When, loath poor W—ll—st—y to condemn, he

With nice discrimination weigh'd,

Whether' twas only ' Hell and Jenny,' [play'd.

Or ' Hell and Tommy, that he

No, no, my worthy beaver, no—

Though cheapen'd at the cheapest hatter's,

And smart enough, as beavers go,

Thou never wert made for public matters.

Here Wig concluded his oration,

Looking, as wigs do, wondrous wise;

While thus, full cock'd for declamation,

The veteran Hat enraged replies:—

'Ha!' dost thou then so soon forget

What thou, what England owes to me?

'Ungrateful Wig!'—when will a debt

'So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?

Think of that night, that fearful night,

'When, through the steaming vault below,

Our master dared, in gout's despite,

'To venture his podagric toe!

'Who was it then, thou boaster, say,

'When thou hadst to thy box sneak'd off,

Beneath his feet protecting lay,

'And saved him from a mortal cough?

'Think, if Catarrh had quenched that sun,

Thee!

'How blank this world had been to

Without that head to shine upon,

'Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?

'You, too, ye Britons,—had this hope

Of Church and state been ravish'd from ye,

* "Brims—a naughty woman."—Grose.
† "Ghost [beneath].—Swear!"
"Hamlet"—ha, ha! say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny? Come on.

Oh think, how Canning and the Pope

Would then have play'd up ' Hell and Tommy?'

At sea, there's but a plank, they say,

'Twixt scameen and annihilation;

'A hat, that awful moment, lay

'Twixt England and Emancipation!

Oh!!!——"

At this "Oh!!!" The Times' Reporter

Was taken poorly, and retired:

Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric shorter

Than justice to the case required.

On his return, he found these shocks

Of eloquence all ended quite;

And Wig lay snoring in his box,

And Hat was—hung up for the night.

THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

"To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789, 106,789 rials, besides the revenue of the Locusts and Periwinkles, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,435,768, &c., &c.—RALPH.

"Hurra! hurra!" I heard them say,

And they cheer'd and shouted all the As the Laird of Salmagundi went, I way, To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich, Or thought they were—no matter which

For, every year the Revenue† From their Periwinkles larger grew; And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick And legedomain of arithmetic, Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10, Such various ways, behind, before, That they made a unit seem a score, And proved themselves most wealthy men!

So, on they went, a prosperous crew, The people wise, the rulers clever— And God help those, like me and you, Who dared to doubt (as some now do) That the Periwinkle Revenue Would thus go flourishing on forever.

† His Lordship's demand for fresh affidavits was incessant.
‡ Accented as in Swift's line—
"Not so a nation's revenues are paid."
"Hurra! hurra!" I heard them say,  
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,  
As the Great Panurge in glory went  
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt  
What all this conjuring was about;  
For, every day, more deep in debt  
They saw their wealthy rulers get:—

"Let's look (said they) the items through,

"And see if what we're told be true

"Of our Periwinkle Revenue." [tittle

But, Lord! they found there wasn't a

Of truth in aught they heard before;  
For, they gain'd by Periwinkles little,  
And lost by Locusts ten times more!  
These Locusts are a lordly breed

Some Salmagundians love to feed.

Of all the beasts that ever were born,

Your Locust most delights in corn;  
And, though his body be but small,

To fatten him takes the devil and all!  
"Oh fie! oh fie!" was now the cry,

As they saw the gaudy show go by,

And the Laird of Salmagundi went

To open his Locust Parliament!

---

NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

BATCH THE FIRST.

"His pretence han'  
He tried on man,

And then he made the lasses." 1827.

"And now," quoth the Minister, (ceased

of his panics, [affords,)

And ripe for each pastime the summer

"Having had our full swing of destroy

ing mechanics, [Lords,]

"By way of set-off, let us make a few

"Tis pleasant—while nothing but mer

cantile fractures,

"Some simple, some compound, is

dinn'd in our ears—

"To think that, though robb'd of all

 coarse manufactures,[of Peers;—

"We still have our fine manufacture

"Those Gobelins productions, which

Kings take a pride

"In engrossing the whole fabrication

and trade of; [on one side,

"Choice tapestry things, very grand

"But showing, on t'other, what rags

they are made of."

The plan being fix'd, raw material was

sought,— [the creed be:

No matter how middling, if Tory

And first, to begin with, Squire W—, 'twas thought,

For a Lord was as raw a material as

need be.

Next came, with his penchant for paint

ing and pelf.

The tasteful Sir Charles,* so re

nown'd, far and near, [himself—

For purchasing pictures, and selling

And both (as the public well knows)

very dear.

Beside him Sir John comes, with equal

celat, in;—

Stand forth, chosen pair, while for

titles we measure ye;

Both connoisseur baronet's, both fond o:

drawing, [the Treasury

Sir John after nature, Sir Charles, on

But, bless us!—behold a new candidate

[tion, new written;

In his hand he upholds a prescrip-

He poseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and

thumb, [Peers of Great Britain!!

And he asketh a seat 'mong the

"Forbid it," cries Jenky—"ye Vis-

counts, ye Earls!—

"Oh Rank, how thy glories would

fall disenchanted, [of pears,

"If coromets glisten'd with pills 'stead

"And the strawberry-leaves were by

rhubarb supplanted!

"No—ask it not, ask it not, dear Doc

tor H—if—rd— [thy life,  

"If naught but a Peerage can gladden

"And young Master H—if—rd as yet

is too small for't,  

"Sweet Doctor, we'll make a she

Peer of thy wife.

"Next to hearing a coronet on our own

brows, [of another;  

"Tis to bask in its light from the brows

"And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect

from thy spouse,

"As o'er Y—Y F—tz—d 'twill shine

through his mother;"  

Thus ended the First Batch—and Jenky,

much tired, [hep.,

(It being no joke to make Lords by the

* Created Lord F—rab—gh.

† Among the persons mentioned as likely to
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

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Took a large dram of ether—the same
that inspired [prose off to sleep.
His speech 'garnet the Papists—and

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA* QUESTION.
BY LORD ELD—N.

"Vos inumbrellas video."—Ex. Juvenil.

GEORGH CANNING.

1827.

My Lords, I'm accused of a trick that,
God knows, is [could fall—
The last into which, at my age, I
Of leading this grave House of Peers, by
their noses, [and all.
Whenever I choose, princes, bishops,

My Lords, on the question before us at
present, [cursed old fellow,
No doubt I shall hear, "Tis that
'That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and
pleasant, [man his umbrella?"
"Who won't let the Lords give the

God forbid that your Lordships should
knuckle to me; [King Priam,
I am ancient—but were I as old as
Not much, I confess, to your credit
'twould be, [as I am.
To mind such a twaddling old Trojan

own, of our Protestant laws I am jeal-
ous, [ways maintain,
And, long as God spares me, will al-
That, once having taken men's rights,
or umbrellas, [them again.
We ne'er should consent to restore

What security have you, ye Bishops and
Peers, [plead.
If thus you give back Mr. Bell's para-
That he mayn't, with its stick, come
about all your ears,
And then—where would your Protest-
ant peers be?

No, heaven be my judge, were I dying
to-day, [lay that's mellow,
Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a med-
be raised to the Peerage, are the mother of Mr.
V—F—F—-d, &c.
A case which interested the public very
much at this period. A gentleman, of the
name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind
him in the House of Lords, the doorkeepers
(standing, no doubt, on the privileges of that

"For God's sake"—at that awful mo-
ment I'd say— [his umbrella.
"For God's sake, don't give Mr. Bell

["This address," says a ministerial journal,
"delivered with amazing emphasis and earnest-
ness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in
the House. Nothing since the memorable ad-
dress of the Duke of York has produced so re-
markable an impression."]

A PASTORAL BALLAD.
BY JOHN BELL.

"Dublin, March 12, 1827.—Friday, after the
arrival of the packet bringing the account of
the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the
House of Commons, orders were sent to the
Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of
musket-ball cartridge to the different garri-
sions round the country."—Freeman's Jour-

I have found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her;—
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,
But ill she her wants understood;—
Ball cartridges, morning and night,
Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives
But we read, in some amiable trials,
How husbands make love to their wives
Through the medium of hemp and of
vials.

One thinks, with his mistress or mate
A good halter is sure to agree—
That love-knot which, early and late,
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While another, whom Hymen has bless'd
With a wife that is not over placid,
Consigns the dear charmer to rest,
With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

Thus, Erin! my love do I show—
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!
And, as poison and hemp are too slow,
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be
shaken,
Ask it—d-n, that mildest of saints;
noble body refused to restore it to him; and
the above speech, which may be considered as
a pendant to that of the Learned Earl on the
Catholic Question, arose out of the transaction.
† From Mr. Canning's translation of Jekyll's—

"I say, my good fellows,
As you've no umbrella."
He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,
Alone can remove thy complaints:—
That, blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant
But being hang'd, tortured, and shot,
Much oftener than thou art at present.

Even W—ll—n's self hath aver'd
Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,
And I loved him the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,
Dear partner, I herewith enclose;
'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,
From Cromwell to Eld—n, propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,
How I wish that, before you set out,
The Devil of the Freischutz could know
The good work you are going about.

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,
Into such supernatural wit,
That you'd all of you know, as you sped,
Where a bullet of sense ought to hit.

A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.*
Regnis ex-sul ademis. VIRG.

To Swanage—that neat little town, in
whose bay [slippers—
Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver
Lord Bagst took his annual trip t'other day,
[withe the dippers.
To taste the sea breezes, and chat
There—learn'd as he is in conundrums
and laws— [plays the wag on.]
Quoth he to his dame, (whom he oft
"Why are chancery suitors like bathers?"—"
Because
"Their suits are put off, till—they haven't a rag on."

Thus on he went chatting—but, lo,
while he chats, [him he looks; With a face full of wonder around
For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,
[age like rooks.
Who used to flock round him at Swan-

* A small bathing-place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a favorite summer resort of the ex-nobleman in question, and, till this season, much frequented also by gentlemen of the Church.
† The Lord Chancellor Eld.—n.

"How is this, Lady Bags?—to this region aquatic"
"Last year, they came swarming, to make me their bow,
"As thick as Burke's cloud o'er the vales of Carnatic,
"Deans, Rectors, D. D.'s—where the devil are they now?"
"My dearest Lord Bags?" saith the dame, "can you doubt?"
"I'm loath to remind you of things so unpleasant;
"But don't you perceive, dear, the Church have found out
"That you're one of the people called Ex's, at present?"
"Ah, true—you have hit it—I am, indeed, one [replies,]
"Of those ill-fated Ex's, (his Lordship
"And with tears, I confess—God for gives me the pun!— (to be Y's."
"We X's have proved ourselves not

WO! WO!†

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it— [on its way;
That beautiful Light, which is now Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bags of Beltrut, [its ray! Now brightens sweet Ballinafad with
Oh F—n—m, Saint F—n—m, how much do we owe thee!
How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs! [thee,
The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know
The young, as an amateur scourer of boys.

Wo, wo to the man, who such doings would smother!— [Kilgroggy!
On, Luther of Cavan! On, Saint of With whip in one hand, and with Bible in t'other, [ce and floggee."
Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preach-
Come, Saints from all quarters, and mar-
shal his way; [lame erudition,
Come, L—rt—n, who, scorning pro-
Popp'd Shakespeare, they say, in the riv-
er, one day, [lati edition.
Though 'twas only old Bowdler's Vel.
† Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Cl—d—r on the subject of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship denounced "Wo! Wo! Wo!" pretty abundantly on all those who dared to interfere with its progress.
Come, R—den, who doubtest—so mild are thy views—
Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;
Who leav' st to Paddock no medium to choose,
'Twixt good old Rebellion and new Reformation.

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require? [daughter,
St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful
Supplied her, 'tis said, with perpetual fire, * [hot water.
And Saints keep her, now, in eternal

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,
[await us,
Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to
When, bless'd with an orthodox crop
every year,
We shall learn to raise Protestants,
fast as potatoes.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,
[a day;
Had been trying their talent for many
Till F—rn—m, when all had been tried,
came to show,
Like the German flea-catcher, "another good way."

And nothing's more simple than F—rn—h—m's receipt;—
"Catch your Catholic, first—soak him well in poten't— [complete.
"Add salary sauce; and the thing is
"You may scree up your Protestant,
smoking and clean."

"Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh
at such cookery!" [black crow's
Thus, from his perch, did I hear a
Caw angrily out, while the rest of the
rookery
[wo!"
Open'd their bills, and re-echo'd "Wo!"

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare.
† Whiskey.
‡ "We understand that several applications
have lately been made to the Protestant clergy-
men of this town by fellows, inquiring, "What are they giving a head for converts?""—Wex-
ford Post.
§ Of the rrot species—Corvus frugilegus,
 i. e., a great consumer of corn.
\[ Vishnu was (as Sir W. Jones calls him) "a
placiform god,"—his first Avatar being in the
shape of a fish.

TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.

"If, in China or among the natives of India,
we claimed civil advantages which were con-
ected with religious usages, little as we
might value those forms in our hearts, we
should think common decency required us to
abstain from treating them with offensive
to us; and, though unable to consider
them sacred, we would not see at the name
or Fot, or laugh at the imputed divinity of
Višnun."—Courier, Tuesday, Jan. 16,
1827.

COME, take my advice, never trouble
your cranium, [gain'd,
When "civil advantages" are to be
What god or what goddess may help to
obtain you 'em, [take'd
Hindoo or Chinese, so they're only ob-
In this world (let me hint in your organ
auricular) [fall;
All the good things to good hypocrites
And he, who in swallowing creeds is
particular, [all.
Soon will have nothing to swallow at
Oh place me where Fo (or, as some call
him, Fot) [takes' flow.
Is the god, from whom "civil advan-
And you'll find, if there's any thing snug
to be got, [with old Fo.
I shall soon be on excellent terms
Or were I where Višnu, that four-hand-
ed god, [places.
Is the quadruple giver of pensions and
I own I should feel it unchristian and
odd [good graces.
Not to find myself also in Višnu's
For, among all the gods that humanly attend
[to my wishes.
To our wants in this planet, the gods
Are those that, like Višnu and others, descend [and of fishes!;
In the form, so attractive, of loaves
So take my advice—for, if even the devil
Should tempt men again as an idol to
try him, [be civil,
'Twore best for us Tories, even then, to
As nobody doubts we should get some-
thing by him.

ENIGMA.

Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.

COME, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,
And tell me what my name may be.
I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,

And therefore no chicken, as you may

Though a dwarf in my youth, (as my nurses have told,) I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my clothes; [stand, fill, at last, such a corpulent giant I That, if folks were to furnish me now with a suit, [the land it would take ev'ry morsel of scrip in But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot. [sick of my stature, Hence, they who maintain me, grown To cover me nothing but rags will supply; [course of nature, And the doctors declare that, in due About the year 30 in rags I shall die. Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated around, [all; An object of int'rest, most painful, to In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm found, [in my thrall. Holding citizen, peasant, and king Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,

Come, tell me what my name may When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his book, [draw, Bright pictures of profit delighting to O'er his shoulders with large cipher eyeballs I look, [alyzed paw! And down drops the pen from his par- When the Premier has dreaming of dear Waterloo, [and prank it, And expects through another to caper You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "Boo?" [head in the blanket. Now he hides his brave Waterloo When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the hall [overthrow, His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's le, "Eight Hundred Millions" I write on the wall, [gout to his toe! And the cup falls to earth and—the 3 but the joy of my heart is when largely I cram [archy's acres, My maw with the fruits of the Squire-And, knowing who made me the thing that I am, [worry my makers. Like the monster of Frankenstein, Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle- me-ree, [may be. And tell, if thou know'st, who I

One of the shows of London.

† More particularly his Grace's celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill; for which, and

MOORE'S WORKS.

DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN.

"Vox clamantis in desert." 1827.

SAID Malthus, one day, to a clown

Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the sun,— [town]?—

"What's the number of souls in this

"The number! Lord bless you, there's none.

"We have nothing but dabs in this place,

"Of them a great plenty there are;

"But the soles, please your rev'rance and grace,

"Are all 'tother side of the bar."

And so 'tis in London just now,

Not a soul to be seen, up or down;—

Of dabs a great glut, I allow,

But your soles, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wondrous or new;

No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;

Mrs. B——, and a Mermaid* or two,

Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,

That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?

Where, Eld-n, art thou, with thy tears?

And thou, with thy sense, L-d-d-y!

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,

In the dog-days, with thee must be

puzzled!—

It being his task to take care [zel.

That such animals shan't go unmuz

Thou, too, whose political toils

Are so worthy a captain of horse—

Whose amendments! (like honest Sir Boyle's) [worse;†

Are "amendments, that make matters

Great Chieftain, who takes such pains

To prove—what is granted, nem. con.—

With how much a portion of brains

Some heroes contrive to get on.

And thou, too, my R—d—sd—e, ah, where

Is the peer, with a star at his button,

Whose quarters could ever compare

With R—d—sd—e's five quarters of mutton?

§ The learning his Lordship displayed, on the

the circumstances connected with it, see An-

nal Register for A. D. 1827.

† From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche's, in the

Irish House of Commons.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

Why, why have ye taken your flight,
Ye diverting and dignified crew?
How ill do three farces a night,
At the Haymarket, pay us for you!
For what is Bombastes to thee,
My Ell—nbro', when thou looke'st big?
Or, where's the burletta can be
Like L—d—rd—le's wit, and his wig?
I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof could
(Though Griffin's a comical lad)
Invent any joke half so good [bad?]
As that precious one, "This is too
Then come again, come again, Spring!
Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;
And—of all things the funniest—bring
These exalted Grimaldis again!

THE "LIVING DOG" AND THE "DEAD LION." 1828.

NEXT week will be publish'd (as "Lives" are the rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,
[in the cage]
Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once
Of the late noble Lion at Exter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they
call "sad," [ing pretends,
'Tis a puppy that much to good breed—
And few dogs have such opportunities
had [among friends; of knowing how Lions behave—
How that animal eats, how he snores,
how he drinks, [small; is all noted down by this Boswell so
And 'tis plain, from every sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the Lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well—thus the puppy allows— [cond-band roar;
It was all, he says, borrow'd—a sec.
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows [could pour.
To the loftiest war-note the Lion
subject of the butcher's "fifth quarter" of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten.
"The nom de guerre under which Colman has written some of his best farces.
[At the commencement of this year, the designs of Don Miguel and his partisans against
the constitution established by his brother had begun more openly to declare themselves,

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a Cynic could ask, [ter of rabbits
To see how this cockney-bred set—
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,
[habits.
And judges of lions by puppy-dog
Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case) [own pan,
With sops every day from the Lion's
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcase, [can.
And—does all a dog so diminutive
However, the book's a good book, being rich in [bred,
Examples and warnings to lions high—
How they suffer small mongrel curs
in their kitchen
Who'll feed on them, and foul them when dead.

T. PIDCOCK.

Exeter 'Change.

ODE TO DON MIGUEL. 1838.

Et tu Brute!

WHAT! Miguel, not patriotic? oh, fie,
After a much good teaching 'tis
quite a take-in, Sir;—
First schooled, as you were, under Metternich's eye,
And then (as young misses say) "finis'-th" at Windsor?

I ne'er in my life knew a case that was
harder;— [made us a call! Such feasts as you had, when you
Three courses each day from his Majesty's larder,— [after all!!
And now, to turn absolute Don,
Some authors, like Bayes, to the style
and the matter [that they dine,
Of each thing they write suit the way
Roast sirloin for Epic, boulill'd devils for Satire, [rhymes such as mine.
And hotch-potch and trifle for
That Rulers should feed the same way.
I've no doubt;— [la Russe,§
Great Despots on boulili served up d

† Don Miguel had paid a visit to the English
court, at the close of the year 1827. §
Dressed with a pint of the strongest spirits
—a favorite dish of the Great Frederick of
Prussia, and which he persevered in eating even
on his death-bed, much to the horror of his
physician Zimmerman.
Your small German Princes on frogs and sour-kraut, [on goose.
And your Viceroy of Hanover always
Some Dons, too, have fancied (though
this may be fable) [blunder—
A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they
Not content with the common hot meat on a table, [cold under it!*
They're partial (eh, Mig?) to a dish of
No wonder a Don of such appetites found
Even Windsor's collations plebeianly plain; [Lady sends round
Where the dishes most high that my
Are her Maintenon cutlets and soup à la Reine.
Alas! that a youth with such charming
beginnings. [conclusion.
Should sink, all at once, to so sad a
And, what is still worse, throw the los-
ings and winnings [confusion!
Of worthies on 'Change into so much
The Bulls, in hysterics—the Bears just as bad—
[who're not tick.
The few who have, and the many
All shuck'd to find out that that promising lad,
[triotic!
Prince Metternich's pupil, is—not pa-

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT
GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.
1828.
Oft have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,
Some well-rouged youth round Astley's
Circus ride [graceful straddle,
Two stately steeds—standing, with
Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,
[some andantes—
While to soft tunes—some jigs, and
He steers around his light-paced Rosi-
nantes.
So rides along, with canter smooth and
pleasant, [present —
That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at
Papist and Protestant the coursers
twain, [rein,
That lend their necks to his impartial
And round the ring—each honor'd, as they go,
[toe—
With equal pressure from his gracious
To the old medley tune, half "Patrick's
Day" [can't ring way,
And half "Boyne Water," take their
*
This quiet ease of murder, with all its par-
ticulars—the hiding the body under the dinner—
While Peel, theshowman in the middle,
Cracks [ful hacks.
His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubt-
Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art!
How bless'd, if neither steed would bolt or start;—
[gone.
If Protestant's old restive tricks were
And Papist's winkers could be still kept on!
[Ducrow
But no, false hopes—not even the great
"Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an
overthrow;:
If solar hacks play'd Phaeton a trick,
What hope, alas, from hackney's lunatic?
If once my Lord his graceful balance
loses, [horse chooses;
Or fails to keep each foot where each
If Peel but gives one extra touch of
whip
Toг Papist's tail or Protestant's ear-tip—
That instant ends their glorious horse-
manship! [free,
Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief!
And down, between them, plumps Lord
Anglesea! —

THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTA-
TIONS.
A DREAM.
"Cio che si perde qui, là si raguna." ARIosto.
"——a valley, where he sees
Things that on earth were lost." MILTON.
1828.
KNOW'st thou not him the poet sings,
Who flew to the moon's serene domain,
And saw that valley, where all the things,
That vanish on earth, are found again—
The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,
The vow of the lover, the dream of the
The golden visions of mining cits, [sage,
The promises great men strew about them;
And, pack'd in compass small, the wits
Of monarchs, who rule as well with-
out them!—
Like him, but diving with wing profound,
I have been to a Limbo under ground,
Where characters lost on earth, (and
cried,
In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide,)
In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown,
And there, so worthless and fly-blown,
table, &c., &c., is, no doubt, well known to the
reader.
† Astolfo.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

That ev'n the imps would not parlorn them,
Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

Curious it was to see this mass
Of lost and torn-up reputations;—
Some of them female wares, alas,
Mislaid at innocent assignations;
Some, that had sigh'd their last amen
From the canting lips of saints that would be;
And some once own'd by "the best
Who had proved—no better than they should be.
'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,
Once a shining fair, now soak'd and black—
"No wonder," (an imp at my elbow
"For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack!")

Just then a yell was heard o'er head,
Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty summons;
And lo! a devil right downward sped,
Bringing, within his claws so red, [said,
Two statesmen's characters, found, he
Last night, on the floor of the House of Commons;
The which, with black official grin,
He now to the Chief Imp handed in;—
Both these articles much the worse
For their journey down, as you may suppose,
[Crash!]
But one so devilish rank— "Odds
Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.
"Ho, ho!" quoth he, "I know full well
"From whom these two stray matters fell?"—
Then, casting away, with loathful shrug,
Th' uncleanner waif, (as he would a drug
Th' Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd.)
His gaze on the other* firm he fix'd,
And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his eye,
Imps by,
To be moral, because of the young
"What a pity!" he cried—"So fresh in its gloss,
* So long preserved—'tis a public loss!
"This comes of a man, the careless blockhead,
"Keeping his character in his pocket;
* II—k—n.
For Lieutenant-General, as it may happen to be.

"And there—without considering whether
Together—
"There's room for that and his gains
Cramming, and cramming, and cram-
ning away,
[Day!]
"Till—out slips character some fine
"However"—and here he viewed it round—
"This article still may pass for sound.
"Some flaws, soon patch'd, some stains are all
[Fail.
"The harm it has had in its luckless
"Here, Puck!" and he call'd to one of
his train—
"The owner may have this back again.
"Though damaged forever, if used with
skill [still;]
"It may serve, perhaps, to trade on
"Though the gem can never, as once, be
"It will do for a Tory Cabinet!" [set.

HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.
'Mong our neighbors, the French, in
the good olden time
When Nobility flourisht, great Bar-
ons and Dukes [in rhyme.
Often set up for authors in prose and
But ne'er took the trouble to write
their own books.
Poor devils were found to do this for
their betters;— [a Blue.
And one day, a Bishop, addressing
Said, "Ma'am, have you read my new
Pastoral Letters?"
To which the Blue answer'd—"No,
Bishop, have you?"
The same is now done by our privileged
class; [cess it needs,
And, to show you how simple the pro-
If a great Major-General wishes to pass
For an author of History, thus he pro-
ceeds:—
First scribbling his own stock of notions
as well [claims him as kin.
As he can, with a goose-quill that
He settles his neckcloth—takes snuff—
rings the bell,
And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.
The Subaltern comes—sees his General
seated, [swelling:—
In all the self-glory of authorship
MOORE'S POEMS.

"There, look," saith his lordship, "My work is completed,— "It wants nothing now, but the grammar and spelling."

Well used to a breach, the brave Subaltern dreads [dreaded] times more:

Awkward breaches of syntax a humor
And, though often condemn’d to see
breaking of heads,
He had ne'er seen such breaking of
Priscian's before.

However, the job's sure to pay —that's enough. [hammer,]
So, to it he sets with his tinkering

Convinced that there never was job half so tough [tougher]

[eral's grammar.

As the mending a great Major-Gen-

But, lo, a fresh puzzlement starts up to

view — [new expense :]
New toll for the Sub. —for the Lord
'Tis discovered that mending his gram-
mar won't do, [in sense !]

As the Subaltern also must find him

At last —even this is achieved by his

aid ; — [and—the story ;
Friend Subaltern pockets the cash

Drums beat —the new Grand March of

Intelect's play'd.— [in glory !

And off struts my Lord, the Historian,

IMITATION OF THE INFERNO OF
DANTE.

"Cost quel fato gli spiriti mali
Di quia, di la, di giu, di su gli mena."
Inferno, canto 5.

I turn'd my steps, and lo, a shadowy throng [blown along,

Of ghosts came fluttering towards me—
Like cockchafers in high autumnal storms,

Forms by many a fitful gust that through their
Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy
puff, [enough.

And puff'd as—though they'd never puff

"Whence and what are ye?" pitying I
inquired
[and tired

Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter'd, toss'd,

' The classical term for money.

1 The reader may fill up this gap with any one of the dissyblabic publishers of London that occurs to him;

Rosa Mathilda, who was for many years the writer of the political articles in the journal

With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand [demand.

On their lean legs while answering my

"We once were authors"—thus the

Sprite, who led

This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said —

"Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter, [and—pewter,*

"Who, early smit with love of praise

"On G—lb—n's shelves first saw the
light of day. [away—

"In —'s puffs exhaled our lives

"Like summer windmills, doom'd to
dusty peace. [motion, cease.

"When the brisk gales, that lent them

"Ah, little knew we then what ill's await

"Much-handed scribblers in their after
state ; [can tell—

"Bepuff'd on earth—how loudly Str—t

"And, dire reward, now doubly puff'd
in hell !"

Touch'd with compassion for his

ghastly crew, [sung through

Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind

In mournful prose,—such prose as Ro-
sa's ghost

[const.

Still at th' accustom'd hour of eggs and

Signs through the columns of the

M—rn—a F—t.,— [stood

Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who

Foremost of all that flatulent brood,

Singing a she-ghost from the party,
said,

"Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.,§

"One of our letter'd nymphs—excuse

the pun— [ing none;

"Who gain'd a name on earth by— hav-

"And whose initials would immortal be,

"Had he but learn'd those plain ones,

A. B. C. [and neat,

"Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry

"Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes—

fit winding-sheet— [should care

"Still marvels much that not a soul

"One single pin to know who wrote

May Fair?—

"While this young gentleman," (here

forth he drew

A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through

and through,

As though his ribs were an Æolian lyre

alluded to, and whose spirit still seems to pre-
side—"regnant Rosa"—over its pages.

§ Not the charming L. E. L., and still less,

Mrs. F. H., whose poetry is among the most
beautiful of the present day.

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SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

For the old Row's soft trade-winds to inspire,) alone,
"This modest genius breathed one wish
"To have his volume read, himself unknown;
"But different far the course his glory
"All knew the author, and—none read the book.

"Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,
"Who rides the blast, Sir J—n—h'B—t—i—n—" spent;
"In tricks to raise the wind his life was
"And now the wind returns the compliment.

"This lady here, the Earl of —'s sister
"Is a dead novelist; and this is Mister—
"Beg pardon—Honorable L—s—t—r,
came over
"A gentleman who, some weeks since,
"In a smart puff (wind S. S. E.) to Dover.

Grey,
"Yonder behind us limps young Vivian
"Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown away.
[wind
"Like a torn paper-kite, on which the
"No further purchase for a puff can find."

"And thou thyself"—here, anxious, I exclaim'd—[art named.
"Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself,
"Me, Sir?" he blushing cried—"Ah, there's the rub—[Club.
"Know, then—a waiter once at Brook's
"A waiter still I might have long remain'd,
[drain'd;
"And long the club-room's jokes and
"But, ah, in luckless hour, this last December,
[me 'Member—
"I wrote a book," and Colburn dub'd
"Member of Brook's!'—oh Promethean puff,
[stuff!
"To what wilt thou exalt even kitchen-
"With crumbs of gossip, caught from dining wits,
[bits,
"And half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like
"To be, each night, the waiter's perquisites—
[before.
"With such ingredients, served up off
"But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er,
[the town,
"'I managed, for some weeks, to dose

"Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me down;
"And, ready still even waiters' souls to damn,
[here I am—
"The Devil but rang his bell, and—
"Yes—'Coming up, Sir,' once my favorite cry,
[here am I!"

"Exchanged for 'Coming down, Sir,'
Spare had the spectre's lips these words let drop,
[shop
When, lo, a breeze—such as from —'s
Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,
[lagging sale—
And speeds the sheets and swells the
Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop, and,
Whirling him and all his grisly group
Of literary ghosts—Miss X. Y. Z.—
The nameless author, better known than read—
Sir Jo.—the Honorable Mr. L—s—t—r.
And, last, not least, Lord Nobod'y's twin-sister—[prose and rhymes
Blew them, ye gods, with all their
And sins about them, far into those
[old times,
"Where Peter pitch'd his waistcoat"† in
Leaving me much in doubt, as on I
[press'd [relin unblest'd,
With my great master, through this
Whether old Nick or C—l—h—n pulls the

LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD
B—TH—ST'S TAIL.

All in again—unlock'd for bliss!—
Yet, ah, one adjunct still we miss;—
One tender tie, attach'd so long [wrong.
To the same head, through right and
Why, B—t—st, why didst thou cut off
That memorable tail of thine?
Why—as if one was not enough—
Thy pig-tie with thy place resign,
And thus, at once, both cut and run.
Alas, my Lord, 'twas not well done,
'Twas not, indeed—though sad at heart.
From office and its sweets to part,
Yet hopes of coming in again,
Sweet Tory hopes! beguiled our pain;
But thus to miss that tail of thine,
Through long, long years our rallying

* "History of the Clubs of London," announced as by 'a Member of Brookes's.'
† A Dantesque allusion to the old saying,
Nine miles beyond H—l, where Peter pitched his waistcoat."
As if the State and all its powers
By tenancy in tail were ours—
To see it thus by scissors fall,
This was "th' unkindest cut of all!"
It seem'd as though th' ascendant day
Of Toryism had pass'd away,
And, proving Samson's story true,
She lost her vigor with her queue.

Parties are much like fish, 'tis said—
The tail directs them, not the head;
Then, how could any party fail, [tail?]
That steer'd its course by B—th—st's
Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's
fight,
E'er shed such guiding glories from it,
As erst, in all true 'Tories' sight,
Blazed from our old Colonial comet!
If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,
(As W—l—gt—n will be anon,)
Thou might'st have had a tail to spare;
But no, alas, thou hadst but one,
And that—like Troy, or Babylon,
A tale of other times—is gone!
Yet—weep ye not, ye Tories true—
Fate has not yet of all bereft us;
Though thus deprived of B—th—st's
queue,
We've E—b—h's curls still left us;—
Sweet curls, from which young Love, so
vicious,
His shots, as from nine-pounders, issues;
Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,
Surcharged with all a nation's fate,
His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God
did.*[near him;—
And oft in thundering talk comes
Except that, there, the speaker nodded,
And here, 'tis only those who hear him.
Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil
Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,
With plenty of Macassar oil, [nourish!—
Through many a year your growth to And, ah, should Time too soon unsheat
His barbarous shears such locks to sev.
Still dear to Tories, even in death, [er,
Their last, loved relics we'll bequeath,
A hair loom to our sons forever.

THE CHERRIES.†
A PARABLE.

See those cherries, how they cover
Yonder sunny garden wall;—
Had they not that network over
Thieving birds would eat them all.
So, —guard our posts and pensions,
Ancient sages wove a net [sions,
Through whose holes, of small dimen-
Only certain knaves can get.

Shall we then this network widen?
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which, even already, slide in
Lots of small dissenting souls?

"God forbid!" old Testy crieth;
"God forbid!" so echo I:
Every ravenous bird that deth
Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,
And, behold, what bevises break in;—
Here, some cursed old Popish crow
Pops his long and lickerish beak in;
Here, sly Arian's flock unnumber'd,
And Socinians, slim and spare,
Who, with small belief encumber'd,
Slip in easy anywhere;—

Methodists, of birds the aptest.
Where there's pecking going on;
And that water-fowl, the Baptist—
All would share our fruits anon;
Every bird, of every city,
That, for years, with ceaseless din,
Hath reversed the starlings' ditty,
Singing out "I can't get in."

"God forbid!" old Testy sneers;
"God forbid!" I echo too;
Rather may ten thousand d-v-Is
Seize the whole voracious crew!
If less costly fruit won't suit 'em,
Hips and haws, and such like berries,
Curse the cormorants! stone 'em, shoot
Any thing—to save our cherries.['em,

STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICI-
PATION OF DEFEAT:†

Go seek for some ablest defenders of
wrong, [blood and expense;
If we must run the gauntlet through
Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude
strong, [not to sense.
Be content with success, and pretend

† Written during the late discussion on the
Test and Corporation Acts.
‡ During the discussion of the Catholic ques-
tion in the House of Commons last session.
If the words of the wise and the generous are vain, [up her breath, 
If Truth by the bowstring must yield 
Let Mutes do the office—and spare her the pain. [her to death. 
Of an In-gl-s or T-nd—1 to talk 
Chain, persecute, plunder—do all that 
you will— [ly lore 
But save us, at least, the old woman— 
Of a P—r; who, dully prophetic of ill, [AUGUR* and BORE. 
Is, at once, the two instruments, 
Bring legions of Squires—if they'll only 
be mute— [reason and right, 
And array their thick heads against 
Like the Roman of old, of historic repute,† 
[carried the fight; 
Who with droves of dumb animals 
Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court, [salaried slaves, 
Your Bedchamber lordlings, your Who, 
ripe for all job-work, no matter what sort, [patents and staves. 
Have their consciences tack'd to their 
Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal 
sings, 
[they swim; 
Are the Treasury's creatures, wherever 
With all the base, time-serving toadies 
of Kings, 
Who, if Punch were the monarch, would worship even him; 
And while, on the one side, each name of renown [combined; 
That illuminates and blesses our age is 
While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the 
Cannings look down, 
And drop o'er the cause their rich mantles of Mind; 
Let old Paddy H—imes show his troops 
on the other, [desired, 
And, counting of noses the quantum 
Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi's famed mother, [that's required. 
"Come forward, my jewels"—his all 
And thus let your face be enacted here—after 
[chain; 
Thus honestly persecute, outlaw and 
But spare even your victims the torture of laughter, [again! 
And never, oh never, try reasoning 
This rhyme is more for the ear than the eye, 
as the carpenter's tool is spelt auger. 
† Fabius, who sent droves of bullocks against 
the enemy. 
† Res Fisci est, ubicumque natus.—JUVENAL.

ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

BY ONE OF THE BOARD. 

Let other bards to groves repair, [throats, 
Where linnets strain their tuneful 
Mine be the Woods and Forests, where 
The Treasury pours its sweeter notes. 
No whispering winds have charms for 
Nor zephyrs' balmy sighs I ask; [me, 
To raise the wind for Royalty 
Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task! 
And, 'stead of crystal brooks and floods, 
Let Gallic rhino through our Woods 
Divide its "course of liquid-ation." 
Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well 
What Woods and Forests ought to be, 
When, sly, he introduced in hell 
His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree:—
Nor see I why, some future day, [send 
When short of cash, we should not 
Our H—r—s down—he knows the way— 
To see if Woods in hell will lend. 
Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts, 
Beneath whose "branches of expense" 
Our gracious K—g gets all he wants, 
Except a little taste and sense. 
Long, in your golden shade reclined, 
Like him of fair Armida's bowers, 
May W—ll—n some wood-nymph find, 
To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours; 
To rest from toil the Great Untaught, 
And soothe the pangs his warlike brain 
Must suffer, when, unused to thought, 
It tries to think, and—tries in vain. 
Oh long may Woods and Forests be 
Preserved, in all their teeming graces, 
To shelter Tory bards, like me, 
Who take delight in Sylvan places!" 

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON.†

"Take back the virgin page," 
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES. 
No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy [brother, 
At hearing it said by thy Treasury 
§ Called by Virgil botanically, "species auri 
frondentis." 
† Tu facis, ut sitras, ut amem loca—OVID. 
† These verses were suggested by the result.
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my
V—sey, [another.]
And he, the dear innocent placeman,
For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have
done thee;— [no more;
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper
By St. Patrick, we've scar'f such a
lesson upon thee [before.
As never was scar'f'd upon foolscap
Come—on with your spectacles, noble
Lord Duke, [would lend you.] (Or Lord Council has given one to haply
Read V—sey all o' er (as you can't read
a book) [trotters, send you;
And improve by the lesson we, bog-

A lesson, in large Roman characters
traced, [and your kin
Whose awful impressions from you
Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be
effaced— [asses' skin.
Unless, 'stead of paper, you're more
Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by
the Gods, [have a rare one:
Could I risk a translation, you should
But pen against sabre is desperate odds,
And you, my Lord Duke, (as you
hined once,) wear one.
Again and again I say, read V—sey
o'er;— [scrolls of papyrus,
You will find him worth all the old
That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical
lore, [of, to tire us.
Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote

All blank as he was, we've return'd him
on hand, [ees and Dukes,
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Prin-
Whose plain, simple drift if they won't
Though caress'd at St. James's, they're
Talk of leaves of the Sybils!—more
meaning convey'd is
In one single leaf such as now we
have spell'd on,
old ladies
Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the
That ever yet spoke, from the Sybils to
Eld—n.

of the Clare election, in the year 1838, when the
Right Honorable W. Vesey Fitzgerald was re-
jected, and Mr. O'Council returned.

Some expressions of this purport, in a pub-

THE ANNUAL PILL.
Supposed to be sung by Old Prost, the Jew,
in the character of Major C—nv—Gift.

Vill nobodies try my nice Annual Pill,
Dat's to purify every ting nasty
away? [say vat I — ill,
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me
Not a Christian or Shentelemen minds
vat I say!
[go,
'Tis so pretty a bolus!—just down it
And, at vouse, such a radical
change you will see,
[de show,
Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse
If your heads all vere found vere your
tails ought to be!
Vill nobodies try my nice An-
nual Pill, &c.

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge away
clear [deir hands—
Dat mighty bad itching day've got in
'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen of dull
ness, ma tear,[poor Mister Van's.

Though the case vas as desperate as
der is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not
reach— [de grain,
Give the Sincure Shentelemen von lit-
Pless ma heart, it will act like de salt on
de leech,
And he'll throw de pounds, shillings,
and pence, up again!
Vill nobodies try my nice An-
nual Pill, &c.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its
peanties to paint— [ly wrong,
But, among oder things fundamental:
It vill cure de Proud Pottom!—a com-
mon complaint [sitting too long.
Among M. P.'s and weavers—from
Should symptoms of speaking break
out on a dunce, 
[disease,
(Vat is often de case,) it will stop de
And pring away all de long speeches at
vonce,
[ome by degrees!
Dat else would, like tape-worms,
Vill nobodies try my nice Annual Pill,
Dat's to purify every ting nasty away?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me
say vat I vill,
Not a Christian or Shentelemen
vids vat I say!

ished letter of one of these gentlemen, had then
produced a good deal of amusemen.

Meaning, I presume, Coalition Adminis-

tations.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

"IF" AND "PERHAPS."

On tidings of freedom! oh accents of hope! [Ern's blue sea, Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to And refresh with their sounds e'ry son of the Pope [dee. From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghha-

'If' mutely the slave will endure and obey, [ing his pains, "Nor clanking his fetters, nor breath- His masters, perhaps, at some far dis-

tant day, [loosening his chains.] "May think (tender tyrants!) of Wise "if" and "perhaps!"—precious salve for our wounds, If he, who would rule thus o'er man-

ced mute, Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that resounds, [Canute's. Ev'n now, at his feet, like the sea at

But, no, 'tis in vain—the grand impulse is given,— [knowing will claim; Man knows his high Charter, and And if ruin must follow where fetters are riven, [guilt and the shame. Be theirs, who have forged them, the

"If" the slave will be silent!—vain Soldier, beware,—I may assume, There is a dead silence the wrong'd When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair, But clings round the heart with a dreadful gloom;— When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's cheek, [lute hue; Gives place to th'avenger's pale, reso- And the tongue that once threaten'd, disdaining to speak, [to do. Consigns to the arm the high office— If men, in that silence, should think of the hour, [ply stood, When proudly their fathers in pan-

Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power (on the flood: To the despot on land and the foe That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the west, To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms;

* Written, after hearing a celebrated speech in the House of Lords, June 10, 1828, when the motion in favor of Catholic Emancipation, And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the oppress'd, [in arms! That kings are as dust before freemen If, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall [dom's sweet day That dream of his boyhood, when Free At length seem'd to break through a long night of thrall, [in its ray;— And Union and Hope went abroad If Fancy should tell him, that Day-

spring of Good, [from his chain, Though swiftly its light died away Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood, [again;— Now wants but invoking to shine out If — if, I say—breathings like these should come o'er [as they come, The chords of remembrance, and thrill, Then, perhaps—ay, perhaps—but I dare not say more; Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute—I am dumb.

WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

A BALLAD.

Air:—' Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.' Salve, fratres Asini. ST. FRANCIS.

Write on, write on, ye Barons dear, Ye Dukes, write hard and fast; The good we've sought for many a year Your quills will bring at last. One letter more, N—w—c—stle, pen To match Lord K—n—n's two, And more than Ireland's host of men, One brace of Peers will do. Write on, write on, &c.

Sure, never, since the precious use Of pen and ink began, Did letters, write by fools, produce Such signal good to man. While intellect, 'mong high and low, Is marching on, they say, Give me the Dukes and Lords, who go, Like crabs, the other way. Write on, write on, &c.

Even now I feel the coming light— Even now, could Folly lure My Lord M—nte—sh—I, too, to write, Emancipation's sure.

brought forward by the Marquis of Lansdowne was rejected by the House of Lords.
By geese (we read in history)
Old Rome was saved from il;  
And now, to quills of geese, we see  
Old Rome indebted still.
Write on, write on, &c.
Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to  
Nor beat for sense about—[style]
Things, little worth a Noble’s while,  
You’re better far without.
Oh ne’er, since asses spoke of yore,  
Such miracles were done;
For, write but four such letters more,  
And Freedom’s cause is won!

**SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.**

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent."
—Milton.

It is o’er, it is o’er, my reign is o’er;  
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,  
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,  
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
"Great Tithe and Small are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,  
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things,  
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,  
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,*
After the feast of fruit abhorred—
First indigestion on record!—
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,  
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,  
Or of Calvin’s most select deprived,  
In the Church must have your bacon saved;—
Ye fields, where Labor counts his And, whatsoever himself believes,  
Must bow to th’ Established Church belief,  
That the tenth is always a Protestant  
Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven  
Takes Irish tithe, one calf in seven;  
Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,  
Eggs, timber, milk, fish, and bees’ wax;

*A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."

"The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven, he shall have one."—IRea’s Cyclopaedia, art. "Tithes."

Chancer’s Plowman complains of the parish rector, that

"For the tithing of a duck,  
Or an apple or an aye, (egg.)"

All things, in short, since earth’s creation,  
Doom’d, by the Church’s dispensation,  
To suffer eternal decimation—
Leaving the whole lay-world, since then,  
Reduced to nine parts out of ten;  
Or—as we calculate thefts and arsons—
Just ten per cent. the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device  
For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—[way]
The whole put down in the simplest  
By the souls resolving not to pay!
And even the Papists, thankless race,  
Whose have had so much the easiest case—
To pay for our sermons doom’d, ‘tis true,  
But not condemn’d to hear them, too—
(Our holy business being, ’tis known,  
With the ears of their barley, not their eye.)
Even they object to let us pillage, [own.,]  
By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
And, horror of horrors, even decline  
To find us in sacramental wine!§

It is o’er, it is o’er, my reign is o’er,  
Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,  
Like the shepherds of Israel, jolly eat,  
And make of his flock "a prey and meat."[!!

No more shall be his the pastoral sport  
Of suing his flock in the Bishop’s Court,  
Through various steps, Citation, Libel—
Scriptures all, but not the Bible;  
Working the Law’s whole apparatus,  
To get a few pre-doim’d potatoes,  
And summoning all the powers of wig,  
To settle the fraction of a pig—!
Till, parson and all committed deep  
In the case of “Shepherds versus Sheep,”
The Law usurps the Gospel’s place,
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,  
While Plaintiff fills the preacher’s station,  
Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon’s priest, not Heaven’s,  
For tenths thus all at sixes and sevens,  
Seeking what parsons love no less  
Than tragic poets—a good distress.

They make him swear upon a boke;  
Thus they foul in Christ’s day."

§ Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

II Ezekiel, xxxiv. 10.—“Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them.”
Instead of studying St. Augustin, Gregory Nyss, or old St. Justin, (Books fit only to board dust in,)
His reverence stints his evening readings To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings, Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy, Which forms his only ancient study;— Port so old, you'd swear its tartar Was of the age of Justin Martyr, And, had he sipp'd of such, no doubt His martyrdom would have been—to gout.
Is all then lost?—alas, too true— Ye Tenths beloved, adieu, adieu! My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er— Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.
"We are told that the bigots are growing old and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace?"—LORD BEXLEY'S LETTER TO THE FREEHOLDERS OF KENT.

Stop, Intellect, in mercy stop;
Ye cursed improvements, cease;
And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop
Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,
Young Freedom, veil thy head;
Let nothing good be thought or done,
Till Nick V—ns—tt—t's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
Who much doth light detest;
And let his last few drivelling years
Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,
Speed not so fast away—
Ye rags on which old Nicky gloats,
A few months longer stay.

Together soon, or much I err,
You both from life may go
The notes unto the scavenger,
And Nick—to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
Be all reforms suspended;
In compliment to dear old Van,
Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,
Your cry politely cease,
* Periture parceo charta.
† The only way, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings
That Van may die in peace.
So shall he win a fame sublime
By few old rag-men gain'd;
Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,
Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.
So shall his name through ages past,
And dolts ungot ten yet,
Date from "the days of Nicholas,"
With fond and sad regret;—

And sighing, say, "Alas, had he
"Been spared from Pluto's bowers, "The blessed reign of Bigotry
"And Rags might still be ours!"

TO THE REVEREND ——.
ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM.

1828.
WHAT, you, too, my ******, in hashes so knowing, [fess'd]
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus pro-
Are you, too, my savory Brunswicker, going [the rest?]
To make an old fool of yourself with
Far better to stick to your kitchen rece-
——for variety, and—if you want something to tease
Go study how Ude, in his "Cookery," treats [dish's society
Live eels, when he fits them for pol-
Just snuggling them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire, [on the coals;
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe
In a manner that H—n—r himself would admire, [Catholic souls.
And wish, 'stead of eels, they were
Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels;
While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown; [live eels,
So, take my advice, try your hand at
And, for once, let the other poor devils alone.
I have even a still better receipt for your cook— [hepatitis,
How to make a goose die of confirm'd
And, if you'll, for once, fellow-feelings o'erlook, [sight is.
A well-tortured goose a most capital 
† A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of geese are enlarged for the famous
† Pates de foie d'vite.
First, catch him, alive—make a good steady fire— [being tied, Set your victim before it, both legs (As, if left to himself, he might wish to retire,) And place a large bowl of rich cream There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd and faint, [civilly laid, off, Having drunk all the cream, you so He dies of as charming a liver complaint As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of 
Sixteen, [epicure's use meant, What an emblem this bird, for the Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been [brethren's amusement: Made a bit-bit for yours and your Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they quiver, [greens— A slow fire of tyranny wastes by de- No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver, [love her disease. No wonder you, Gourmands, should

IRISH ANTIQUITIES. 
According to some learn'd opinions The Irish once were Carthaginians; But, trusting to more late descriptions, I'd rather say they were Egyptians. My reason's this:—the Priests of Isis, When forth they march'd in long array, Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices, A Sacred Ass to lead the way;" And still the antiquarian traces 'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan, For still, in all religious cases, They put Lord K—d—n in the van.

A CURIOUS FACT. 
The present Lord K—n the Peer who writes letters, For which the waste-paper folks much are his debtors) [ing, Hath one little oddity, well worth recit- Which puzzleth observers, even more than his writing: [to behold Whenever Lord K—n doth chance * To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "Asinus portans mysteria." See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself, one day at dinner, a whole dish of green peas—the first of the season—while the poor Princess Anne, 

A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie must be cold— [know why, His Lordship looks solemn, few people And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie. 

This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer, Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather queer— [the head Pie-worship, they hold, coming under (Vide Crustium, chap. iv.) of the Worship of Bread. [owes Some think 'tis a tribute, as author, he For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose;— [swear, The only good things in his pages, they Being those that the pastry-cook sometime puts there. [crust convey'd, Others say, 'tis a homage, through pie To our Glorious Deliverer's much-hon- or'd shade; As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please) Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,† [that, And 'tis solely in loyal remembrance of My Lord K—n to apple-pie takes off his hat. [tation While others account for this kind salu- By what Tony Lumpkin calls "con- cation;":— A certain good-will that, from sympa- thy's ties, Twixt old Apple-women and Orange- men lies.

But 'tis needless to add, these are all vague surmises, [ter arises: For thus, we're assured, the whole mat- Lord K—n's respected old father (like many [uy; Respected old fathers) was fond of a pen. And loved so to save,† that—there's not the least question— [gestion, His death was brought on by a bad indi- From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship would stuff in, [unmiff. At breakfast, to save the expense of hot Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies [ent eyes— Are beheld by his Heir with such rever- who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating, with her eyes, for a share. The same prudent propensity characterizes his descendant, who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a dipthong on his father's monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically, thus:— "More junius vita."
Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might off—
To the fishes that carried his kind uncle
And while filial piety urges so many on,
'Tis pure apple-pie-ety moves my Lord
K—ny—n.

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

Sir,
Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquaintance with the anecdote told of a certain, not over-wise, judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door.
"What noise is that?" I asked the angry judge.
"Only an extraordinary echo there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.
As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them.
Yours, &c.,
S.


There are echoes, we know, of all sorts,
From the echo, that "dies in the dark;"[1]
To the "airy-tongued babbler," those sports
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."
There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,
With the latest smart mot they have heard;
There are echoes, extremely like shrews,
Letting nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,
Certain "talented" echoes† there dwell,
Who, on being ask'd, "How do you Polite reply, "Pretty well."
But why should I talk any more
Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,
When Britain has new ones in store,
That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound, [er,
Concerning which bards make a poet—
There's none like that happy rebound
When one blockhead echoes another;—
When K—ny—n commences the Bray,
And the Borough-Duke follows his track;

And loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,
R—thd—ne brays, with interest,
back;—

And while, of most echoes the sound
On our ear by reflection doth fall,
These Brunswickers‡ pass the bray round,
Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
Who can name all the echoes there are
From Bonvairlich to bold Ben-venue,
From Benlidi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,
The rebounds of this assinine strain,
Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
To the chief Neddy, K—ny—n, again;

Might tell how it roard in R—thd—ne,
How from D—ws—n it died off genteelly—
How hollow it rung from the crown
Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y;

How, on hearing my Lord of G—e,
The Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,
Outdone, in their own special line,
By the forty-ass power of his bray!

But, no—for so humble a bard
'Tis a subject too trying to touch on;
Such noblemen's names are too hard,
And their nozzles too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
Of the dell, and the deep-sounding shelves;
If, in spite of Narcissus, you still
Take to fools who are charm'd with themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring,
To walk by the Trent's wooded side,
You may meet with N—we—stle, admiring
His own lengthen'd ears in the tide!

Or, on into Cambria straying,
Find K—ny—n, that double tongued elf,
In his love of ass-cendency, braying
A Brunswick duet with himself!

* "Let us form Clubs."
† Commonly called "Paddy Blake's Echoes."
‡ Anti-Catholic associations, under the title of Brunswick Clubs, were at this time becoming numerous both in England and Ireland.
INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS." 1828.

SCENE—Penenden Plain. In the middle a caldron boiling. Thunder. Enter Three Brunswickers.

1st Brun. Thrice hath scribbling
K—ny—n, scrawld, [the bawl'd,
2d Brun. Once hath fool N—we—s
3d Brun. B—x—y steers: 'tis
1st Brun. Round about the caldron
In the poisonous nonsense throw.
Bigot spite, that long hath grown,
Like a toad within a stone,
Swellering in the heart of S—tt,
Boil we in the Brunswick pot. [ble,
All. Dribble, dribble, nonsense drib—
Eld—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.
2d Brun. Slaver from N—we—ste's
In the nonsome mess distil,
Quill
Brinning high our Brunswick broth
Both with venom and with froth.
Mix the brains (though apt to bash ill,
Being scant) of Lord M—ntc—shell,
With that mally stuff which Ch—nd—s
Drolls as no other man does.
Catch (i.e. if catch you can)
One idea, spick and span,
From my Lord of S—l—sb—y,—
One idea, though it be
Smaller than the "happy flea,"
Which his sire, in sonnet terrace,
Wedded to immortal verse.*
Though to rob the son is sin,
Put his one idea in;
And, to keep it company,
Let that conjuror W—nch—ls—a
drop but half another there,
If he hath so much to spare.
Dreams of murders and of arsens,
Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,
Bring from every hole and corner,
Where fercious priests, like H—rm—r,
Purley for religious good,
Cry aloud for Papist blood,
Blood for W—lls, and such old women,
At their ease to wade and swim in.
All—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
B—x—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

* Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance:—
"Oh happy, happy, happy fly,
If I were you, or you were L."

3d Brun. Now the charm begins to
Sisters, sisters, add thereto [brew;
Scraps of L—thr—dgo's old speeches,
Mix'd with leather from his breeches,
Rinsings of old B—x—y's brains,
Thicken'd (if you will take the pains)
With that pulp which rags create,
In their middle, nympha state,
Ere, like insects frail and sunny,
Forth they wing abroad as money. [ed—
There—the Hell-broth we've enchant-
Now but one thing more is wanted.
Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,
C— keeps cork'd for use,
Which, to work the better spell, is
Color'd deep with blood of —,
Blood, of powers far more various,
Even than that of Januarius,
Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,
England's parsons bow before it! [ble,
All. Dribble, dribble, nonsense drib—
B—x—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.
2d Brun. Cool it now with —'s
So the charm is firm and good. [blood,
[Exeunt.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLI-
TICIAN.

WHENFer're you in doubt, said a Sage
I once knew, [to pursue,
"Twixt two lines of conduct which course
Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er
she advise, [be wise.
Do the very reverse, and you're sure to
Of the same use as guides are the Brun-
swicker throu;
In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so
instinctively wrong, [or indite,
That, whatever they counsel, act, talk,
Take the opposite course, and you're
sure to be right.
So golden this rule, that, had nature de-
died you [guide you—
The use of that finger-post, Benson, to
Were you even more dotish than any
given man is, [ling than Van is,
More soft than X—we—ste, more twad—
I'd stake my repute, on the following
conditions, [politicians.
To make you the soudest of sound

Or
"Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,
If I were you, or you were me;
But since, alas! that cannot be,
I must remain Lord S——y."
Place yourself near the skirts of some high-dying Tory—
Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory,—
Watch well how he dines, during any great Question—[his digestion—
What makes him feed gayly, what spoils
And always feel sure that his joy o'er a stew

Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to
Read him backwards, like Hebrew—
whatever he wishes, nicious.
Or praises, note down as absurd, or per-
Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,
[be an Out.
When he's out, be an In—when he's in,
Keep him always reversed in your thoughts, night and day, [way:—
Like an Irish barometer 'tis the wrong
If he's up, you may swear that foul weather is nigh; [blue sky,
If he's down, you may look for a bit of Never mind what debaters or journalists say,
[other way.
Only ask what he thinks, and then think
Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely [you don't know why.
The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man.
Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.
Is he all for the Turks? then, at once, take the whole [to your soul.
Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all)
In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,
Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast of his.
Nay, as Siamese ladies—at least, the polite ones—

All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white ones— [tide,
If ev'n, by the chances of time or of Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,
[Old Nick,
Even then stand aloof—for, be sure that
When a Tory talks sensibly, means you some trick.

Such my recipe is—and, in one single verse,
[rehearse.
I shall now, in conclusion, its substance
Be all that a Brunswicker is not, nor could be,

And then—you'll be all that an honest man should be.

EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE.
FROM A SLAVE-LORD TO A COTTON-LORD.
ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!
[our rights!
How unjustly we both are despoil'd!
Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs, [little whites.
Nor must you any more work to death
Both forced to submit to that general controller [Public Opinion,
Of Kings, Lords, and cotton mills,
No more shall you beat with a big-billy roller! [dominion.
Nor I with the cart-whip assert my
Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we please [of yore we were let,
With our Blacks and our Whites, as We might range them alternate, like harpsichord keys, [piebald duct.
And between us thump out a good
But this fun is all over;—farewell to the best,
Which Slavery now lends to each tea.
Which makes still the cruellest coffee
the best, [smacks of the whip.
And that sugar the sweetest which
Farewell, too, the Factory's white pica-


minykes— [flogg'd to their tasks,
Small, living, machines, which, $ Mix so well with their namesakes, the "Billies" and "Jennies."
That which have got souls in 'em nobody asks;

Little Maids of the Mill, who, them-
selves but ill-fed, [olent cares,
Are obliged, 'mong their other benes-
To "keep feeding the scribblers,"—and better, 'tis said, [ever fed theirs.
Than old Blackwood or Frazer have
All this is now o'er, and so dismal my loss is, [the thong.
So hard 'tis to part from the smack of That I mean (from pure love for the old
whipping process) [life long.
To take to whipp'd syllabub all my

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.
Ah quotes dubious Scriptis exarist amator!
Ovid.
The Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Bent-thamite,

* One of the operations in cotton mills usually performed by children.
And he said in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
"If over the sound of Marathon's name
'Hath fired thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
"Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,
That it fired his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh, 'twas a sight for the Ghost to see,
For never was Greek more Greek than And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose—so much per cent.,
(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather.
The heat and the silver rise together.)
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip, While a voice from his pocket whisper'd
"Scrip!"
The Ghost of Miltiades came again;—
He smiled, as the pale moon smiles through rain,
For his soul was glad at that patriot (And poor, dear ghost—how little he knew)
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene "Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,
Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears—amazed that ghosts
Could be such fools,—and away he posts,
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no—
Goddes of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passion, when under par
The Benthamite's ardor fast decays,
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,
And wishes the d—I had Crescent and
Ere he had been forced to sell at a loss.
They quote him the Stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek quotations!
"Who'll buy my Scrip? Who'll buy my Scrip?"

"Those dark, unholy bonds of thine—
"If you'll only consent to buy up mine!"
The Ghost of Miltiades came once more;
O'er, His brow, like the night, was lowering
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
"Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,
"Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
"And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"
(Flight, Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite, Which sent him, whimpering, off to
Jerry—
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—RE-VOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE GALT AT THE HEAD OF IT.

God preserve us! there's nothing now safe from assault;—
Thrones toppling round, churches brought to the hammer;
And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. Galt
Has declared open war against English and Grammar!
He had long been suspected of some such design; [arrive at, And, the better his wicked intents to
Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of the line [private.
(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as
There school'd, with a rabble of words at command, [eious alliance, Scotch, English, and slang, in promis
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand, [at defiance.
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech
Next advises, no doubt, further facts will afford; [imminent grows,
In the mean time the danger most
He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord, [only knows.
And whom he'll next murder the Lord

Wednesday Evening.
Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene; [his defection, Though the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid
Has seiz'd a great Powder—no, Puff Magazine, [every direction.
And th' explosions are dreadful in
What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows, (botheration) As he talks (in a strain of intense Of lyrical "ichor," "gelatinous" prose, And a mixture call'd "amber immortalization."\footnote{Resolved—}

Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet, Seated high "among rattlings," and churning a sonnet; &\footnote{Now, talks of a mystery, wrap'd in a With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it!}

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines; Something bad they must mean, though we can't make it out; For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs, That they're all Anti-English no Christian can doubt.

\begin{center}
\textbf{RESOLUTIONS}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\textbf{PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF}
\end{center}

\begin{center}
\textbf{REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS.}
\end{center}

Resolved—to stick to every particle Of every Creed and every Article; Reforming naught, or great or little, We'll stanchly stand by every title,\footnote{And soars the swallow of that soul Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.}

Resolved that, though St. Athanasius In damming souls is rather spacious— Though wide and far his curses fall, Our Church "hath stomach for them all;\footnote{And those who're not content with such, May e'en be d—d ten times as much.}

Resolved—such liberal souls are we— Though hating Nonconformity, We yet believe the cash no worse is • "That dark diseased ichor which colored his effusions."—\textit{Galt's Life of Byron.}
\footnote{That gelatinous character of their effusions.—Ibid.}
\footnote{The poetical embellishment, or rather, amber immortalization.—Ibid.}
\footnote{"Sidling amidst the shrubs and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody."—Ibid.}
\footnote{He was a mystery in a wending sheet, crowned with a halo."—Ibid.}
\footnote{One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1573 was—"Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every little grounded on the Holy Scripture?" On which an honest Dissenter remarks—"Surely they had a wonderful opinion of their Service Book that there was not a little amiss in it."}

That comes from Nonconformist purses. Indifferent \textit{whence} the money reaches The pockets of our reverend breeches, To us the Jumper's jingling penny Chinks with a tone as sweet as any; And even our old friends Yea and Nay May through the nose for ever pray, If also through the nose they'll pay.

Resolved, that Hooper,\footnote{Resolved, that, Hooper.\footnote{Latimer,\footnote{And Cranmer,\footnote{All extremely err, In taking such a low-bred view Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do:— All owing to the fact, poor men, That Mother Church was modest then, Nor knew what golden eggs her goose, The Public, would in time produce. One Pisgah peep at modern Durham To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.}}}} Latimer,\footnote{All extremely err, In taking such a low-bred view Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do:— All owing to the fact, poor men, That Mother Church was modest then, Nor knew what golden eggs her goose, The Public, would in time produce. One Pisgah peep at modern Durham To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.}

Resolved, that when we, Spiritual Lords, Whose income just enough affords To keep our Spiritual Lordships coey, Are told, by Antiquarians proxy, How ancient Bishops cut up theirs, Giving the poor the largest shares— Our answer is, in one short word, We think it pious, but absurd. Those good men made the world their debtor,\footnote{But we, the Church reform'd, know bet. And, taking all that all can pay, Balance th' account the other way.}

Resolved, our thanks profoundly due are To last month's Quarterly Reviewer, Who proves (by arguments so clear One sees how much he holds per year) That England's Church, though out of Must still be left to lie in state.\footnote{[date, As dead, as rotten, and as grand as The mummy of King Osymandyas, All pickled snug—the brains drawn out—§§}

\begin{itemize}
\item ***"They," the Bishops. "know that the primitive Church had no such Bishops. If the fourth part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop, it were sufficient."—\textit{On the Command- ments, p. 72.}
\item **"Since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve."—\textit{Lat. Serm.}}
\item "Of whom have come all these glorious titles, styles, and pompes into the Church. But I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bish- ops, would leave all our titles, and write the styles of our offices," &c.—\textit{Life of Cranmer, by Strype, Appendix.}
\item §§ Part of the process of embalmment.
\end{itemize}
With costly cerements swath'd about,—
And "Touch me not," those words terrific,
Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.
"Nee tu sperne pis venientia somnia portis:
Cum plia venerunt somnia, pondus habent."
PROPERT LIB. IV. ELEG. 7.

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,
He dreamt a dream, dear holy man,
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can.

He found himself, to his great amaze,
In Charles the First's high Tory days,
And just at the time that gravest of
Courts [Sports."
Had publish'd its Book of Sunday
SUNDAY SPORTS! what a thing for the ear
Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!—
It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
When the people from church were coming away;

And Andrew with horror heard this song,
As the smiling sinners flock'd along:
"Long live to the Bishops, hurrah!
Hurrah!"

"For a week of work and a Sunday of
"Make the poor man's life run merry away."

"The Bishops!" quoth Andrew, "Popish, I guess,
And he grinned with conscious holiness.
But the song went on, and, to bring the cup
Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up!

"Come, take out the lasses—let's have a dance—
Our fill,"
"For the Bishops allow us to skip
Well knowing that no one's the more in advance" [still.
"On the road to heaven, for standing
"Oh, it never was meant that grim grimeaces
Love;"
Should sour the cream of a creed of

"Or that fellows with long, disastrous faces,
"Alone should sit among cherubs above.
"Then hurrah for the Bishops, &c.

"For Sunday fun we never can fail,
"When the Church herself each sport points out;" [ale,
"There's May-games, archery, Whitsun
"And a May-pole high to dance about.
"Or, should we be for a pole hard driven,
"Some lengthy saint of aspect fell,
"With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,
"Will do for a May-pole just as well.
"Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah!

"A week of work and a Sabbath of play
"Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who doesn't much deal in history,
[tery ;
This Sunday scene was a downright mys-
And God knows where might have ended the joke,
But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke,
And the odd thing is (as the rumor goes)
That since that dream—which, one would suppose,
Should have made his godly stomach rise,
Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies—
He has view'd things quite with different eyes;
Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
Like Charles and his Bishops, the sport-
ing line—
Is all for Christians jigging in pairs,
As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers;—
Nay, talks of setting Archbishop II—[date.
To bring in a Bill, enacting duly, that all good Protestants, from this May, freely and lawfully, recreate,
Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

The Book of Sports drawn up by Bishop Moreton, was first put forth in the reign of James I., 1618, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Land, by Charles I., 1633, with an injunction that it should be "made public by order from the Bishops." We find it therein declared, that for his good people's recreation, his Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles or other sports there with used." &c.
A BLUE LOVE-SONG.

TO MISS ——.

Air.—"Come live with me, and be my love."

COME wed with me, and we will write,
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.
Chased from our classic souls shall be
All thoughts of vulgar progeny;
And thou shalt walk through smiling
Of chubby duodecimos,
While I, to match thy products nearly,
Shall be in of a quarto yearly.
'Tis true, ev'n books entail some trouble;
But live productions give one double.
Correcting children is such bother,—
While printers' devils correct the other.
Just think, my Malthusian dear,
How much more decent 'tis to hear
From male or female—as it may be—
"How is your baby?" than "How's
your baby?"

And, whereas physic and wet nurses
Do much exhaust paternal purses,
Our books, if rickety, may go
And be well dry-nursed in the Row;
And, when God wills to take them
hence,
Are buried at the Row's expense.

 Besides (as 'tis well proved by thee,
In thy own Works, vol. 93.)*
The march, just now, of population
So much outstrips all moderation,
That even prolific herring-shoals
Keep pace not with our erring souls.
Oh far more proper and well-bred
To stick to writing books instead; [ers
And show the world how two blue lov-
Can coalesce, like two book-covers, [er,
(Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise leath-
Letter'd) at back, and stitch'd together,
Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em,
With naught but—literature betwixt 'em.

SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

PUR, profligate Londoners, having heard tell
[fearing 'tis true,
That the De'il's got among ye; and
We ha' sent ye a mon wha's a match for his spell,
* See "Ella of Garveloch."—Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-
fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, "the people increase much faster than the produce."
A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himself
Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day
entire [enough,
In ilka lang week ye'll be tranquil
As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a
Scotch squire, [kitchen fire
An' would sooner gae roast by his ain
Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew
Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his
ain way,
["mew;"
He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie
maun play,[day,
An' Phoebus himself could na travel that
As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie
Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awful
he cries,
[who strew!
"Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an'
"Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-baked
pies, [thereof rise
For as surely again shall the crust
"In judgment against ye," saith And-
drew Agnew!

Ye may think, from a' this, that our
Andie's the lad [too;
To ca' o'er the coals your nobleness,
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi'
flunkies, a' clad [the mon mad—
Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak
But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie
Agnew.
If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday,
think right ['em do—
To gang to the deevil—as maist o'
To stop them our Andie would think na
polite; [thing by't)
And 'tis odds (if the chiel could get any
But he'd follow 'em, booking;† would
Andrew Agnew.

AWFUL EVENT.

Yes, W—nch—ls—a, (I tremble while I
pen it.)
[ish Senate—
W—nch—ls—a's Earl hath cut the Brit-
† Servants in livery.
‡ For the "grave effects and utility of boo-
ing," see the Man of the World.
Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff;  
and exit, in a huff!  
"That for ye all,"[snapping his fingers,]  
Disastrous news!—like that, of old,  
which spread fis dead,"  
From shore to shore, "our mighty Pan  
O'er the cross benches (cross from being cross'd.)  
[S—à is lost!"

Sounds the loud wail, "Our W—neh—l—  
Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget  
The deep impression of that awful threat,  
"I quit your house!"—'midst all that histories tell.  
I know but one event that's parallel:—  
It chanced at Drury Lane, one Easter night,  
[polite,  
When the gay gods, too bless'd to be  
Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucretius,  
[facetious—  
Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously  
A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery,  
[canaille,  
Whose "ears polite " disdain'd such low  
Rose in his place—so grand, you'd almost swear  
[ereing there—  
Lord W—neh—is—a himself stood tow—  
And like that Lord of dignity and note,  
Said, "Silence, fellows, or—I'll leave the house!"

How brook'd the gods this speech? Ah  
well-a-day,"  
That such a tone should be so thrown  
In vain did this mid-gallery grandee  
Assert his own two-shilling dignity—  
In vain he menaced to withdraw the ray  
Of his own full-price countenance away—  
Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,  
And as the Lords laugh now, so giggled  
them the gods!

THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.  

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAM'S FAMOUS ONE.  
"COME, CLOSE, AND GIVE ME SWEET KISSES."
  
"We want more Churches and more Clergy—men,"—Bishop of London's late Charge.  
"Rectorum numerum, terris pertinentibus, augent."—Claudian in Iutrop.  
COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,  
For, richer no realm ever gave;  
*  
Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter snare never girl gave;  
But why, in the midst of my blisses,  
Do you ask me how many I'd have?  

But why, ye unchristian objectors,  
Do ye ask us how many we crave?*  

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings  
For souls of the Pluralist kind,  
Who, despising old Croker's missgivings,  
To numbers can ne'er be confined.†  

Count the cormorants hovering about,  
At the time their fish season sets in,  
When these models of keen diners-out  
Are preparing their beaks to begin.  

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,  
Flock round when the harvest's in play,  
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,  
Like devils in grain peck away.  

Go, number the locusts in heaven,§  
On their way to some titheable shore;  
And when so many Parsons you've given,  
We still shall be craving for more.  

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye  
Must leave us in peace to augment,  
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,  
With few will be ever content.‖

A SAD CASE.

"If it be the undergraduate season at which this rabies religiosa is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. G—lb—n against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?"—The Times, March 23.

How sad a case!—just think of it—  
If G—lb—n junior should be bit  
By some insane Dissenter, roaring  
Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,  
And with that aspect, ultra craved  
Which marks Dissenters when they're rudib!  

God only knows what mischiefs might  
Result from this one single bite,  
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,  
† For whilst I love thee above measure,  
To numbers I'll ne'er be confined.  
† Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,  
Count the flowers that enamel its fields,  
Count the flocks, &c.  
§ Go number the stars in the heaven,  
Count how many sands on the shore;  
When so many kisses you've given,  
I still shall be craving for more.  
‖ But the wretch who can number his kisses  
With few will be ever content."
Might spread and rage through kith and kin.

Mad folks, of all denominations,
First turn upon their own relations:
So that one G—lb—n, fairly bit,
Might end in maddening the whole kit,
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too;
The Hyphchrophobia in those veins,
Where: Tory blood now redly reigns—
And that dear man, who now perceives
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
Run mad in th' opposite direction,
And think, poor man, 'tis only given
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven!

Just fancy what a shock 'twould be
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particles
His once loved Nine and Thirty Articles;
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,*
For Gospel, 'tother night mistook;)—
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers—
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers—
Peeling the church with blasphemies,
Even worse than Parson B—v—r—
I—y's;—
And ripe for severing Church and State,
Like any creedless reprobate,
Or like that class of Methodists
Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But 'tis too much—the Muse turns pale,
And o'er the picture drops a veil,
Praying God save the G—lb—n's all
From mad Dissenters, great and small!

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

—rius tenesatis, amiic.

"The longer one lives, the more one learns."

Said I, as off to sleep I went,
Bemused with thinking of Tithe concerns,

[Ferns,†
And reading a book, by the Bishop of
On the Irish Church Establishment.

But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,
When Fancy her usual tricks began,
And I found myself bewitch'd away

* The Duke of Wellington, who styled them
the "Articles of Christianity."

To a goodly city in Hindostan—
A city, where he, who dares to dine
On ebbt but rice, is deem'd a sinner;
Where sheep and kine are held divine,
And, accordingly—never dress'd for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wond'ring cried—
As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,
And saw, in every marble street,
A row of beautiful butcher's shops—
What means, for men who don't eat meat,
"This grand display of joints and chops?"

In vain I ask'd—t'was plain to see
That nobody dared to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;
And you can't perceive how vastly odd
The butchers look'd—a roseate crew
Inshrin'd in stalls, with naught to do;
While some on a bench, half-dozing, sat,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still posed to think what all this scene
Of sinecure trade was meant to mean,
"And, pray," asked I—"by whom is paid
The expense of this strange masquerade?"

"Th' expense!—oh, that's of course de-fray'd"—
(Said one of those well-fed Hecatombs—
"By yonder rascally rice-consumers."
"What, they, who mustn't eat meat?"
"No matter—"
(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter.)

"The rogues may munch their Paddy"
"But the rogues must still support our shop,
"And, depend upon it, the way to treat
"Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,"
"Is to burden all that won't eat meat,"
"With a costly MEAT ESTABLISH-

On hearing these words so gravely said,
With a volley of laughter loud I shook;
And my slumber fled, and my dream
was sped.

And I found I was lying snug in bed,
With my nose in the Bishop of Ferns's book.

† An indefatigable scribbler of anti-Catholic pamphlets.
THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brumstone-hall, September 1, 1828.

Private.—Lord Belzebub presents To the Brunswick Club his compliments, And much regrets to say that he Cannot, at present, their Patron be. In stating this, Lord Belzebub [Club, Assures, on his honor, the Brunswick That 'tisn't from any lukewarm lack Of zeal or fire he thus holds back— As even Lord Coat* himself is not For the Orange party more or less hot: But the truth is, till their Club affords A somewhat decent show of Lords, And on its list of members gets A few less rubbishy Baronets, Lord Belzebub must beg to be Excused from keeping such company.

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know, Are Lord Gl—nd—ne, and Lord D—nio? Or who, with a grain of sense, would go To sit and be bored by Lord M—yo? What living creature—except his nurse— For Lord M—nte—sh—l caries a curse, Or thinks 'would matter if Lord M—s— k—ry Were 'tother side of the Stygian ferry? Breathes there a man in Dublin town, Who'd give but half of half-a-crown To save from drowning my Lord R—th— d—ne, Or who wouldn't also gladly hustle in Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—le, and J—c—l—n? In short, though, from his tenderest years, Accustomed to all sorts of Peers, Lord Belzebub much questions whether He ever yet saw, mix'd together, As'twere in one capacious tub, Such a mess of noble silly-hub [Club. As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick 'Tis therefore impossible that Lord B. Could stoop to such society, [prig.] Thinking, he owns, (though no great For one in his station 'were infra dig. But he begs to propose, in the interim, (Till they find some prop'r Peers for him,) His Highness of C—m—b—d, as Sub, To take his place at the Brunswick Club— * Usually written 'Cole.'

Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub Their obedient servant, Belzebub. It luckily happens, the R—y—I Duke Resembles so much, in air and look, The head of the Belzebub family, That few can any difference see; [suit Which makes him, of course, the better To serve as Lord B.'s substitute.

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNÆCOCRACY.

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

—— — Qua ipsa decus sild dia Camilla Delegit pacque bona bellique ministras.” VIRG.

As Whig Reform has had its range, And none of us are yet content, Suppose, my friends, by way of change, We try a Female Parliament; And since, of late, with he M. P.'s We've fared so badly, take to she's— Petticoat patriots, flounced John Russells, [bustles. Burdetts in blonde, and Broughams in The plan is startling, I confess— But 'tis but an affair of dress: Nor see I much there is to choose 'Twixt Ladies (so they're thorough In ribands of all sorts oftimes, (bred ones) Or Lords in only blue or red ones. At least, the fiddlers will be winners, Whatever other trade advances; As then, instead of Cabinet dinners, We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dan ses; Nor let this world's important questions Depend on Ministers' digestions. If Ude's receipts have done things ill, To Weipert's band they may go bet There's Lady *, in one quadrille, [ter Would settle Europe, if you'd let her; And who the deuce or asks, or cares, When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em, Affairs, Whether they've danced through State Or simply, dully, danced upon 'em? Hurrah then for the Petticoats! To them we pledge our free-born votes; We'll have all she, and only she—[ters,] Pert blues shall act as "best deba Old dowagers our Bishops be, And termagants our Agitators. If Vestris, to oblige the nation Her own Olympus will abandon,
And help to prop th' Administration,
It can't have better legs to stand on.
The famed Macaulay (Miss) shall show,
Each evening, forth in learn'd oration;

Shall move (midst general cries of)
For full returns of population:
And, finally, to crown the whole,
The Princess Olive,* Royal soul.
Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,
And, 'mid our Union's loyal chorus,
Reign jollily forever o'er us.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE * * *

Sir,
Having heard some rumors respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord H—nl—y has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, solos, duets," &c., I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert, (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals) may be heard all over the neighborhood. The fiddle who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isla, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, &c.,

P. P.

LORD H—NL—Y AND ST. CE-CECILIA.

—in Metis descendat Judices aures. HORAT.

As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,
Revolving much his own renown,
And hoping to add thereto a ray,
By putting duets and anthems down,
Sudden a strain of choral sounds
Mellifluous o'er his senses stole;
Whereat the Reformer mutter'd,
"Zounds!" [his soul.
For he loathed sweet music with all
Then, starting up, he saw a sight
That well might shock so learn'd a snorer—
Saint Cecilia, robed in light, [her.
With a portable organ slung before
And round were Cherubs, on rainbow wings,
(of flitting,
Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire
A personality, so straining herself, who at-tained considerable notoriety at that period.

† In a work on Church Reform, published by his Lordship in 1832.

So beggar'd they'd sit—but ah! poor things, [of sitting.
They'd, none of them, got the means

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you're fond of hymns, [tray'd you,
"And indeed, that musical snore be-
"Myself, and my choir of cherubims,
"Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y say
"Twas all a mistake"—"she was misdirected;

And point to a concert over the way,
Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

In vain—the Saint could see in his looks
(He civilly said) much tuneful lore;
So, at once, all open'd their music
books, [at score.
And herself and her Cherubs set off
All night duets, terzets, quartets,
Nay, long quintets most dire to hear;
Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,
And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.
He tried to sleep—but it wouldn't do;
So loud they squall'd, he must attend
to 'em;
[knew,
Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he
Were like themselves, and had no end
to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,
Who meddle with music's sacred strains!
Judge Midas tried the same of old,
And was punish'd, like H—nl—y, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas!
Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne;
For Midas was given the ears of an ass,
While H—nl—y is doom'd to keep his own!

ADVERTISEMENT.§

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,
A Waterloo coin, wherein was traced
The inscription, "Courage!" in letters bright.
Though a little by rust of years defaced.
§ "Asseyez-vous, mes Enfans."—"Il n'y a pas de quoi, mon Seigneur."
§ Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke, then Prime Minister, act-
The metal thereof is rough and hard,
And (tis thought of late) mix'd up
with brass;
But it bears the brand of Fame's award,
And through all Posterity's hands will
pass.

Hove it was lost, God only knows,
But certain City thieves they say,
Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
And illb'd this 'gift of gods' away!

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits sus-
pect,
If we hadn't, that evening, chanced
At the robb'd man's door, a Mare elect,
With an ass to keep her company.

Whoso'er of this lost treasure knows,
Is begg'd to state all facts about it,
As the owner can't well face his foes,
Nor even his friends, just now, with-
out it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,
Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,
He shall have a ride on the whitest hack
That's left in old King George's stable.

MISSING.
Carlton Terrace, 1832.

WHEREAS, Lord ***** de *****
Left his home last Saturday, [round
And, though inquired for, round and
Through certain purlicus, can't be found;
And whereas, none can solve our queries
As to where this virtuous Peer is,
Notice is hereby given that all
May forthwith to inquiring fall,
As, once the thing's well set about,
No doubt but we shall hunt him out,
His Lordship's mind, of late, they say,
Hath been in an uneasy way;
Himself and colleagues not being let
To climb into the Cabinet,
To settle England's state affairs,
Hath much, it seems, unsettled theirs;
And chief to this stray Plenipo
Hath been a most distressing blow.

ing under the inspirations of Sir Cl—d—s
H.—nt—r and other City worthies, advised his
Majesty to give up his announced intention of
dining with the Lord Mayor.

*Among other remarkable attributes by
which sir Cl—d—s distinguished himself, the
dazzling whiteness of his favorite steed was not
the least conspicuous.
† In the Government of Perm.
‡ Territory belonging to the mines of Koli-
vano Kasakressens.

Already,—certain to receive a
Well-paid mission to the Neva,
And be the bearer of kind words
To tyrant Nick from Tory Lords,—
To fit himself for free discussion,
His Lordship had been learning Russian;
And all so natural to him were
The accents of the Northern bear, (you
That, while his tones were in your ear,
Might swear you were in sweet Siberia,
And still, poor Peer, to old and young,
He goes on raving in that tongue;
Tells you how much you would enjoy a
Trip to Dalmatoubrowskoya;‡
Talks of such places, by the score, on
As On the shilling-groshonet,‡
And swears (for he at nothing sticks)
That Russia swarms with Raskol-niks;§
Though one such Nick, God knows, must
A more than ample quantity.
[be
Such are the marks by which to know
This stray'd or stolen Plenipo;
And whosoever brings or sends
The unhappy statesman to his friends,
On Carlton Terrace, shall have thanks,
And,—any paper but the Bank's.

P. S.—Some think, the disappearance
Of this our diplomatic Peer hence
Is for the purpose of reviewing,
In person, what dear Mig is doing,
So as to 'scape all tell-tale letters
'Bout B—s—d, and such abettors,—
The only "wretches" for whose aid
Letters seem not to have been made.

THE DANCE OF BISHOPS;
OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.¶

A DREAM.

1833.

"Solemn dances were, on great festivals and
celebrations, admitted among the primitive
Christians, in which even the Bishops and
dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says,
that the first Bishops were called paveses,** for
no other reason than that they led off these
dances."—Cyclopædia, art. Dances.

I've had such a dream—a frightful
dream—[seem,
Though funny, mayhap, to wags 'twill

§ The name of a religious sect in Russia.
"Il existe en Rusee plusieurs sectes; la plus
nombreuse est celle des Raskol-niks, ou vrais-
croyants."—Gamba, Voyage dans la Russie
Méridionale.

|| "Heaven first taught letters for some
wretch's aid."—POPE.

¶ Written on the passing of the memorable
Bill, in the year 1833, for the abolition of
ten
Irish Bishops.
** Literally, First Dancers.
By all who regard the Church, like us, 'Twill be thought exceedingly ominous!

As reading in bed I lay last night—
Which (being insured) is my delight—
I happen'd to doze off just as I got to
The singular fact which forms my motto. Only think, thought I, as I dozed away,
Of a party of Churchmen dancing the hay:
Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the ball!

Scarce had my eyelids time to close,
When the scene I had fancied before me rose—
An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand
As my dazzled eyes could hardly stand. For, Britain and Erin clubb'd their Soes
To name it a Dance of Dignities,
And I saw—oh, brightest of Church events!
A quadrille of two Establishmentis,
Bishop to Bishop vis-a-vis,
Footing away prodigiously.

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,
And Cork with London making merry;
While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,
Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe. There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,
[style;]
Performing a Chaine des Dames in
While he who, whence'er the Lords' House dozes.
Can waken them up by citing Moses,*
The portly Tuam was all in a hurry
to set, en avant, to Canterbury.

Meanwhile, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,
(All out of date, like spent sky-rockets,) Our Exeter stood forth to caper, [per—
As high on the floor as he doth on par-
Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,
Who pirouettes his whole church-service—
Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,
Such entrechats, such cabrioles,
Such balonnes;† such—rigmaroles,
Now high, now low, now this, now that,

That none could guess, what the devil he'd be at; [some thought
Though, watching his various steps,
That a step in the Church was all he sought.

But alas, alas! while thus so gay,
These reverend dancers frisk'd away,
Not Paul himself (not the saint, but he
Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,
There gather'd a gloom around their glee— [fast,
A shadow, which came and went so
That ere one could say "'Tis there,"
't was past— [clear'd,
And, lo, when the scene again was
Ten of the dancers had disappear'd!
Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept
From the hallow'd floor where late they stepp'd,
While twelve was all that footed it still,
On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

Nor this the worst:—still danced they on,
[was gone;]
But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile
And again, from time to time, the same
Ill-omen'd darkness round them came—
While still, as the light broke out anew
Their ranks look'd less by a dozen c
Two;
Till ah! at last there were only found
Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round;
And when I awoke, impatient getting,
I left the last holy pair poussetting!*

N. B.—As ladies in years, it seems,
Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,
[friends]
I shall leave to my ancient feminine
Of the Standard to say what this portends.

DICK * * *

A CHARACTER.

Of various scraps and fragments built,
Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,
Dick's mind was like a patchwork quilt,
Made up of new, old, motley bits—
Where, if the Co. call'd in their shares,
If petticoats their quota got,

this step may be useful to future performers in
the same line—"Un pas est compose de deux
mouvements different, savoir, plier, et sauter
sur un pied, et se rejeter sur l'autre."—Dictionnaire
dans L'art. Contretemps.
And gowns were all refunded theirs;
The quilt would look but shy, God wet.
And thus he still, new plagiaries seek—
Reversed ventriloquin's trick, [ing,
For, 'tstead of Dick through others speak- ing,
[Dick.
'Twas others we heard speak through
A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,
Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;
One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,
The next, with Sadder, all for brats.
Poor Dick!—and how else could it be?
With notions all at randoon caught,
A sort of mental fricassee,
Made up of legs and wings of thought—
The leavings of the last Debate, or
A dinner, yesterday, of wits,
Where Dick sat by, and, like a waiter,
Had the scraps for perquisites.

A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME
LATE SPEECHES.

"That I heard one saint speaking, and an- other saint said unto that saint." 1834.

St. S.—Nt.—r rose and declared in sooth,
[Maynooth.
That he wouldn't give sixpence to
He had hatted priests the whole of his
wife,  
For a priest was a man who had no
And, having no wife, the Church was
his mother,  
brother.
The Church was his father, sister, and
This being the case, he was sorry to say,
That a gull 'twixt Papist and Protestant
lay,  
So deep and wide, scarce possible was it
To say even "how d'ye do?" across it.
And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,
Could clear such gulls with perfect ease,
'Twas a jump that naught on earth could make

** He objected to the maintenance and educa-
tion of a clergy bound by the particular vows
of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them
the church as their only family, making it all
the places of father and mother and brother?—
Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College,
The Times, April 19.

"'t had always appeared to him that be-
tween the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf
intervened, which rendered it impossible," &c.

"The Baptist might acceptably extend the
offices of religion to the Presbyterian and the
Independent, or the member of the Church of
Your proper heavy-built Christian take
No, no,—if a Dance of Seets must be,
He would set to the Baptist willingly,†
At the Independent deign to smirk,
And rigadoon with old Mother Kirk;
Nay even, for once, if needs must be,
He'd take hands round with all the
three;
But, as to a jig with Popery, no,—
To the Harlot ne'er would he point his
toe.

St. M.—n—d—v—l e was the next that
rose,—
A Saint who round, as pedlar, goes,
With his pack of piety and prose,
Heavy and hot enough, God knows,—
And he said that Papists were much in-
clined
To extirpate all of Protestant kind,
Which he couldn't, in truth, so much
condemn,
Having rather a wish to extirpate them:
That is,—to guard against mistake,—
To extirpate them for their doctrine's
sake;  
[make,—
A distinction Churchmen always
Insomuch that, when they've prime con-
trol,
[whole, Though sometimes roasting heretics
They but cook the body for the sake of
the soul.

Next jump'd St. J.—inst—n jollily forth,
The spiritual Dogberry of the North,§
A right "wise fellow, and, what's more,
An officer,"‖ like his type of yore;
And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,
Pray, what's the use of our Reforma-
tion?‖
[State? What is the use of our Church and
Our Bishops, Articles, Title, and Rate?
And, still as he yell'd out "what's the
use?"
Old Echoes, from their cells re-claim
Where they'd for centuries slept, broke
loose,
Yelling responsive, "What's the use?"
MORAL POSITIONS.

A DREAM.

'His Lordship said that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was very sorry that its voyage had been so long,' &c.—Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery, March 8.

T'other night, after hearing Lord Dudley's oration, [May-day does,]

(A treat that comes once a year as I dreamt that I saw—what a strange operation! [Barabooes.]

A "moral position" shipp'd off for

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by in grave attitudes,

Packing the article tidy and neat;—

As their Rev'rances know, that in southerly latitudes [sweet.

"Moral positions" don't keep very

There was B—th—st arranging the custom-house pass;

And, to guard the frack package from tousing and routing, [It "Glass," There stood my Lord Eld—one, endorsing Though as to which side should lie uppermost, doubting.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe in the hold; [look'd romantic,

The winds were polite, and the moon While off in the good ship "The Truth!" we were roll'd, [lantic.

With our ethical cargo, across the At-

Long, dolefulty long, seem'd the voyage we made; [very slow sailer,

For "The Truth," at all times but a By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay'd, (many hail her.

And few come aboard her, though so

At length safe arrived, I went through "tare and tret," [dition, Deliver'd my goods in the primest con-And next morning read, in the Bridge-
town Gazette, [moral position."

"Just arrived by 'The Truth,' a new "The Captain"—here, startled to find myself named [I own it with pain,

As "the Captain"—(a thing which, * Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great changers of administrations. Thus Milton, speaking of the former:—

"With fear of change Perplexing monarchs."

I through life have avoided,) I woke—look'd ashamed, [off again. Found I wasn't a captain, and dozed

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT. 1832–3.

'Mutantem regna cometem.' LUCAN.*

"THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we count upon fall, [lington leave us, "Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wel- "We've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail;—too deceive us? "Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou "No—'tis coming, 'tis coming, th' aver-
ger is nigh, [Herapath flatters; "Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how "One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by, [ters;— "Will settle, at once, all political mat-

"The East-India Question, the Bank, the Five Powers, ("Now turn'd into two) with their rigmarole Protocols;— (of ours "Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend "Will knock, right and left, all diplo-

"Yes, rather than Whigs at our down-

fall should mock, (oral hustle! "Meet planets, and suns, in one gen-

"While, happy in vengeance, we wel-

"That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp and Russell." Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with tele-

scope raised, [set; His wild Tory eye on the heavens he And, though nothing destructive ap-
pear'd as he gazed, Much hoped that there would, before Parliament met.

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to flit through his glass, [nac cries; "Ha! there it is now," the poor man While his fancy with forms but too mon-
strous, alas! [the skies:— From his own Tory zodiac, peoples

And in Statius we find,

"Mutant quae sceptra cometa." 1See, for some of these Protocols, the An-
nal Register, for the year 1832.
"Now I spy a big body, good heavens, bow big! [not well say:]
"Whether Bucky* or Taurus I can't
"And, yonder, there's Eld—m's old Chancery-wig, [away.
"In its dusty aphelion fast fading
"I see, 'mong those fatuous meteors behind, [about:—
"L—nd—nd—ry, in vacuo, flaring
"While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind, [—n, no doubt.
"Is the Gemini, R—den and L—r—
"Ah, El—b'r—h! faith, I first thought 'twas the Comet; [quite pale;
"So like that in Milton, it made me
"The head with the same 'horrid hair' coming from it, [the tail?"
"And plenty of vapor, but—where is
Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer elated,— [show'd,
For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon
Which he took to be C—mb—rl—d, up—
wards translated, [road!
Instead of his natural course, 'other
But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken,— [and grimaces,
Down dropp'd the poor Tory in its
Then off to the Bedlam in Charles Street
was taken, [vortie cases.
And is now one of Halford's most fa-

FROM THE HON. HENRY ——
TO LADY EMMA ——,
Paris, March 30, 1832.
You bid me explain, my dear angry
Ma'amseille, [ing farewell;
How I came thus to bolt without say—
And the truth is,—as truth you will
have, my sweet railler,
There are two worthy persons I al-
ways feel loath
To take leave of at starting—my mis-
tress and tailor,—
As somehow one always has scenes
with them both; [tears,
The Snip in ill-humor, the Syren in
She calling on Heaven, and he on th'
attorney,— [and his dears
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns
A young gentleman risks being stopp'd
in his journey, [think, I dare say,
But to come to the point,—though you
* The D—e of B—ck—m.
† "'And from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."
That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me
away, [bagattei
'Pon honor you're wrong; such a mere
As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days,
fears; [ing, pill-mell,
And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolt—
To get out of the way of these horrid
new Peers;[† [think of,
This deluge of coronets, frightful to
Which England is now, for her sins, on
the brink of;
'ten, badly,
This coinage of nobles,—coin'd, all of
And sure to bring Counts to a discount
most sadly.
Only think, to have Lords overrunning the
nation, [tion;
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inund—
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no
protection, [direction,—
And tallpole young Lords, too, in every
Things created in haste just to make a
Court list of, [of!
Two legs and a coronet all they consist
The prospect's quite frightful, and what
Sir George K—se [true,
(My p articular friend) says is perfectly
That, so dire the alternative, nobody
knows, [what he's to do;
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence,
And Sir George even doubts,—could he
choose his disorder,
'Twixt coffin and coronet, which he
would order.
This being the case, why, I thought, my
dear Emma, [dilemma;
'Twere best to fight shy of so cursed a
And though I confess myself somewhat a
villain,
To've left idol mio without an addio,
Console your sweet heart, and, a week
hence, from Milan [last trio.
I'll send you—some news of Bellini's
N. B.—Have just pack'd up my travel-
ning set-out, [out—
Things a tourist in Italy can't go with,
Viz., a pair of gants gras, from old Hou-
bigat's shop,
Good for hands that the air of Mont
Cenis might chap. [so wheelies
Small presents for ladies,—and nothing
The creatures abroad as your golden-
eyed needles. [are cozen'd
A neat pocket Horace, by which folks
† A new creation of Peers was generally ex-
pected at this time.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

To think one knows Latin, when—one,
perhaps, doesn't; [mythology,
With some little book about heathen
Just large enough to refresh one's the-
ology;
Nothing on earth being half such a bore
as [gins and Floras.
Not knowing the difference 'twixt Vir-
Once more, love, farewell, best regards
to the girls, [new Earls.
And mind you beware of damp feet and
Henry.

TRIUMPH OF BIGOTRY.

"College.—We announced, in our last, that
Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were
chained yesterday; the Students of the College
determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob
in all things, harnessing themselves to the car,
and the masters of Arts bearing Orange flags
and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the
car."

Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 20, 1832.

Ay, yoke ye to the bigots' car,
Ye chose of Alma Mater's scions;—
Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
Great Cybele was drawn by lions,
And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
Drove four young panthers in his team.
Thus classical L—fr—y, for once, is,
Thus, studious of a like turn-out,
He harnesses young suckling dunces,
To draw him, as their Chief, about,
And let the world a picture see
Of Dulness yoked to Bigotry:
Showing us how young College backs
Can pace with bigots at their backs,
As though the cubes were born to draw
Such luggage as L—fr—y and Sh—w.
Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,
Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,
This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,
As aliens to her foggy shore;—
Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
Whose very name her shame recalls;
Whose effigy her bigot crew
Reversed upon their monkish walls;—
Dear witness (lest the world should doubt)
To your mute Mother's dull renown,
Then famous but for Wit turn'd out,
And Eloquence turn'd upside down;
* * * * * * * * *
* See the lives of these two poets for the
circumstances under which they left Dublin
College.
† In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity Col-
lege, Dublin, thought proper, as a mode of
expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grat-
But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,
Beyond all fame of former days,
By breaking thus young donkeys in
To draw M. P.'s, amid the brays
Alike of donkeys and M. A.'s—
Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL
LANGUAGE.

Scripta manet.

"Twas grave'd on the Stone of Destiny,†
In letters four, and letters three; [by
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go
But those awful letters scared his eye;
For he knew that a Prophet Voice had
read,
"As long as those words by man were
"The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
"One hour of peace or plenty share."
But years on years successive flew,
And the letters still more legible grew,—
At top, a T, an H, an E,
And underneath, D. E. B. T.
Some thought them Hebrew,—such as
Jews,
More skill'd in Scrip than Scripture, use;
While some surmised 'twas an ancient
[day
Of keeping accounts (well known in the
Of the famed Didlerius Jeremias,
Who had thereto a wonderful bias),
And proved in books most learnedly
boring, [ing.
"Twas call'd the Pontick way of scor-
How'er this be, there never were yet
Seven letters of the alphabet,
That, 'twixt them form'd so grim a spell,
Or scared a land of Gulls so well,
As did this awful riddle-mee-ree
Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.
* * * * * *
Hark!—it is struggling Freedom's cry;
"Help, help, ye nations, or I die;
"Tis freedom's fight, and, on the field
"Where I expire, your doom is seal'd."
The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
He hath summon'd his Peers and Patri-
orts all,
taur's public conduct, to order, his portrait, in
the Great Hall of the University, to be turned
upside down, and in this position it remained
for some time.
† Liafail, or the Stone of Destiny,—for which,
see Westminster Abbey.
And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we "Stand basely by at the fall of the 
Free, "Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?" And they answer, with voices of thun-
der, "No!" Out fly their flashing swords in the air! — But,—why do they rest suspended there? What sudden blight, what baleful charm, Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm? Alas! some withering hand hath thrown The veil from off that fatal stone, And pointing now, with sapless finger, Showeth where dark those letters line-
Letters four, and letters three, [ger, T. H. E. D. E. B. T. 
At sight thereof, each lifted brand Powerless falls from every hand; In vain the Patriot knits his brow,— Even talk, his staple, fails him now. In vain the King like a hero treads, His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads; And to all his talk of "brave and free," No answer gotteth his Majesty, But "T. H. E. D. E. B. T." In short, the whole Gull nation feels They're fairly spell-bound, neck and heels; And so, in the face of the laughing world, Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd, Adjourning all their dreams sublime Of glory and war to—some other time. 

NOTIONS ON REFORM. 

By a modern reformer. Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass [tail of speeches, By this comet-like Bill with its long The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas! It has caused between W—th—r—l's waistcoat and breeches. Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity [before; Had oft broken out in that quarter But the breach, since the Bill has at-
tained such immensity, Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more. * It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself boasted one night in the House of Commons, of having sat in the very 

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of 
good order, [ment is past; Ye Atw—ds and W—ns, ere the mo-
Who can doubt that we tread upon An-
archy's border, When the ties that should hold men are 
loosening so fast? 

Make W—th—r—I yield to "some sort of Reform," [very wry faces. (As we all must, God help us! with And loud as he likes let him bluster and 
storm [wear braces. About Corporate Rights, so he'll only 
Should those he now sports have been long in possession, [for the wear, And, like his own borough, the worse 
Advise him, at least, as a prudent con-
cession [pair. To Intellect's progress, to buy a new 
Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands With a look something midway "twixt Flich's and Lockit's, While still, to inspire him, his deeply 
thrust hands [breeches-pockets— Keep jangling the rhino in both 

Who that ever has listen'd, through 
groan and through cough, To the speeches inspired by this mu-

sic of pence— [like falling off But must grieve that there's anything In that great nether source of his wit and his sense? 

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace debonair, He began first to court—rather late in the season— Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair, [Goddess of Reason;" Of his old friend, the Nottingham That Goddess, whose borough-like vir-
tue attracted [their love; All mongers in both wares to profiter Whose chair like the stool of the Pyth-

ones acted, [go to prove; As W—th—r—l's rants, ever since, 

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a 
marrow of his graces [the past. Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by 
chair which this allegorical lady had occupied. [Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the sit-
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new braces,
Till, some day,—he'll all fall to pieces

TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself through thick and thin,
To labor still, with zeal devout,
To get the Outs, poor devils, in,
And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft
Of ways and means of ruling ill,
To make the most of what are left,
And stick to all that's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
And drones no more take all the honey,
I pledge myself to cram myself
With all I can of public money;

To quarter on that social purse
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
Nor, so we prosper, care a curse
How much 'tis at th' expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right
And Might on any point divide,
Not to ask which is black or white,
But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,
I'm for the Reverend encroachers:—
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians,—
Am for the Squires against the Peasants.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor
I've not the slightest hesitation.—
The people must be starved t' ensure
The Land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more
With Ireland's wrongs bespored or
I vote her grievances a bore, [shamm'd—
So she may suffer, and be d——

Or if she kick, let it console us,
We still have plenty of red coats,
To cram the Church, that general bonus,
. Down any giv'n amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—
Think newspapers the worst of crimes;
And would, to give some chance of quiet,
Hang all the writers of The Times;

Break all their correspondents' bones,
All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,"
ter, shows that the symptoms are, at least, very similar:
Spumea tune primum rabies vesana per ora

From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J——es,
To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P——nd——r.
Such are the Pledges I propose;
And though I can't now offer gold,
There's many a way of buying those
Who've but the taste for being sold.
So here's, with three times three hurrahs,
A toast, of which you'll not complain,—
"Long life to jobbing; may the days
"Of Peculation shine again!"

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.
FIRST VISIT.

1532

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,
Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,
To quoth he,
"I've heard much of English bishops,"
"And shall now take a trip to earth, to see
"How far they agree, in their lives and
"With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd—but learn'd without,
misgivings—[Digests];
Their love for good living, and eke good
Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)
[casses],
That good living means claret and fri
While its plural means simply—plural
ilies,[man,
"From all I hear," said the innocent
"They are quite on the good old primitive plan.
"For wealth and pomp they little can
"As they all say 'No' to th' Episcopal chair;
"And their vestal virtue it well denotes,
"That they all, good men, wear petti
coats."

Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,
And knocks at th' Archbishop of Can.
The door was oped by a lackey in lace,
Saying, "What's your business with his
Grace?"
"His grace!" quoth Jerome—for posed
Not knowing what sort this Grace could be;
[ticular,
Whether Grace presenting, Grace par
Grace of that breed called Quinquartic
lar—
Effluit  · · · · · ·
tune mentus vastis ululatus in atria.
* So called from the proceedings of the Synod of Dort.
In short, he rummaged his holy mind,
Th' exact description of Grace to find,
Which thus could represented be
By a footman in full livery.

At last, out loud in a laugh he broke,
(For dearly the good saint loved his joke,)
And said—surveying, as sly he spoke,
The costly palace from roof to base—
"Well, it isn't, at least, a saving Grace!"
"Umph," said the lackey, a man of few words,
[of Lords."
"Th' Archbishop is gone to the House
To the House of the Lord, you mean,
my son," [but one;]
"For in my time, at least, there was
"Unless such many-fold priests as these
"Seek, ev'n in their Lord, pluralities!
[In face;]
"No time for gab," quoth the man
Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,
With a curse to the single knockers all,
Went to finish his port in the servants' hall,
And propose a toast (humanly meant
To include even Curates in its extent)
"To all as serves th' Establishment."

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.
SECOND VISIT.
"This much I dare say, that, since lording
And loitering hath come up, preaching hath
come down, contrary to the Apostles' times.
For they preached and longed not; and now they lord
and preach not . . . . Ever since
the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the
plough standeth; there is no work done, the
people starve."—Lattinier, "Sermon of the Plough.

"ONCE more," said Jerome, "I'll run
up and see
How the Church goes on,"—and off
Just then the packet-boat, which trades
Betwixt our planet and the shades,
Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,
[we here?—
"My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have
For he saw, when nearer he explored,
They'd a cargo of Bishop's wigs aboard.

* Witness his well-known pun on the name of his adversary, Vigilantius, whom he calls
factionally Dornitannis.
† The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine
would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage.
‡ The wig, which so long formed an es-

"They are ghosts of wigs," said Char-
on, "all,
"Once worn by nob's Episcopal;"
"For folks on earth, who've got a store
"Of cast off things they'll want no more,
"Oft send them down, as gifts, you
know,
"To a certain Gentleman here below."

"A sign of the times, I plainly see,"
Said the Saint to himself as, pondering,
Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.[he
Arrived on the earth, quoth he, "No
"I'll affect a body, as before; [more
"For I think I'd best, in the company
"Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,
"And glide, unseen, from See to See."
But oh! to tell what scenes he saw,—
It was more than Rabelais' pen could
For instance, he found Ex—t—t, [draw
Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir,—
For love of God? for sake of King?
For good of people?—no such thing!
But to get for himself, by some new
A shew to a better bishoprick. [trick,
He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,
Much with his money-bags wilder'd;
Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocese,§
Because the rogues show'd restlessness
At having too little cash to touch,
While he so Christianly bears too much.
He found old Sarum's wits as gone
As his own beloved text in John,||
Text he hath proset so long upon,
That 'tis thought when ask'd, at the gate
of heaven,
His name, he'll answer, "John, v. 7."

"But enough of Bishops I've had to-
day,"
Said the weary Saint,—"I must away.
Though I own I should like, before I go,
"To see for once (as I ask'd below)
"If really such odd sights exist
"A regular six-fold Pluralist."
Just then he heard a general cry—[by?"
"There's Doctor Hodgson galloping
"Ay, that's the man," says the Saint,
"to follow,"
And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,  
At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,  
A glimpse of this singular plural man.  
But,—talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird!  
To compare with Hodgson, is absurd.  
"Which way, sir, pray, is the doctor gone?"  
[don.]—  
"He is now at his living at Hilling.  
"No, no,—you're out, by many a mile,  
"He's away at his Deanery, in Carlisle."—  

Pardon me, sir; but I understand  
"He's gone to his living in Cumberland,"—  
"God bless me, no,—he can't be there;  
"You must try St. George's, Hanover Square."—  

Thus all in vain the Saint inquired,  
From living to living, mock'd and tired;—  
'Twas Hodgson here, 'twas Hodgson  
'Twas Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;  
Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,  
And flitted away to the Stygian shore,  
To astonish the natives under ground  
With the comical things he on earth had found.  

THOUGHTS ON TAR BARRELS.  
(Vide Description of a Late Fire.)  
(r832.)  

What a pleasing contrivance! how aptly devised  
[one's noses!]  
'Twixt tar and magnolias to puzzle  
And how the tar-barrels must all be surprised  
[among roses!]  
To find themselves seated like "Love  
What a pity we can't, by precautions like these,  
[Infection:]  
Clear the air of that other still viler  
That radical pest, that old whiggish disease,  
[direction:]  
Of which cases, true-blue, are in every  
'Sead of barrels, lets light up an Auto da Fé  
["the Club;"  
Of a few good combustible Lords of  
* It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that "a man could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."  
† The M—is H—if—it's Féte.—From dread of cholera his Lordship had ordered tar-barrels to be burned in every direction.  
‡ These verses, as well as some othes that follow, (p. 643,) were extorted from me by that  
They would fume, in a trice, the Whig cholera away.  
[barrel of hib.  
And there's B—cky would burn like a  
How R—d—n would blaze! and what rubbish throw out!  
[play;  
A volcano of nonsense, in active dis-  
While Y—ne, as a butt, amidst laugh-  
ter, would spout [and all day.  
The hot nothings he's full of, all night  
And then, for a finish, there's C—b—d's Duke,— [crackle in air!  
Good Lord, how his chim-tuft would  
Unless (as is shrewdly surmised from his  
look) [elsewhere.  
He's already prepared for combustion  

THE CONSULTATION.‡  
"When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful."  
—The Critic.  
1833.  
Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the floor between them.  
Dr. Whig.—This wild Irish patient does  
pester me so.  
[Know I:  
That what to do with him, I'm cursed if  
I've promised him anodynes—  
Dr. Tory. Anodynes!—Stuff.  
Tie him down—gag him well—he'll be  
quiñal enough.  
That's my mode of practice.  
Dr. Whig. True, quite in your line,  
But unluckily not much, till lately, in  
'Tis so painful—  
Dr. Tory. Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude  
how he feels, [his live eels,  
When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares  
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of  
the fire, [they tire.  
And letting them wriggle on there till  
He, too, says "tis painful"—'tis quite  
makes his heart bleed"—  
But "your eels are a vile, oleaginous  
breed."— [Cookery says "No,"  
He would fain use them gently, but  
And—in short—eels were born to be  
treated just so.§ [fodder fish still,  
Tis the same with these Irish,—who're  
lamentable measure of the Whig ministry, the  
Irish Coercion Act.  
§ This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode of purifying his eels, professes himself much con-  
cerned at the charge of inhumanity brought  
against his practice, but still begs leave re-  
spectfully to repeat that it is the only proper  
mode of preparing eels for the table.
Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill; [get wise, I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to Used, at such operations, to blush to the eyes;— [make bold But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may To style you, as Peachum did Lockit, of old,— [ness of Ude, We, Doctors, must act with the firm-And, indifferent like him, so the fish is but stew'd,— [good. Must torture live Pats for the general [Here patient groans and kicks a little. Dr. Whig.—But what, if one's patient's so devilish perverse, That he won't be thus tortured? Dr. Tory. Coerce, sir, coerce. You're a juvenile performer, but once you begin, You can't think how fast you may train your hand in: And (smiling) who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf, With the comforting thought that, in place and in pelf, [himself? He's succeeded by one just as—bad as Dr. Whig. (looking flattered.)—Why, to tell you the truth, I've a small matter here, Which you help'd me to make for my patient last year,— [Goes to a cupboard and brings out a straight waistcoat and gag. And such rest I've enjoy'd from his raving since then, That I have made up my mind he shall wear it again. Dr. Tory, (embracing him.)—Oh, charming! My dear Dr. Whig, you're a treasure. [a pleasure. Next to torturing myself, to help you is [Assisting Dr. Whig. Give me leave—I've some practice in these mad machines; There—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all means. Delightful!—all's snug—not a squeak need you fear,— You may now put your anodynes off till next year. [Scene closes.

* See Edinburgh Review, No. 117.
† "Your Lordship," says Mr. Or—r—n, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, "has kindly expressed your persuasion that my Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that it will be tuned as David's was."

To the Rev. CH—RL—S OV—R. T—N,
Curate of Romaldkirk.

Author of the Poetical Portraiture of the Church.*

1853.

Sweet singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,
By critics Episcopal, David the Second,†
If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight.
Only think, in a Rectory, how you would write, [crownd Apollo," Once fairly inspired by the "Tithing-
(Who beats, I confess it, our lay Pho-
bus hollow, [inspiration, Having gotten, besides the old Nine's
The Tenth of all edible things in crea-
tion,) [you,
There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like
So be-nined and be-tenth'd, couldn't easily do. [Athenian,† they say, Round the lips of the sweet-tongued
While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
While honey-bees swarm'd as a prosage to tell [afterwards fell.
Of the sweet-flowing words that thence
Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no doubt, [fitting about;
Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen
Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd
decimation, [nation,
Came, shadowing forth his adult dest-i
And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical
droves, [ter approves,
Announced the Church poet whom Ches-
O Horace! when thou, in thy vision of yore,
[came o'er
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage
Thy eterealized limbs, stealing downly on,
[torn'd to a swan,]
Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thouwert
Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,
Without any effort of fancy, at all;
Little thought'st thou the world would
in OV—rt—n find [in kind.
A bird ready-made, somewhat different,
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could
produce,
By gods yeblest anser, by mortals a goose

§ Sophocles.

§ — album amitor in alitem
Superne, nascenturque leves
Per digitos, humerosque pluma.
SCENE
FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED "MATRICULATION." 1834.

[Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-nine Articles before him.—Enter the Rt. Rev. Dr. Ph. lip-tes.]

Doctor P. — THERE, my lad, lie the Articles—Boy begins to count them—just thirty-nine—[to sign, No occasion to count— you've now only At Cambridge, where folks are less High-church than we. The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lumped into Three. Let's run o'er the items;—there's Justification, Predestination and Supererogation,— Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian, That's sufficient—now, sign—having read quite enough, You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?" (Boy stares.) Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth and brief,— A commodious and short make-believe of belief, [form thus articulart, Which our Church has drawn up, in a To keep out, in general, all who're particular, [reading all through, But what's the boy doing? what! And my luncheon fast cooling!—this never will do.

Boy, (poring over the Articles.)—Here are points which—pray, Doctor, what's "Grace of Congruity?"

Dr. P. (sharply.)—You'll find out, young sir, when you've more ingenuity.
At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely, [cerely. Whate'er it may be, to believe it sin— Both in dining and signing we take the same—[as we can. First, swallow all down, then digest—

Boy, (still reading.)—I've to gulp, I see, St. Athanasius's Creed, Which, I'm told, is a very tough morsel, As he damns— [indeed;

"It appears that when a youth of fifteen goes to be matriculated at Oxford, and is required first to subscribe Thirty-nine Articles of Religious Belief, this only means that he engages himself afterwards to understand what

Dr. P. (aside.)—As, and so would I, willingly, too, [like you. All confounded particular young boobies This comes of Reforming! all's o'er with our land, [can't understand; When people won't stand what they Nor perceive that our ever-revered Thirt-yNine [to sign. Were made, not for men to believe, but [Exit Dr. P. in a passion."

LATE TITHE CASE.

"Sie vos non robi." 1833.

"The Vicar of B—m—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate; but, in duty to what he owes to his successors, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage."—Letter from Mr. S. Powell, August 6.

No, not for yourselves, ye reverend men, Do you take one pig in every ten, But for Holy Church's future heirs, Who've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs;—

The law supposing that such heirs male Are already seised of the pig. in tail.
No, not for himself hath B—m—m's priest [declined: His "well-beloved" of their pennis But it is that, before his prescient eyes, All future Vicars of B—m—m rise, With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces, And 'ts for them the poor he fees.
He heareth their voices, ages hence, Saying, "Take the pig"—'t oh take the pence"
The cries of little Vicarial dears, The unborn B—m—mites, reach his ears; And, did he resist that soft appeal, He would not like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n! A Rector true, if e'er there was one, Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming ages,
is now above his comprehension; that he expresses no assent at all to what he signs; and that he is (ought to be) at full liberty, what he has studied the subject to withdraw his provisional assent.—Edinburgh Review, No 120
Gripest the tenth of laborers' wages.*
'Tis true, in the pockets of thy small

The claim'd "obvention" of four-
But its abstract spirit, unconfined,
Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
Warning them all to their rights to wake,
And rather to face the block, the stake,
Than give up their darling right to take.

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
(So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,
And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.

Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,
Grasp every penny on every side,
From every wretch, to swell its tide:
Remembering still what the Law lays down,
In that pure poetic style of its own,
"If the parson in esse submits to loss,
He poses." •
"Inflicts the same on the parson in

FOOL'S PARADISE.

DEEM THE FIRST.

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been,
in a trice,
To a realm they call Fool's Paradise,
Lying N. N. E. of the Land of Sense,
And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence,
[place,]
But they want it not in this happy
Where a light of its own gilds every
Or, if some wear a shadowy brow, [face;]
'Tis the wish to look wise,—not know-

Self-glory glistens o'er all that's there,
The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air;
The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
The snow, if it snows, is couleur de rose,
The falling fountains in aitter fall,
And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 'tisn't in language or pen to trace
The scenes I saw in that joyous place.
There were Lords and Ladies sitting to-
gether,
[weather!—

"You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,
"Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;
"And the Premier says, my youngest
brother [er.
"(Him in the Guards) shall have another-
"Isn't this very, very gallant!—
"As for my poor old virgin aunt,
"Who has lost her all, poor thing at
whist,
[List.
"We must quarter her on the Pension
Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;
It seemed like an Age of real gold.
Where all who liked might have a slice,
So rich was that Fool's Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they
spent,
Was a puppet-show, call'd Parliament,
Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,
As large as life, who rose to prose,
While, hid behind them, lords and
squires,
[wires
Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the
And thought it the very best device
Of that most prosperous Paradise, [nose
To make the vulgar pay through the
For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw
In this Eden of Church, and State, and
Law;
For 'e'er were known such pleasant folk
As those who had the best of the joke.
There were Irish rectors, such as resort
To Cheltenham yearly, to drink—port,
And bumper, "Long may the Church
endure,
"May her cure of souls be a sinecure,
"And a score of Parsons to every soul—
"A moderate allowance on the whole.
There were Heads of Colleges, lying
about,
From which the sense had all run out,
Even to the lowest classic lees,
Till nothing was left but quantities;
Which made them heads most fit to be
Stuck up on a University,
Which yearly hatches, in its schools,
Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,
In this happiest possible Paradise.

* Fifteen agricultural laborers (one of
whom received so little as six guineas for yearly
wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guin-
eas, and the best paid of the whole not more
than 1£. annually) were all, in the course of
the autumn of 1832, served with demands of tithe

1 One of the various general terms under
which obligations, tithes, &c., are comprised.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

But plain it was to see, alas! That a downfall soon must come to pass, For grief is a lot the good and wise Don't quite so much monopolize, But that ("Iapt in Elysium" as they are) Even blessed fools must have their share. And so it happen'd—but what befell, In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

"I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which, being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of seven pounds ten shillings for con-ace-ground, which leaves some truffling balance in my favor."—Letter of Dissocial, from the Rev. Marcus Bereford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.

This account is balanced—the bill drawn out,— The debt and credit all right, no doubt— The Rector, rolling in wealth and state, Owes to his Curate six pound eight; The Curate, that least well-fed of men, Owes to his Rector seven pound ten, Which maketh the balance clearly due From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven! But sure to be all set right in heaven, Where bills like these will be check'd, some day, And the balance settled the other way: Where Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum [come; Will back to his shade with interest And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue This to, in his favor, of one pound two.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.*

1833.

About fifty years since, in the days of our daddies, That plan was commenced which the wise now applaud, [Paddies, Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent As good raw materials for settlers abroad.

Some West-Indian island, whose name I forget, [scheme so romantic; Was the region then chosen for this And such the success the first colony met, That a second, soon after, set sail over th' Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long look'd-for shore, Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet, And thinking of friends whom, but two years before, [soon again meet. They had sorrow'd to lose, but would And, hark! from the shore a glad welcome there came— "Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy!" [own name While Pat stood astounded, to hear his Thus half'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be?—half amaze ment—half doubt, [looks steady; Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out, "Good Lord! only think—black and curly already!"

Deceived by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears, [wool-headed figures, Pat read his own doom in these And thought, what a clinate, in less than two years, To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

MORAL.

'Tis thus,—but alas!—by a marvel more true [best stories,— Than is told in this rival of Ovid's Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two, [Tories. By a luxus naturae, all turn into And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise, Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady, [eyes, I say, while I listen, with tears in my "Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"

me by the Irish Coercion Act of my friends, the Whigs.
COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

1833.

Fine figures of speech let your orators follow, [all hollow; Old Cockers has figures that beat them. Though famed for his rules Aristotle may be, In but half of this Sage any merit I see, For, as honest Joe Hume says, the "tattle"* for me! For instance, while others discuss and debate, It is thus about Bishops I ratiocinate.

In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter, 'Tis certain our souls are look'd very Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd) [hundred,— Of parishes manage two thousand two Said number of parishes, under said teachers, [creatures,— Containing three millions of Protestant So that each of said Bishops full ably controls [of souls, One million and five hundred thousands And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland, we're told, [tart fold; Half of that number includes the whole Protest. If, therefore, for three million 'tis conceded [needed, Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is 'Tis plain, for the Irish half million who want 'em, [quantum. One third of one Bishop is just the right And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three, [to a T.; The Irish Church question's resolved Keeping always that excellent maxim in view, [save money too. That, in saving men's souls, we must Nay if—as St. Roden complains is the case— [ospace, The half million of soul is decreasing The demand too, for bishop will also fall off, [enough. Till the tithe of one taken in kind, be But, as fractions imply that we'd have to dissect, [object, And to cutting up Bishops I strongly

* The total,—so pronounced by this industrious senator.
† Corporation sole.
‡ The materials of which those Nuremberg

We've a small, fractions prelate whom well we could spare, [to a hair; Who has just the same decimal worth, And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch, [her Church.

We'll let her have Ex—t—r, sole,† as

LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

1831.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country persons."—Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, chap. 31.

It being an object now to meet With Parsons that don't want to eat, Fit men to fill those Irish rectories Which soon will have but scant refectories, It has been suggested,—lest that Church Should, all at once, be left in the lurch, For want of reverend men ended With this gift of ne'er requiring food,— To try, by way of experiment, whether There couldn't be made, of wood and leather,† (How'er the notion may sound chimerical.) Jointed figures not lay,§ but clerical, Which, wound up carefully once a week, Might just like Parsons look and speak, Nay even, if requisite, reason too, As well as most Irish Parsons do.

Th' experiment having succeeded quite, (Whereat those Lords must much delight, Who've shown, by stopping the Church's food,) They think it isn't for her spiritual good To be served by Parsons of flesh and blood.

The Patentees of this new invention Beg leave respectfully to mention, They are now enabled to produce An ample supply, for present use, Of those reverend pieces of machinery, Ready for vicarage, rectory, deanery, Or any such-like post of skill That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N. B.—In places addicted to arson, We can't recommend a wooden parson. But, if the Church any such appoints, They'd better, at least, have iron joints.

Savans, mentioned by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.
§ The wooden models used by painters are it is well known, "lay figures."
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

In parts, not much by Protestants
haunted,
A figure to look at's all that's wanted—
A block in black, to eat and sleep,
Which (now that the eating's o'er) comes
cheap.

P. S.—Should the Lords, by way of a
Permit the clergy again to eat, [treat,
The Church will, of course, no longer
Imitation-parsons that never feed; [need
And these wood creatures of ours will sell
For secular purposes just as well—
Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons
stout,
May, 'stead of beating their own about,
Be knocking the brains of Papists out;
While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all
means,
Should transmigrate into turning ma-

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A
PEER,
ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DIS-
CLOSED IN A LATE HERALDIC WORK.*

CHOOSE some title that's dormant—the
Peerage hath many—[any.
Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct
Peer, [year,
And marry him off-hand in some given
To the daughter of somebody,—no mat-
ter who,— [run, will do;
Fig. the grocer himself, if you're hard
For, the Medici pills still in heraldry tell,
And why shouldn't lollypops quarter as
well? [lord's cousin,
Thus, having your couple, and one a
Young materials for peers may be had
by the dozen;
And 'tis hard if, inventing each small
mother's son of 'em,
You can't somehow manage to prove
yourself one of 'em.

Should registers, deeds, and such mat-
ers refractory, [story,
Stand in the way of this lord-manufac-
ture; I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,
One grand rule of enterprise,—don't be
particular.

A man who once takes such a jump at
Must not mince the matter, like folks of
nibbity, [agility.
But clear thick and thin with true lordly

'Tis true, to a would-be descendant from
Kings, [some things;
Parish-registers sometimes are trouble-
as off, when the vision is near brought
about,
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord
mingles bloods, [suds.
And one's patent of peerage is left in the

But there are ways—when folks are re-
solved to be lords— [records:
Of expurgating ev'n troublesome parish
What think ye of scissors? depend on't
no heir
[ a pair,
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with,
As, whate'er else the learn'd in such lore
may invent, [descent.
Your scissors does wonders in proving
Yes, poets may sing of those terrible
shears [bumpkins and peers,
With which Atropos snips off both
But they're taunted to that weapon which
slimes in the hands
Of some would be Patrician, when
proudly he stands [mal array,
O'er the careless churchwarden's baptis-
And sweeps at each cut generations
away, [resisted!  
By some babe of old times is his peerage
One snip,—and the urchin hath never
existed ! [Flood, interfere
Does some marriage, in days near the
With his one sublime object of being a
Peer? [groom and bride,
Quick the shears at once nullify bride-
No such people have ever lived, married,
or died!

Such the newest receipt for those high-
minded elves, [of themselves.
Who've a fancy for making great lords
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant's
for a peerage, [thy steerage,
Take S—m for thy model and R—z for
Do all and much worse than old Nicho-
las Flam does, [son of Shamdos?
And— who knows but you'll be Lord Bar-

THE DUKE IS THE LAD.

AIR. "A master I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun."

CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA.

THE DUKE is the lad to frighten a lass,
Galloping, dreary duke;

"This we call pure nibbity, or mere noth-
ing." — Watts's Logick.
The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass, 
He's an ogre to meet, and the d—l to pass. 
With his charger prancing, 
Grim eye glancing, 
Chin, like a Mufli, 
Grizzled and tufty, 
Galloping, dreary Duke.

Ye misses, beware of the neighborhood 
Of this galloping, dreary Duke; 
Avoid him, all who see no good 
In being run o'er by a Prince of the Blood. 
For, surely, no nymph is 
Fond of a grim phiz, 
And of the married, [ried 
Whole crowds have miscarried 
At sight of this dreary Duke. 

EPISTLE. 
FROM RASMUS ON EARTH TO CICERO IN THIR SHADIES. 
Southampton. 
As 'tis now, my dear Tully, some weeks since I started [we parted, 
By rail-road, for earth, having vow'd ere 
To drop you a line, by the Dead-Letter post, 
Just to say how I thrive, in my new line 
And how decently odd this hurry world 
all appears, [three hundred years, 
To a man who's been dead now for 
I take up my pen, and, with news of this earth, [spleen and your mirth, 
Hope to waken, by turns, both your 

In my way to these shores, taking Italy 
first, [den should burst, 
Lest the change from Elysium too sud-
I forgot not to visit those haunts where, 
of yore, 
You took lessons from Patros in cookery's 
Turn'd aside from the calls of the rostrum and Muse, [stews, 
To discuss the rich merits of rotis and 
And prefer'd to all honors of triumph 
or trophy, [little Sophy.† 
A supper on prawns with that rogue, 
Having dwelt on such classical musings 
while, [isle, 
I set off, by a steamboat, for this happy 

(A conveyance you ne'er, I think, spell'd by my Tully, [more fully, 
And therefore, per next, I'll describe it 
Having heard, on the way, what distresses me greatly, [lately, 
That England's o'errun by idolaters 
Stark, staring adorers of wood and of stone, [statue alone. 
Who will let neither stick, stock nor 
Such the sad news I heard from a tall 
man in black, [ing back, 
Who from sports continental was hurrying 
To look after his tithes;—seeing, doubtless, 'twould follow, [Apollo, 
That, just as, of old, your great idol, 
Devour'd all the Tenuths, so the idols in question, [equal digestion, 
These wood and stone gods, may have 
And th' idolatrous crew, whom this Re- 
tor despises, [izes. 
May eat up the tithe-pig, which he idol- 

London. 
Tis all but too true—grim Idolatry reigns, [and plains! 
In full pomp, over England's lost cities 
On arriving just now, as my first thought 
and care [House of Prayer, 
Was, as usual, to seek out some near 
Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians 
to pray on, [downright Pantheon! 
I was shown to—what think you?—a 
A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches 
and halls,§ [name St. Paul's;— 
Full of idols and gods, which they nick- 
Though 'tis clearly the place where the 
idolatrous crew, 
Whom the Rector complain'd of, their 
dark rites pursue; 
And, 'mong all the "strange gods" Araham's father carved out,|| 
That he ever carved stronger than these 
I much doubt. 

Were it even, my dear TULLY, your 
Hebes and Graces, 
And such pretty things, that usurp'd the 
Saints' places, [classic dome, 
I shouldn't much mind,—for, in this 
Such folks from Olympus would feel 
quite at home. 
But the gods they've got here!—such a 
queer omnium gatherum 

* See his Letters to Friends, lib. ix. epist. 19, 20, &c. 
† Ingentium squillarum cum Sophia Septi-
minae.—Lib. ix. epist. 10. 
‡ Tithes were paid to the Pythian Apollo. 
§ See Dr. Wiseman's learned and able letter to Mr. Poynter. 
|| Joshua, xxiv. 2.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

Of miscego; things, that no poet would
father em;—
Britannias, in sight, summer-wear for the skies,—
Old Thames, turn'd to stone, to his no small surprise,— [what's said,
Father Nile, too,—a portrait, (in spite of That no mortal e'er yet got a glimpse of his head.)]* [somewhat fat for't,
And a Ganges, which India would think
Unless 'twas some full-grown Director
had sat for't;— [and Sphinxes,
Not to mention th' et ceteras of Genius
Fame, Victory, and other such semi-clad
mixxes;— [idolized; Sea Captains,—the idols here most
And of whom some, alas, might too well be comprised [cannonized];—
Among ready-made Saints, as they died
With a multitude more of odd cockney-
fied deities, [ing to see it 'tis;
Shrin'd in such pomp that quite shock-
Nor know I what better the Rector
could do [quadrupe'd too;
Than to shrine there his own beloved
As most surely a tithe-pig, whate'er the world thinks, is [Sphinx is.
A much fitter beast for a church than a
But I'm call'd off to dinner—grace just has been said, [dead.
And my host waits for nobody, living or

LINES.†
ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.

At Paris' et Fratres, et qui rapaures sub illis,
Vix tenuère manus (seis hoc. Mensulae) nefan-
das. Ovid, Metam. lib. xiii. v. 292,

Go, Brothers in wisdom—go, bright pair of
Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions !
The one, the best lover we have—of his years, [taints dominions.
And the other Prime Statesman of Bri-

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile [archs that prize thee;
Of the Misses that love, and the mon-
— "Nec contigit ulli
Hoc vidisse caput," CLAUDIAN.

† Captains Mosse, Rieu, &c., &c.
‡ This and the following squib, which must have been written about the year 1815-16, have been by some oversight misp'need.
§ Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was

Forget Mrs. Ang—lo T—yl—r awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well dandifies thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff, [may thwart thee,
Never heed how perverse affidavits
But show the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough [about forty !
To translate "Amor Fortis" a love,
And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,
From the battle you came, with the Orders you'erd in't,
That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out "My stars !"
And forget that the Moon, too, was some way concern'd in't.

For not the great R—g—t himself has endured [and orders all shine,
(Though I've seen him with badges
Till he look'd like a house that was over insured) [than thine.
A much heavier burden of glories
And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,
Or any young lady can so go astray,
As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,
The stare! are in fault, my Lord
St—w—rt, not they !

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tally of Tories,

Thou Malaprop Cicero, over whose Such a smooth rigmarole about "mon-
archs," and "glories."
And "nullidge,"] and "features,"
like syllabub slips.

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation [tional Debt of ours,
Of adding fresh sums to this Na-
Leaguing with Kings, who, for mere recreation,
Break promises, fast as your Lord-
ship breaks metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers, [with their pinions !
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both
"at Paris" these rapacious transactions took place—we should read "at Vienna."
"When weak women go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they."
† It is thus the noble lord pronounces the word "knowledge"—deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin "nullus."
The one, the best lover we have—of
his years, [Britain's dominions, And the other, Prime Statesman, of

TO THE SHIP
IN WHICH LORD C—S—E—G—H SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT.
Imitated from Horace, lib. 1., ode 3.
So may my Lady's prayers prevail,*
And C—n—g's too, and lucid
Br—gge's,
And Eld—n beg a favoring gale
From Eolus, that older Bags,†
To speed thee on thy destined way,
Oh ship, that bear'st our C—s—e—g—h,‡
Our gracious R—g—v's better half,
And, therefore, quarter of a King—
(As Vac, or any other call,†
May find, without much figuring.)
Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,
Waft this Lord of place and pelf,
Anywhere his Lordship pleases,
Though'twere to Old Nick himself!
Oh, what a face of brass was his,||
Who first at Congress show'd his phiz—
To sign away the Rights of Man [gle ;
To Russian threats and Austrian jug—
And leave the sinking African‡
To fall without one saving struggle—
'Mong ministers from North and South,
To show his lack of shame and sense,
And hoist the sign of "Bull and Mouth"—
For blunders and for eloquence!
In vain we wish our Secs. at home**
To mind their papers, desks, and
shelves,
If silly Secs. abroad will roam, [selves.
And make such noodles of them—
* Sic te Diva potens Cypr.
| Sio fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
| Ventorumque regat pater.
† See a description of the aces, or Bags of
| Eolus, in the Odyssey, lib. 10.
‡ Navis, quae tibi creditum
| Debeas Virgillium.
§ —Animae dimidium meum,
¶ Ili robust et res triplex
| Circum pectus erat, qui, &c.
‖ —praeceptim Africam
| Decertantem Aquilonibus.
** Nequequam Deus absoluit
| Prudens oceano disociabili
| Terras, ut tamen impleas.
| Non tangenda Rates transluit vada.

But such hath always been the case—
For matchless impudence of face,
There's nothing like your Tory race!††
First, Pitt, ‡‡ the chosen of England,
taught her
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.
Then came the Doctor,§§ for our ease,
With E—d—ns, Ch—th—ms, H—wk—
And other deadly maladies. [—b—s—
When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whigs:]|]| And oh, I blush, I blush to say. [too,
When these, in turn, were put to flight,
Illustrous T—MP—E flew away
With lots of pens he had no right to.¶¶
In short, what will not mortal man do?***
And now, that—strife and bloodshed
past—
do,
We've done on earth what harm we can
We gravely take to Heaven at last,†††
And think its favorite smile to purchase
(Oh Lord, good Lord! by—building
churches!

SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT OF A
NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA.

"And now," quoth the goddess, in ac-
cents jocose, [such a dose
"Having got good materials, I'll brew
"Of Double X mischief as, mortals shall
say, [a long day.
"They've not known its equal for many
Here she wink'd to her subaltern imps
be steady, [and stood ready.
And all wag'd ther' fire-tipp'd tails
"So, now for th' ingredients:—first,
hand me that bishop;" [fish up,
Whereon, a whole bevy of imps run to
This last line, we may suppose, alludes to some
distinguished Rates that attended the voyager.
†† Andax omnia perperi
Gens ruit per vetimum nefas.
§§ Andax Japeti genus
Ignem frauda malà gentibus intulit.
¶¶ Post . . . maecles, et nova februm
Terror incubit cohos.
|| —— tarda necessitas
Lethi corripit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dedalus aëra
Femeis non homini datis.
| This alludes to the 1200th, worth of station
ery, which his Lordships said to have ordered
when on the point of vacating his place.
** Nix mortalia arduum est.
††† Colum ipsum perium atabitia.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

From out a large reservoir, wherein they pen 'em, [venom; The blackest of all its black dabblers in And wrapping him up (lest the virus should ooze, And one "drop of th' immortal"* Right Rev.† they might lose)
In the sheets of his own speeches, charges, reviews, [a burst Pop him into the caldron, while loudly From the by-standers welcomes ingre- dient the first!

"Now fetch the Ex-Chancellor," mut- ter'd the dame— [by name; "He who's call'd after Harry the Older, "The Ex-Chancellor!" echo'd her imps, the whole crew of 'em— "Why talk of one Ex, when your Mis- chief has two of 'em?"
"True, true," said the hag, looking arch at her elves, [in themselves."
"And a double-Ex dose they compose, This joke, the sly meaning of which was seen lucidly, [cedly, Set all the devils a laughing most den- So, in went the pair, and (what none thought surprising) [for rising; Show'd talents for sinking as great as While not a grim phiz in that realm but was lighted [ed— With joy to see spirits so twin-like unit- Or (plainly to speak) two such birds of a feather, [gether.
In one mess of venom thus sptt'd to- Here a flashy imp rose—some connection, no doubt, [cowling about. Of the young lord in question—and, "Hoped his fiery friend, St—nl—y, would not be left out; "As no schoolboy unwhipp'd, the whole world must agree, "Loved mischief, pure mischief, more dearly than he.
But, no — the wise hag wouldn't hear of the whipster; [eclipsed her, Not merely because, as a shrew, he And nature had given him, to keep him still young, [his tongue; Much tongue in his head and no head in But because she well knew that, for change ever ready, [steady; He'd not even to mischief keep properly That soon even the wrong side would cease to delight,

* "To lose no drop of the immortal man."
† The present Bishop of Ex—l.—

And, for want of a change, he must swerve to the right; While, if you cock, so at random his mis- siles he threw, [of the two,— That the side he attack'd was most safe This ingredient was therefore put by on the shelf, [itself. There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by "And now," quoth the hag, as her cald- ron she eyed, [side, And the tittibs so friendly rankling in "There wants but some seasoning;—so, come, ere I strew 'em, "By way of a relish, we'll throw in '— John Tuam.' [for fish "In cooking up mischief, there's no flesh "Like your moulding High Priest, to add zest to the dish." [Lama— Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand Which great event ends the First Act of the Drama.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Though famed was Mesmer, in his day, Nor less so, in ours, is Dupetit, To say nothing of all the wonders done By that wizard, Dr. Elliotson, When, standing as if the gods to invoke, he [Okey! Up waves his arm, and—down drops Though strange these things, to mind and sense, [see— If you wish still stranger things to If you wish to know the power immense Of the true magnetic influence, Just go to her Majesty's Treasury, And learn the wonders working there— And I'll be hang'd if you don't stare! Talk of your animal magnetists, And that wave of the hand no soul res- sists, Not all its witcheries can compete With the friendly beckon towards Downing Street, [wishes Which a Premier gives to one who To taste of the Treasury leaves and fishes It actually lifts the lucky elf, Thus acted upon, above himself;— He jumps to a state of clairvoyance, And is placeman, statesman, all, a' once!

† The name of the heroine of the perform- ance at the North London Hospital.
These effects observe, (with which I begin,) [in, take place when the patient's motion'd
Far different, of course, the mode of affection,
[out direction;
When the wave of the hand's in the
The effects being then extremely unpleasant,
[at present;
As is seen in the case of Lord B——m,
In whom this sort of manipulation Has lately produced such inflammation, Attended with constant irritation. That, in short—not to mince his situation—
[ion It has work'd in the man a transformation— That puzzles all human calculation!

Ever since the fatal day which saw That "pass" perform'd on this Lord of Law—
A pass potential, none can doubt,
As it sent Harry B——m to the right about— [been The condition in which the patient has
Is a thing quite awful to be seen. Not that a casual eye could scan
This wondrous change by outward survey;
It being, in fact, th' interior man—
That's turn'd completely topsyturvy—— [em, Like a case that lately, in reading o'er I found in the Acta Eruditorum,
Of a man in whose inside, when disclos'd — [transposed; The whole order of things was found
By a latus natura, strange to see. [be, The liver placed where the heart should
And the spleen (like B——m's, since laid on the shelf) [himself.
As diseased and as much out of place as
In short, 'tis a case for consultation, If e'er there was one, in this thinking nation;
And therefore I humbly beg to propose, That those saccus who mean, as the rumor goes,
To sit on Miss Okey's wonderful case, Should also Lord Harry's case embrace; And inform us, in both these patient's states,
Which ism it is that predominates,

Whether magnetism and somnambulism, Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

THE SONG OF THE BOX.

Let History boast of her Romans and Spartans, [ranny's shocks;
And tell how they stood against ty.
They were all, I confess, in my eye, Betty Martins,
Compared to George Gr—te and his wonderful Box.

Ask, where Liberty now has her seat—
Oh, it isn't [land's rocks —
By Delaware's banks or on Switzer-
Like an imp in some conjuror's bottle imprison'd, [derful Box.
She's slyly shut up in Gr—te's won-

How snug!—'stead of floating through ether's dominions,
Blown this way and that, by the "populi vox," [pinions,
To fold thus in silence her secure
And go fast asleep in Gr—te's wonder-

Time was, when free-speech was the life-breath of freedom—
So thought once the Seldens, the Hampdens, the Lockes;

But mute be our troops, when to am-

Ish us. But it

For "Mum" is the word with us Knights of the Box.

Pure, exquisite Box! no corruption can soil it; [it unlocks;
There's Otto of Rose, in each breath While Gr—te is the "Betty," that serves at the toilet, [his Box;

And breathes all Arabia around from

'Tis a singular fact, that the famed Hugo Grotius. § [of Dutch stocks.)
(A namesake of Gr—te's—being both
Like Gr—te, too, a genius profound as precocious, [for a Box—
Was also, like him, much renown'd

An immortal old clothes-box, in which the great Grotius [heterodox,

When suffering, in prison, for views

† And all Arabia breathes from yonder box

POPE'S Raps of the Lock.

§ Groot, or Grote, Latinized into Grotius.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

Was pack'd up incoeg., spite of jailers ferocious,* [in a Box! And sent to his wife,† carriage free,
But the fame of old Hugo now rests on the shelf, [fel mocks;—
Since a rival hath risen that all paral-
That Grotius ingloriously saved but him-
self. [realm by a Box!
While ours saves the whole British
And oh when, at last, even this great-
est of Gr—tes [door knocks;†
Must bend to the power that at every
May he drop in the urn like his own
"silent votes," [Ballot-Box.
And the tomb of his rest be a large

While long at his shrine, both from
county and city, [flocks,
Shall pilgrims triennially gather in
And sing, while they whisper, th' ap-
propriate ditty, [—in the Box.
"Oh breathe not his name, let it sleep

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW THALABA.

ADDRESS TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

When erst, my Southey, thy tuneful
tongue
The terrible tale of Thalaba sung—
Of him, the Destroyer, doom'd to rout
That grim divan of conjurors out,
Whose dwelling dark, as legends say,
Beneath the roots of the ocean lay,
(Fit place for deep ones, such as they)
How little thou knew'st, dear Dr.
Southey,
Although bright genius all allow thee,
That, some years thence, thy wand'ring
eyes
Should see a second Thalaba rise—
As ripe for ruinous rigs as thine,
Though his havoc lies in a different line,
And should find this new, improved
Destroyer
Beneath the wig of a Yankee lawyer;
* For the particulars of this escape of Grotius
from the Castle of Lowenstein, by means of a
box (only three feet and a half long, it is said)
in which books used to be occasionally sent to
him and foul linen returned, see any of the
Biographical Dictionaries.
† This is not quite according to the facts of
the case; his wife having been the contriver of
the stratagem, and remained in the prison her-
self to give him time for escape.
A sort of an "alien," alias man,
Whose country or party guess who can,
Being Cockney half, half Jonathan; [er,
And his life, to make the thing comple-
Being all in the genuine Thalaba metre,
Loose and irregular, as thy feet are;—
First, into Whig Pindarics rambling.
Then in low Tory doggerel scrambling;
Now love his theme, now Church his
glory,
(At once both Tory and ama-tory,)
Now in th' Old Bailey-lay meandering
Now in soft couplet style philandering;
And, lastly, in fame Alexandrine,
Dragging his wounded length along.§
When scourged by Holland's silken
thong.

In short, dear Bob, Destroyer the Sec-
ond [reckon'd;
May fairly a match for the First be
Save that your Thalaba's talent lay
In sweeping old conjurors clean away,
While ours at aldermen deals his blows,
(Who no great conjurors are, God
knows,)
Lays Corporations, by wholesale, level,
Sends Acts of Parliament to the devil,
Bullies the whole Milesonian race—
Seven millions of Paddies, face to face;
And, seizing that magic wand, himself,
Which erst thy conjurors left on the
shelf,
[Litsey
Transforms the boys of the Boyne and
All into foreigners, in a jiffy—
Aliens, outcasts, every soul of 'em,
Born but for whips and chains, the
whole of 'em!

Never, in short, did parallel
Betwixt two heroes gee so well;
And, among the points in which they fit,
There's one, dear Bob, I can't omit.
That hacking, hecting blade of thine
Dealt much in the DomDaniel line;§
And 'tis but rendering justice due,
To say that ours and his Tory crew
Damn Daniel most devoutly too.

Pallida Mors aquo pulsat pede. &c.—
HORAT.
§ "A needless Alexandrine ends the song
That, like a wounded snake, drags its
slow length along."

† 'Vain are the spells, the Destroyer
Treads the DomDaniel floor.'
Thalaba, a Metrical Romance.
RIVAL TOPICS.*

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

OH W—ill—ngt—n and Stephenson,
Oh morn and evening papers,
Times, Herald, Courier, Globe and Sun,
When will ye rouse our ears to stun
With these two heroes' capers?
Still "Stephenson" and "W—ill—ngt—n"
The everlasting two!—
Still doom'd, from rise to set of sun,
To hear what mischief one has done,
And t'other means to do:
What bills the banker pass'd to friends,
But never meant to pay;
What Bills the other wight intends
As honest, in their way;
Bills, payable at distant sight,
Beyond the Grecian kalends,
When all good deeds will come to light,
When W—ill—ngt—n will do what's right,
And Rowland pay his balance.

To catch the banker all have sought,
But still the rogue unhurt is;
While t'other juggler—who'd have thought?
[caught

Though slippery long, has just been
By old Archbishop Curtis;
And, such the power of papal crook,
The croiser scarce had quiver'd
About his ears, when, lo, the Duke
Was of a Bull deliver'd!

Sir Richard Bircoll doth decide
That Rowland "must be mad,"
In private coach, with crest, to ride,
When chaises could be had.
And t'other hero, all agree,
St. Luke's will soon arrive at,
If thus he show'd off publicly,
When he might pass in private.

On W—ill—ngt—n, oh Stephenson,
Ye ever-boring pair,
Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,
Ye haunt me everywhere.
Though Job had patience tough enough,
Such duplicates would try it;
Till one's turn'd out and t'other off,
We shan't have peace or quiet.
But, small's the chance that Law af-
Some folks are daily let off; [lords—and,
'twixt th' Old Bailey and the Lords,
They both, I fear, will get off.

* The date of this squib must have been, I think, about 1829-9.

THE BOY STATESMAN.

BY A TORY.

"That boy will be the death of me."

Mathews at Home

Arf, Tories dear, our ruin is near,
With St—nl—y to help us, we can't but fall;
Already a warning voice I hear,
Like the late Charles Mathews' croak in my ear,
"That boy—that boy'll be the death of me!"

He will, God help us!—not even Scriberius
[could be;
In the "Art of Sinking" his match
And our case is growing exceeding serious.

For, all being in the same boat as he,
If down my Lord goes, down go we,
Lord Baron St—nl—y and Company,
As deep in Oblivion's swamp below
As such "Masters Shallow" well could go;
[high,
And where we shall all, both low and Embalm'd in mud, as forgotten lie
As already doth Gr—m of Netherby!
But that boy, that boy!—there's a tale I know,

Which in talking of him comes à propos.
Sir Thomas More had an only son,
And a foolish lad was that only one,
And Sir Thomas said, one day, to his wife,
"My dear, I can't but wish you joy,
"For you pray'd for a boy, and you now have a boy,
[his life.
"Who'll continue a boy to the end of time?"

Even such is our own distressing lot,
With the ever-young statesman we have got—

Nay even still worse, for Master More
Wasn't more a youth than he'd been before,
While ours such power of boyhood shows,
[mile he grows,
That, the older he gets, the more juye-
And, at what extreme old age he'll close
His schoolboy course, heaven only knows.
[far,
Some century hence, should he reach so
And ourselves to witness it heaven condemn,
We shall find him a sort of club Old Parr,
A whisper-snapper Methusalem:
Nay, ev'n should he make still longer stay of it,
[day of it;
The boy'll want judgment, ev'n to the
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

Meanwhile, 'tis a serious, sad infliction;
And, day and night, with awe I recall
The late Mr. Mathews' solemn prediction,
[Of you all,]
"That boy"'ll be the death, the death

LETTER
FROM LARRY O'BRIANIGAN TO THE REV. MURTHAGH O'MULLIGAN.

ARRAH, where were you, Murthagh, that
day? — [laid on the shelf,
Or, how came it your reverence was
When that poor craythur, Bobby—as
you were away—
[Of himself.
Had to make twice as big a Tom-fool
Throth, 'twasn't at all 

A boy so deserving your tenderest
Two such illustrious twins of the
Church, [the connection.
As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut
If thus in two different directions you
pull, [and your reverence brother
'Faith, they'll swear that yourself
Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's
Bull, [while they look'd another!"
Whose tails were join'd one way,
Och bless'd be he, whosomdever he be,
That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of
a Letter! [times make free
Not even my own self, though I some-
At such bull-manufacture, could make him
a betther.

To be sure, when a lad takes to forgin',
this way,
[on gayly;
'Tis a thick he's much timpted to carry
Till, at last, "injurious devices" fry some
day,
[th' Ould Bailey.
Show him up, not at Exeter Hall, but
That parsons should forge thus appears
nighly odd,
And (as if somethin' "odd' in
their names, too, must be,)"
It is true, we’re among us some peers of
the past, [awfully fast—
Who keep pace with the present most
Fruits, that ripen beneath the new light
now arising [surprising,
With speed that to us, old conserves, is
Conserves, in whom—potted, for grand-
mamma uses—] [juices.
’Twould puzzle a sunbeam to find any
’Tis true, too, I fear, midst the general
movement, [to improvement,
Ev’n our House, God help it, is doom’d
And all its live furniture, nobly de-
scended, [mended.
But sadly worn out, must be sent to be
With moveables ’mong us, like Br—m
and like D—h—m, [bestir ’em;
No wonder ev’n fixtures should learn to
And, distant, ye gods, be that terrible
day, [pastime, they say,
When—as playful Old Nick, for his
Flies off with old houses, sometimes, in a
storm— [by Reform;
So ours may be whipp’d off, some night,
And, as up, like Loretto’s famed house, [through the air, [shall bear,
Not angels, but devils, our lordships
Grin, radical phizzes, unused to the
sky, [“good-by,”
Shall flit round, like cherubs, to wish us
While, perch’d up on clouds, little imps
of plebeians, [to Panes.
Small Grotes and O’Connels, shall sing

THE REVEREND PAMPHLETER,
A ROMANTIC BALLAD.
O, have you heard what happ’d of late? [say,
If not, come lend an ear,
While sad I state the piteous fate
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.
All praised his skilful jockeyship,
Loud rung the Tory cheer,
While away, away, with spur and whip,
Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.
The nag he rode—how could it err?
’Twas the same that took, last year,
That wonderful jump to Exeter
With the Reverend Pamphleteer.
Set a beggar on horseback, wise men
The course he will take is clear; [say,
And in that direction lay the way
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Stop, stop,” said Truth, but vain her
Left far away in the rear, [cry—
She heard but the usual gay “Good-by”
From her faithless Pamphleteer.
You may talk of the jumps of Homer’s
gods,
When cantering o’er our sphere—
I’d back for a bounce, ’gainst any odds,
This Reverend Pamphleteer.
But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath!
In the midst of his career,
A file of the Times lay right in the path
Of the headlong Pamphleteer.
Whether he tripp’d or shy’d thereat,
Doth not so clear appear:
But down he came, as his sermons flat—
This reverend Pamphleteer!
Lord King himself could scarce desire
To see a spiritual Peer [mire,
Fall much more dead, in the dirt and
Than did this Pamphleteer.
Yet pitying parsons, many a day,
Shall visit his silent bier,
And, thinking the while of Stanhope,
“Poor dear old Pamphleteer!”

He has finish’d, at last, his busy span
And now lies coolly here—
As often he did in life, good man.
“Good, Reverend Pamphleteer!”

A RECENT DIALOGUE.
A Bishop and a bold dragoon,
Both heroes in their way,
Did thus, of late, one afternoon,
Unto each other say:
“Dear bishop,” quoth the brave hussar;
“As nobody denies
That you a wise logician are,
And I am—otherwise,
’Tis fit that in this question, we
Stick each to his own art—
That yours should be the sophistry,
And mine the fighting part.
“My creed, I need not tell you, is
Like that of W—n,
To whom no harlot comes amiss,
“Save her of Babylon;[†
“And when we’re at a loss for words,
If laughing reasoners flout us,

† Cut nulla meretrix displicuit prater Baby
lonianan.
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

"For lack of sense we'll draw our swords—
"The sole thing sharp about us."—
"Dear bold dragoon," the bishop said,
"'Tis true for war thou art meant;
"And reasoning—bless that dandy head!
"Is not in thy department.
"So leave the argument to me—
"And, when thy holy labor
"Hath lit the fires of bigotry,
"Thou'll poke them with thy sabre.
"From pulpit and from sentry-box,
"We'll make our joint attacks,
"I at the head of my Cassocks,
"And you of your Cossacks.
"So here's your health, my brave hussar,
"My exquisite old fighter—
"Success to bigotry and war,
"The musket and the mitre!"

Thus pray'd the minister of heaven—
While Y—k, just entering then,
Snored out, (as if some Clerk had given
His nose the cue,) "Amen." T. B.

THE WELLINGTON SPA

"And drink oblivion to our woes." ANNA MATILDA.

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and
Harrogate springs,
'Tis from Lethe we now our potations
must draw;
Your Lethe's a cure for—all possible
And the doctors have named it the
Wellington Spa.

Other physical waters but cure you in
part; [your digestion—
One cobbles your gout—'other mends
Some settle your stomachs, but this—
Your heart! — [Question.
It will settle, forever, your Catholic
Unlike, too, the potions in fashion at
present, [stealth,
This Wellington nostrum, restoring by
So purges the mem'ry of all that's unpleasant,
That patients forget themselves into
For instance, th' inventor—his having
once said [any one's call,
"He should think himself mad, if, at
"The only parallel I know to this sort of ob-
libion is to be found in a line of the late Mr. R.
P. Knight,
"The pleasing memory of things forgot."

"He became what he is"—is so purged
from his head, [man at all.
That he now doesn't think he's a mad-
Of course, for your mem'ries of very
long standing— [undaunted,
Old chronic diseases, that date back
To Brian Boroo and Fitz-Stephens' first
landing—
A dev'l of a dose of the Lethe is wanted.

But ev'n Irish patients can hardly regret
An oblivion, so much in their own na-
tive style, [they forget,
So conveniently plan'd, that, whate'er
They may go on remembring it still,
all the while!"

A CHARACTER.

HALF Whig, half Tory, like those mid-
way things, [have wings;
Twixt bird and beast, that by mistake
A mongrel Statesman, 'twixt two fac-
tions nursed, [the worst—
Who, of the faults of each, combines
The Tory's loftiness, the Whigling's
snear.
The leveller's rashness, and the bigot's
The thirst for meddling, restless still to
show [Whigs, will go;
How Freedom's clock, repair'd by
'Th' alarm when others, more sincere
than they, [day.
Advance the hands to the true time of

By Mother Church, high-fed and haughty
dame, [fame;
The boy was dandled, in his dawn of
List'ning, she smiled, and bless'd the
flippant tongue [hung.
On which the fate of unborn tithe-pigs
Ah, who shall paint the grandam's grim
dismay, [away;
When loose Reform enticed her boy
When, shock'd, she heard him ape the
rabbles's tone, [own!
And, in Old Sarum's fate, foredoom her
Groaning she cried, while tears roll'd
down her cheeks,
"Poor, gilt-tongued youth, he means
not what he speaks. [flow,
"Like oil at top, these Whig professions
But, pure as lymph, runs Toryism be-
low. [in the race,
"Alas, that tongue should start thus,
"Ere mind can reach and regulate its pace—'
[lagging mind,]
"For, once outstripp'd by tongue, poor,
"At every step, still further limbs behind.
[But, bless the boy!—whate'er his]
"Still turns his heart to Toryism and me.
[Dante's lay,]
"Like those old shapes, portray'd in '
"With heads fix'd on, the wrong and backward way,
[His feet and eyes pursue a diverse]
"While those march onward, these look fondly back." [the day,]
And well she knew him—well foresaw
Which now hath come, when snatch'd from Whigs away,
[he wore,]
The self-same changeling drops the mask
And rests, restor'd, in granny's arms
once more.

But whither now, mix'd brood of modern light?
[th' flight?]
And ancient darkness, canst thou bend
Tried by both factions, and to neither true,
[by the new,]
Fear'd by the old school, laugh'd at
For this too feeble, and for that too rash,
This wanting more of fire, that less of flash;

Lone shalt thou stand, in isolation cold,
Betwixt two worlds, the new one and the old,
[which the eye]
A small and vex'd Bermoothes,
Of venturous seaman sees—and passes by.

A GHOST STORY.

TO THE AIR OF "UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY." 1835.

Not long in bed had L—ndh—rst lain,
When, as his lamp burn'd dimly,
The ghosts of corporate bodies slain,†
Stood by his bedside grimly.
Dead aldermen, who once could feast,
But now, themselves, are fed on,
And skeletons of mayors deceased,
This doleful chorus led on:

"Oh, Lord L—ndh—rst,
"Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst,
"Corpse we,

"Che dalle reni era torno I volto,
E indietro venire il convenia,
Perché 'l veider dimanzi era lor tolto."

Referring to the line taken by Lord L—ndh—rst, on the question of Municipal Reform.

"All burk'd by the,
"Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst!"

"Arrant, ye frights!" his Lordship cried,
"Ye look most glum and whitely."
"Ah, L—ndh—rst, dear!" the frights replied,
"You've used us unpolitely,
"And now, ungrateful man! to drive
"Dead bodies from your door so,
"Who quite corrupt enough, alive, [so.
"You've made, by death, still more
"Oh, Ex-Chancellor,
"Destructive Ex-Chancellor,
"See thy work,
"Thou second Burke,
"Destructive Ex-Chancellor!"

Bold L—ndh—rst then, whom naught could keep
Awake, or surely that would,
Cried "Curse you all!"—fell fast asleep—
And dreamt of "Small v. Attwood."
While, shock'd, the bodies flew down
But, courteous in their panic, [stairs,
Precedence gave to ghosts of mayors,
And corpses aldermanic,
Crying, "Oh, Lord L—ndh—rst,
"That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst,
"Not old Scratch
"Himself could match
"That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst!"

THOUGHTS

ON THE LATE DESTRUCTIVE PROPOSITIONS OF THE TORIES.†

BY A COMMON-COUNCILMAN. 1835.

I SAT me down in my easy chair,
To read, as usual, the morning papers;
[despair,
But—who shall describe my look of despair?
When I came to Lefroy's "destructive" capers!
That he—that, of all live men, Lefroy
Should join in the cry, "Destroy, destroy!" [said,
Who, ev'n when a babe, as I've heard
On Orange conserve was chiefly fed,

† These verses were written in reference to the 1831 brought in at this time, for the reform of Corporations, and the sweeping amendments proposed by Lord Lyndhurst and other Tory peers, in order to obstruct the measure.
And never, till now, a movement made
That wasn't most manifoldly retrograde!
Only think—to sweep from the light of day
Mayors, maces, cryers, and wigs away;
To annihilate—never to rise again—
A whole generation of aldermen.
Nor leave them ev'n th' accustom'd tolls,
To keep together their bodies and souls!
At a time, too, when snug posts and places
Are falling away from us one by one,
Crash—crash—like the mummy-cases
Belzoni, in Egypt, sat upon.
Wherein lay pickled, in state sublime,
Conservatives of the ancient time;
To choose such a moment to overset
The few small nuisances left us yet;
To add to the ruin that round us reigns,
By knocking out mayors' and town-clerks' brains;
By dooming all corporate bodies to fall,
Till they leave, at last, no bodies at all—
Naught but the ghosts of by-gone glory,
Wrecks of a world that once was Tory!
Where pensive cryers, like owls unblest,
Robb'd of their roosts, shall still hoot
c'er them! [a nest,
Nor mayors shall know where to seek
Till Gally Knight shall find one for them—
Till mayors and kings, with none to rue
Shall perish all in one common plague;
And the sovereigns of Belfast and Thom
Must join their brother, Charles Dix,
At Prague.

Thus mus'd I, in my chair, alone,
(As above described,) till dozy grown,
And nodding assent to my own opinions,
I found myself borne to sleep's dominions,
Where, lo, before my dreaming eyes,
A new House of Commons appear'd to rise,
[vex,
Whose living contents, to fancy's sur-
Seem'd to me all turn'd topsy-turvy—
A jumble of polypi—nobody knew
Which was the head or which the queue.
Here, Inglis, turn'd to a sams-culotte,
Was dancing the hays with Hume and Grote;
There, ripe for riot, Recorder Shaw
Was learning from Roebuck "Ça-ira."

While Stanley and Graham, as poisardes
wrenches,
es;
Scream'd "à bas!" from the Tory bench—
And Peel and O'Connell, cheek by jowl,
Wore dancing an Irish carmagnole.
The Lord preserve us!—if dreams come
What is this hapless realm to do! [true,

ANTICIPATED MEETING
OF THE
BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN THE YEAR
2836.

AFTER some observations from Dr.
M'Griw [Wig.
On that fossil reliquum call'd Petrified
Or Perroquillothus—a specimen rare
Of those wigs, made for antediluvian
wear, [out turning a hair—
Which, it seems, stood the Flood with
Mr. Tomkins rose up, and requested atten-
tion
To facts no less wondrous which he had
Some large fossil creatures had lately
been found [ground,
Of a species no longer now seen above
But the same (as to Tomkins most
clearly appears) [dreds of years,
With those animals, lost now for hun-
Which our ancestors used to call "Bish-
op's" and "Peers,"
But which Tomkins more erudite names
has bestow'd on, [tocratodon,
Having call'd the Peer fossil th' Aris-
And, finding much food under t' other
one's thorax, [pus Vorax.
Has christen'd that creature th' Episco-
Lest the savantes and dandies should
think this all fable. [the table,
Mr. Tomkins most kindly produced on
A sample of each of these species of creatures,
[features,
Both to'trably human, in structure and
Except that th' Episcopus seems, Lord
deliver us! [nirious;
To've been carnivorous as well as gra-
And Tomkins, on searching its stomach,
found there [could bear,
Large lumps, such as no modern stomach
Of a substance call'd Tithe, upon which,
as 'tis said,
The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed;
And which having lately himself decom-
pounded,
ally found it
Just to see what 'twas made of, he acta-
From their numbers and strength, that the land was o'errun with 'em,
Every one's question being, "What's to be done with 'em?"
When, lo! certain knowing ones—sauers, mayhap,
Who, like Buckland's deep followers, understood trap;
Slyly hinted that nought upon earth was so good, [rude,
For Aristocratodons, when rampant and
As to stop, or curtail, their allowance of food. [afford:
This expedient was tried, and a proof it Of th' effect that short commons will have upon lords;
For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's morn,
Shed their coronets, just as a deer sheds his horn, [they became
And the moment these gew-gaws fell off,
A quite a new sort of creature—so harmless and tame, [maintain 'em
That zoologists might, for the first time, To be near akin to the genus humanum,
And th' experiment, tried so successfully then, [wanted again.
Should be kept in remembrance, when

**SONGS OF THE CHURCH.**

**NO. 1.**

**LEAVE ME ALONE.**

*A PASTORAL BALLAD.*

"We are ever standing on the defensive. All that we say to them is, 'Leave us alone.' The Established Church is part and parcel of the constitution of this country. You are bound to conform to this constitution. We ask of you nothing more:—let us alone."—Letter in *The Times*, Nov. 1838.

**1838.**

**COME, list to my pastoral tones,**
In clover my shepherds I keep;
My stalls are all furnish'd with dronc,
Whose preaching invites one to sleep.
At my spirit let infidels scoff, [own;
So they leave but the substance my
For, in sooth, I'm extremely well off,
If the world will but let me alone.

Dissenters are grumblers, we know:—
Though excellent men, in their way
("homo diurnum testis," but who turned out a
Am sorry to say, to be merely a great lizard.
Particularly the formation called *Transit*.

**Drag.**
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

659

They never like things to be so,
Let things be however they may.
But dissenting’s a trick I detest;
And, besides, ’tis an axiom well known,
The creed that’s best paid is the best,
If the unpaid would let it alone.

To me, I own, very surprising
Your Newman’s and Press’y’s all seem,
Who start first with rationalizing,
Then jump to the other extreme.
Far better, ’twixt nonsense and sense,
A nice half-way concern, like our own,
Where piety’s mix’d up with peace,
And the latter are never left alone.

Of all our tormentors, the Press is
The one that most teares us to bits;
And, now, Mrs. Woolfrey’s “excesses”
Have thrown all its imps into fits.
The devil’s been at us, for weeks,
And there’s no saying when they’ll have done;—
Oh dear, how I wish Mr. Breeks
Had left Mrs. Woolfrey alone!

If any need pray for the dead,
’Tis those to whom post-obits fail;
Since wisely hath Solomon said,
’Tis “money that answereth all.”
But ours be the patrons who live;—
For, once in their glebe they are thrown,
The dead have no living to give,
And therefore we leave them alone.

“Though in morals we may not excel,
Such perfection is rare to be had;
Good life is, of course, very well,
But good living is also—not bad.
And when, to feed earth-worms, I go,
Let this epitaph stare from my stone,
Here lies the Right Rev. so and so;
“Pass, stranger, and—leave him alone.”

EPISODE FROM HENRY OF EX—
—T—R TO JOHN OF TUAM.

Dear John, as I know, like our brother
Of London, [creed and mundane,
You’ve sipp’d all knowledge, both sa—
* Mirari se, si angur augurem aspexitus sibi emperaret a risu.
† So spelled in those ancient versicles which
John, we understand, frequently chants:—
“Had every one Tuam,
You wouldn’t have Tuam,
No doubt, in some ancient Joe Miller,
you’ve read [once said—
What Cato, that cunning old Roman,
That he ne’er saw two rev’rend soothsayers meet,
[for the street,
Let it be where it might, in the shrine
Without wondering the rogues, “mild
Their solemn grimmaces,
Didn’t burst out a languing in each
other’s face.” [long ago,
What Cato then meant, though ’tis sc
Even we in the present times pretty
well know; [say, John—
Having soothsayers also, who—sooth to
Are no better in some points than those
of days gone, [you and me,
And a pair of whom, meeting, (between
Might laugh in their sleeves, too—all
law though they be.
But this, by the way—my intention
being chiefly [briefly,
In this, my first letter, to hint to you
That, seeing how fond you of Tuum:]
must be, [with me,
While Meum’s at all times the main point
We scarce could do better than form an
alliance, [defiance:
To set these sad Anti-Church times at
You, John, recollect, being still to em-
barck, [titles and mark;
With no share in the firm but you
Or ev’n should you feel in your gran-
deur inclined
To call yourself Pope, why I
shouldn’t much mind;
While my church as usual holds fast by
your Tuum,
And every one else’s, to make it all
Suum.
Thus allied, I’ve no doubt we shall
nicely agree, [points than we;
As no twins can be liker, in most
Both specimens choice of that mix’d
sort of beast,
(See Rev. xiii. 1.) a poetical priest;
Both mettlesome chargers, both brisk
pamphleteers, [by the ears;
Ripe and ready for all that sets men
And I, at least one, who would scorn to
stick longer [stronger,
By any giv’n cause than I found it the
But I should have Meum, And sing To Deum.”
† For his keeping the title he may quote classical
authority, as Horace expressly says
“poteris servare Tuam.”—De Art. Poet. v
329.—Chronicle.
And who, smooth in my turnings as if on a swivel, [try the civil. When the tone ecclesiastic won't do, In short (not to bore you, ev'n pure divino) [John—all but the rhino; We've the same cause in common, And that vulgar surplus, what' er it may be, [you'd best leave to me. As you're not used to cash, John, And so, without form—as the postman won't tarry— I'm, dear Jack of Tuam, Yours, 
EXETER HARRY

SONG OF OLD PUCK

"And those things do best please me, That befall preposterously.," Peck Junior, Midsummer Night's Dream.

Who wants old Puck? for here am I, A mongrel imp, 'twixt earth and sky, Ready alike to crawl or fly; Now in the mud, now in the air, And, so 'tis for mischief, reckless where.

As to my knowledge, there's no end to 't, For where I haven't it, I pretend to 't; And, 'stead of taking a learned degree At some dull university, Puck found it handier to commence With a certain share of impudence, Which passes one off as learned and clever, Beyond all other degrees whatever; And enables a man of lively sense To be Master of all the Arts at once. No matter what the science may be—Ethics, Physics, Theology, Mathematics, Hydrostatics, Aerostatics or Pneumatics—Whatever it be, I take my luck, 'Tis all the same to ancient Puck; Whose head's so full of all sorts of wares, That a brother imp, old Smugden, swears If I had but of law a little smatt'ring, I'd then be perfect—which is flatt'ring.

My skill as a linguist all must know Who met me abroad some months ago; (And heard me abroad exceedingly, too, In the moods and tenses of parlez-vous.)

* Verbatim, as said. This tribute is only equalled by that of Talleyrand to his medical friend, Dr. —: "Il se connait en tout; et même un peu en médecine."

When, as old Chambaud's shade stood mute, I spoke such French to the Institute As puzzled those learned Thebans much, To know if 'twas Sanscrit or High Dutch And might have pass'd with th' unobserving As one of the unknown tongues of Irving As to my talent for ubiquity, There's nothing like it in all antiquity. Like Mungo, (my peculiar care,) "I'm here, I'm dere, I'm ebery where."

If any one's wanted to take the chair. Upon any subject, anywhere, Just look around, and—Puck is there! When slaughter's at hand, your bird of prey Is never known to be out of the way; And whenever mischief's to be got, There's Puck instant; on the spot.

Only find me in negras and applause, And I'm your man for any cause. If wrong the cause, the more my delight; But I don't object to it, ev'n when right, If I only can vex some old friend by't; There's D—rh—m, for instance;—to worry him Fills up my cup of bliss to the brim!

( NOTE BY THE EDITOR.) Those who are anxious to run a muck Can't do better than join with Puck; They'll find him bon diable—spite of his phiz—And, in fact, his great ambition is, While playing old Puck in first-rate style, To be thought Robin Goodfellow all the while.

POLICE REPORTS.

CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

Among other stray flashmen, disposed of, this week, Was a youngster, named St—ul—y; genteelly connected, [as antique, Who has lately been passing off coins, Which have proved to be sham ones, though long unsuspected.

The ancients, our readers need hardly be told, [for wholesale demands;; Had a coin they call'd "Talents," 
† Song in "The Padlock." 
‡ For an account of the coin called Talents by the ancients, see Haudens de Assé, and the other writers de Re Nummaria.
And 'twas some of said coinage this youth was so bold
As to fancy he'd got, God knows how, in his hands.

People took him, however, like fools, at his word;
And these talents (all prized at his)
Were bid for, with eagerness ev'n more absurd [great thinking nation.]
Than has often distinguish'd this

Talk of wonders one now and then sees advertised,
"Black swans"—"Queen Anne far-things"—or ev'n "achild's caul"—
Much and justly as all these rare objects are prized,
"St—nl—y's talents" outdid them—
swans, farthings, and all!

At length, some mistrust of this coin got abroad; to doubt of it;
Even quondam believers beguiled much
Some ruing it, some rubb'd it, suspecting a fraud—
And the hard rubs it got rather took the shine out of it.

Others, wishing to break the poor prodigy's fall, [studied the matter,]
Said 'twas known well to all who had
That the Greeks had not only great talents but small,*
And those found on the youngster were clearly the latter.

While others, who view'd the grave farce with a grin— [age so massy,
Seeing counterfeits pass thus for coin—
By way of a hint to the dolts taken in,
Appropriately quoted Budeus de Asse.

In short, the whole sham by degrees was found out,
And this coin, which they chose by such fine names to call,
Proved a mere lacker'd article—showy, no doubt, [Talent at all.
But, ye gods, not the true Attic
As th' impostor was still young enough to repent, [grandee connection,
And, besides, had some claims to a

* The Talentum Magnum and the Talentum Atticum appear to have been the same coin.
† En faiz d'amour, trop meme n'est pas sasses.
—Barbier de Sèville.
‡ Grant of Ireland to Henry II. by Pope Adrian.

Their Worships—considerate for once—
only sent [House of Correction.
The young Thimblerig off to the

REFLECTIONS.
ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE OF
THE CHURCH, IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

I'm quite of your mind;—though these
Pats cry aloud
That they've got "too much Church,
'tis all nonsense and stuff;
For Church is like Love, of which Figaro
vow'd [enough.
That even too much of it's not quite
Ay, dose them with parsons, 'twill cure
all their ills;—[box undaunted he
Copy Morison's mode when from pill-
Pours through the patient his black-
coated pills, [but quantity.
Nor cares what their quality, so there's
I verily think, 'twould be worth Eng-
land's while [whether
To consider, for Paddy's own benefit,
'Twould not be as well to give up the
green isle [Church altogether.
To the care, wear and tear of the
The Irish are well used to treatment so
pleasant; [ry Plantagenet.
The harlot Church gave them to Hen-
And now, if King William would make
them a present [imagine it!
To t'other chaste lady—ye Saints, just
Chief Secs., Lord-Lientenants, Com-
manders-in-chief, [copal benches;
Might then all be cul'd from th' epis-
While colonels in black would afford
some relief [old scarlet wench's.
From the hue that reminds one of th'
Think how fierce at a charge (being
practised therein)
The Right Reverend Brigadier Ph—I—
—its would slash on!
How General Bl—mf—d, through thick
and through thin,
To the end of the chapter (or chap-
ters) would dash on!
For, in one point alone do the amply fed
race
Of bishops to beggars similitude bear—
That, set them on horseback, in full
steeple chase,
And they'll ride, if not pull'd up in
time—you know where.
But, bless you, in Ireland, that matters
not much,
[the same way; Where affairs have for centuries gone
And a good stanch Conservative's sys-
tem is such [long-founded so, That he'd back even Beelzebul's.

I am therefore, dear Quarterly, quite of
your mind;—[Erin let's pour; Church, Church, in all shapes, into
And there she repeats withirmed'cine
so kind, [dose, as before."
The more let's repeat it—"Black
Let Coercion, that peace-maker, go hand
in hand
[ter and brother; With demure-eyed Conversion, fit sit
And, covering with prisons and churches the
land,
[the other. All that won't go to one, we'll put into
For the sole, leading maxim of us who're
inclined [ligiously,
To rule over Ireland, not well, but re-
to treat her like ladies, who've just
been confined, ther prodigiously,
(Or who ought to be so) and to church

NEW GRAND EXHIBITION OF
MODELS
OF THE
TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
Come, step in, gentlefolks, here ye may
view
An exact and nat'al representation
(Like Siburn's Model of Waterloo"
Of the Lords and Commons of this
here nation.
There they are—all cut out in cork—
The "Collective Wisdom" wondrous
to see; [work,
My eyes! when all them heads are at
What a vastly weighty consarn it
must be.
As for the "wisdom,"—that may come
anon; [see,
Though, to say truth, we sometimes
(And find the phenomenon no uncom-
on 'un) [that's M. T.
A man whose M. P. with a head

Our Lords are rather too small, 'tis true;
But they do well enough for Cabinet
shelves; [turs to do
And, besides,—what's a man with cree-
That make such worry small figures
themselves?
There—don't touch those lords, my pret-
ty dears.—(Aside.)
Curse the children!—this comes of re-
forming a nation:
Those meddling young brats have so
damaged my peers, [creation.
I must lay in more cork for a new
them yonder's our bishops—"to whom
much is given," And who're ready to take as much
more as you please: [heaven.
The seers of old times saw visions of
But these holy seers see nothing but
Sees.
Like old Atlas; (the chap, in Cheapside,
there below,) 'Tis for so much per cent. they take
hovels on their shoulders,
And joy 'tis to know that old High
Church and Co., [capital-holders,
Though not capital priests, are such

There's one ou 'em, Ph—[p—ts, who
now is away, [inusable stuff,
As we're having him filled with bum-
Small crackers and squibs, for a great
gala-day, [ence off.
When we annually fire his Right Rev.
'Twould do your heart good, ma'am, then to be by, [of with bile,
When, bursting with gunpowder, stead
Crack, crack, goes the bishop, while
dowagers cry, [matter and style!"
"How like the dear man, both in

Should you want a few Peers and M. P.'s
to bestow, [mend these:—
A presents to friends, we can recom-
Our nobles are come down to nine-
minute, you know,
And we charge but a penny a piece
for M. P.'s.
Those of bottle-corks made take most
with the trade,
(At least, 'mong such as my Irish
writing.,"

* One of the most interesting and curious of
all the exhibitions of the day.
Of old whiskey corks our O'Connells are made, 

[frogs of, are rum 'uns.

But those we make Shaws and Le— 

So, step in, gentlefolks, &c. &c. 

Da Capo.

ANNOUNCEMENT

A NEW GRAND ACCELERATION COMPANY FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE SPEED OF LITERATURE.

Loud complaints being made, in these quick-reading times,

Of too slack a supply, both of prose works and rhymes, [moving plan, 

A new Company, form'd on the keep-

First proposed by the great firm of 

Catch-'em-who-can.

Beg to say they've now ready, in full wind and speed, [breed—

Some fast-going authors, of quite a new 

Such as not he who runs but who gal-

lops may read—

And who, if well curried and fed, they've no doubt, [out and.

Will beat ev'n Bentley's swift stud out

It is true, in these days, such a drug is 

renown, [about town;

We've "Immortals" as rife as M. P.'s

And not a Blue's rout but can off-hand 

supply [to die."

Some invalid bard who's insured "not

Still, let England but once try our au-

thors, she'll find [mortals behind; 

How fast they'll leave ev'n these Im-

And how truly the toils of Alcides were 

light, 

Compared with his toll who can read 

all they write.

In fact, there's no saying, so gainful the trade, [made;

How fast immortalities now may be 

Since Helicon never will wear an " Un-

dying One," [ing One; 

As long as the public continues a Buy-

And the Company hope yet to witness the hour, 

* "Tis money makes the mare go." 

† We have lodgings apart, for our posthumous people, 

As we find that, if left with the live ones, they keep ill. 

‡ "Bottom: Let me play the lion; I will roar 
you as 'twere any nightingale." 

When, by strongly applying the mar-

motive* power.

A three-decker novel, 'mid oceans of praise,

May be written, launch'd, read, and— 

forgot in three days!

In addition to all this stupendous celer-

ity, [terity—

Which—to the no small relief of pos-

Pays off at sight the whole debt of fame, 

Nor troubles futurity ev'n with a name, 

(A project that wo'n't as much tickle [then Tegg as us, 

Since 'twill rob him of his second-

priced Pegasus;) [how immense 

We, the Company—still more to show 

Is the power o'er the mind of pounds, 

shillings, and pence; [our day, 

And that not even Phoebus himself, in 

Could get up a lay without first an out-

lay— [compare, 

Beg to add, as our literature soon may 

In its quick make and vent, with our 

Birmingham ware, [these lines, 

And it doesn't at all matter in either of 

How shaw is the article, so it be't 

shines, — [in hand, 

We keep authors ready, all perch'd, pen 

To write off, in any given style, at com-

mand. [dead,†

No matter what bard, be he living or 

Ask a work from his pen, and 'tis done 

soon as said: [Walter Scots, 

There being, on th' establishment, six 

One capital Wordsworth, and Southeys 

in lots; — [like syrens, 

Three choice Mrs. Nortons, all singing 

While most of our pallid young clerks 

are Lord Byrons.

Then we've ***s and ***, (for whom 

there's small call,) [all. 

And ***, and ***, (for whom no call at.

In short, whoso'er the last "Lion" 

may be, [to a T, 

We've a Bottom who'll copy his roar; 

And so well, that not one of the buyers 

who've got 'em [Bottom. 

Can tell which is lion, and which only 

N. B.—The company, since they set up 
in this line, [at the sign 

Have moved their concern, and are now 

Of the Muse's Velocipede, Fleet Street, 

where all [to call.

Who wish well to the scheme are invited
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DINNER TO DAN.

From tongue to tongue the rumor flew;
All ask'd, aghast, "Is't true? is't true?"
But none knew whether 'twas fact or fable:
And still the unholy rumor ran,
From Tory woman to Tory man,
Though none to come at the truth was able—
Till, lo, at last, the fact came out,
The horrible fact, beyond all doubt,
That Dan had dined at the Viceroy's table;
Had flung his Popish knife and fork
In the heart of 'th' Establish'd mutton
And pork!

Who can forget the deep sensation
That news produced in this orthodox nation.
Deans, rectors, curates, all agreed, t'ion?
If Dan was allow'd at the Castle to feed,
'Twas clearly all up with the Protestant creed!
There hadn't, indeed, such an apparition
Been heard of, in Dublin, since that day
When, during the first grand exhibition
Of Don Giovanni, that naughty play,
There appeared, as if raised by necromancers,
An extra devil among the dancers!
Yes—ev'ry one saw, with fearful thrill,
That a devil too much had John'd the quadrille;
[Let fall
And sulphur was smelt, and the lamps
A grim, green light o'er the ghastly ball,
And the poor sham devils didn't like it at all;
[had come, For, they knew from whence th' intruder
Though he left, that night, his tail at home.

This fact, we see, is a parallel case
To the dinner that some weeks since, took place.
With the difference slight of fiend and fiend;
It shows what a nest of Popish sinners
[and Dan
That city must be, where the devil
May thus drop in, at quadrilles and dinners.

But, mark the end of these foul proceedings,
These demon hops and Popish feed—
Some comfort 'twill be—to those, at least,
Who've studied this awful dinner
To know that Dan, on the night of that feast,
Was seized with a dreadful indigestion;
That envys were sent, post-haste, to his priest,
To come and absolve the suffering sinner,
For eating so much at a heretic dinner;
And some good people were even afraid
That Peal's old confectioner—still at the trade—
Had poison'd the Papist with orangeade.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR SICK LITERATI.

With all humility we beg
To inform the public, that Tom Tegg—
Known for his spunky speculations,
In buying up dead reputations,
And, by a mode of galvanizing
Which, all must own, is quite surprising,
Making dead authors move again,
As though they still were living men;—
All this, too, managed in a trice,
By those two magic words, "Half Price,"
Which brings the charm so quick about;
That worn-out poets, left without
A second foot whereon to stand,
Are made to go at second hand:—
'Twill please the public, we repeat,
To learn that Tegg, who works this feat,
And, therefore, knows what care it needs
To keep alive Fame's invalids,
Has oped an Hospital, in town,
For cases of knock'd-up renown—
Falls, fractures, dangerous Epic fits,
(By some call'd Cantos,) stabs from wits;
[ nursed, And, of all wounds for which they're
Dead cut by from publishers, the worst;—
All these, and other such fatalities,
That happen to frail immortals,
By Tegg are so expertly treated, [ed,
That oft-times, when the cure's compleated
The patient's made robust enough
To stand a few more rounds of puff
Till, like the ghosts of Dante's lay,
He's puff'd into thin air away!
As titled poets (being phenomenons)
Don't like to mix with low and common 'uns,
Tegg's Hospital has separate wards,
Express for literary lords, [length,
Where prose-peers, of immoderate
Are nursed, when they've outgrown
their strength,
And poets, whom their friends despair of,  
Are—put to bed and taken care of.  
Tegg begs to contradict a story,  
Now current both with Whig and Tory,  
That Doctor W—rh—t—n, M. P.,  
Well known for his anti-pathy,  
His deadly hate, good man, to all  
The race of poets, great and small—  
So much, that he's been heard to own,  
He would most willingly cut down  
The holiest groves on Pindus' mount,  
To turn the timber to account!—  
The story actually goes, that he  
Prescribes at Tegg's Infirmary;  
And oft, not only stints, for spite,  
The patients in their copy-right,  
But that, on being call'd in lately  
To two sick poets, suffering greatly,  
This vaticinal Doctor sent them  
So strong a dose of Jeremy Bentham,  
That one of the poor herbs but cried,  
"Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" and then died;  
While 't other, though less stuff was given,  
Is on his road, 'tis fear'd, to heaven!  
Of this event, how'er unpleasant,  
Tegg means to say no more at present,—  
Intending shortly to prepare  
A statement of the whole affair,  
With full accounts, at the same time,  
Of some late cases, (prose and rhyme,)  
Subscribed with every author's name,  
That's now on the Sick List of Fame.

RELIGION AND TRADE.

"Sir Robert Peel believed it was necessary  
to originate all respecting religion and trade in  
a Committee of the House."—Church Extension,  
May 22, 1830.

Say, who was the wag, indecorously witty,  
[vey'd;  
Who, first in a statute, this libel con-  
And thus slyly refer'd to the self-same  
committee,  
[Trade?  
As matters congenial, Religion and  
Oh surely, my Ph—lp—ts, 'twas thou  
didst the deed;  
[brother,  
For none but thyself, or some pluralist  
Accustom'd to mix up the craft with the  
creed,  
[with each other.  
Could bring such a pair thus to twin  
And yet, when one thinks of times pres-  
ent and gone,  
[reflection,  
One is forced to confess, on maturer  
That 'tisn't in the eyes of committees  
alone,  
[have some connection.  
That the shrine and the shop seem to  
be;  
Not to mention those monarchs of Asia's  
fair land,  
[paid;  
Whose civil list all is in "god-money."  
And where the whole people, by royal  
command,  
[ready made;—  
Buy their gods at the government mart,  
There was also (as mention'd, in rhyme  
and in prose, is) [every shrine,  
Gold heap'd, throughout Egypt, on  
To make rings for right reverend croco-  
diles' noses— [look well in thine.  
Just such as, my Ph—lp—ts, would  
But one needn't fly off, in this erudite  
mood;  
[so sunny,  
And 'tis clear, without going to regions  
That priests love to do the least possible  
good,  
[of money.  
For the largest most possible quantum  
"Of him," said the text, "unto whom  
much is given, [required?"—  
"Of him much, in turn, will be also  
"By me," quoth the sleek and obese  
man of heaven—  
"Give as much as you will—more  
will still be desired."  
More money! more churches!—oh Nim-  
rod, hadst thou [er way gone—  
'Stead of Tower-extension, some short-  
Hadst thou known by what methods we  
mount to heaven now,  
And tried Church-extension, the feat  
had been done!  

MUSINGS,
SUGGESTED BY THE LATE PROMOTION OF MRS.  
NETHEROAT.

"The widow Nethercoat is appointed jailer  
of Loughrea, in the room of her deceased  
husband."—Limerick Chronicle.

Whether as queens or subjects, in  
these days, [each station;—  
Women seem form'd to grace alike  
As Captain Flaherty gallantly says,  
"You, ladies, are the lords of the  
creation!"

Thus o'er my mind did prescient visions  
float [be;  
Of all that matchless woman yet may  
[be;  
* The Burmans may not buy the sacred mar-  
bles in mass, but must purchase figures of the  
deity already made.—Simes.
When, hark, in rumors less and less remote,
Came the glad news o'er Erin’s aman;
The important news—that Mrs. Nethercoat
Had been appointed jailer of Lough—
Yes, mark it, History—Nethercoat is dead,
And Mrs. N. now rules his realm in—
Here the high task to wield th’ uplocking keys,
To rivet rogues and reign o'er Rappap—
Thus, while your blust'rs of the Tory school
Find Ireland’s sanest sons so hard to
One meek-eyed matron, in Whig doctrines nursed,
Is all that’s ask’d to curb the maddest,
Show me the man that dares, with blushing brow,
Prate about Erin’s rage and riot now;—
Now, when her temperance forms her sole excess;
When long-lobbed whiskey, fading
Small by degrees, and beautifully less,
Will soon, like other spirits, vanish quite;
When red coats the number’s grown
That soon, to cheer the warlike parson’s eyes,
No glimpse of scarlet will be seen at all,
Save that which she of Babylon supplies,—
Or, at the most, a corporal’s guard will
Of Ireland’s red defence the sole remains;
While of its jails bright woman keeps the key,
And captive Paddies languish in her
Long may such lot be Erin’s, long be
mine!
Oh yes—if ev’n this world, though bright
In Wisdom’s eyes a prison-house must be,
At least let woman’s hand our fetters
And blithe I’ll sing, more joyous than if free,
The Nethercoats, the Nethercoats for

INTENDED TRIBUTE
TO THE
AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,
ENTITLED
"ROMANTISM IN IRELAND."
It glads us much to be able to say,
That a meeting is fix’d, for some early day

Of all such dowagers—he or she—
(No matter the sex, so they dowagers be,
Whose opinions, concerning Church and State,
From about the time of the Curfew
Stanch sticklers still for days bygone,
And admiring them for their rust alone—
To whom if we would a leader give,
Worthy their tastes conservative, [raise,
We need but some mummy-statesman
Who was pickled and potted in Ptolemy’s days;
For that’s the man, if waked from his
to conserve and swaddle this world,
like himself.
Such, we’re happy to state, are the old
he-dames
Who’ve met in committee, and given
(On good hieroglyphics,) with kind intent
To pay some handsome compliment
To their sister-author, the nameless he
Who wrote, in the last new Quarterly,
That charming assault upon Popery;
An article justly prized by them,
As a perfect antediluvian gem—
The work, as Sir Sampson Legend
would say, [wash away,]
Of some "fellow the Flood couldn’t
The fund being raised, there remain’d
but to see
What the dowager-author’s gift was to
And here, I must say, the Sisters Blue
Show’d delicate taste and judgment
too.
For, finding the poor man suffering
From the awful stuff he has thrown up
lately—
So much so, indeed, to the alarm of all,
To bring on a fit of what doctors call
The Antipapisto-monomania,
(I’m sorry with such a long word to de-
tain ye,)
They’ve acted the part of a kind physi-
By suitting their gift to the patient’s con-
dition;
And, as soon as ’tis ready for presenta-
We shall publish the facts for the grati-
fication
Of this highly-favor’d and Protestant na-
Meanwhile, to the great alarm of his
neighbors,
He still continues his Quarterly labors;
And often has strong No-Popery fits,

* See Congreve’s Love for Love.
Which frighten his old nurse out of her wits.

Sometimes he screams, like Scrub in the "Thieves! Jesuits! Popery!" night and day; [Dens,†

Takes the Printer’s Devil for Doctor
And shies at him heaps of High-church pens;‡

Which the Devil (himself a touchy D—缴 all this hide, like arrows, enter. ’Stead of swallowing wholesome stuff from the druggist’s,

He will keep raving of “Irish Thuggists;”§

Tells us they all go murd’ring, for fun,

From rise of morn till set of sun,

Pop, pop, pop, as fast as a minute-gun!!!

If ask’d, how comes it the gown and cassock are [cre—

Safe and fat, ‘mid this general massacre—

How haps it that Pat’s own population
But swarms the more for this trucida-

He refers you, for all such memoranda,

To the “archives of the Propaganda!”¶

This is all we’ve got, for the present to say — [lure day.

But shall take up the subject some fu-

GRAND DINNER OF TYPE AND CO.

A POOR POET’S DREAM.”**

As I sate in my study, lone and still,

Thinking of Sergeant Talfourd’s bill,

And the speech by Lawyer Sugden, and

In spirit congenial, for “the Trade,”

Sudden I sunk to sleep, and, lo,

Upon Fane’s reminisc night-mare

flitting,

I found myself, in a second or so,

At the table of Messrs. Type and Co.

With a goodly group of diners sitting; —

All in the printing and publishing line,

Dress’d, I thought, extremely fine,

And sipping, like lords, their rosy wine;

* Beaux Stratagem.

† The writer of this article has grooped about,

With much success, in what he calls “the dark

recesses of Dr. Dens’s disquisitions.”—Quarter-

ly Review.

‡ “Fray, may we ask, has there been any

rebellious movement of Popery in Ireland,

since the planting of the Ulster colonies, in

which something of the kind was not visible

among the Presbyterians of the North!”—Ibid.

While I, in a state near inanition,

With coat that hadn’t much nap to

spare,

(Having just gone into its second edi-

tion),

Was the only wretch of an author

there.

But think, how great was my surprise,

When I saw, in casting round my eyes,

That the dishes, sent up by Type’s she-

cooks,

Bore all, in appearance, the shape of

Large folios—God knows where they

got ’em,

[ton; In these small times—at top and bot-

And quartos (such as the Press pro-

vides

[ides.

For no one to read them) down the

Then flash’d a horrible thought to my

brain,

And I said to myself, “’Tis all too plain;

{Like those well known in school quo-

tations,

[tions,

“Who at up for dinner their own rela-

tions—

“I see now, before me, smoking here,

“arhough and bones of my brethren

dear;—

“Bright sons of the lyric and epic Muse,

“All cut up in cutlets, or hash’d in stews;

Their works, a fight through ages to

go,

[Co.!”

“Themselves, eaten up by Type and

While thus I moralized, on they went,

Finding the fare most excellent;

And all so kindly, brother to brother,

Helping the titbits to each other;

“A slice of Southey let me send you”—

“This cut of Campbell I recommend

you?”—

“And here, my friends, is a treat indeed,

“The immortal Wordsworth fricase-

seed!”

Thus having, the cormorants, fed some time,

Upon joints of poetry—all of the prime—

With also (as Type in a whisper aver’d it)

§ “Lord Lorton, for instance, who, for clear-

ing his estate of a village of Irish Thuggists,”

&c., &c.—Quarterly Review.

|| “Observe how murder after murder is

committed like minute-guns.”—Ibid.

¶ “Might not the archives of the Propa-

ganda possibly supply the key?”

** Written during the late agitation of the

question of Copyright.
"Cold prose on the sideboard, for such
as prefer'd it."—
They rested awhile, to recruit their
force,
Then pounced, like kites, on the sec-
Which was singing-birds merely—Moore
and others—
Who all went the way of their larger
brothers;
And, num'rous now though such song-
sters be,
'Twas really quite distressing to see
A whole dishful of Toms—Moore, Dib-
din, Bayly,—
Bolted by Type and Co. so gayly!

Nor was this the worst—I shudder to
think [came to drink.]
What a scene was disclosed when they
The warriors of Odin, as every one
knows, [foes;]
Used to drink out of skulls of slaughter’d
And Type’s old port, to my horror I
found, [round.]
Was in skulls of bards sent mercily
And still as each well-fill’d cranium came,
[name;]
A health was pledged to its owner’s
While Type said slyly, ‘midst general
laughter, [them after.]
"We eat them up first, then drink to
There was no standing this—incensed I
broke [woke.
From my bonds of sleep, and indignant
Exclaiming, "Oh shades of other times,
"Whose voices still sound, like death-
less chimes,
"Could you e’er have foretold a day
would be,
"When a dreamer of dreams should
live to see [Bulls
"A party of sleek and honest John
"Hobnobbing each other in poet’s
skulls?"

* "For a certain man named Demetrius, a
silversmith, which made shrines for Diana,
bringt no small gain unto the craftsmen;
whom he called together with the workmen of
like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by
this craft we have our wealth."—Acts, xix.
† Trin Virginia era Diane.
‡ The "shrines" are supposed to have been
small churches, or chapels, adjoining to the
great temple;—"videlicet, in quibus status
reponebatur."—Erasm.

CHURCH EXTENSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir,—A well-known classical traveller, while
employed in exploring, some time since, the
supposed site of the Temple of Diana of Ephe-
sus, was so fortunate, in the course of his re-
searches, as to light upon a very ancient bark
manuscript, which has turned out, on examina-
tion, to be part of an old Ephesian newspaper:
—a newspaper published, as you will see, so
far back as the time when Demetrius, the great
Shrine-Extender,* flourished.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

EPHESIAN GAZETTE.

Second edition.

IMPORTANT event for the rich and re-
ligious! [Queen Square —
Great Meeting of Silversmiths held in
Church Extension, their object,—th’ ex-
citement prodigious;—
Demetrius, head man of the craft,
takes the chair!

Third edition.

The Chairman still up, when our devi
came away; [usual state prayer.
Having prefaced his speech with the
That the Three-headed Diana would
kindly, this day, [her care.
Take the Silversmiths’ Company under
Being ask’d by some low, unestablish’d
divines, [are flocks to be got!]
"When your churches are up, where
He manfully answer’d, "Let us build
the shrines,† [for them or not."
"And we care not if flocks are found
He then added—to show that the Silver-
smiths’ Guild [ant views—
Were above all confined and intoler-
"Only pray through the nose to the
altars we build,
"You may pray through the nose to
what altars you choose."

This tolerance, rare from a shrine-deal-
er’s lip, [taste for the till,—
(Though a tolerance mix’d with due
So much charm’d all the holders of
scriptural scrip;
That their shouts of! "Hear!" "Hear!"
are re-echoing still.

Fourth edition.

Great stir in the Shrine Market! altars
to Phoebus [a rebus.
Are going dog-cheap—may be had for
Old Dion’s, as usual; outsell all the
rest;—
But Venus’s also are much in request.
LATEST ACCOUNTS FROM OLYMPUS.

As news from Olympus has grown rather rare, [to touch there, Since bards, in their cruises, have ceased We extract for our readers th' intelligence given, [want heaven— In our latest accounts from that ci-de—That realm of the By-gones, where still sit, in state, [out of date. Old god-heads and nod-heads, now long Jove himself, it appears, since his love-days are o'er, Seems to find immortality rather a bore; Though he still asks for news of earth's capers and crimes, And reads daily his old fellow-Thunderer, the Times. He and Vulcan, it seems, by their wives still hen-peck'd are, [tar. And kept on a stinted allowance of nec— Old Phæbus, poor lad, has given up inspiration, [nation. And pack'd off to earth on a puff-spec. The fact is, he found his old shrines had grown dim, [burn, not him. Since bards look'd to Bentley and Col— So, he sold off his stud of ambrosia-fed nags, [writes for the Mags; Came incog. down to earth, and now Taking care that his work not a gleam hath to linger in', From which men could guess that the god had a finger in't.

There are other small facts, well deserving attention, [mention. Of which our Olympic dispatches make Poor Bacchus is still very ill, they allege, Having never recover'd the Temperance Pledge. [look'd to the most! "What, the Irish!" he cried—"these I "If they give up the spirit, I give up the ghost." [make fun, While Momus, who used of the gods to Is turn'd Socialist now, and declares there are none! But these changes, though curious, are all a mere farce, [Mars, Compared to the new "casus bell?" of Who, for years, has been suffering the horrors of quiet, [or riot! Uncheer'd by one glimmer of bloodshed In vain from the clouds his belligerent brow

Did he pop forth, in hopes that somewhere or somehow, [a row: Like Pat at a fair, he might "coax up But the joke wouldn't take—the whole world had got wiser; [adviser; Men liked not to take a Great Gun for And, still less, to march in fine clothes to be shot, [or for what. Without very well knowing for whom The French, who of slaughter had had their full swing, [at their King; Were content with a shot, now and then. While, in England, good fighting's a pastime so hard to gain, Nobody's left to fight with, but Lord C—rd—g—n.

"Tis needless to say, then, how monstrously happy [on the topis? Old Mars has been made by what's now How much it delights him to see the French rally, [Ali; In Liberty's name, around Mehemet Well knowing that Satan himself could not find [his mind A confection of mischief much more to Than the old Bonnet Rouge and the Bashaw combined. Right well, too, he knows, that there ne'er were attackers, Whatever their cause, that they didn't find backers; While any slight care for Humanity's woes [tique," which shows May be sooth'd by that "Art Diploma— How to come, in the most approved method, to blows.

This is all, for to-day—whether Mars is much vex'd [by our next. At his friend Thiers's exit, we'll know——

THE TRIUMPHS OF FARCE.

Our earth, as it rolls through the regions of space, [the sunny; Wears always two faces, the dark and And poor human life runs the same sort of race, [side, funny. Being sad, on one side—on the other Thus oft we, at eve, to the Haymarket lie, [—but scarce To weep o'er the woes of Macready; Hath the tear-drop of Tragedy pass'd from the eye, [at the Farce. When, lo, we're all laughing in fits
And still let us laugh—preach the world as it may—
Where the cream of the joke is, the swarm will soon follow; [way,
Heroes are very grand things, in their
But the laugh at the long run will carry it hollow.

For instance, what sermon on human affairs
Could equal the scene that took place
'Twixt Romeo and Louis Philippe, on the stairs— [half-way!]
The Sublime and Ridiculous meeting

Yes, Jove! gay god, whom the Gentiles supplied,
And whose worship not ev'n among Christians declines,
In our senate thou'st languish'd since
Sheridan died, [our shrines.]
But Sydney still keeps thee alive in

Rare Sydney! thrice honor'd the stall
where he sits,
And be his every honor he deigneth to climb at!
[wits,]

Had England a hierarchy form'd all of
Who but Sydney would England proclaim as its primate?

And long may he flourish, frank, mer-
ry, and brave— [read,*
A Horace to hear, and a Paschal to
While he laughs, all is safe, but, when
Sydney grows grave,
We shall then think the Church is in
danger indeed.

Meanwhile, it much glad us to find
he's preparing [right way;']
To teach other bishops to "seek the
And means shortly to treat the whole
bench to an airing, [t'other day,
Just such as he gave to Charles James

For our parts, though gravity's good
for the soul,
Such a fancy have we for the side
that there's fun on,
We'd rather with Sydney southwest
take a "stroll,"
Than coach it northeast with his

Lordship of Lunnun.

* Some parts of the Provinciales may be said to be of the highest order of jeçe d'esprit, or

† "This stroll in the metropolis is extremely well contrived for your Lordship's speech; but

THOUGHTS ON PATRONS, PUFFS, AND OTHER MATTERS.
IN AN EPISTLE FROM T. M. TO S. R.

WHAT, thou, my friend! a man of rhymes,
And, better still, a man of guineas,
To talk of "patrons," in these times,
When authors thrive, like spinning jennies,
And Arkwright's twist and Bulwer's 

No, no—those times are pass'd away,
When, doom'd in upper floors to star
The bard inscribed to lords, as lay,— [it,
Himself, the while, my Lord Mount-

No more he begs, with air dependent,
His "little bark may sail attendant"
Under some lordly skipper's steerage;
But launch'd triumphant in the Row,
Or ta'en by Murray's self in tow,

Cuts both Star Chamber and the 

Patrons, indeed! when scarce a sail
Is whis't'd from England by the gale,
But bears on board some authors,

For foreign shores, all well-equip'd
With proper book-making machinery,
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,
Of all such lands as they shall see,
Or not see, as the case may be:
It being enjoin'd on all who go
To study first Miss M*******:
And learn from her the method true,
To do one's books—and readers, too.
For so this nymph of nons and nerve
Teaches mankind "How to Observe;"
And, lest mankind at all should swerve,
Teaches them also "What to Observe."

No, no, my friend—it can't be blink'd—
The Patron is a race extinct;
As dead as any Megatherion
That ever Buckland built a theory on.
Instead of bartering, in this age,
Our praise for pence and patronage,
We authors, now, more prosperous elves,

Have learn'd to patronize ourselves;
And since all-potent Puffing's made

suppose, my dear Lord, that instead of going
E. and N. E. you had turned about," &c., &c.
—SYDNEY SMITH'S Last Letter to the Bishop of London.
The life of song, the soul of trade,  
More frugal of our praises grown,  
We puff no merits but our own.

Unlike those feeble gales of praise  
Which critics blew in former days,  
Our modern puffs are of a kind  
That truly, really raise the wind;  
And since they've fairly set in blowing,  
We find them the best trade-winds going.

Stead of frequenting paths so slippery  
As her old haunts near Aganippe,  
The Muse, now, taking to the till,  
Has open'd shop on Lindgate Hill,  
(Far handier than the Hill of Findus,  
As seen from bard's back attic windows.)

And swallowing there without cessation  
Large draughts (at sight) of inspiration,  
Touche the notes for each new theme,  
While still fresh "change comes o'er her dream."

What Steam is on the deep—and more—  
Is the vast power of Puff on shore;  
Which jumps to glory's future tenses  
Before the present even commences;  
And makes "immortal" and "divine"  
of us.

Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times, when the God of Song  
Drove his own two-horse team along,  
Carrying inside a bard or two,  
Book'd for posterity "all through;—"  
Their luggage, a few close-pack'd rhymes,  
[times—

(like yours, my friend,) for after—

So slow the pull to Fame's abode,  
That folks oft slept upon the road;—  
And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,  
Took to his nightcap on the way.*

Ye Gods! how different is the story  
With our new galloping sons of glory,  
Who, scorning all such slack and slow  
Dash to posterity in no time! [time,  
Raise but one general blast of Puff  
To start your author—that's enough.

In vain the critics, set to watch him,  
Try at the starting post to catch him:  
He's off—the puffs carry it hollow—  
The critics, if they please, may follow,  
Ere they've laid down their first positions,

* Quantoque bonus dormitat Homerus. —Horat.

He's fairly blown through six editions!  
In vain doth Edinburgh dispense  
Her blue and yellow pestilence  
(That plague so awful in my time  
To young and touchy sons of rhyme)—  
The Quarterly, at three months' date,  
To catch th' Unread One, comes too  
And nonsense, litter'd in a hurry,[late;  
Becomes "immortal," spite of Murray.

But, bless me!—while I thus keep fooling,  
I hear a voice cry, "Dinner's cooling."  
The postman, too, (who, truth to tell,  
'Mong men of letters bears the bell,)  
Keeps ringing, ringing, so infantilly,  
That I must stop—  
Yours sempiternally.

THOUGHTS ON MISCHIEF.

BY LORD ST—NL—.Y.  
(HIS FIRST ATTEMPT IN VERSE;  
"Evil, be thou my good."—Mr. ON.  

How various are the inspirations  
Of different men, in different nations!  
As genius prompts to good or evil, [il.  
Some call the Muse, some raise the devil.  
Old Socrates, that pink of sages,  
Kept a pet demon, on board wages  
To go about with him incog.,  
And sometimes give his wits a jog.  
So L—nd—st, in our day, we know,  
Keeps fresh relays of imps below,  
To forward, from that nameless spot,  
His inspirations, hot and hot.

But, neat as are old L—nd—st's doings—  
[Brewings—  
Beyond even Hecate's "hell-broth"  
Had I, Lord Stanley, but my will,  
I'd show you mischief prettier still;  
Mischief, combining boyhood's tricks  
With age's sourest politics;  
The urchin's freaks, the veteran's gall,  
Both duly mix'd, and matchless all;  
A compound naught in history reaches  
But Machiavel, when first in breeches!

Yes, Mischief, Goddess multiflouring,  
Where'er thou, witch-like, rid'st the storm,  
Let Stanley ride cockhorse behind thee—  
No livelier lackey could they find thee.  
And, Goddess, as I'm well aware,  
So mischief's done, you care not where  
I own, 'twill most my fancy tickle.  
In Paddyland to play the Pickle.
Having got credit for inventing
A new, brisk method of tormenting—
A way, they call the Stanley fashion,
Which puts all Ireland in a passion;
So neat it hits the mixture due
Of injury and insult too;
So legibly it bears upon
The stamp of Stanley's brazen front.

Ireland, we're told, means land of Ire;
And why she's so, none need inquire,
Who sees her millions, martial, manly,
Spat upon thus by me, Lord St.—nl—y. Already in the breeze I scent
The whiff of coming devilment;
Of strife, to me more stirring far
Than th' Opium or th' Sulphur war,
Or any such drug ferments are.
Yes—sweeter to this Tory soul
Than all such pests, from pole to pole,
Is the rich, "swelter'd venom" got
By stirring Ireland's "charmed pot";*
And, thanks to practice on that land,
I stir it with a master-hand.

Again thou'lt see, when forth hath gone
The War-Church-criy, "On, Stanley,
How Caravats and Shanavests [on!]
Shall swarm from out their mountain nests,
With all their merry moonlight broth—
To whom the Church (step-dame to oth—
Hath been the best of nursing mothers.
Again o'er Erin's rich domain
Shall Rockkites and right reverends reign;
And both, exempt from vulgar toll,
Between them share that titheful soil;
Puzzling ambition which to climb at,
The post of Captain, or of Primate.
And so, long life to Church and Co.—
Hurrah for mischief!—here we go.

EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN ROCK TO LORD I.—NDH—T.

DEAR L—ndh,—t,—you'll pardon my
making thus free,—
But form is all fudge 'twixt such "com—
rorgues" as we,
Who, what'er the smooth views we, in
public, may drive at,

* "Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
    Boil thou first in the charmed pot."
† Exchequer tithe processes, served under a
commission of rebellion.—Chronicle.

Have both the same praiseworthy ob—
ject, in private—
[riot,
Namely, never to let the old regions of
Where Rock hath long reign'd, have one
instant of quiet,—] taught her
But keep Ireland still in that liquid we're
To love more than meat, drink, or cloth—
ing—hot water.

All the difference betwixt you and me
as I take it,
[break it:]
Is simply, that you make the law and I
And never, of big-wigs and small, were
there two
[we do;]
Play'd so well into each other's hands as
Insomuch, that the laws you and yours
manufacture,
[to fracture.
Seem all made express for the Rock-boys
Not Birmingham's self—to her shame be
it spoken—
[to be broken;]
'E'er made things more neatly contrived
And hence, I confess, in this island reli—
gious,
[prodigious.]
The breakage of laws—and of heads is
And long may it thrive, my Ex-Bigwig,
say I,—
[fun was gone by,]
Though, of late, much I fear'd all our
As, except when some tithe-hunting par—
on show'd sport,
[port.
Some rector—a cool hand at pistols and
Who, "keeps dry" his powder, but never
himself—
[shelf,
One who, leaving his Bible to rust on the
Sends his pions texts home, in the shape
of ball-cartridges, [trigdes;—
Shooting his "dearly beloved," like par—
Except when some hero of this sort
turn'd out, [tithe-writes] about
Or, th' Exchequer sent, flaming, its
A contrivance more neat, I may say,
without flattery,
Than ever yet was thought of for blood—
shed and battery;
[allow.
So neat, that even I might be proud, I
To have hit off so rich a receipt for a
row;—
Except for such rigs turning up, now
and then,
[men;]
I was actually growing the dullest of
And, had this blank fit been allow'd to
increase,
[Justice of Peace.
Might have smored myself down to a
Like you, Reformation in Church and in
State
Is the thing of all things I most cordially
hate:
If once these cursed Ministers do as they like, [and my pike]
All's o'er, my good Lord, with your wig
And one may be hung up on t'other, henceforth,
Just to show what such Captains and Chancellors were worth.

But we must not despair—even already Hope sees
You're about, my bold Baron, to kick
Of the true baffling sort, such as suits
Who have box'd the whole compass of
And care not one farthing, as all the world
So we but raise the wind, from what
Forgive me, dear Lord, that thus rudely I dare
My own small resources with thine to
Not even Jerry Diddler, in "raising the wind,"
My small with thee, my
But, bark, there's a shot!—some parson
But, even Rebellion itself "in connexion
As seldom, in this way, I'm any man's
eas the wrong-headed crew,
I'll just pay my shot, and then fold up
In the mean time, hurrah for the Tories and rocks!
Their flocks!
Hurrh for the parsons who fleece well
Hurrh for all mischief in all ranks and spheres,
And, above all, hurrah for that dear

CAPTAIN ROCK IN LONDON.

LETTER FROM THE CAPTAIN TO TERRY ALT, ESQ.*

Here I am, at head-quarters, dear Ter-
y, once more,
Deep in Tory designs, as I've oft been
For, bless them! if 'twasn't for this
You and I, Terry Alt, would scarce
Know what to do; for growing,
They're always, when dull we
To set our old concert of discord a-going,
While L—ndh—t's the lad, with his
Tory-Whig face,

To play, in such concert, the true double-
* The subordinate officer or lieutenant of

I had fear'd this old prop of my realm
To tire of his course of political sinning,
And, like Mother Cole, when her hey-
day was past,
Meant, by way of a change, to try
But I wrong'd the old boy, who as

All reform in himself as in most things
And, by using two faces through life, all

Has acquired face sufficient for any

In short, he's all right; and, if man-

My "Lord Harry" himself—who's the
Of another red-hot Opposition, below—
If that "Lord," in his well-known dis-
Me and L—ndh—t, to look after Ire-

We shall soon such a region of devil-

That Old Nick himself for his own may

Even already—long life to such Big-

For, as long as they flourish, we Rocks
He has served our right riotous cause by a
Whose perfection of mischief he only
As it shows off both his and my merits

Both the swell of the wig, and the point

Mixes up with a skill which one can't but admire,

The lawyer's cool craft with th' incen-

Seven millions of souls under Rock-

Through the regions of Rockland, like

Let each syllable dark the Law-Oracle

By all Tipperary's wild echoes be mut-

Till naught shall be heard, over hill,

But "You're aliens in language, in

While voices, from sweet Connemars

"We are!"
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND,
BEING A SEQUEL TO
"THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."

PREFACE.

The name of the country town, in England—a well-known fashionable watering-place—in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.

LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ——, CURATE OF ——, IN IRELAND.

Who d’ye think we’ve got here?—quite reform’d from the giddy, Fantastic young thing, that once made such a noise—[delectable Biddy, Why, the famous Miss Fudge—that

When you and I saw once at Paris, when boys, [ands, and airs, In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribbons such a thing as no rainbow hath colors to paint; [and prayers, Ere time hath reduced her to wrinkles And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.

Poor "Pa" hath popped off—gone, as charity judges, [the Fudges; To some choice Elysium reserved for And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations [palsied relations, From some much revered and much- Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet— [six feet, Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature And warranted godly—to make all complete. [if he’s high, Nota Bene—a Churchman would suit, But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

What say you, Dick? doesn’t this tempt your ambition? The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown’d man of pith, All brought to the hammer for Church composition, Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge, to be taken therewith. [ons a catch: Think, my boy, for a Curate how glori-
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

While, instead of the thousands of souls you now watch, do; To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need. And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of you.

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf, your spiritual self, wanting substance even more than should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf, When God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman yet. So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt, assail her or had cogenter reasons than mine to With tender love-suit—at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby her hangs a soft secret, my friend, commend: Which thus to your reverend breast I Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature!—with eyes Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-night skies delight At astronomers-royal, and laugh with To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.

While her figure—oh, bring all the grace-full est things feet or by wings, That are borne through the light air by Not a single new grace to that form could they teach, of each; Which combines in itself the perfection White, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet full,

The mute music of symmetry modulates: Ne'er, in short, was there creature more form'd to bewilder aerial A gay youth like me, who of castles (And only of such) am, God help me! a builder; [era ethereal, Still peopling each mansion with lodge: And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye, [next the sky:* Letting out, as you see, my first floor

But, alas! nothing's perfect on earth— even she, [things sometimes; This diviné little gipsy, does odd Talks learning—looks wise, (rather pain-ful to see,) [her rhymes; Prints already in two County papers

* That floor which a facetiousiarrocoer called "le premier en descendanl du ciel."
† See the Dublin Evening Post, of the 9th of this month, (July,) for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the And raves—the sweet, charming, absurd little dear! next year, About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, In a manner which plainly bad symp-tomns portends [to friends; Of that Annual blue fit, so distressing. A fit which, though lasting but one short edition, [anition. Leaves the patient long after in sad in-

However, let's hope for the best—and, meanwhile, [warm smile; Be it mine still to bask in the niece's While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play the gallant [an Aunt. (Uphill work, I confess) to her Saint of Think, my boy, for a youngerl like you, who've a luck, [specie, Not indeed of rupees, but of all other What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back, debts to release ye: An old goose with gold eggs, from all Never mind, tho' the spinster be rever-

end and thin.

What are all the Three Graces to her Three per Cents,? While her acres!—oh Dick, it don't matter one pin, touch the rents; How she tones th' affections, so you And Love never looks half so pleased, as when, bless him! he [same. Sings to an old lady's purse "Open, Se-

By the way, I've just heard, in my walks, a report, [some sport. Which, if true, will insure for your visit 'Tis rumor'd our Manager means to be-speak [for next week; The Church tumbler from Exeter Hall And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rum-

ner set [a summer set.] Throw, for th' amusement of Christians, 'Tis fear'd their chief "Merriman," C—ke, cannot come, [at home;† Being call'd off, at present, to play Punch And the loss of so practised a wag in di-

vinity [the Trinity — Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately, Having pleased Robert Taylor, the Reverend, greatly."‡ 'Twill prove a sad drawback, if absent he be, [to see; As a wag Presbyterian's a thing quite Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all its former reputation in that line.

‡ All are punsters if they have the wit to
And, "among the Five Points of the Calvinists, none of 'em I'm, Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of. But even though deprived of this comical elf, [self, We've a host of buffoons in Murtagh's, Who of all the whole troop, is chief mummer and mime, As C—he takes the Grund tumbling, he the Sublime;* [come in time. And of him we're quite certain, so, pray, ——— LETTER II. FROM MISS HINNY FUDGE TO MRS. ELIZABETH. Just in time for the post, dear, and monstrously busy, [ly ones, too; With godly concerns—and world-Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy, [dizzy, In this little brain till, bewilderd and Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I do. First, I've been to see all the gay fashions from Town, Which our favorite Miss Gimp for the spring has had down. [à la folle, Sleeves still worn (which I think is wise) Charming hats, pou de soie—though the shape rather droll. [of tulle lace, But you can't think how nicely the caps With the mentouvières, look on this poor sinful face; [I think right, And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy To wear one at Mrs. Fitz-wigram's to-night, [too, so, say, The silks are quite heavenly:—I'm glad, Gimp herself grows more godly and good every day; [both begin Hath had sweet experience—yea, even To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin— [laid in. And all since her last stock of goods was What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf, [as one's self! Should thus "walk in newness" as well So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit [than I merit!— I've had since we met, and they're more be so; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a bull. (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God."—Report of the Rev. Doctor's speech, June 30, in the Record Newspaper. Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect: [be one of th' Elect. Though ordain'd (God knows why!) to But now for the picture's reverse.—You remember [Decemuer; That footman and cook-maid I hired last He, a Baptist Particular—she, of some sect Not particular, I fancy, in any respect; But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word, [Fudge and the Lord." And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist [the aptest; At preaching a sermon, off hand, was And, song as he stay'd, do him justice, more rich in [was kitchen. Sweet favors of doctrine, there never He preach'd in the parlor, he preach'd in the hall, [ions, and all, He preach'd to the chambermaids, scull- All he heard with delight his reproving of sin. [would she tire— But above all, the cook-maid;—oh. ne'er Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire, [frying fall in. She would oft let the soles she was (God forgive me for punning on points thus of piety!— [en society.) A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heath-But ah! there remains still the worst of my tale; [truth to veil— Come, Asterisks, and help me the sad Conscious stars, that at even your own secret turn pale! * * * * * * In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair, Chosen "vessels of mercy," as I thought they were, [making bold Have together this last week elapsed; To whip off as much goods as both ves- sels could hold— Not forgetting some scores of sweet tracts from my shelves, {selves, Two Family Bibles as large as them—And besides, from the drawer—I ne- glected to lock it— [the pocket?" My neat "Morning Manna, done up for * In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and Lofty Tumbling." § "Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket," and chiefly in- tended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, "to induce the inhabitants of Great Brit-
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND. 677.

Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear Liz? [of it is, It has made me quite ill—and the worst When rogues are all pious, 'tis hard to detect [the elect. Which rogues are the reprobate, which This man "had a call," he said—impudent mockery! [cry! What call had he to my linen and crock-

I'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase [to replace. Of some godly young couple, this pair The inclosed two announcements have just met my eyes, [advertise In that venerable Monthly where Saints For such temperal comforts as this world supplies;* [made And the fruits of the Spirit are properly An essential in every craft, calling, and trade, ['prentice some youth Where th' attorney requires for his Who has "learn'd to fear God, and to walk in the truth;"

Where the sempstresses, in search of employment, declares; [prayers; That pay is no object, so she can have And th' Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives out, [are devout. That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, Happy London, one feels, as one reads o'er the pages, [dant than sages; Where Saints are so much more abundant Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf, [for himself, As each Cit can cite chapter and verse And the serious frequenters of market and dock

an and Ireland to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides tens of thousands in America and Africa, are every morning learning the same verse."

The Evangelical Magazine.—A few specimens taken at random from the wrapper of this highly esteemed periodical will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here given of it. "Wanted, in a pious physician's family, an active lad as an apprentice." "Wanted, a household, a young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth."

"Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety, to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman who understands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership, &c. &c. He is not desirous of being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of God, and seeks connection only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter." All lay in religion as part of their stock.† Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving, [keeps moving, When thus through all London the Spirit And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement [skies meant? Is now not so much for the earth as the P. S. Have mislaid the two paragraphs—can't stop to look, [man and Cook, But both describe charming—both Foot- She, "decidedly pious"—with pathos deplores [on our shores; Th' increase of French cookery and sin And adds—from while for further account she refers. [Here] To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of That "though some make their Sabbaths mere matter-of-fun days, She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays." [knowledge;— The footman, too, full of the true saving Has late been to Cambridge—to Trinity College; [ing divinity, Served last a young gentleman, study- But left—not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S. I enclose, too, according to promise, some scraps [of my heart; Of my Journal—that Day-book I keep Where, at some little item, (partaking, perhaps, [prudence may start, More of earth than of heaven,) thy And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art. [e'er may befall, For the present, I'm mute—but, what-

† According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology got up expressly for the money-market. "I know not of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let them, preachers," he adds, ("for I will not call them theologians,) cry up, broker-like, their article."

Morning Watch.—No. iii., 442, 443. From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-jobbers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the Stock-Exchange Divinity has been produced."—No. x., p. 375. Among the ancients, we know the money-market was provided with more than one presiding Deity. Dec Punicus (says an ancient author) commendantabantur ut pecuniosus esset."
Recollect, dear, (in Hebrews, xiii. 4.)
St. Paul [honorable m all.]
Hath himself declared, "Marriage is

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.
TRIED a new Châlé gown on—pretty.
No one to see me in it—pity!
Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid:—
The Lord forgive me!—she look'd dis-
may'd;
But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,
While she curl'd my hair, which made
me calm
Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
As sacred music—heavenly art!

Tuesday.
At two, a visit from Mr. Magan—
A remarkably handsome, nice young
And, all Hibernian though he be, [man ;
As civilized, strange to say, as we !
I own this young man's spiritual state
Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late ;
And I mean, as soon as my niece is
To have some talk with him thereupon.
At present, I naught can do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way ;
Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he
Would also her absence much prefer,
As oft, while list'ning intent to me, [her.
He's forced, from politeness, to look at
Heigho!—what a blessing should Mr.
Magan [man ;
Turn out, after all, a "renew'd" young
And to me should fall the task, on earth,
To assist at the dearyouth's second birth.
Blest thought! and, ah! more blest the
[tie,
I—
Were it heaven's high will, that he and
But I blush to write the impalpable word—
Should wed, as St. Paul says, "in the
Lord ;"
[iant,
Not this world's wedlock—gross, gal-
But pure—as when Amram married his
aunt.
Our ages differ—but who would count
One's natural sinful life's amount,
Or look in the Register's vulgar page
For a regular twice-born Christian's age,
Who, blessed privilege! only then
Begin's to live when he's born again.
And, counting in this way—let me see—
I myself but five years old shall be,
And dear Magan, when th' event takes
place.
An actual new-born child of grace—
Should Heaven in mercy so dispose—
A six-foot baby, in swaddling clothes.

Wednesday.
Finding myself, by some good fate,
With Mr. Magan left tête-à-tête,
Had just begun—having stirr'd the fire,
And drawn my chair near his—to inquire
What his notions were of Original Sin,
When that naughty Fanny again
bounced in;
And all the sweet things I had got to say
Of the flesh and the devil were whisk'd
away!
Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan
Is actually pleased and amused with
Fan!
What charms any sensible man can see
In a child so foolishly young as she—
But just eighteen, come next May-day,
With eyes, like herself, full of naught
but play—
Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

—

LETTER III.
FROM MRS. FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN,
MISS KITTY —

STANZAS (ENCLOSED)
TO MY SHADOW: OR, WHY?—WHAT?—HOW !

DARK comrade of my path ! while earth
And sky
Farry'd,
Thus wed their charms, in bridal light
Why in this bright hour, walk'st thou
ever nigh,
[Length of shade—
Black'ning my footsteps with thy
Dark comrade, Why ?

Thou mimic Shape that, 'mid these flow-
erly scenes,
Gliest beside me o'er each sunny spot,
Saddening them as thou goest—say, what
means
So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot—
Grim goblin, What ?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend
my brow,
[I rise ;—
Thou bendest, too—then risest when
Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't
that thou
Thus comest between me and those
bless'd skies—

Dim shadow, How?
(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge [cried,
Than gloom of soul; while, as I eager
Oh, Why? What? How?—a Voice,
That one might judge
To be some Irish echo's, faint replied,
Oh fudge, fudge, fudge!
You have here, dearest Coz, my last
lyric effusion;
And, with it, that odious "additional
Which Aunt self insist I must keep, as conclusion,
And which, you'll at once see, is Mr.
Most cruel and dark-design'd extrava-
ganza,
[My Aunt are
And part of that plot in which he and
To stile the flights of my genius by
banter.
Just so 'twas with Byron's young eagle-
eyed strain,
[cries, vain,
Just so did they taunt him;—but vain,
All your efforts to saddle Witt's fire with a chain!
[young stream,
To blot out the splendor of Fancy's
Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-hedged beam!!!
[these lines I indite,
Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, even while
Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or right, [spite!
And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's
That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards [all bards—
Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of
That she should make light of my works
I can't blame; [what a shame!
But that nice, handsome, odious Magan
Do you know, dear, that, high as on
most points I rate him, [him.
I'm really afraid—after all, I—must hate
He is so provoking—naught's safe from his tongue;
[young.
He spares no one authorless, ancient or
Were you Sappho herself, and in Keep-
ake or Bijou [he'd quiz you!
Once shone as contributor, Lord how
He laughs at all Monthlies—I've actually
[shame!—
A sneer on his brow at the Court Maga-
While of Weeklies, poor things, there's
but one he peruses, [abuses.
And buys every book which that Weekly
But I care not how others such sarcasm
may fear, [sneer;
One spirit, at least, will not bend to his
And though tried by the fire, my young
genius shall burn as [nace!
Uninjured as crucified gold in the fur-
(I suspect the word "crucified" must be made "crucible");
Before this fine image of mine is pro-

And now, dear—to tell you a secret
which, pray [you may—
Only trust to such friends as with safety
You know, and indeed the whole Coun-
ty suspects, [things rejects,)
(Though the Editor often my best
That the verses signed so, [which
you now and then see [by me.
In our County Gazette (vide last) are
But 'tis dreadful to think what provok-
ing mistakes [ody makes.
The vile country Press in one's pros-
For you know, dear—I may, without
vanity, hint—[devils must print;
Though an angel should write, still 'tis
And you can't think what havoc these
demons sometimes,
Choose to make of one's sense, and
what's worse, of one's rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon
Spring, [beautiful thing,
Which I meant to have made a most
Where I talk'd of the "dew-drops from
freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from fresh-
ly-blown roses!"
And once when, to please my cross
Aunt, I had tried,
To commemorate some saint of her
ci que, who'd just died,
Having said he "had taken up in heaven
his position," [his physician?
They made it he'd "taken up to heaven
This is very dishheartening;—but bright-
er days shine, [the Nine;
I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and
For, what do you think?—so delightful!
[news prepare—
Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand
I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitt-
y, my dear, [you're there!!
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as T'
other night, at a Ball, 'twas my fortu-
nate chance [dance,
With a very nice elderly Dandy to
Who, 'twas plain, from some hints which
I now and then caught,
Was the author of something—one
couldn't tell what;
But his satisfied manner left no room for doubt [lately brought out. 
It was something that Colburn had. 
We conversed of belles-lettres through all the quadrille,— [still; 
Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing   
Talk'd of Intellect's march—whether right 'twas or wrong—[en avant. 
And then settled the point in a bold 
In the course of this talk 'twas that, 
having just hinted [to be printed, 
That I too had Poems which—long'd He protested, kind man, he had seen, 
at first sight, [write. 
I was actually born in the Keepsake to   
In the Annals of England, let some," he said, "shine, [thine. 
"But a place in her Annals, Lady, be   
"Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise, [on those eyes,— 
"Through the vista of years, as I gaze   
"All letter'd and press'd, and of large-   
paper size!" [ius would smother. 
How unlike that Magan, who my gen—   
And how we, true geniuses, find out each other! 
This, and much more he said, with that 
fine phrenzied glance, 
One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the dance; [next year, 
Till between us 'twas finally fix'd, that, 
In this exquisite task I my pen should 
engage; [disp'd in my ear 
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and 
These mystical words, which I could 
but just hear,   
"Terms for rhyme—if it's prime—ten and sixpence per page." 
Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his 
words right, [small head contains; 
What a mint of half-guineas this 
If for nothing to write is itself a delight, 
Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for 
one's strains! 
Having dropp'd the dear fellow a court— 
[being profound, 
ly sfaym, [I ran; 
Off at once, to inquire all about him, 
And from what I could learn, do you 
know, dear, I've found 
That he's quite a new species of liter— 
ary man; [fashion accustom us? 
One, whose task is—to what will not 
* With regard to the exact time of this event, 
there appears to be a difference only of about 
two or three years among the respective calculators. 
M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en Droit, 
To edite live authors, as if they were 
posthumous. [the oddest!— 
For instance—the plan, to be sure, is 
If any young he or she author feels mod— 
est [man-usher. 
In venturing abroad, this kind gentle— 
Lends promptly a hand to the interest— 
ing blusher; [to light, 
Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit 
Which else might, by accident, shrink 
out of sight, [ics polite. 
And, in short, renders readers and crit— My Aunt says—though scarce on such 
points one can credit her— 
He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last 
novel's editor. 
'Tis certain the fashion's but newly in— 
vented; [and all names is, 
And, quick as the change of all things 
Who knows but, as authors, like girls, 
are presented, [James's? 
We girls, may be edited soon. at St. 
I must now close my letter—there's 
Aunt, in full screech, 
Wants to take me to hear some great 
Irvingite preach. [I must say, 
God forgive me, I'm not much inclined, 
To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to— 
day, [ing, no doubt, 
And, besides—twill be all against dance— 
Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such 
hated devout, 
That, so far from presenting young 
nymphs with a head, 
For their skill in the dance, as of He— 
rod is said, [ter, instead. 
She'd wish their own heads in the plat— 
There, again—coming, Ma'am! I'll 
write more, if I can, 
Before the post goes, 
Your affectionate Fan. 

Four o'clock. 
Such a sermon!—though not about danc— 
ing, my dear; [being near. 
'Twas only on th' end of the world 
Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year 
that some state [Forty-Eight:* 
As the time for that accident—some 
And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much 
the latter, [t'won't matter. 
As then I shall be an old maid, and 
et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in 
1846 or 1847. "A cette époque," he says, "les 
filles peuvent espérer de voir s'effecuer la 
purification du Sanctuaire."
Once more, love, good-by—I've to make
a new cap;
But am now so dead tired with this hor-
rid mishap
Of the end of the world, that I must
take a nap.

LETTER IV.
FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD—

He comes from Erin's speechful shore
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er
With hot effusions—hot and weak;
Sound, Humbug, all your lowest drums.

He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak,
Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,
'Twin prosers, Watchman and Record!
Journals reserved for realms of bliss,
Being much too good to sell in this.

Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your din-
ers,
Ye Spinsters, spread your tea and
And ye, you countless Tracts for Sin-
ers,
Blow all your little penny trumpets.

He comes, the reverend man, to tell
To all who still the Church's part take,
Tales of parsonic wo, that well
Might make ev'ra grim Dissenter's heart ache:

Of ten whole Bishops snatch'd away
Forever from the light of day;
(With God knows, too, how many more,
For whom that doom is yet in store)—

Of Rectors, cruelly compel'd
From Bath and Cheltenham to haste
home,
Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,
Will not to Bath or Cheltenham come;
Nor will the flocks consent to pay
Their Parsons thus to stay away?

Though, with such Parsons, one may doubt
If 'tisn't money, well laid out;
Of all, in short, and each degree
Of that once happy Hierarchy,
Which used to roll in wealth so pleasantly;

But now, alas, is doom'd to see
Its surplus brought to nonplus pres-
ently!

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
Priest of prose and Lord of bathos,
Will preach and preach t'ye, till
you're dull again;
[claim,
Then, hail him, Saints, with joint ac-
Shout to the stars his tuneful name,
Which Murtagh was, ere known to fame,

But now is Mortimer O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you're alive—
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.
Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant—

And Tuesday, in the market-place,
Intends, to every saint and sinner in,
To state what he calls Ireland's Case;
Meaning thereby the case of his shop,—

Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,
And all those other grades seraphic,

That make men's souls their special traf-
fi,

Though caring not a pin which way
Th' erratic souls go, so they pay,—

Just as some roughish country nurse,

Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,
First pops the payment in her purse,
Then leaves poor dear to—suck its

knuckle.

Even so these reverend rigmaroles
Pocket the money—starve the souls.

Murtagh, however, in his glory,
Will tell, next week, a different story;
Will make out all these men of barter,
As each a saint, a downright martyr,

Brought to the stake—i. e. a beef one;
Of all their martyrdoms the chief one;

Though try them even at this, they'll bear
it,
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all

lions,

[uns—
Your saintly, next to great and high
(A Viscount, he be what he may,
Would cut a Saint out, any day),
Has just announced a godly rout,
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,
And shown in his tame, week-day

state:

"Prayers, half-past seven, tea at eight."

Even so the circular missive orders

Pink cards, with cherubs round the

borders.

Haste, Dick—you're lost, if you lose
time;

Spinsters: at forty-five grow giddy,
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime

Will surely carry off old Biddy,

—Record Newspaper.
Unless some spark at once propose,
And distance him by downright prose.
That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and lands
All pass, they say, to Biddy’s hands,
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories!
Is dying of angina pectoris;—
So that, unless you’re stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-moon,
And be the man of it, himself!
As for me, Dick—’tis whim, ’tis folly,
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.
’Tis true, the girl’s a vile verse-maker—
Would rhyme all nature, if you’d let her—
But even her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
Too true it is, she’s bitten sadly
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seized all ranks and classes,
Down to that new Estate, “the masses”;
Till one pursuit all taste combines—
One common railroad o’er Parunsus,
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,
Call’d dunclets, all creation moves,
And the whole world runs mad in lines.

Add to all this—what’s even still worse
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,
Sounds better to a chinking purse—
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,
While I can muster just a groat;
So that, computing self and Venus,
Tenpence would clear th’ amount between us.
However, things may yet prove better;—
Meantime, that awful length of letter!
And how, while heaping thus with gibes
The Pegasus of modern scribes,
My own small hobby of farrago [go!]
Hath beat the pace at which even they

—

LETTER V.
FROM LARRY O’BANNIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.
DEAR JUDY, I siny you this bit of a letter,
[f of a betther—
By mail-coach conveyance—for want
To tell you what luck in this world I have had
And since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullina-

Och, Judy, that night!—when the pig
which we meant [the rent,
To dry-nurse in the parlor, to pay off
Julianna, the cratethr—that name was
the death of her*
Gave us the ship and we saw the last
breath of her! [sent swols,
And there were the children, six innom
For their nate little play-fellow tuning
up howls; [grievin’s a folly,)
While yourself, my dear Judy, (though
Stud over Julianna’s remains melon-
choly— [for the money,
Cryin’, half for the cratethr, and half
“Arrah, why did ye die till we’d sow’d
you, my honey P”

But God’s will be done!—and then
faith, sure enough, [time to be off.
As the pig was desaiced, ’twas high
So we gother’d up all the poor duds we
could catch [in the thatch,
Lock’d the owld cabin-door, put the kay
Then tuk leave of each other’s sweet
Lips in the dark, [out of the Ark;
And set off, like the Christians turn’d
The six childher with you, my dear
Judy, ochone! [alone.
And poor I wid myself, lef condolin’

How I came to this England, o’er say
and o’er lands, [on my hands,
And what cruel hard walkin’ I’ve had
Is, at this present writin’, too tedious to
spoke, [week—
So I’ll minton it all in a postscript, next
Only starved I was, surely, as thin as a
lath, [call Bath,
Till I came to an up-and-down place they
Where, as luck was, I managed to make
a meal’s meat, [the street—
By dhraggin’ owld ladies all day through
Which their docthor’s (who pocket, like
fun, the pound starlings
Have brought into fashion to plase the
owld darlings, [could carry
Div’ll a boy in all Bath, though I say it,
The grannies up hill half so handy as
Larry; [crows, in the air,
And the higher they lived like owld
The more I was wanted to lug them up
there.

* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving
the names to their pigs. I have heard of one
instance in which a couple of young pigs were
named, at their birth, Abelard and_Eidos.
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say, [wrong way.
And mine has both handles put on the [Flad.
For, ponderin', one morn, on a drome
I'd just had [flad,
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullino-
Och, there came o'er my sines so plashin'
fluther, [in the gutter.
That I split an owld Countess right clave
Muff, feathers and all! — the descent was
most awful,
And—what was still worse, faith — I
knew 'twas unlawful:
For though, with mere women, no very
great evil, [divil!
'T upset an owld Countess in Bath is the
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe
upon it, [Bonnet].
(For nothin' about her was kilt, but her
Without even mentionin' 'By your
lave, ma'am,' [Anl.]
I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I

What's the name of this town I can't say
very well. [hear what befell
But your heart sure will jump when you
Your own beautiful Larry, the very first
day, [gay.]
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty
When his brogues to this city of luck
found their way [in' to stop,
Bein' hungry, God help me, and happen-
Just to dine on the shmeul of a pastr-
cook's shop, [paper,
I saw, in the window a large printed
And read there a name, och! that made
my heart caper — [A B C.
Though printed it was in some quare
That might bother a schoolmather, let
alone me. [you're but listen'd,
By gor, you'd have laugh'd, Judy, could
As, doublin', I cried, "why it is! — no,
it isn't?" [quite slow,
But it was, after all— for, by spellin'
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer"—
then a great "O!"
And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin'
my skull again, [ligan!"
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mul-
Up I jump'd like a sky-lark, my jewel,
at that name,— [be the same.
Div'! a doubt on my mind, but it must
"Masther Murthagh, himself," says I,
"all the world over!
"My own foster-brother — by jinks,
I'm in clover.

"Though there, in the play-bill, he fig-
ures so grand, [up by hand,
"One wet-nurse it was brought us both
"And he'll not let me shtiarve in
the ineny's land?"

Well, to make a long historty short,
river doubt [lad out;
But I managed, in no time, to find the
And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him
and me, [charmin' to see.
Such a pair of owld cumroogues — was
Nor is Murthagh less plased with th' evint than I am, de-sham;
As he just then was wanting a Valley-
And, for dressin' a gentleman, one way
or t'other, [other.
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every

But now, Judy, comes the quare part
of the case; [on my place.
And, in throth, it's the only drawback
"Twas Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know, [short time ago;
With an awkward misfortune some
That's to say, he turn'd Protestant—
why, I can't larn; [my consarn.
But, of course, he knew best, and it's not
All I know is, we both were good Cath'
lies, at nurse, [ther nor worse.
And myself am so still — nayther bet-
Well, our bargain was all right and tigh,
in a jiffey, [Liffey.
And lads more contint never yet left the
When Murthagh—or Mortimer, as he's
now chris'en'd, [he isn't—
His name being convarted, at Jaist, if
Lookin' sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to
see) [ry," says he,
"Of course, you're a Protestant, Lar-
Upon which says myself, wid a wink
just as shly, [says I—
"Is't a Protestant? — oh yes, I am, sir."
And there the chat ended, and div'! a
more word [occurred.
Controversial between us has since then

What Murthagh could mane, and, in
troth, Judy, dear, [mighty clear;
What I myself meant, doesn't seem
But the truth is, though still for the
Owld Light a stickler,
I was just then too shtarved to be over
particular: —
And, God knows, between us, a comio-
er pair
Of twin Protestants couldn't be seen
any where.
Next Tuesday (as tould in the play-bills I mention'd) [time'd] Address'd to the loyal and godly intit. His rivirence, my master, comes forward to preach— [or speech, Myself doesn't know whether samron But if it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at each; [In orations Like us, Paddys, in grin'ral, whose skill Quite bothers the barney of all other nations. But whist!—there's his Rivirence, shoutin' out "Larry." And sorra a word more will this small paper carry; [letter, So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a Which, fa'x, I'd have made a much bigger and betther, [town But div'l a one Post-office hole in this Pit to swallow a daceut-sized billy-dux down. [I love her; So good luck to the childer—I tell Molly, Kiss Oumagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katy all over— [rant whiskey Not forgettin' the mark of the red cur She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky. [when I can again, The heavens be your bed!—I will write Yours to the world's end. LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

LETTER VI.

FROM MRS. SIDNEY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH.

How I grieve you're not with us!— Pray, come, if you can, [man Ere we're robb'd of this dear oratorical Who combines in himself all the multiple glory [and Tory:— Of Orangeman, Saint, quondam Papist (Choice mixture! like that from which, duly confounded, The best sort of brass was, in old times, compounded) [godly, The shy and the saintly, the worldly and All fused down in brogue so deliciously oddly! [see draws, In short, he's a dear—and such audien- Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause, [cause As can't but do good to the Protestant Poor Irish Church!—he to-day sketch'd a view [least new, Of her history and prospects, to me at And which (if it takes as it ought) must arouse [to espouse, The whole Christian world her just rights As to reasoning—you know, dear, that's now of no use, [ures produce, People still will their facts and dry fig- As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were [Cooker! A thing to be managed "according to In vain do we say, (when rude radicals hector [Rector, At paying some thousands a year to a In places where Protestants never yet were,) [may be born there!" "Who knows but young Protestants And granting such accident, think, what a shame, [they came! If they didn't find Rector and Clerk when It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay, [astra; These little Church embryos must go And, while fools are computing what Parsons would lost, Precious souls are meanwhile to th' Es- tablishment lost! In vain do we put the case sensibly thus;— [make a fuss, They'll still with their figures and facts And ask, "If, while all, choosing each his own road, [Heavenly Abode, "Journey on, as we can, towards the "It is right that seven eighths of the travellers should pay "For one eighth that goes a quite a dil- ferent way?"— [in reality, Just as if, foolish people, this wasn't, A proof of the Church's extreme liberal- ity, [respects, That, though hating Popery in other She to Catholic money in no way ob- jects; [this sense, And so liberal her very best Saints, in That they even go to heaven at the Catholic's expense. But, though clear to our minds all these arguments be, [see; People cannot or will not their cogency And, I grieve to confess, did the poor Irish Church [in the lurch. Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere, [thing we've here, That I heard this Nice Reverend O' some Produce, from the depths of his knowl- edge and reading, [exceeding, A view of that marvellous Church, far
THE JUDGES IN ENGLAND.

In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought, [taught.
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er
Looking through the whole history, present and past, [to the last;
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first
Considering how strange its original birth— [on earth—
Such a thing having never before been
How opposed to the instinct, the law, and the force [course;
Of nature and reason has been its whole
Through centuries encountering repugnance, resistance,
Scorn, hate, execration—yet still in existence! [draws
Considering all this, the conclusion he
Is that Nature exempts this one Church
from her laws—
That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives
And before the portentous anomaly
stands mute:— [once begun,
That, in short, 'tis a Miracle!— and,
And transmitted through ages from father to son, [on.
For the honor of miracles, ought to go
Not yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,
Or so fitted the Church's weak feet to
For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,
In case, The more they make out the miraculous
And the more all good Christians must
Then a Christian, on Sunday, really
Is a grievance that ought to be done away,
And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

Thursday.
Sir Andrew's answer!—but, shocking to say,
Being frank'd unthinkingly yesterday,
To the horror of Agnew's yet unborn,
It arrived on this blessed Sunday morning! [now,
How shocking!—the postman's self
cried 'shame on't!', [on't! [dub:
Seeing th'immaculate Andrew's name
What will the Club do?—meet, no doubt. [vout,
'Tis a matter that touches the Class De-
And the friends of the Sabbath must
speak out.

Tuesday.
Saw to-day, at the raffle—and saw it with
pain— [dress plain.
That those stylish Fitzwigrains begin to
Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings
renounces
She, who long has stood by me through
all sorts of flounces,
And shorn'd, by upholding the toilet's
sweet rites, [out being frights.
That we, girls, may be Christians, with-
This, I own, much alarms me; for
though one's religious,
And strict and—all that, there's no need to be hideous; [the way
And why a nice bonnet should stand in
Of one's going to heaven, 'tisn't easy to say.

From no love of such things, but in
humbleness meek,
And to be, as th' Apostle was, "weak
with the weak,"
Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm
somewhat less busy)
In th' extracts enclosed, my dear news-
loving Lizzy.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Last night, having naught more holy to
do.
Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Ag-
About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-
Club," [dub:
Which we wish by some shorter name to
As the use of more vowels and conso-
nants [wants,
Than a Christian, on Sunday, really
Is a grievance that ought to be done
away,
And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

Sunday.

Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing—if
her custom we drop,
Pray, what's to become of her soul
and her shop? [ders are given,
If by saints like ourselves no more or—
She'll lose all the interest she now takes
in heaven; [from the burning,
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd
May fall in again at the very next turn-
ing.

Wednesday.

Mem.—To write to the India-Mission Society;
And send £20—heavy tax upon piety!

Of all Indian luxuries we now-a-days
boast, [haps costs the most.
Making "Company's Christians" per-
And the worst of it is, that these con-
verts full grown, [their own, f
Having lived in our faith, mostly die in
Praying hard, at the last, to some god
who, they say, [curds and whey; t
When incarnate on earth, used to steal
Think how horrid, my dear!—so that's
all thrown away; [the rice
And (what is still worse) for the run and
They consumed, while believers, we
saints pay the price.

Still 'tis cheering to find that we do save
a few— [mangeadoo;
The Report gives six Christians for Con-
Doorkitchum reckons seven, and four
[Trevandrum,
While but one and a half's left at Cooroo-
In this last-mention'd place 'tis the bar-
ers enslave 'em,
For, once they turn Christians, no bar-
ber will shave 'em.Ś

To atone for this rather small Heathen
amount, [tack'd to th' account.
Some Papists, turn'd Christians,] are
And though, to catch Papists, one
needn't go so far, [they are;
Such fish, are worth hooking, wherever

* The title given by the natives to such of
their countrymen as become converts.
† Of such relapses we find innumerable in-
stances in the accounts of the Missionaries.
‡ This god Krishna, one of the incarnations
of the god Vishnu. "One day (says the Bhaga-
vata) Krishna's play-fellows complained to
Tasunda that he had pilfered and ate their
curds."
§ "Rotten wants shaving; but the barber
here will not do it. He is run away lest he
should be compelled. He says he will not

And now, when so great of such converts
the lack is, [of Blackies.

One Papist well caught is worth millions

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and
funny,
I cannot resist recording it here.—
Methought that the Genius of Matri-
mony
Before me stood, with a joyous leer,
Leading a husband in each hand,
And both for me, which look'd rather
queer;—
One I could perfectly understand,
But why there were two wasn't quite
so clear.
'Twas meant, however, I soon could see,
To afford me a choice—a most excel-
 lent plan;
[dates be,
And—who should this brace of candi-
But Messrs. O'L Mulligan and Magan:—
A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,
To dream, at once, of two Irishmen!—
That handsome Magan, too, with wings
on his shoulders, [Bless'd,)
(For all this pass'd in the realms of the
And quite a creature to dazzle behold-
ers;
While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and
As an elderly cherub, was looking his
best, [doubt
Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can
As to which of the two I singled out.
But—awful to tell—when, all in dread
Of losing so bright a vision's charms,
I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,
Like a mist away, and I found but the
head [arms! Of
Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my
The Angel had flown to some nest di-

And the elderly Cherub alone was mine!
Heigho!—it is certain that foolish Ma-
gan [be the man;
Either can't or won't see that he might

shave Yesoo Kreeet's people."—Bapt. Mission

II. In the Reports of the Missionaries, the
Roman Catholics are almost always classed
along with the Heathen. "I have extended
my labors (says James Venning, in a Report
for 1831) to the Heathen, Mahomedans, and Roman
Catholics." "The Heathen and Roman Catho-
olics in this neighborhood (says another mis-
sionary for the year 1832) are not indifferent, but
witnessed, rather than yield to, the force of
truth."
And, perhaps, dear—who knows!—if naught better befall all. But—O’Mulligan may be the man after

N.B.
Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout, [vout;—
For the special discussion of matters de-
Like those soiresses, at Powerscourt,* so justly renown’d
For the zeal with which doctrine and nega went round ;
Those theology rout which the pious
Lord K.—d—n, [made in;
That pink of Christianity, first set the
Where, blessed down-pouring! & from
tea until nine,
[lines;—
The subjects lay all in the Prophecy
Then, supper—and then, if for topics
hard driven, [was given;
From thence until bed-time to Satan
While K.—d—n, deepread in each topic
and tome, [at home,
On all subjects (especially the last) was

LETTER VII.
FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN,
MISS KITTY ———.
IRREGULAR ODE.
Bring me the slumbering souls of flow-
ers, [sky
While yet, beneath some northern
Ungilt by beams, ungemm’d by show-
ers,
They wait the breath of summer hours,

* An account of these Powerscourt Conver-
sazions, (under the direct presidency of Lord
Roxlen,) as well as a list of the subjects dis-
cussed at the different meetings, may be found
in the Christian Herald for the month of De-
cember, 1832. The following is a specimen of
the nature of the question submitted to the
company:—Monday Evening, Six o’clock.
September 24, 1832.—’An examination into
the quotations given in the New Testament
from the Old, with their connection and explana-
tion, viz. &c. &c.—Wednesday.—Should we ex-
pect a personal Antichrist? and to whom will
he be revealed? &c. &c.—Friday.—What
does light do Scripture throw on present events,
and their moral character? What is next to be
look’d for or expected?” &c.

The rapid progress made at these tea-parties
in settling points of Scripture, may be judged
from a paragraph in the account given of one
of their evenings, by the Christian Herald:

"On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown,
and there was some, I think not so much, per-
haps, upon the Revelations; though particular
parts of it were discussed with considerable
accession of knowledge. There was some very
interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the
Old Testament in the New, particularly on
the point, whether there was any ‘accommoda-
tion,’ or whether they were quoted according
to the mind of the Spirit in the Old: this gave
occasion to some very interesting develop-
ment of Scripture. The progress of the Anti-
Christian powers was very fully discussed."

"About eight o’clock the Lord began to
pour down his spirit copiously upon us—for
they had all by this time assembled in my room
for the purpose of prayer. This downsponing
continued till about ten o’clock."—Letter from
Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of
Row, (dated Fernery, April 4, 1833), giving
an account of her "miraculous cure."

If you guess what this word means, 'tis
more than I can:—
I but give as I got it from Mr. Magan.
F. F.
The whole secret, at once—I have publish'd a Book!! [doubt, Yes, an actual Book;—if the marvel you You have only in last Monday's Courier to look, And you'll find "This day publish'd by Simpkins and Co. ['Wo Wo!' "A Romantick, in twelve Cantos, entitled "By Miss Fanny F—-, known more commonly so far." This I put that my friends mayn't be left in the dark, [ing my mark. But my guess at my writing by known— How I managed, at last, this great deed to achieve, Is itself a "Romantick" which you'd scarce, dear, believe; Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl, Look out for the Magnet, * explain it, dear girl. [pense Suffice it to say, that one half the ex— Of this seasehold of fame, for long cen—uries hence— (Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble ambition [Edition.)— Aspires not beyond a small Second One half the whole cost of the paper and printing, [past, by stinting I've managed to scrape up, the year My own little wants in gloves, ribands, and shoes, [Muse! Thus defringing the toilet to fit out the And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same? [breath of fame? What's eau de Cologne to the sweet Yards of ramb end soon end—but the measures of rhyme, Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time. [after pair, Gloves languish and fade away, pair While couples shine out, but the brighter for wear, [ing is gone, And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an eve— While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on. The remaining expense, trouble, risk— and, alas! [bands pass; My poor copyright too—into other And my friend, the Head Devil of the "County Gazette," (The only Meecenas I've ever had yet,) He who set up in type my first juvenile lays, [days; Is now set up by them for the rest of his * A day-coach of that name.

And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says) Live on naught but ambrosia, his lot how much sweeter [metre! To live, lucky devil, on a young lady's As for puffing—that first of all literary boons, [balloons— And essential alike both to bard and As, unless well supplied with inflation, 'tis found [from the ground;— Neither bard nor balloons budge an inch In this respect, naught could more prosp'rous befall; [can I call As my friend (for no less this kind imp Knows the whole world of critics—the hypers and all. [rhyme, I suspect he himself, indeed, dabbles in Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time; [known among Gnostics, As I've heard uncle Bob say, 'twas That the Devil on Two Sticks was a devil at Acrostics.

But hark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from Town— How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down. [neum, That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Atho— All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em. (Simpkins and Co. And then the great point—whether Are actually pleased with their bargain or no!—

Five o'clock.

All's delightful—such praises!—I really fear [dy, my dear; That this poor little head will turn gid I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps— [perhaps. All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, FROM THE "Morning Post." "Tis known that a certain distinguish'd physician [light reading: Prescribes, for dyspepsia, a course of And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition, [nutrition.) (Ere critics have injured their powers of Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding. Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific; [specific, But smooth, female sonnets he decrees a And, if taken at bed-time, a sure sopor— [pleasing we know, 'Among works of this kind, the most
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

Is a volume just publish'd by Simpkins and Co., very sweet, Where all such ingredients—the flow- And the gently narcotic—are mix'd per- tion With a hand so judicious, we're no hesi- To say that—'bove all, for the young generation— [ration. Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe prep-

Nota bene—for readers, whose object's to sleep, [publishers keep And who read in their nightcaps, the Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE—FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL" T'other night, at the Countess of s rout, about, An amusing event was much whisper'd It was said that Lord ——, at the Coun- cil, that day, [seat like a rocket, Had, more than once, jump'd from his And flown to a corner, where—heed- less, they say, [der'd away— How the country's resources were squan- He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his pocket. Some thought them dispatches from Spain or the Turk, Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius; But it turn'd out 'twas only Miss Fudge's new work, Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditions— [delay, Messrs. Simpkins and Co., to avoid all Haning sent it in sheets, that his Lord- ship might say, He had distanced the whole reading world by a day!

LETTER VIII.

FROM ROB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

Tuesday evening.

I much regret, dear Reverend Sir, I could not come to * * * to meet you: But this cursed gout won't let me stir— Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you, As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is, Owes all to an amanuensis. Most other scourges of disease Reduce men to extremities— But gout won't leave one even these.

From all my sister writes, I see That you and I will quite agree. I'm a plain man, who speak the truth. And trust you'll think me not uncivil, When I declare that, from my youth, I've wish'd your country at the devil: Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all I've heard of your high patriot fame— From every word your lips let fall— That you most truly wish the same. It plagues one's life out—thirty years Have I had dinnin' in my ears, "Ireland wants this, and that, and t'other," And, to this hour, one nothing hears But the same vile, eternal bother. While, of those countless things she wanted, Thank God, but little has been granted, And ev'n that little, if we're men And Britons, we'll have back again!

I really think that Catholic question Was what brought on my indigestion; And still each year, as Popery's curse Has gather'd round us, I've got worse; Till ev'n my pint of port a day Can't keep the Pope and bile away. And whereas, till the Catholic bill, I never wanted draught or pill, The settling of that cursed question Has quite assuaged my digestion.

Look what has happen'd since—the Of all the bores of every sect, [Elect The chosen triers of men's patience, From all the Three Denominations, Let loose upon us;—even Quakers Turn'd into speakers and law-makers, Who'll move no question, stiff-rump'd elves, Till first the Spirit moves themselves; And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus, Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous, Will soon to death's own slumber snore us. Then, too, those Jews!—I really sicken To think of such abomination; [en, Fellows, who won't eat ham with chick- To legislate for this great nation!— Depend upon't, when once they've sway, With rich old Goldsmid at the head o' them! Th' Excise laws will be done away, And Circumcise ones pass'd instead o' them!
In short, dear sir, look where one will, Things all go on so devilish ill, That 'pon my soul, I rather fear Our reverend Rector may be right, Who tells me the Millennium's near; Nay, swears he knows the very year, And regulates his leases by't;— Meaning their terms should end, no doubt, Before the world's own lease is out. He thinks, too, that the whole thing's ended So much more soon than was intended, Purely to scourge those men of sin [in.*] Who brought th' accursed Reform Bill However, let's not yet despair; Though Toryism's eclipsed, at present, And—like myself, in this old chair— Sits in a state by no means pleasant; Feet crippled—hands, in luckless hour, Disabled of their grasping power; And all that rampant glee, which revealed In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, be-dev'lt, Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more, And both in Chair of Pencance set, There's something tells me, all's not o'er, With Toryism or Bobby yet; That though between us, I allow, We've not a leg to stand on; Though cursed Reform and colchicum Have made us both look drenched in gum, Yet still in spite of Gout and Gout, Again we'll shine triumphant out! Yes—back again shall come, egad, Our turn for sport, my reverend lad. And then, O'Mulligan—oh then, When mounted on our nags again, You, on your high-flown Rosinante, Bedizzen'd out, like Show-Gallantee, (Glitter great from substance scanty;)— While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride Your faithful Sancho, by your side; Then—talk of tilts and tournaments! Damme, we'll—

*Squire Fudge's clerk presents To Reverend Sir his compliments; Is grieved to say an accident Has just occurred which will prevent

The Squire—though now a little bet From finishing this present letter.[ter— Just when he'd got to "Damme, we'll—"] His Honor, full of martial zeal, Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able To keep his balance or his hold, Tumbled, both self and crutch, and roll'd Like ball and bat, beneath the table. All's safe—the table, chair, and crutch;— Nothing, thank God, is broken much, But the Squire's head, which, in the fall, Got bump'd considerably—that's all. At this no great alarm we feel, As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

Wednesday morning.

Squire much the same—head rather light— [night. Raved about "Barbers' Wigs" all Our housekeeper, old Mrs. Griggs, Suspects that he meant "barbarous Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRIANNAG, TO HIS WIFE JUDY. As it was but last week that I sinned a letter, [is about; You'll wonder, dear Judy, what this And, truthful, it's a letter myself would like better, [it out; Could I manage to lave the contents Of sure, if it makes even a snigger, Who take things quiet, 'twill drive you crazy.

Oh, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scain to him! [vant-man to him, That e'er I should come to've been sar- Orso farde, the O'Briannagan blood, And my Aunts, the Diluvians, (whom not ev'n the Flood [the earth,] Was able to wash away clane from As to serve one whose name, of mere yestherday's birth, [pretend, Can no more to a great O. before it, Than mine can to wear a great Q at its end. submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob." No. x. p. 373.

"I am of your Patricarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families—fellow that the Flood could not wash away."—CONEGRE

Love for Love.
But that's now all over—last night I
gave warmin', [him this mornin'].
And, marsthr' as he is, will discharge
The thief of the world!—but it's no use
balragnin';*— [draggin'
All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be
Ould ladies up hill to the end of my days,
Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise,
at my aise, [dirty ways.
And be forced to discind thro' the same
Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last
show'd his phiz, [monsther he is;
I'd have known what a quare sort of
For, by gor, 'twas at Exeter Change,
sure enough, [show'd off;
That himself and his other wild Irish
And it's pity, so 'tis, that they hadn't
got no man
Who knew the wild craythurs to act
as their showman—
Sayin', "Ladies and Gentlemen, plaze
to take notice,
"How shlim and how shleek this black
animal's coat is;
"All by raison, we're towd, that the
nathur' o' the baste
"Is to change its coat once in its life-
time, at taste;
"And such objiks, in our country,
not bein' common ones,
"Are bought up, as this was, by way of
Fine Nonemous.
"In regard of its name—why, in
thorth, I'm consarna'd
"To o'fer on this point so much with
've Larun'd,
"Who oll it a 'Morthimer,' whereas
the craythur
"Is plain, a ' Murthagh,' by name and
by nathur.'
This is how I'd towdl them the
rights of it all, [Hall—
Had I been their showman at Exeter
Not forgettin' that other great wond-
er of Airin' [call Prosbertairin,]
(Ofr' owdl bitther breed which they
The famed Daddy C—ke—who, by gor,
I'd have shown 'em

As proof how such basties may be
tamed, when you've thrown 'em
A good friendly sop of the rule Raigin
Donem.*

But, throth, I've no laisse just now,
Judy dear, [here,
For any thing, barrin' our own dcings
And the cursin' and dammin' and thund-
rin', like mad, [have had.
We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh
He says we're all murtherers—di'd I a
bit less— [go to confess,
And that even our priests, when we
Give us lessons in murthr'ing, and wish
us success!

When ax'd how he daard, by tongue or
by pen, [men,
To belie in this way, seven millions of
Faith, he said 'twas all towdl him by
Docthor Den↓↓
"And who the div'l's he?" was the ques-
tion that flew [a sowl knew.
From Christiant to Chrittiant—but not
While on went Murthagh, in illigant
style,
Blasphaminy us Cath'lies all the while,
As a pack of desisters, parjurers, villians,
All the whole kit of th' aforesaid mil-
lions,↓—
 Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest.
And the innocent craythur that's at you
breast,
All rogues together, in word and deed,
Owld Den our instructour and Sin our
creed!

When ax'd for his proofs again and
again, [Den.
Div'lan answer he'd give but Docthor
Couldn't he call into court some live'in'
men? [thor Den—
"No, thank you"—he'd stick to Doc-
An ould gentleman dead a century or
two,
Who all about us, live Cath'lies, knew;
And of course was more handy, to call
in a hurr, [Murray !
Than Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor

↓ Correctly, Den—Larry not being very
particular in his nomenclature.
↓↓ The deed's of darkness which are reduced
to horrid practice over the drunken debanch
of the midnight assassin are debated, in principal,
in the sober morning religious conference of
the priests."—Speech of the Rev. Mr. M'Intire—
"The character of the Irish people generally is,
that they are given to lying and to acts of
theft."—Speech of the Rev. Robert Daly.
But, throst, it's no case to be jokin' 
on
Though myself, from bad habits, is awk—
Even you, had — on witness'd his grand 
climacteries—[hysterics—
Which actually throw one owld maid in 
Or, och! had you heerd such a purty 
remark as his, [cases, 
That Papists are only "Humanity's car-
"Ris'n:"—but, by dad, I'm afear'd I can't 
give it ye—
"Ris'n from the sepulchre of——inac-
"And, like owld corpses, dug up from 
activity!"—
"Wandrin' about in all sorts of in-
Even you, Judy, true as you are to the 
Owld Light, [Hiljful flight 
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this 
Of that figure of speech call'd the Blath-
ernskite, [and then came to me, 
As for me, though a funny thought now 
Rage got the better at last—and small 
blame to me! [of Delf,"
So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers 
Says I bowldly, "I'll make a neration 
myself." [lint, the mift 
And with that up I jumps—and, my dar-
I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse re-
main'd in it. [tiful on, 
Though, saited, I could have got beau-
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab 
was all gone:
Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, 
whate'er we've a hand in, 
At laste in our legs show a strong un-
derstandin'.

Howsanmever, determin'd the chaps 
should pursaive [tuk lave, 
What I thought of their doin's, before I 
"In regard of all that," says I—there I 
stopp'd short—
Not a word more would come, though I 
sturraged hard for't.
So, snapping my fingers at what's 
call'd the Chair, 
And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'live,) 
that sat there—[again—
"In regard of all that," says I bowldly 
"To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer—and 
Docthor Den;"—[out "Amen];
Upon which the whole company cried 
* "But she (Povery) is no longer the tenant 
of the sepulchre of inactivity. She has come 
from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, 
as if the spirit of evil had corrupted the carcase 
of her departed humanity; notions and ne-
some, an object of abhorrence and dismay to 

And myself was in hopes 'twas to what 
I had said, 
But, by gaw, no such thing—they were 
not so well bred: [had read out, 
For, 'twas all to a pray'r Murthagh just 
By way of fit finish to job so devout; 
That is—after well damning one-half 
the community, [unity! 
To pray God to keep all in peace an' in 

This is all I can shuff in this letter, 
though plent[y 'twas twinty. 
Of news, faith, I've got to fill more—it 
But I'll add, on the outside, a line, 
should I need it, [may read it, 
(Write "Private") upon it, that no one 
To tell you how Mortimer (as the 
Saints christen him) 
Bears the big shame of his varvant's dis-
missin' him.

(Private outside.) 
Just come from his r'vrence—the job is 
all done—[sure as a gun! 
By the powers, I've discharged him as 
And now, Judy dear, what on earth I'm 
to do [good as new— 
With myself and my appetite—both 
Without ev'n a single trane in my 
pocket, [to stock it—
Let alone a good, dacent pound-stadin', 
Is a myshtry I lave to the One that's 
above, [when hard drove, 
Who takes care of us, dissolute sowls, 

LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO THE 

REV. 

These few brief lines, my reverend 
By a safe, private hand I send, [friend, 
(Fearing lest some low Catholic wag 
Should pry into the Letter-bag,) 
To tell you, as far as pen can dare, 
How we, poor errant martyrs, fare;— 
Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack, 
As Saints were, some few ages back, 
But—scarce less trying in its way— 
To laughter, where'ere we stray; 
To jokes, which Providence mysterious 
Permits on men and things so serious, 
all who are not leagued with her in iniquity."— 
Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 
20, in the Record Newspaper. 

We may well ask, after reading this and 
other such reverend ravings, "Quis habitat 
quin omne sit hoc rationis egoceas?"
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

Lowering the Church still more each minute, And—inquiring our preferment in it. Just think, how worrying 'tis, my friend, To find, where'er our footsteps bend, Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing; And bear the eternal torturing play Of that great engine of our day, [zing! Unknown to 'th Inquisition—quiz.

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks Ain 'd at the body their attacks; But modern torturers, more refined, Work their machinery on the mind. Had St. Sebastian had the luck With me to be a godly rover, Instead of arrows, he'd be stuck With stings of ridicule all over; And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd By being on a gridir'g grill'd, Had he but shared my errant lot, Instead of grill on gridir'n hot, A moral roasting would have got. Nor should I (trying as all this is) Much heed the suffering or the shame— As, like an actor, used to hisses, I long have known no other fame, But that (as I may own to you, Though to the world it would not do) No hope appears of fortune's beams Shining on any of my schemes: No chance of something more per ann. As supplement to K—llym—n; No prospect that, by fierce abuse Of Ireland, I shall er' induce The rulers of the thinking nation To rid us of Emancipation; To forge anew the sever'd chain, And bring back Penal Laws again. Ah, happy time! when wolves and priests Alike were hunted, as wild beasts; And five pounds was the price, per head, For bagging either, live or dead;— Though oft, we're told, one outlaw'd brother Saved cost, by eating up the other.

* * *

Finding thus all those schemes and hopes I built upon my flowers and tropes All scatter'd, one by one, away, As flashy and unsound as they, The question comes—what's to be done? And there's but one course left me—one. Heroes, when tired of war's alarms, Seek sweet repose in beauty's arms. The weary Day-God's last retreat is The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis; And mine, as mighty Love's my judge, Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend,—the tender scheme, Wild and romantic though it seem, Beyond a parson's fondest dream, Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes So pleasing to a parson's eyes— That only gilding which the muse Cannot around her sons diffuse;— Which, whencesoever flows its bliss, From wealthy Miss or benefice, To Mortimer indiff'rent is, So he can make it only his. There is but one slight damp I see Upon this scheme's felicity, And that is, the fair heroine's claim That I shall take her family name. To this (though it may look henpeck'd) I can't quite decently object, Having myself long chos'n to shine conspicuous in the alias ] line; So that hencforth, by wife's decree, (For Biddy from this point won't budge,) Your old friend's new address must be The Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge— The "O" being kept, that all may see We're both of ancient family. Such friend, nor need the fact amaze My public life's calm Euthanasia. [you, Thus bid I long farewell to all The freaks of Exeter's old Hall— Freaks, in grime, its apes exceeding, And rivalling its bears in breeding. Farewell, the platform fill'd with preach- ers— [speechers— The pray'r giv'n out, as grace, by this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Mallet. "What other proofs he gave (says Johnson) of disrespect to his native country, I know not, but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend."—Life of Mallet.

*I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this solemn object, when I call on the Rev. Dr. Holloway to open it by prayer."—Speech of Lord Kenyon.
Ere they cut up their fellow creatures:—
Farewell to dead old Den's volumes,
And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns:
From each and all I now retire,
My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,
To bring up little filial Fudges,
To be M. P.'s, and Peers, and Judges—
*Parsons* I'd add too, if alas! [pass
There yet were hope the Church could
The gulf now oped for hers and her,
Or long survive what *Exeter—
Both Hall and Bishop, of that name—
Have done to sink her reverend flame.
Adieu, dear friend—you'll oft hear from me,
Now I'm no more a travelling drudge;
Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
How well the surname will become me)
Yours truly,
Mortimer O'Fudge.

LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ. TO THE REV. RICHARD ——, Ireland.

DEAR DICK—just arrived at my own humble gite, [all complete,
I enclose you, post-haste, the account,
Just arrived, per express, of our late noble feat.

[Extract from the "County Gazette."]

This place is getting gay and full again.

* * * * *

Last week was married, "in the
Lord."
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,
Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,
(He, who the Lord's force lately led on—
Exeter Hall his Armagh-geddon,)*
To Miss B. Fudge of Pisgah Place,
One of the choos'n, as "heir of grace,
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge.

Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, "tis hint- ed—
[Lyre,]

Niece of the above, (whose "Sylvan
In our Gazette, last week, we printed,) Eloped with Pat. Magan, Esquire,
The fugitives were track'd, some time,
After they'd left the Aunt's abode,
By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,
* The Rectory which the Rev. gentleman holds is situated in the county of Armagh!—a most remarkable coincidence—and well worthy

Fond strew'd along the Western road;—
Some of them, *ci-devant* curl-papers,
Others, half burnt in lighting tapers.
This clue, however, to their flight,
After some miles was seen no more;
And, from inquiries made last night,
We find they've reach'd the Irish shore.

Every word of it true, Dick—th' escape
From Aunt's thrall—
Western road—lyric fragments—curl-
papers and all. [shrine,
My sole stipulation, ere linked at the
(As some balance between Fanny's num-
bers and mine.)
Was that, when we were one, she must
give up the *Nixe*;
[foo MS.
Nav, devote to the Gods her whole stock
With a vow never more against prose to
transgress. [went to bits
This she did, like a heroine;—smack
The whole produce sublime of her dear
little wits— [nets—
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzo-
some twisted up neatly, to form allu-
nettes, [rise
Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to
And enwreath Berenice's bright locks in
the skies! [in my pay
While the rest, honest Larry (who's now
Begg'd), as "lover of *pothry*," to read
on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dared to
dispose,
[through its prose,
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get
With such slender materials for style,
Heaven knows! [Express! But—'m call'd off abruptly—another
What the deuce can it mean?—I'm
alarm'd, I confess.

P. S.
Hurrah, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thou-
and hurrahs! [days.
I'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my
There—read the good news—and while
glad, for my sake,
That Wealth should thus follow in Love's
shining wake, [elf,
Admit also the moral—that he, the only
Who has fudged all the world, should
be now fudged himself /
of the attention of certain expounders of the
Apocalypse.
SOURCES FROM M.P.; OR, THE BLUE-STOCKING.

SONG.

SUSAN.

Young Love lived once in a humble

Where roses breathing, [shed,

And woodbines wreathing

Around the lattice their tendrils spread

As wild and sweet as the life he led.

His garden flourish'd,

For young Hope nourish'd

The infant buds with beams and show ers;

[led,

But lips, though blooming, must still be

And not even Love can live on flower s.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye

Should e'er come hither,

Such sweets to wither!

The flowers laid down their heads to die,

And Hope fell sick as the witch drew

She came one morning, [nigh.

Ere Love had warning,

And raised the latch, where the young

god lay;

[by;"

"Oh ho!" said Love—"is it you? good-

So he oped the window, and flew away!

To sigh, yet feel no pain,

To weep, yet scarce know why;

To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,

Then throw it idly by.

To kneel at many a shrine,

Yet lay the heart on none;

To think all other charms divine,

But those we just have won.

To his "beloved grand-niece," Miss Fanny,

Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited—not a penny!

Have notified the same to latter,

And wait instructions in the matter.

For self and partners, &c. &c.

This is love, faithless love,

Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,

Through life unchill'd, unmoved,

To love, in wintry age, the same

As first in youth we loved;

To feel that we adore,

Ev'n to such fond excess,

That, though the heart would break,

with more,

It could not live with less

This is love, faithful love,

Such as saints might feel above.

Spirit of Joy, thy altar lies [mine;

In youthfull hearts that hope like

And 'tis the light of laughing eyes,

That leads us to thy fairy shrine.

There if we find the sigh, the tear,

They are not those to Sorrow known;

But breath so soft, and drops so clear,

That Bliss may claim them for her own.

Then give me, give me, while I weep,

The sanguine hope that brightens wo,

And teaches ev'n our tears to keep

The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night

Upon the spangled hedge at morn,

Attempts to catch the drops of light,

But wounds his finger with the thorn.

Thus oft the brightest joys we seek,

Are lost, when touch'd, and turn'd to pain;

The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,

The tears they waken long remain.

But give me, give me, &c. &c.
WHEN Leila touch'd the lute,
Not then alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

BOAT GLEE.
The song that lighten's our languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the ear awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave;—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way;—
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing;
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

Oh think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman could think of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her?
No heart is so guarded around, [it;
But the smile of a victor would take
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of Glory will waketh.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And wo to the heart that allows him;
For soon neither smiling nor weeping

Will e'er from such slumber arouse him.
But though he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake
Even then, one soul-thrilling blast [him,
From the trumpet of Glory would wake him.

CUPID'S LOTTERY.
A LOTTERY, a lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery;
And kisses, too,
As good as new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's Court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery;
For hearts, we're told,
In shares he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
So well in parts,
That each believed the whole his own.

Chor.—A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to
Two roguish eyes [be;
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

SONG.*

Though sacred the tie that our country entwineth, [brance remains,
And dear to the heart her remembrances are the ties where no liberty shineth, [stain.
And sad the remembrance that slavery
Oh Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,
But dying of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present—[my home.
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is

* Sung in the character of a Frenchman.
THE EPICUREAN.

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Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd! [brave; in vain is she mighty, in vain is she Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd, [of the slave. And Fame has no wreaths for the brow

But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion [the foam; Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean, [home. Hall, Temple of Liberty! thou art my

THE EPICUREAN.

A TALE.

1827.

TO

LORD JOHN RUSSELL,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

BY ONE WHO ADMIRES HIS CHARACTER AND TALENTS, AND IS PROUD OF HIS FRIENDSHIP.

A LETTER TO THE TRANSLATOR.

FROM — Esq.

Cairo, June 19th, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

During a visit lately paid by me to the monastery of St. Macarius—which is situated, as you know, in the Valley of the Lakes of Natron—I was lucky enough to obtain possession of a curious Greek manuscript which, in the hope that you may be induced to translate it, I herewith transmit to you. Observing one of the monks very busily occupied in tearing up into a variety of fantastic shapes some papers which had the appearance of being the leaves of old books, I inquired of him the meaning of his task, and received the following explanation:

The Arabs, it seems, who are as fond of pigeons as the ancient Egyptians, have a superstitious notion that, if they place in their pigeon-houses small scrips of paper, written over with learned characters, the birds are always sure to thrive the better for the charin; and the monks, who are never slow in profiting by superstition, have, at all times, a supply of such amulets for purchasers.

In general, the fathers of the monastery have been in the habit of scribbling these fragments themselves; but a discovery lately made by them, saves all this trouble. Having dug up (as my informant stated) a chest of old manuscripts, which, being chiefly on the subject of alchemy, must have been buried in the time of Dioclesian, "we thought," added the monk, "that we could not employ such rubbish more properly, than in tearing it up, as you see, for the pigeon-houses of the Arabs."

On my expressing a wish to rescue some part of these treasures from the fate to which his indolent fraternity had consigned them, he produced the manuscript which I have now the pleasure of sending to you—the only one, he said, remaining entire—and I very readily paid the price which he demanded for it.

You will find the story, I think, not altogether uninteresting; and the coincidence, in many respects, of the curious details in Chap. VI. with the description of the same ceremonies in the Romance of Sethos,* will, I have no doubt, strike you. Hoping that you

* The description, here alluded to, may also be found, copied verbatim from Sethos, in the "Voyages d'Antinor."—"In that philosophical romance, called 'La Vie de Sethos,'" says Warburton, "we find a much juster account
may be induced to give a translation of this Tale to the world,
I am, my dear Sir,
Very truly yours,

THE EPICUREAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the fourth year of the reign of the late Emperor Valerian, that the followers of Epicurus, who were at that time numerous in Athens, proceeded to the election of a person to fill the vacant Chair of their sect;—and, by the unanimous voice of the School, I was the individual chosen for their Chief. I was just then entering on my twenty-fourth year, and no instance had ever before occurred, of a person so young being selected for that high office. Youth, however, and the personal advantages that adorn it, could not but rank among the most agreeable recommendations to a sect that included within its circle all the beauty as well as the wit of Athens, and which, though dignifying its pursuits with the name of philosophy, was little else than a plausible pretext for the more refined cultivation of pleasure.

The character of the sect, had, indeed, much changed since the time of its wise and virtuous founder, who, while he asserted that Pleasure is the only Good, inculcated also that Good is the only source of Pleasure. The purer part of this doctrine had long evaporated, and the temperate Epicurus would have as little recognized his own sect in the assemblage of refined voluptuaries who now usurped its name, as he would have known his own quiet Garden in the luxurious groves and bowers among which the meetings of the School were now held.

Many causes concurred, at this period, besides the attractiveness of its doctrines, to render our school by far the most popular of any that still survived the glory of Greece. It may generally be observed, that the prevalence, in one half of a community, of very rigid notions on the subject of religion, produces of old Egyptian wisdom, than in all the pretended 'Histoire du Ciel':—Div. Leg. book iv sect. 14.

the opposite extreme of laxity and infidelity in the other; and this kind of reaction it was that now mainly contributed to render the doctrines of the Garden the most fashionable philosophy of the day. The rapid progress of the Christian faith had alarmed all those, who, either from piety or worldliness, were interested in the continuance of the old established creed—all who believed in the Deities of Olympus, and all who lived by them. The natural consequence was, a considerable increase of zeal and activity, throughout the constituted authorities and priesthood of the whole Heathen world. What was wanting in sincerity of belief was made up in rigor;—the weakest parts of the Mythology were those, of course, most angrily defended, and any reflections, tending to bring Saturn, or his wife Ops, into contempt, were punished with the utmost severity of the law.

In this state of affairs, between the alarmed bigotry of the declining Faith, and the simple, sublime austerity of her rival, it was not wonderful that those lovers of ease and pleasure, who had no interest, reversionary or otherwise, in the old religion, and were too indolent to inquire into the sanctions of the new, should take refuge from the severities of both in the arms of a luxurious philosophy, which, leaving to others the task of disputing about the future, centred all its wisdom in the full enjoyment of the present.

The sectaries of the Garden had, ever since the death of their founder, been accustomed to dedicate to his memory the twentieth day of every month. To these monthly rites had, for some time, been added a grand annual Festival, in commemoration of his birth. The feasts given on this occasion by my predecessors in the Chair, had been invariably distinguished for their taste and splendor; and it was my ambition, not merely to imitate this example, but even to render the anniversary, now celebrated under my auspices, so lively and brilliant as to efface the recollection of all that had preceded it.

Seldom, indeed, had Athens witnessed so bright a scene. The grounds that formed the original site of the Garden had received, from time to time, consid-
erable additions; and the whole extent was now laid out with that perfect taste which understands how to wed Nature with Art, without sacrificing any of her simplicity to the alliance. Walks, leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance—glades, opening, as if to afford a playground for the sunshine—temples, rising on the very spots where Imagination herself would have called them up, and fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace—such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens; and, animated as they were on this occasion, by all the living wit and loveliness of Athens, it afforded a scene such as my own youthful fancy, rich as it was then in images of luxury and beauty, could hardly have anticipated.

The ceremonies of the day began with the very dawn, when, according to the form of simpler and better times, those among the disciples who had apartments within the Garden, bore the image of our Founder in procession from chamber to chamber, chanting verses in praise of what had long ceased to be objects of our imitation—his frugality and temperance.

Round a beautiful lake, in the centre of the Garden, stood four white Doric temples, in one of which was collected a library containing all the flowers of Grecian literature; while, in the remaining three, Conversation, the Song, and the Dance, held, uninterrupted by each other, their respective rites. In the Library stood busts of all the most illustrious Epicureans, both of Rome and Greece—Horus, Atticus, Pliny the elder, the poet Lucrinus, Lucian, and the lamented biographer of the Philosophers, lately lost to us, Diogenes Lae-rtius. There were also the portraits, in marble, of all the eminent female votaries of the school—Leontius and her fair daughter Danaé, Themista, Philae- nis, and others.

It was here that, in my capacity of Hesariarch, on the morning of the Festival, I received the felicitations of the day from some of the fairest lips of Athens; and, in pronouncing the customary oration to the memory of our Master, (in which it was usual to dwell upon the doctrines he had inculcated,) endeavored to attain that art, so useful before such an audience, of lending to the gravest subjects a charm, which secures them listeners even among the simplest and most volatile.

Though study, as may be supposed, engrossed but little the nights or mornings of the Garden, yet all the lighter parts of learning—that portion of its atomic honey, for which the bee is not compelled to go very deep into the flower—was somewhat zealously cultivated by us. Even here, however, the young student had to encounter that kind of distraction, which is, of all others, the least favorable to composure of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the Garden, taking his picture from life, thus described:

"As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
That temple throw its lengthening shade.
Upon the marble steps below
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While, by her side, the youthful Sage
Held back her ringlets, leat, descending;
They should o'ershadow all the page."

But it was for the evening of that day that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the Garden was illuminated, with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the Lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre.

Between two of these boats a mock combat was perpetually carried on:—their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habituated to represent Eros and Anteros: the former, the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit, which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the whole evening their conflict was maintained with various success; the timid distance at which Eros kept aloof from his lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other assailed him, but which, falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the few flowers.
CHAPTER II.

The festival was over;—the sounds of the song and dance ceased, and I was now left in those luxuriant gardens, alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy;—an imagination that, even in the midst of mirth and happiness, presented saddened thoughts, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with Passion; and not even in the fullest fervor of the latter were they ever separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and annihilation came to mingle themselves with even the most smiling scenes through which love and enjoyment led me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy thoughts. For, shut out, as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of earthly delight assumed, in my eyes, a mournful preciousness; and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighborhood of death.

This very night my triumph, my happiness, had seemed complete. I had been the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the rich cup for which they thirsted. Looked up to as I was by the learned, and admired and loved by the beautiful and the young, I had seen, in every eye that met mine, either the acknowledgment of bright triumphs already won, or the promise of others, still brighter, that awaited me. Yet, even in the midst of all this, the same dark thoughts had presented themselves;—the perishableness of myself and all around me had recurred every instant to my mind. Those hands I had pressed;—those eyes, in which I had seen sparkling a spirit of light and life that ought never to die;—those voices, that had spoken of eternal love—all, all I felt, were but a mockery of the moment, and would leave nothing eternal but the silence of their dust!

Oh, were it not for this sad voice, Stealing amid our mirth to say, That all in which we most rejoice, Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey, But for this bitter—only this— Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss, And capable as feels my soul Of draining to its depth the whole, I should turn earth to heaven, and be, If bliss made gods, a deity!

Such was the description I gave of my own feelings in one of those wild, passionate songs, to which this mixture of
mirth and melancholy, in a spirit so buoyant, naturally gave birth.

And seldom had my heart so fully surrendered itself to this sort of vague sadness as at that very moment, when, as I paced thoughtfully among the fading lights and flowers of the banquet, the echo of my own step was all that now sounded, where so many gay forms had lately been reveling. The moon was still up, the morning had not yet glimmered, and the calm glories of the night still rested on all around. Unconscious whether my pathway led, I continued to wander along, till I, at length, found myself before that fair statue of Venus, with which the chisel of Alcamenes had embellished our Garden;—that image of a defiled woman, the only idol to which I had ever yet bent the knee. Leaning against the pedestal of the statue, I raised my eyes to heaven, and fixing them sadly and intently on the ever-burning stars, as if seeking to read the mournful secret in their light, asked, wherefore was it Man alone must fade and perish, while they, so much less wonderful, less godlike than he, thus still lived on in radiance unchangeable and forever? "Oh, that there were some spell, some talisman," I exclaimed, "to make the spirit that burns within us deathless as those stars, and open to it a career like theirs, as bright and inextinguishable throughout all time!"

While thus indulging in wild and melancholy fancies, I felt that lassitude which earthly pleasure, however sweet, still leaves behind, come insensibly over me, and at length sunk at the base of the statue to sleep.

But even in sleep, the same fancies continued to haunt me; and a dream, so distinct and vivid as to leave behind it the impression of reality, thus presented itself to my mind. I found myself suddenly transported to a wide and desolate plain, where nothing appeared to breathe, or move, or live. In the very sky that hung above it looked pale and extinct, giving the idea, not of darkness, but of light that had become dead,—and had that whole region been the remains of some older world, left broken up and sunless, it could not have presented an aspect more quenched and desolate. The only thing that bespoke life, throughout this melancholy waste, was a small spark of light, that at first glimmered in the distance, but, at length, slowly approached the bleak spot where I stood. As it drew near, I could see that its small but steady gleam came from a taper in the hand of an ancient and venerable man, who now stood, like a pale messenger from the grave, before me. After a few moments of awful silence, during which he looked at me with a sadness that thrilled my very soul, he said, "Thou, who seest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile—go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seest!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than the deathlike hue of his cheek at once brightened into a smile of more than earthly promise; while the small torch he held in his hand sent forth a glow of radiance, by which suddenly the whole surface of the desert was illuminated;—the light spreading even to the distant horizon's edge, along whose line I could now see gardens, palaces, and spires, all as bright as the rich architecture of the clouds at sunset. Sweet music, too, came flowing in that direction through the air, and, from all sides such varieties of enchantment broke upon me, that, with the excess alike of harmony and of radiance, I awoke.

That infidels should be superstitious is an anomaly neither unusual nor strange. A belief in superhuman agency seems natural and necessary to the mind; and, if not suffered to flow in the obvious channels, it will find a vent in some other. Hence, many who have doubted the existence of a God, have yet implicitly placed themselves under the patronage of Fate or the stars. Much the same inconsistency I was conscious of in my own feelings. Though rejecting all belief in a Divine Providence, I had yet a faith in dreams, that all my philosophy could not conquer. Nor was experience wanting to confirm me in my delusion; for, by some of those accidental coincidences, which make the
fortune of soothsayers and prophets, dreams, more than once, had been to me—

_Oracles, truer far than oak,
Or dove, or tripod, ever spoke._

It was not wonderful, therefore, that the vision of that night—touching, as it did, a chord so ready to vibrate—should have affected me with more than ordinary power, and even sunk deeper into my memory with every effort I made to forget it. In vain did I mock at my own weakness;—such self-delusion is seldom sincere. In vain did I pursue my accostumed pleasures. Their zest was, as usual, forever new; but still, in the midst of all my enjoyment, came the cold and saddening consciousness of mortality, and, with it, the recollection of that visionary promise, to which my fancy, in defiance of reason, still continued to cling.

At times indulging in r Cowies, that were little else than a continuation of my dream, I even contemplated the possible existence of some mighty secret, by which yon, if not perpetuated, might be at least prolonged, and that dreadful vicinity of death, within whose circle love ptes and pleasure sickness, might be for a while averted.

_"Who knows," I would ask, "but that in Egypt, that region of wonders where Mystery hath yet unfolded but half her treasures—where still remain, undeciphered, upon the pillars of Seth, so many written secrets of the antediluvian world—who can tell but that some powerful charm, some amulet, may there lie hid, whose discovery, as this phantom hath promised, but awaits my coming—some compound of the same pure atoms that form the essence of the living stars, and whose infusion into the frame of man might render him also unfading and immortal?"

Thus fondly did I sometimes speculate, in those vague moods of mind, when the life of excitement in which I was engaged, acting upon a warm heart and vivid fancy, produced an intoxication of spirit, during which I was not wholly myself. This bewilderm ent, too, was not a little increased by the constant struggle I experienced between my own natural feelings, and the cold, mortal creed of my sect—in endeavoring to escape from whose deadening bondage I but broke loose into the realms of fantasy and romance.

Even in my soberest moments, however, that strange vision forever haunted me; and every effort I made to chase it from my recollection was unavailing. The deliberate conclusion, therefore, to which I at last came, was, that to visit Egypt was now my only resource; that, without seeing that land of wonders, I could not rest, nor, until convinced of my folly by disappointment, be reasonable. Without delay, accordingly, I announced to my friends of the Garden, the intention I had formed to pay a visit to the land of Pyramids. To none of them, however, did I dare to confess the vague, visionary impulse that actuated me;—knowledge being the object that I alleged, while Pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interests of the School, it was feared, might suffer by my absence; and there were some tenderer ties, which had still more to fear from separation. But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedy was provided; while the latter a skilful distribution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, I set sail in the summer of the year 207, A. D., for Alexandria.

CHAPTER III.

To one who so well knew how to extract pleasure from every moment on land, a sea voyage, however smooth and favorable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often, indeed, did my imagination, in passing some isle of those seas, people it with fair forms and loving hearts, to which most willingly would I have paused to offer homage. But the wind blew direct towards the land of Mystery; and, still more, I heard a voice within me, whispering forever, "On."

As we approached the coast of Egypt, our course became less prosperous; and we had a specimen of the benevolence of the divinities of the Nile, in the shape of a storm, or rather whirlwind, which had nearly sunk our vessel, and which the Egyptians on board declared to be
the work of their deity, Typhon. After
day and night of danger, during which
we were driven out of our course to
the eastward, some benign influence pre-
vailed above; and, at length, as the
morning freshly broke, we saw the beau-
tiful city of Alexandria rising from the
sea, with its proud Palace of Kings, its
portico of four hundred columns, and the
fair Pillar of Pillars,\* towering in the
midst to heaven.

After passing in review this splendid
vision, we shot rapidly round the Rock
of Pharos, and, in a few minutes, found
ourselves in the harbor of Eunostus. The
sun had risen, but the light on the Great
Tower of the Rock was still burning;
and there was a languor in the first
waking movements of that voluptuous
city—whose houses and temples lay
shining in silence around the harbor—
that sufficiently attested the festivities
of the preceding night.

We were soon landed on the quay;
and, as I walked through a line of palaces
and shrines, up the street which
leads from the sea to the gate of Canopus,
fresh as I was from the contemplation
of my own lovely Athens, I yet felt
a glow of admiration at the scene
around me, which its novelty, even more
than its magnificence, inspired. Nor
were the luxuries and delights which
such a city promised, among the least of
the considerations upon which my
fancy dwelt. On the contrary, every-
thing around me seemed prophetic of
love and pleasure. The very forms of
the architecture, to my Epicurean ima-
gination, appeared to call up images of
living grace; and even the dim seclusion
of the temples and groves spoke
only of tender mysteries to my mind.

As the whole bright scene grew animat-
ed around me, I felt that though Egypt
might not enable me to lengthen life,
she could teach the next best art—that
of multiplying its enjoyments.

The population of Alexandria,\† at this
period, consisted of the most motley
miscellany of nations, religions and
sects, that had ever been brought to-
tgether in one city. Besides the school
of the Grecian Platonist was seen the
oratory of the cabalistic Jew; while the
church of the Christian stood, undis-
turbed, over the crypts of the Egyptian
Hierophant. Here, the adorer of Fire,
from the East, laughed at the less ele-
gant superstition of the worshipper of
cats, from the West. Here, Christiani-
ty, too, had learned to emulate the pious
vagaries of Paganism; and while, on
one side, her Ophite professor was seen
bending his knee gravely before a ser-
pent, on the other, a Nicossian Christian
was heard contending with no less grav-
ity, that there could be no chance what-
ever of salvation out of the pale of the
Greek alphabet. Still worse, the un-
charitableness of Christian schism was
already, with equal vigor, distinguishing
itself; and I heard everywhere, on
my arrival, of the fierce rancor and hate
with which the Greek and Latin church-
men were then persecuting each other,
because, forsooth, the one fasted on
the seventh day of the week, and the others
fasted upon the fourth and sixth!

To none, however, of these different
creeds and sects, except in as far as
they furnished food for ridicule, had
I time to pay much attention. I was
now in the most luxurious city of the
universe, and accordingly gave way
without reserve, to the various seduc-
tions that surrounded me. My reputa-
tion, both as a philosopher and a man
of pleasure, had preceded my coming;
and Alexandria, the second Athens of
the world, welcomed me as her own. I
found my celebrity, indeed, act as a tal-
isman, that opened all hearts and doors
at my approach. The usual novitiate of
acquaintance was dispensed with in my
favor, and not only intimacies, but loves
and friendships, ripened as rapidly in my
path, as vegetation springs up where
the Nile has flowed. The dark beauty
of the Egyptian women possessed a nov-

* More properly, perhaps, "the Column
of the Pillars." Vide Abdelattif, Relation de
l'Egypte, and the notes of M. de Sacy. The
great portico around this column (formerly
designated Pompey's, but now known to have
been erected in honor of Diocletian) was still
standing, M. de Sacy says, in the time of Sala-

\† Ammianus thus speaks of the state of Alex-
andria in his time, which was, I believe, as
late as the end of the fourth century—"Ne
nunc quidem in cadam urbe Doctrina variae
silent, non apud nos exarat Musicae nec Har-
moniae exoptat." Lib. 22.

\‡ From the character of the features of the
Sphinx, and a passage in Herodotus, describ-
ently in my eye that enhanced its other charms; and the hue left by the sun on their rounded cheeks seemed but an earnest of the genial ardent he must have kindled in their hearts—

Th' imbrowning of the fruit, that tells, How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells.

Some weeks had now passed in such constant and ever-changing pleasures, that even the melancholy voice deep within my heart, though it still spoke, was but seldom listened to, and soon died away in the sound of the siren songs that surrounded me. At length, as the novelty of these gay scenes wore off, the same vague and gloomy bodings began to mingle with all my joys; and an incident that occurred, at this time, during one of my gayest revels, conducted still more to deepen their gloom.

The celebration of the annual festival of Serapis happened to take place during my stay; and I was, more than once, induced to mingle with the gay multitudes that flocked to the shrine at Canopus on the occasion. Day and night, as long as this festival lasted, the great canal, which led from Alexandria to Canopus, was covered with boats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this pious license, passing the Egyptians as μελαγχοροι και ωφερωτας, Volney, Bruce, and a few others, have concluded that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt were negroes. But this opinion is contradicted by a host of authorities. See Usteri's notes upon Browne's Travels, for the result of Jummenbach's dissection of a variety of mummies. Demon, speaking of the character of the heads presented in the ancient sepulchres and painting of Egypt, says, "Celle des femmes ressemble encore a la figure des jolies femmes d'aujourd'hui: de la rondeur, de la volupte, le nez petit, les yeux longs, peu ouverts," &c. &c. He could judge, too, he says, from the female mummies, "que leurs cheveux etaient longs et lisses, que le carneiche de tête de la plupart tenant un beau style."—"Je rapproche, ne ads., une tête de vieille femme qui étoit aussi belle que celles de Michel-Auge, et leur ressemblait beaucoup.

In a "Description générale de Thèbes," by Meere, Jolbois et Davestillet, they say, "Toutes les sculptures Egyptiennes, depuis les plus grandes colosses de Thèbes jusqu'aux plus petites idoles, ne rappellent en aucune manière les traits de la figure des nègres, outre que les têtes des monstres des catacombes de Thèbes sont tellement droites."

In addition to the celebrated instances of Cleopatra, Rhodope, &c., we are told, on the authority of Mauhot, (as given by Zouch from Georgius Synesius,) of a beautiful queen of Memphis, Nitocris, of the sixth dynasty, who, in addition to other charms and perfec-
tions, was (rather inconsistently with the negro hypothesis) ξαφυ ην χρυσαΔ, i.e., yellow-haired. See for a tribute to the beauty of the Egyptian women, Montesquieu's Temple de Gaïa.
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who insisted on my joining their party in the pavilion; and, having flung around me, as fetters, the tendrils of jasmine which they had just plucked, conducted me, no unwilling captive, to the banquet-room.

I found here an assemblage of the very flower of Alexandrian society. The unexpectedness of the meeting added new zest to it on both sides; and seldom had I ever felt more enlivened myself, or succeeded better in infusing life and gayety into others.

Among the company were some Greek women, who, according to the fashion of their country, wore veils; but, as usual, rather to set off than to conceal their beauty, some bright gleams of which were constantly escaping from under the cloud. There was, however, one female, who particularly attracted my attention, on whose head was a chaplet of dark colored flowers, and who sat veiled and silent during the whole of the banquet. She took no share, I observed, in what was passing around; the viands and the wine went by her untouched, nor did a word that was spoken seem addressed to her ear. This abstraction from a scene so sparkling with gayety, though apparently unnoticed by any one but myself, struck me as mysterious and strange. I inquired of my fair neighbor the cause of it, but she, only waving her head, was silent.

In the mean time, the lyre and the cup went round; and a young maid from Athens, as if inspired by the presence of her countryman, took her lute, and sung to it some of the songs of Greece, with a warmth of feeling that bore me back to the banks of the Illissus, and, even in the bosom of present pleasures, drew a sigh from my heart for that which had passed away. It was daybreak ere our delighted party rose, and most unwillingly re-embarked to return to the city.

We were scarce afloat, when it was discovered that the lute of the young Athenian had been left behind; and, with a heart still full of its sweet sounds, I most readily sprang on shore to seek it. I hastened at once to the banquet-room, which was now dim and solitary, except that—there, to my utter astonishment, was still seated that silent figure which had awakened so much my curiosity during the evening. A vague feeling of awe came over me, as I now slowly approached it. There was no motion, no sound of breathing in that form;—not a leaf of the dark chaplet upon its brow stirred. By the light of a dying lamp which stood on the table before the figure, I raised, with a hesitating hand, the veil; and saw—what my fancy had already anticipated—that the shape underneath was lifeless, was a skeleton! Startled and shocked, I hurried back with the lute to the boat, and was almost as silent as that shape itself during the remainder of the voyage.

This custom among the Egyptians of placing a mummy, or skeleton, at the banquet-table, had been for some time disused, except at particular ceremonies; and, even on such occasions, it had been the practice of the luxurious Alexandrians to disguise this memorial of mortality in the manner just described. But to me, who was wholly unprepared for such a spectacle, it gave a shock from which my imagination did not speedily recover. This silent and ghastly witness of mirth seemed to embody, as it were, the shadow in my own heart. The features of the grave were thus stamped upon the idea that had long haunted me, and this picture of what I was to be now associated itself constantly with the sunniest aspect of what I see.

The memory of the dream now recurred to me more livelily than ever. The bright, assuring smile of that venerable Spirit, and his words, "Go to the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest," were forever present to my mind. But as yet, alas, I had done nothing towards realizing the proud promise. Alexandria was not Egypt;—the very soil on which it now stood was not in existence, when already Thebes and Memphis had numbered ages of glory.

"No," I exclaimed; "it is only beneath the pyramids of Memphis, or in the Mystic Halls of the Labyrinth, those holy arcana are to be found, of which the antediluvian world has made Egypt its heir, and among which—blessed thought!—the key to eternal life may lie."
Having formed my determination, I took leave of my many Alexandrian friends, and departed for Memphis.

CHAPTER IV.

EGYPT was, perhaps, of all others, the country most calculated, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her scenery, to affect deeply a fancy and temperament like mine, and keep both forever tremblingly alive. Wherever I turned, I beheld the desert and the garden, mingling together their desolation and bloom. I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, as if in that land, Pleasure and Death kept hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate there was the same saddening influence. The monotonous splendor of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights—all tended to cherish that ardent melancholy, the offspring of passion and of thought, which had been so long the familiar inmate of my soul.

When I sailed from Alexandria, the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its blood; and, as, looking around me, I saw in the light of the setting sun, shrines, palaces and monuments, encircled by the waters, I could almost fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atlantis, on the last evening its temples were visible above the wave. Such varieties, too, of animation as presented themselves on every side—

While, far as sight could reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever bless'd this sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes.
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods—and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that
One theatre of this vast peopled lake,  
[make]
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.

* Vide Strabo.

† Το 6: ἐν Σαίτη τῆς Ἀθηνᾶς, ἴν καὶ ισίν νομι- ζώσων, ἔκει εἰπώρον ἐχής ταχαίτην. Εὔχοντας παρ' τὸ γέγονος, καὶ οὐ καὶ εὐμενίς, καὶ τοις ἐφ᾽ ὅν τῶν ἐκπύκτων οὐδές τω στέγωσαν.—Plutarch. de Isid. et Osir.

‡ De la en remontant toujours le Nil, on trouve à deux cent cinquante pas, ou environ

Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands:
While, there, rich banks—fresh from those
sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
Gems from the Isle of Meros, and those grains
Of gold, was'd down by Abyssinian rains.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims on their way
To Sais or Bubastus, among beds
Of lilies-flowers that close above their heads,
Push their light buks, and hid, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
While that, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laugh'ing nymphs, lovely as she, whose chain
Around Arodes, the conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last!

Enchanted with the whole scene, I lingered delightfully on my voyage, visiting all those luxurians and venerable places, whose names have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Sais I was present during her Festival of Lamps, and read, by the blaze of imnumerable lights, those sublime words on the temple of Neiths:†—"I am all that has been, that is, and that will be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil." I wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis,‡ and saw, not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins, as if in mockery of the mass of perishable grandeur that had once called itself, in its pride, "The City of the Sun." But to the Isle of the Golden Venus§ was, I own, my fondest pilgrimage; and there, as I rambled through its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how far more worthy to form the shrine of a Deity are the everliving stems of the garden and the grove, than the most precious columns the inanimate quarry can supply.

Everywhere new pleasures, new interests awaited me; and though Melancholy stood, as usual, forever near, de la Matarère, les traces de l'ancienne Héliopolis, ou ville de Soleil, a qui ce lieu était particulièrement consacré. C'est pour cette raison qu'on l'appelle encore l'El' ou la Fontaine du Soleil."—Meillet.

§ On trouve une île appelée Venus-Dôrcée, ou le champ d'or, avant de remonter jusqu'à Memphis."—Voyages de Pythagore.
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her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, leaving the rest more welcomely brilliant from the contrast. To relate my various adventures, during this short voyage, would only detain me from events, far, far more worthy of record. Amidst all this endless variety of attractions, the great object of my journey had been forgotten,—the mysteries of this land of the sun still remained, to me, as much mysteries as ever, and as yet I had been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.

It was not till that memorable evening, when I first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis, and beheld them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when about to expire, he will look his last—it was not till this moment that the great secret announced in my dream again rose, in all its inscrutable darkness, upon my thoughts. There was a solemnity in the sunshine resting upon those monuments—a stillness, as of reverence, in the air that breathed around them, which seemed to steal, like the music of past times, into my heart. I thought what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave, had sunk into dust since earth first saw those wonders; and in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed—

"Must man alone, then, perish? must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure? Oh, Death, Death! even upon these everlasting tablets—the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase—thou hast written our doom awfully, and intelligibly, saying, 'There is for man no eternal mansion, but the grave'!"

My heart sank at the thought; and, for the moment, I yielded to that desolate feeling, which overpreads the soul that hath no light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and again, the willing dupe of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the belief of all that my heart most wished, with that happy facility which enables imagination to stand in the place of happiness. "Yes," I cried, "immortality must be within man's reach; and, as wisdom alone is worthy of such a blessing, to the wise alone must the secret have been revealed. It is said, that deep under yonder pyramid, has lain for ages concealed the Table of Emerald,* on which the Thrice-Great Hermes, in times before the flood, engraved the secret of Alchemy, which gives gold at will. Why, then, may not the mightier, the more god-like secret that gives life at will, be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the kings, who now repose in those massy structures, scooped earth to its very centre, and raised quarries into the air, to provide for themselves tombs that might outstand the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs? who knows but that they themselves, triumphant over decay, still live;—those mighty mansions, which we call tombs, being rich and everlasting palaces, within whose depths, concealed from this withering world, they still wander, with the few Elect who have been sharers of their gift, through a sunless, but ever illuminated elysium of their own? Else, wherefore those structures? wherefore that subterranean realm, by which the whole valley of Egypt is undermined? Why, else, those labyrinths, which none of earth hath ever beheld—which none of heaven, except that God, who stands, with finger on his hushed lip,† hath ever trodden?"

While thus I indulged in fond dreams, the sun, already half sunk beneath the horizon, was taking, calmly and gloriously, his last look of the Pyramids—as he had done, evening after evening, for ages, till they had grown familiar to him as the earth itself. On the side of Fables Egyptiennes. The hieroglyphs, that formerly covered the Pyramids, are supposed by some of these writers to refer to the same art. See Matthes Liber, Kapelle.

† "Enfin Harpocrate représentait aussi le Soleil. Il est vrai que c'était aussi le Dieu du Silence; il mettait le doigt sur la bouche parce qu'on adorait le soleil avec un respectueux silence, et c'est de là qu'est venu le Sigé des Basiliens, qui trouvent leur origine de l'Egypte."—Beaumarchais.
turned to his ray they now presented a front of dazzling whiteness,* while, on the other, their great shadows, lengthening away to the eastward, looked like the first steps of Night, hastening to envelope the Lills of Araby in her shade. No sooner had the last gleam of the sun disappeared, than on every house-top in Memphis, gay, gilded banners were seen waving aloft, to proclaim his setting—while, at the same moment, a full burst of harmony was heard to peal from all the temples along the shores. Started from my musing by these sounds, I at once recollected, that, on that very evening, the great festival of the Moon was to be celebrated. On a little island, half way over between the gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore, stood the temple of that goddess, whose beams Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams. Not the old Dian of the North, who chains In vestal ice the current of young veins; But she, who haunts the guy, Bubastian grove, [above And owns she sees, from her bright heaven Nothing on earth to match that heaven, but love] Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own poets, as, anticipating the various delights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts and, hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived the life of a Nile-bird, on the waters, steered my course to the island-temple of the Moon.

CHAPTER V.

The rising of the Moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honors that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had that light risen upon a more beautiful scene. The city of Memphis—still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis that had borne away from

*"By reflecting the sun’s rays." says Clarke, speaking of the Pyramids, "they appeared white as snow."

† For Bubastis, the Diana of the Egyptians, vide Jablonski, lib. IIII. cap. 4.

† Vide Ameinoun, "Histore de la Navigatior et du Commerce des Egyptians sous les Ptolomées." See also, for a description of the vari-

ous kinds of boats used on the Nile, Maillet, tom. i. p. 318.

‡ Vide Maurice, Appendix to "Ruins of Babylon." Another reason, he says, for their Worship of the Isis, "founded on their love of geometry, was (according to Plutarch) that the space between its legs, when parted at an- der, as it walks, together with its beak, forms...
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variety color of their wings, are dedicated to the worship of the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted—there being but one lamp of naphtha hung on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a clear view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

The drapery of all was white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the bosom, a dark-blue zone, or bandelet, striped, like the skies at midnight, with small silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile—that sacred flower being accounted no less welcome to the moon than the golden blossoms of the bean-flowers, are known to be to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a dream of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each of the dancers wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some to the beat of the castanet, some to the shrill ring of a sistra—[which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis—continued harmoniously to time the coming and going of each dancer, whilst others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistraums, produced a wild, but not unpleasing harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so southward she held it—who attracted, and, at length, riveted all my looks and thoughts. I know not why, but there was something in those half-seen features—a charm in the very shadow that hung over their imagined beauty—which took my fancy more than all the out-shining loveliness of her companions. So en charmed was I by this coy mystery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of—her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she gilded gently and aerially round the altar, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crush of a thousand cymbals was heard;—the massy gates of the Temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

It was then—by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the sudden blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and as quickly let fall their lids again—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more purely beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so deeply. It was a new feeling—a new sense—coming suddenly upon me as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being;—and had that bright vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should in my transport have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, been standing motionless as an image, spread wide his wings, and flew into the Temple; while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed—and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished along
with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it* caught in her drapery, and disengaged some ornament, which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it; but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd.

In vain did I try to follow;—the aisles were already filled, and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But the servants of the Temple delayed till they pressed me, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amid that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating as I caught, from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled zone, or lotus wreath, which led me to fancy that I had discovered the fair object of my search. But it was all in vain;—in every direction files of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere could I discover her whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time—bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me—till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore and flung myself into my boat.

There lies, to the north of Memphis,† a solitary lake, (which, at this season of the year, mingles with the rest of the waters,) upon whose shores stands the Necropolis, or City of the Dead—a place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with shrines and pyramids, where many a kingly head, proud even in death, has lain awaiting through long ages the resurrection of its glories. Through a range of sepulchral grots underneath, the humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited—looking out on each successive generation that visits them, with the same face and features they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree, consecrated to death, from the aspheid—flower to the mystic plantain, leads its sweetness or shadow to this place of tombs; and the only noise that disturbs its eternal calm, is the low humming sound of the priests at prayer, when a new inhabitant is added to the Silent City.

It was towards this place of death that, in a mood of mind, as usual, half gloomy, half bright, I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark. The form of the young Priestess was continually before me. That one bright look of hers, the very remembrance of which was worth all the actual smiles of others, never for a moment left my mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I continued to row on, scarce knowing whither I went, till, at length, startled to find myself within the shadow of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and beheld, rising in succession before me, pyramid beyond pyramid,|| each towering more loftily than the other—while all were out-topped in grandeur by one, upon whose summit the bright moon rested as on a pedestal.

* The ivy was consecrated to Osiris, Vide Diodor, Sic. l. 10.
† "Quelques-unes," says Dupuis, describing the processions of Isis, "portoient des miroirs attachés à leurs étoffes, afin de multiplier et de porter dans tous les sens les images de la Déesse."—Origines des Cultes, tom. viii. p. 847.
‡ "Tout prouve que la territoire de Sakkarah Coint la Necropole au sud de Memphis, et le Rubery opposé a celui-ci où sont les pyramides de Gizeh, une autre Ville des Morts, qui termine Memphis au nord."—Deau.
§ "Ils cherchent des corps d'une famille entière, mais en descendant dans ces lieux souterrains, on les étouffe de déduits, on les laisse sans respiration et les effondre sous une masse de débris, sans lésenir le moindre morceau de leur vivant."—Maillet.
|| "Multi aelum pyramidas fuisse le ruins arguilux. Zeega—Yphadeb, who visited more than ten of the small pyramids, is of opinion that there must have originally been a hundred in this place. See, on the subject of the lake to the northward of Memphis, Shaw's Travels, p. 362.
Drawing nearer to the shore, which was sufficiently elevated to raise this silent city of tombs above the level of the inundation, I rested my oar, and allowed the boat to rock idly upon the water, while, in the mean time, my thoughts, left equally without direction, were allowed to fluctuate as idly. How vague and various were the dreams that then floated through my mind—that bright vision of the temple still mingles itself with all! Sometimes she stood before me, like an aerial spirit, as pure as if that element of music and light, into which I had seen her vanish, was her only dwelling. Sometimes, animated with passion, and kindling into a creature of earth, she seemed to lean towards me with looks of tenderness, which it were worth worlds, but for one instant, to inspire; and again—as the dark fancies, that ever haunted me, recurred—I saw her cold, parched, and blackening, amid the gloom of those eternal sepulchres before me! 

Turning away, with a shudder, from the cemetery at this thought, I heard the sound of an oar plying swifly through the water, and, in a few moments, saw, shooting past me towards the shore, a small boat, in which sat two female figures, muffled up and veiled. Having landed them not far from the spot where, under the shadow of a tomb on the bank, I lay concealed, the boat again departed, with the same fleetness, over the flood.

Never had the prospect of a lively adventure come more welcome to me than at this moment, when my busy fancy was employed in weaving such chains for my heart, as threatened a bondage, of all others the most difficult to break. To become enamored thus of a creature of my own imagination, was the worst, because the most lasting, of follies. It is only reality that can afford any chance of dissolving such spells, and the idol I was now creating to myself must forever remain ideal. Any pursuit, therefore, that seemed likely to divert me from such thoughts—to bring back my imagination to earth and reality, from the vague region in which it had been wandering, was a relief far too reasonable not to be welcomed with eagerness.

I had watched the course which the two figures took, and, having hastily fastened my boat to the bank, stepped gently on shore, and, at a little distance, followed them. The windings through which they led were intricate; but, by the bright light of the moon, I was enabled to keep their forms in view, as, with rapid step, they glided among the monuments. At length, in the shade of a small pyramid, whose peak barely surmounted the plane-trees that grew nigh, they vanished from my sight. I hastened to the spot, but there was not a sign of life around; and, had my creed extended to another world, I might have fancied these forms were spirits, sent down from thence to mock me—so instantaneously had they disappeared. I searched through the neighboring grove, but all there was still as death. At length, in examining one of the sides of the pyramid, which, for a few feet from the ground, was furnished with steps, I found midway between peak and base, a part of its surface, which, although presenting to the eye an appearance of smoothness, gave to the touch, I thought, indications of a concealed opening.

After a variety of efforts and experiments, I, at last, more by accident than skill, pressed the spring that commanded this hidden aperture. In an instant the portal slid aside, and disclosed a narrow stairway within, the two or three first steps of which were discernible by the moonlight, while the rest were all lost in utter darkness. Though it was difficult to conceive that the persons whom I had been pursuing would have ventured to pass through this gloomy opening, yet to account for their disappearance otherwise was still more difficult. At all events, my curiosity was now too eager in the chase to relinquish it;—the spirit of adventure, once raised, could not be so easily laid. Accordingly, having sent up a gay prayer to that bliss-loving Queen whose eye alone was upon me, I passed through the portal, and descended into the pyramid.

CHAPTER VI.

At the end of the stairway I found myself in a low, narrow passage, through
which, without stooping almost to the earth, it was impossible to proceed. Though leading through a multiplicity of dark windings, this way seemed but little to advance my progress—its course, I perceived, being chiefly circular, and gathering, at every turn, but a deeper intensity of darkness.

"Can anything," thought I, "of human kind sojourn here?"—and had scarcely asked myself the question, when the path opened into a long gallery, at the farthest end of which a gleam of light was visible. This welcome glimmer appeared to issue from some cell or alcove, in which the right-hand wall of the gallery terminated, and, breathless with expectation, I made good way towards it.

Arrived at the end of the gallery, a scene presented itself to my eyes, for which my fondest expectations of adventure could not have prepared me. The place from which the light proceeded was a small chapel, of whose interior, from the dark recess in which I stood, I could take, unseen myself, a full and distinct view. Over the walls of this oratory were painted some of those various symbols, by which the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians loves to shine out the history of the soul; the winged globe with a serpent—the rays descending from above, like a glory—and the Tholian beetle, as he comes forth after the waters have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls on his regenerated wings.

In the middle of the chapel, on a low altar of granite, lay a lifeless female form, ensheathed within a case of crystal.

"On voit en Egypte, après la retraite du Nil et la foudreation des terre, le lumon convient d'une multitude de sarcophages. Un pareil phénomène a du sembler aux Egyptiens le plus proche à peindre une nouvelle existence."

—M. Jumard.

Conspicuous for the same reason, and partly for another, still more fanciful, the early Christians used to apply this emblem to Christ. "Jesu like scarabaeus mens," says St. Augustin, "non est tam tantum de causa quod unigenitus, quod ipse semper sicut mortuum speciem induerit, sed quod in unum nos habere force voluerant et ex hac ipsi nasci voluerant, "—Les Egyptiens ont fait aussi, pour conserver leurs morts, des caisses de verre."—De Pace. He mentions, also, in another place, a sort of transparent substance, which the Ethiopians used for the same purpose, and which was frequently mistaken by the Greeks for glass.

—as it is the custom to preserve the dead in Ethiopia—and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death, on the front of the altar, were a slender lotus branch broken in two, and a small bird just winging its flight from the spray.

To these memorials of the dead, however, I paid but little attention; for there was a living object there upon which my eyes were now intently fixed.

The lamp, by which the whole of the chapel was illuminated, was placed at the head of the pale image in the shrine; and between its light and me stood a female form, bending over the monument, and gently touching its features within. The position in which this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me, at first, but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline I felt my heart beat high—and memory had no less share, as it proved, in this feeling than imagination. For, on the head changing its position, so as to let a gleam fall upon the features, I saw, with a transport which had almost led me to betray my lurking-place, that it was she—the young worshipper of Isis—the same, the very same, whom I had seen, brightening the holy place where she stood, and looking like an inhabitant of some purer world.

The movement, by which she had now afforded me an opportunity of recognizing her, was made in raising from the shrine a small cross of silver, which lay directly over the bosom of the life.

"Un prêtre, qui blesse la tige d'une fleur, des oiseaux qui s'en vont, sont les emblèmes de la mort et de l'âme qui se sépare du corps."—De Pace.

These emblems employ the same image in the Phaedra:

"Ourox yap 795 tis ex xexor agonos 6i, plwga ex 6dor xexor oinovgias 6oi.

§ A cross was, among the Egyptians, the emblem of a future life.

"The singular appearance of a Cross so frequently occurring among the hieroglyphics of Egypt, had excited the curiosity of the Christians at a very early period of ecclesiastical history; and as some of the Priests, who were acquainted with the meaning of the hieroglyphics, became converted to Christianity, the secret transpired. 'The converted heathens,' says Socrates Scholasticus, 'explained
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less figure. Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervor; then, turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with a degree of inspired earnestness, as if, at that moment, in direct communion with Heaven, they saw neither roof, nor any other earthly barrier, between them and the skies.

What a power is there in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard—in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and turns worshipper at the very altar which he came to despise! She, who, but a short hour before, had presented herself to my imagination as something I could have risked immortality to win—she, whom gladly, from the floor of her own lighted temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I would have borne away in triumph, and dared all punishments, divine and human, to make her mine—that very creature was now before me, as if thrown by fate itself, into my power—standing there, beautiful and alone, with nothing but her innocence for her guard! Yet, no—so touching was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and august that protection which the dead extended over the living, that every earthly feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted into reverence.

But, entranced as I felt in witnessing such a scene, thus to enjoy it by stealth seemed to me a wrong—a sacrilege—and, rather than let her eyes encounter the flash of mine, or disturb, by a whisper, that sacred silence, in which Youth and Death held communion through undying Love, I would have suffered my heart to break, without a murmur, where I stood. Gently, as if life itself depended on my every movement, I stole away from that tranquil and holy scene—leaving it still holy and tranquil as I had found it—and, gliding back through the symbol, and declared that it signified Life to Come. Clarke.

Thus, therefore, is mistaken in supposing the Cross to have been an emblem peculiar to the Christians. See, on this subject, L'Histoire des Juifs, liv. vi. c. 12.

It is singular enough that while the Cross was thus held sacred among the Egyptians, not only the custom of marking the forehead with the sign of the Cross, but Baptism and the consecration of the bread in the Eucharist, were imitated in the mysteries of the same passages and windings by which I had entered, reached again the narrow stairway, and reascended into light.

The sun had just risen, and, from the summit of the Arabian hills, was pouring down his beams into that vast valley of waters—as if proud of last night's homage to his own divine isles, now falling away in the superior splendor of her Lord. My first impulse was to fly at once from this dangerous spot, and in new loves and pleasures seek forgetfulness of the wondrous scene I had just witnessed. "Once," I exclaimed, "out of the c.cle of this enchantment, I know too well my own susceptibility to new impressions, to feel any doubt that I shall soon break the spell that is now around me."

But vain were all my efforts and resolves. Even while swearing to fly that spot, I found my steps still lingering fondly round the pyramid—my eyes still turned towards the portal which severet this enchantress from the world of the living. Hour after hour did I wander through that City of Silence, till, already, it was mid-day, and, under the sun's meridian eye, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great spirit, shadowless.*

Again did those wild and passionate feelings, which, for the moment, her presence had subdued into reverence, return to take possession of my imagination and senses. I concealed myself for the awe that had held me spell-bound before her. "What," thought I, "would my companions of the Garden say, did they know that their chief—he whose path Love had strewed with trophies—was now pining for a simple Egyptian girl, in whose presence he had not dared to utter a single sigh, and who had vanquished the victor, without even knowing her triumph!"
A blush came over my cheek at the humiliating thought; and I determined, at all risks, to await her coming. That she should be an inmate of those gloomy caverns seemed inconceivable; nor did there appear to be any egress out of their depths but by the pyramid. Again, therefore, like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among those tombs, contrasting mournfully the burning fever in my own veins with the cold quiet of those who lay slumbering around.

At length the intense glow of the sun over my head, and, still more, that ever restless agitation in my heart, became too much for even strength like mine to endure. Exhausted, I threw myself down at the base of the pyramid—choosing my place directly under the portal, where, even should slumber surprise me, my heart, if not my ear, might still keep watch, and her footstep, light as it was, could not fail to awake me.

After many an ineffectual struggle against drowsiness, I at length sunk into sleep—but not into forgetfulness. The same image still haunted me, in every variety of shape, with which imagination, assisted by memory, could invest it. Now, like the goddess Neitha, upon her throne at Saïs, she seemed to sit, with the veil just raised from that brow, which till then no mortal had ever beheld—and now, like the beautiful enchantress Rhodope, I saw her rise from out the pyramid in which she had dwelt for ages.

"Fair Rhodope," as story tells,
The bright unearthly nymph who dwells
Mid saintly gold and jewels lid,
The Lady of the Pyramid!"

So long had my sleep continued, that, when I awoke, I found the moon again resplendent above the horizon. But all around was looking tranquil and lifeless as before; nor did a print on the grass betray that any foot had passed there since my own. Refreshed, however, by my long rest, and with a fancy still more excited by the mystic wonders of which I had been dreaming, I now resolved to revisit the chapel in the pyramid, and put an end, if possible, to this strange mystery that haunted me.

Having learned, from the experience of the preceding night, the inconvenience of encountering those labyrinths without a light, I now hastened to provide myself with a lamp from my boat. Tracking my way back with some difficulty to the shore, I there found not only my lamp, but also some dates and dried fruits, of which I was always provided with store, for my roving life upon the waters, and which, after so many hours of abstinence, were now a most welcome and necessary relief.

Thus prepared, I again ascended the pyramid, and was proceeding to search out the secret spring, when a loud, dismal noise was heard at a distance, to which all the melancholy echoes of the cemetery gave answer. The sound came, I knew, from the Great Temple on the shore of the lake, and was the sort of shriek which its gates—the Gates of Oblivion as they are called—always used to send forth from their hinges, when opening at night, to receive the newly-landed dead.

I had, more than once before, heard that sound, and always with sadness; but, at this moment, it thrilled through me like a voice of ill omen, and I almost doubted whether I should not abandon my enterprise. The hesitation, however, was but momentary;—even while it passed through my mind I had touched the spring of the portal. In a few seconds more, I was again in the passage beneath the pyramid; and, being enabled by the light of my lamp to follow the windings more rapidly, soon found myself at the door of the small chapel in the gallery.

I entered, still awed, though there was now, alas, naught living within. The young Priestess had vanished like a spirit into the darkness; and all the rest remained as I had left it on the preceding night. The lamp still stood burning upon the crystal shrine; the cross was lying where the hands of the young Obeliscoorum. See also L'Egypte de Mortadi, par Vattier.

"Atque Memphim anasquasdam portas, que Lethos et Coepti (hoc est obliviosis et lamentationibus) appellantur, aperiri, gravem asperunquam edentes somnum."—Zoega.
mourner had placed it, and the cold image, within the shrine, wore still the same tranquil look, as if resigned to the solitude of death—of all lone things the loneliest. Remembering the lips that I had seen kiss that cross, and kindling with the recollection, I raised it passionately to my own;—but the dead eyes, I thought, met mine, and, awed and saddened in the midst of my ardor, I replaced the cross upon the shrine.

I had now lost every clue to the object of my pursuit, and, with all that sullen satisfaction which certainty, even when unwelcome, brings, was about to retrace my steps slowly to earth, when, as I held forth my lamp, on leaving the chapel, I perceived that the gallery, instead of terminating here, took a sudden and snake-like bend to the left, which had before eluded my observation, and which seemed to give promise of a pathway still farther into those recesses. Reanimating by this discovery, which opened a new source of hope to my heart, I cast, for a moment, a hesitating look at my lamp, as if to inquire whether it would be faithful through the gloom I was about to encounter, and then, without further consideration, rushed eagerly forward.

CHAPTER VII.

The path led, for a while, through the same sort of narrow windings as those which I had before encountered in descending the stairway; and at length opened, in a similar manner, into a straight and steep gallery, along each side of which stood, closely ranged and upright, a file of lifeless bodies,* whose glassy eyes appeared to glare upon me preternaturally as I passed.

Arrived at the end of this gallery, I found my hopes, for the second time, vanish; as the path, it was manifest, extended no farther. The only object I was able to discern, by the glimmering of my lamp, which now burned, every minute, fainter and fainter, was the mouth of a huge well, that lay gaping before me—a reservoir of darkness, black and unfathomable. It now cross-

ed my memory that I had once heard of such wells, as being used occasionally for passages by priests. Leaning down, therefore, over the edge, I examined anxiously all within, in order to see if it afforded the means of effecting a descent into the chasm; but the sides, I could perceive, were hard and smooth as glass, being varnished all over with that sort of dark pitch, which the Dead Sea throws out upon its slimy shore.

After a more attentive scrutiny, however, I observed, at the depth of a few feet, a sort of iron step, projecting dimly from the side, and, below it, another, which, though hardly perceptible, was just sufficient to encourage an adventurous foot to the trial. Though all hope of tracing the young Priestess was now at an end—it being impossible that female foot should have ventured on this descent—yet I had engaged so far in the adventure, and there was, at least, a mystery to be unravelled, I determined, at all hazards, to explore the chasm. Placing my lamp, therefore, (which was hollowed at the bottom, so as to be worn like a helmet,) firmly upon my head, and having thus both hands at liberty for exertion, I set my foot cautiously on the iron step, and descended into the well.

I found the same footing, at regular intervals, to a considerable depth; and had already counted near a hundred of these steps, when the ladder altogether ceased, and I could descend no farther. In vain did I stretch down my foot in search of support—the hard slippery sides were all that it encountered. At length, stooping my head, so as to let the light fall below, I observed an opening or window directly above the step on which I stood; and, taking for granted that the way must lie in that direction, contrived to clamber, with no small difficulty, through the aperture.

I now found myself on a rude and narrow stairway, the steps of which were cut out of the living rock, and wound spirally downward in the same direction as the well. Almost dizzy with the descent, which seemed as if it to insert precious stones in the place of the live eyes. "Les yeux éteints, corrompus," as Statius describes it.) Dr. Clarke's preface to the 2d section of his fifth volume. They used
would never end, I, at last reached the bottom, where a pair of massy iron gates were closed directly across my path, as if wholly to forbid any further progress. Massy and gigantic, however, as they were, I found, to my surprise, that the hand of an infant might have opened them with ease—so readily did their stupendous folds give way to my touch.

"Light as a lime-bush, that receives
Some wandering bird among its leaves."

No sooner, however, had I passed through, than the astounding din, with which the gates clashed together again,* was such as might have awakened death itself. It seemed as if every echo through the vast, subterranean world, from the catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes's Valley of Kings, had caught up and repeated the thundering sound.

Startled as I was by the crash, not even this supernatural clangor could divert my attention from the sudden light that now broke around me—soft, warm, and welcome, as are the stars of his own South to the eyes of the mariner who has long been wandering through the cold seas of the North. Looking for the source of this splendor I saw, through an archway opposite, a long illuminated alley, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and fenced, on one side, with thickets of odoriferous shrubs; while along the other extended a line of lofty arcades, from which the light, that filled the whole area, issued. As soon, too, as the din of the deep echoes had subsided, there stole gradually on my ear a strain of choral music, which appeared to come mellowed and sweetened in its passage, through many a spacious hall within those shining arcades; while among the voices I could distinguish some female tones, which, towering high and clear above all the rest, formed the spire, as it were, into which the harmony tapered as it rose.

So excited was my fancy by this sudden enchantment, that—though never had I caught a sound from the fair Egyption's lips—I yet persuaded myself that the voice I now heard was hers, sounding highest and most heavenly of all that choir, and calling to me, like a distant spirit from its sphere. Animated by this thought, I flew forward to the archway, but found, to my mortification, that it was guarded by a trellis-work, whose bars, though invisible at a distance, resisted all my efforts to force them.

While occupied in these ineffectual struggles, I perceived, to the left of the archway, a dark cavernous opening, which seemed to lead in a direction parallel to the lighted arcades. Notwithstanding, however, my impatience, the aspect of this passage, as I looked shudderingly into it, chilled my very blood. It was not so much darkness, as a sort of livid and ghastly twilight, from which a damp, like that of death-vaults exhaled, and through which, if my eyes did not deceive me, pale, phantom-like shapes were, at that very moment, hovering.

Looking anxiously round to discover some less formidable outlet, I saw, over the vast folding gates through which I had just passed, a blue, tremulous, flame, which, after playing for a few seconds over the dark ground of the pediment, settled gradually into characters of light, and formed the following words:—

You who would try
You terrible track,
To live, or to die,
But ne'er to look back—

You, who aspire
To be purified there,

See, for the echoes in the pyramids, Plutarque de l'Acadie Philosophe.

* Ce moment heureux (de l'Autopsie) était préparé par des scènes étrayantes, par les alternatives de lumières et de mœurs, par la lueur des étoiles, par la lueur de la lune, par la lueur de la lune, par la lueur des étoiles, par la lueur de la lune, par la lueur de la lune, par la lueur de la lune. — Dupuis.
By the terrors of Fire,  
Of Water, and Air—
If danger, and pain,  
And death, you despise—
On—for again  
Into light you shall rise;
Rise into light  
With that Secret Divinities,
Now shrouded from sight  
By the Veils of the Shrine!

But if—

Here the letters faded away into a dead blank, more awfully intelligible than the most eloquent words.

A new hope now flashed across me. The dream of the Garden, which had been for some time almost forgotten, returned freshly to my mind. "Aim I, then," I exclaimed, "in the path to the promised mystery? and shall the great secret of Eternal Life indeed be mine?"

"Yes!" seemed to answer out of the air, that spirit-voice, which still was heard at a distance crowning the choir with its single sweetness. I hailed the omen with transport. Love and Immortality, both beckoning me onward—who would give even a thought to fear, with two such bright hopes in prospect? Having invoked and blessed that unknown enchantress, whose steps had led me to this abode of mystery and knowledge, I instantly plunged into the chasms.

Instead of that vague, spectral twilight which had at first met my eye, I now found, as I entered, a thick darkness, which, though far less horrible, was, at this moment, still more disconcerting, as my lamp, which had been, for some time, almost useless, was now fast expiring. Resolved, however, to make the most of its last gleam, I hastened, with rapid step, through this gloomy region, which appeared to be wider and more open to the air than any I had yet passed. Nor was it long before the sudden appearance of a bright blaze in the distance announced to me that my first great trial was at hand. As I drew nearer, the flames before me burst high and wide on all sides;—and the awful spectacle that then presented itself was such as might have daunted hearts far more accustomed to dangers than mine.

There lay before me, extending completely across my path, a thicket, or grove, of the most combustible trees of Egypt—tamarind, pine, and Arabian balm; while around their stems and branches were coiled serpents of fire, which, twisting themselves rapidly from bough to bough, spread the contagion of their own wild fire as they went, and involved tree after tree in one general blaze. It was, indeed, rapid as the burning of those reed-beds of Ethiopia, whose light is often seen brightening, at night, the distant cataracts of the Nile.

Through the middle of this blazing grove, I could now perceive my only pathway lay. There was not a moment, therefore, to be lost—for the conflagration gained rapidly on either side, and already the narrowing path between was strewn with vivid fire. Casting away my now useless lamp, and holding my robe as some slight protection over my head, I ventured, with trembling limbs, into the blaze.

Instantly, as if my presence had given new life to the flames, a fresh outbreak of combustion arose on all sides. The trees clasped into a box of fire above my head, while the serpents that hung basking from the red branches shot showers of sparks down upon me as I passed. Never were decision and activity of more avail:—one minute later, and I must have perished. The narrow opening, of which I had so promptly availed myself, closed instantly behind me; and as I looked back, to contemplate the ordeal which I had passed, I saw that the whole grove was already one mass of fire.

Rejoiced to have escaped this first trial, I instantly plucked from one of the pine-trees a bough that was but just kindled, and, with this for my only guide, hastened breathlessly forward. I had advanced but a few paces, when...

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*"Ces considérations me portent à penser que, dans les mystères, ces phénomènes étaient beaucoup mieux exécutés, et sans comparaison plus terrifiants à l'aide de quelque composition pyrique, qui est restée cachée, comme celle du feu Grégoire."—De Pauw.

**"Il n'y a point d'autre moyen que de porter le feu dans cesforêts de roseaux, qui rependront alors dans toute la pais une lumière aussi considérable que celle du jour même."—Maillet, tom. 1. p. 63.
the path turned suddenly off, leading downwards, as I could perceive by the glimmer of my brand, into a more confined region, through which a chilling air, as if from some neighboring waters, blew over my brow. Nor had I proceeded far in this course, when the sound of torrents—mixed, as I thought, from time to time, with shrill railings, resembling the cries of persons in danger or distress—fell mournfully upon my ear. At every step the noise of the dashing waters increased, and I now perceived that I had entered an immense rocky cavern, through the middle of which Headlong as a winter-torrent, the dark flood, to whose roar I had been listening, poured its waters; while upon its surface floated grim spectacle-like shapes, which, as they went by, sent forth those dismal shrieks I had heard—as if in fear of some awful precipice towards whose brink they were hurry- ing.

I saw plainly that across that torrent must be my course. It was, indeed, fearful; but in courage and perseverance now lay my only hope. What awaited me on the opposite shore, I knew not; for all there was immersed in impenetrable gloom, nor could the feeble light which I carried send its glimmer half so far. Dismissing, however, all thoughts but that of pressing onward, I sprung from the rock on which I stood into the flood, trusting that, with my right hand, I should be able to buffet the current, while, with the other, as long as a gleam of my brand remained, I might hold it aloft to guide me safely to the shore.

Long, formidable, and almost hopeless was the struggle I had now to maintain; and more than once, overpowered by the rush of the waters, I had given myself up, as destined to follow those pale, death-like apparitions, that still went past me, hurrying onward, with mournful cries, to find their doom in some invisible gulf beyond.

At length, just as my strength was nearly exhausted, and the last remains of the pine branch were dropping from my hand, I saw, outstretching towards me into the water, a light double balustrade, with a flight of steps between, ascending, almost perpendicularly, from the wave, till they seemed lost in a dense mass of clouds above. This glimpse—for it was nothing more, as my light expired in giving it—lent new spring to my courage. Having now both hands at liberty, so desperate were my efforts, that, after a few minutes' struggle, I felt my brow strike against the stairway, and, in an instant, my feet were on the steps.

Rejoiced at my escape from that perilous flood, though I knew not whether the stairway led, I promptly ascended the steps. But this feeling of confidence was of short duration. I had not mounted far, when, to my horror, I perceived that each successive step, as my foot left it, broke away from beneath me, leaving me in mid-air, with no other alternative than that of still mounting by the same momentary footing, and with the appalling doubt whether it would even endure my tread.

And thus did I, for a few seconds, continue to ascend, with nothing beneath me but that awful river, in which—so tranquil had it now become—I could hear the splash of the falling fragments, as every step in succession gave way from under my feet. It was a most fearful moment—but even still worse remained. I now found the balustrade, by which I had held during my ascent, and which had hitherto appeared to be firm, growing tremulous in my hand, while the step, to which I was about to trust myself, tottered under my foot. Just then, a momentary flash, as if of lightning, broke around me; and I saw, hanging out of the clouds, so as to be barely within my reach, a huge brazen ring. Instinctively I stretched forth my arm to seize it, and, at the same instant, both balustrade and steps gave way beneath me, and I was left swinging by my hands in the dark void. As

* The Nile, Pliny tells us, was admitted into the Pyramid.

' On exerceo,' says Dupuis, "les réceptacles, pendant plusieurs jours, à traverser, à la nage, une grande étendue d'eau. On les y jetteot, et ce n'était qu'avec peine qu'ils s'en retiroient. On appliquoit le fer et le feu sur leurs membres. On les faisait passer à travers les flammes."

The aspirants were often in considerable danger, and Pythagoreans, we are told, nearly lost his life in the trials. Vide Recherches sur les Institutions, par Robin.
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CHAPTER VIII.

Though the sight of that splendid scene, whose glories opened up me
like a momentary glimpse into another world, had, for an instant, reanimated my strength and spirit, yet, so completely was my whole frame subdued by fatigue, that, even had the form of the young Priestess herself then stood before me, my limbs would have sunk in the effort to reach her. No sooner had I fallen on my leafy couch, than sleep, like a sudden death, came over me; and I lay, for hours, in that deep and motionless rest, which not even a shadow of life disturbs.

On awaking, I saw, beside me, the same venerable personage, who had welcomed me to this subterranean world on the preceding night. At the foot of my couch stood a statue of Clesian workmanship, representing a boy, with wings, seated gracefully on a lotus-flower, and having the forefinger of his right hand pressed to his lips. This action, together with the glory round his brows, denoted, as I already knew, the God of Silence and Light.*

Impatient to know what further trials awaited me, I was about to speak, when the Priest exclaimed, anxiously, "Hush!"—and, pointing to the statue at the foot of the couch, said, "Let the spell of that Spirit be upon thy lips, young stranger, till the wisdom of thy instructors shall think fit to remove it. Not unaptly doth the same deity preside over Silence and Light; since it is only out of the depth of contemplative silence, that the great light of the soul, Truth, can arise?"

Little used to the language of dictation or instruction, I was now preparing to rise, when the Priest again restrained me; and, at the same moment, two boys, beautiful as the young Genii of the stars, entered the pavilion. They were habited in long garments of the purest white, and bore each a small golden chalice in his hand,† Advancing towards me, they stopped on opposite sides of the couch, and one of them, presenting to me his chalice of gold, said, in a tone between singing and speaking.

"Drink of this cup—Osiris; sips The same in his halls below; And the same he gives to cool the lips Of the Dead in downward go.

"Drink of this cup—the water within Is fresh from Lethe's stream; 'Twill make the past, with all its sin, And all its pain and sorrows seem Like a long-forgotten dream!"

"The pleasure, whose charms Are steep'd in woe; The knowledge, that harms They need to know;"

"The hope, that bright As the lake of the waste, Allures the sight, But mocks the taste;"

"The love, that binds Its innocuous wreath, Where the serpent winds, In venom, beneath:—"

"All that, of evil or false, by thee Hath ever been known or seen, Shall melt away in this cup, and be Forgotten, as if never had been!"

Unwilling to throw a slight on this strange ceremony, I leaned forward, with all due gravity, and tasted the cup; which I had no sooner done than the young cup-bearer, on the other side,‡ invited my attention; and, in his turn, presenting the chalice which he held, sung, with a voice still sweeter than that of his companion, the following strain:

"Drink of this cup—when Isis led Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky. She mingled a draught divine,* and said 'Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!"

—The Lethe of the Egyptians was called Amedes. See Dupuis, tom. viii. p. 561.

* "Enfin Harpocrate étoit assis sur le lotus, qui est la plante du Soleil." Hist. des Juifs.

† For the two cups used in the mysteries, see L'Histoire des Juifs, liv. ix. c. 12.

‡ Osiris under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the subterranean world; and performed the office of Plato, in the mythology of the Egyptians. "They believed," says Dr. Richard, that Sepis presided over the region of departed souls, during the period of their absence, when languishing without bodies, at the dead were deposited in his palace." Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology.

§ "Frigidae illam aquam post mortem, tainquam Hebes pocaum, expetebam." Zoega.

¶ The αναφαντικά φαμάκα which, accord-
“Thus do I pray and sing to thee,
Hair of that boundless heaven on high,
Though frail, and fall’n, and lost thou be.
Drink of this cup, thou ’ll never die!”

Well as I had hitherto kept my philosophy on its guard against the illusions with which, I knew, this region abounded, the young cup-bearer had here touched a spring of imagination, over which my philosophy, as has been seen, had but little control. No sooner had the words, “thou shalt never die,” struck on my ear, than the dream of the Garden came fully to my mind; and, starting half-way from the couch, I stretched forth my hands to the cup. But, recollecting myself instantly, and fearing that I had betrayed to others a weakness fit only for my own secret indulgence, I sunk back again, with a smile of affected indifference on my couch—while the young minstrel, but little interrupted by my movement, still continued his strain, of which I heard but the concluding words:

“...And Memory, too, with her dreams shall
Dreams of a former, happier day, [come,
When Heaven was still the Spirit’s home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away;
Glimpses of glory, ne’er forget.
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not.
Dat, oh! what again shall brightly be.”

Though the assurances of immortality contained in these verses would at any other moment—vain and visionary as I thought them—have sent my fancy wandering into reveries of the future, the effort of self-control I had just made enabled me to hear them with indifference.

Having gone through the form of tasting his second cup, I again looked anxiously to the Hierophant, to ascertain whether I might be permitted to rise. His assent having been given, the young pages brought to my couch a robe and tunic, which, like their own, were of linen of the purest white; and having assisted to clothe me in this sacred garb, they then placed upon my head a chaplet of myrtle, in which the symbol of Initiation, a golden grasshopper, was seen shining out from among the dark leaves.

Though sleep had done much to refresh my frame, something more was still wanting to restore its strength, and it was not without a smile at my own reveries reflected, how much more welcome than even the young pages cup of immortality was the unpretending, but real, repast now set before me—iris fruits from the Isle of Gardens in the Nile, the delicate flesh of the desert antelope, and wine from the Vineyard of the Queens at Anthylla, which one of the pages fanned with a palm-leaf, to keep it cool.

Having done justice to these dainties, it was with pleasure I heard the proposal of the Priest, that we should walk forth together, and meditate among the scenes without. I had not forgotten the splendid Elysian that last night welcomed me—those rich gardens, that soft unearthly music and light, and, above all, those fair forms I had seen wandering about—as if, in the very midst of happiness, still seeking it. The hope, which had then occurred to me, that, among those bright groups might haply be found the young maiden I sought, now returned with increased strength. I had little doubt that my guide was leading me to the same Elysian scene, and that the form so fit to inhabit it, would again appear before my eyes.

But far different, I found, was the region to which he now conducted me; nor could the whole world have produced a scene more gloomy, or more strange. It wore the appearance of a small, solitary valley, enclosed, on every side, by rocks, which seemed to rise, almost perpendicularly, till they reached the very sky;—for it was, indeed, the blue sky that I saw shining between their summits, and whose light, dimmed thus and nearly lost in its long descent, formed the melancholy daylight of this nether world. Down the side

§ “On s’était même avisé, depuis la première construction de ces demeures, de percer en plusieurs endroits jusqu’au haut les terres qui les couvoyaient; non pas, à la verité, pour tirer un jour qui n’aurait jamais été suffisant, mais pour recevoir un air salutaire.” — &c.

Séthos

Ⅰ Vide Athen. Deipn. 


[937] Vide Athen. Deipn.  

[939] Vide Athen. Deipn.  

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of these rocky walls descended a cataract, whose source was upon earth, and on whose waters, as they rolled glassily over the edge above, a gleam of radiance rested, showing how brilliant and pure was the sunshine they had left behind. From thence, gradually growing darker, and frequently broken by alternate chasms and projections, the stream fell, at last, in a pale and thin mist—the phantom of what it had been on earth—into a small lake that lay at the base of the rock to receive it.

Nothing was ever so bleak and sadening as the appearance of this lake. The usual ornaments of the waters of Egypt were not wanting to it: the tall lotus here uplifted her silvery flowers, and the crimson flamingo floated over the tide. But they looked not the same as in the world above;—the flower had exchanged its whiteness for a livid hue, and the wings of the bird hung heavy and colorless. Every thing wore the same half-living aspect; and the only sounds that disturbed the mournful stillness were the wailing cry of a heron among the sedges, and that din of the falling waters, in their midway struggle, above.

There was, indeed, an unearthly sadness in the whole scene, of which no heart, however light, could resist the influence. Perceiving how much I was affected by it, "Such scenes," remarked the Priest, "are best suited to that solemn complexion of mind, which becomes him who approaches the Great Mystery of futurity. Behold"—and, in saying thus he pointed to the opening over our heads, through which, though the sun had but just passed his meridian, I could perceive a star or two twinkling in the heavens—"in the same manner as from this gloomy depth we can see those fixed stars, which are invisible now to the dwellers on the bright earth, even so, to the sad and self-humbled spirit, doth many a mystery of heaven reveal itself, of which they, who walk in the light of the proud world, know not!"

He now led me towards a rustic seat or alcove, beside which stood an image of that dark Deity,† that God without a smile, who presides over the silent kingdom of the Dead.† The same livid and lifeless hue was upon his features, that hung over every thing in this dim valley; and, with his right hand, he pointed directly downwards, to denote that his melancholy kingdom lay there. A plautain—that favorite tree of the genii of Death—stood behind the statue, and spread its branches over the alcove, in which the Priest now seated himself, and made a sign that I should take my place by his side.

After a long pause, as if of thought and preparation,—"Nobly," said he, "young Greek, hast thou suffered of the first trials of Initiation. What still remains, though of vital import to the soul, brings with it neither pain nor peril to the body. Having now proved and chastened thy mortal frame by the three ordeals of Fire, of Water, and of Air, the next task to which we are called is the purification of thy spirit—the effectual cleansing of that inward and immortal part, so as to render it fit for the reception of the last luminous revelation, when the Veils of the Sanctuary shall be thrown aside, and the Great Secret of Secrets unfolded to thy view.†—Towards this object, the primary and most important step is, instruction. What the three purifying elements thou hast passed through have done for thy body, instruction will effect for—"

"But that lovely maiden! I exclaimed, bursting from my silence, having fallen, during his speech, into a deep reverie, in which I had forgotten splicna esse colorce earuloe et nigricante." Macrobii, in verbis descripsit. § 6, doctus nos apud Egyptos simulacra soles inferos flagit colorce. jovaleskii.

† Osiris.

§ This tree was dedicated to the Genius of the Shades, from its being an emblem of reposo and cooling airs. "Cui immittit muso folium, quod ab Iside infera genidusque ei additis manu geri." Cicero. "Erga hanc mundam et auras litigias subindigare videtur." Zoega.

* * * On voyait en plein jour par ces ouvertures les étoiles, et même quelques planètes en leur plus grande latitude septentrionale; et les prêtres y avaient bientôt profité de ce phénomène, pour observer à diverses heures le passage des étoiles." Séthos.—Strabo mentions certain caves or pits, constructed for the purpose of astronomical observations, which lay in the Heliopolitan prefecture, beyond Heliopolis.

† Serapiis, Sol Infauros.—Athenodoras, scriptor veterum, ait Clementum Alexandrinum in Protreptico, ait "simul haec Serapidis con-
him, myself, the Great Secret, every thing—but her.  

Startled by this profane interruption, he cast a look of alarm towards the statue, as if fearful lest the God should have heard my words. Then, turning to me, in a tone of mild solemnity, "It is but too plain," said he, "that thoughts of the upper world, and of its vain, shadowy delights, still engross thee far too much to allow the lessons of Truth to sink profitably into thy heart. A few hours of meditation amid this solemn scenery—of that wholesome meditation, which purifies, by saddening—may happily dispose thee to receive, with due feelings of reverence, the holy and imperishable knowledge we have in store for thee. With this hope I now leave thee to thy own thoughts, and to that God, before whose calm and mournful eye all the vanities of the world, from which thou comest, wither!"  

Thus saying, he turned slowly away, and passing behind the statue, towards which he had pointed during the last sentence, suddenly, and as if by enchantment, disappeared from my sight.  

CHAPTER IX.  

Being now left to my own solitary thoughts, I was fully at leisure to reflect, with some degree of coolness, upon the inconveniences, if not dangers, of the situation into which my love of adventure had hurried me. However prompt my imagination was always to kindle, in its own ideal sphere, I have ever found that, when brought into contact with reality, it as suddenly cooled;—like those meteors, that appear to be stars, while in the air, but the moment they touch earth, are extinguished. And such was the feeling of disenchantment that now succeeded to the wild dreams in which I had been indulging. As long as Fancy had the field of the future to herself, even immortality did not seem too distant a race for her. But when human instruments interposed, the illusion all vanished. From mortal lips the promise of immortality seemed a mockery, and even imagination had no wings that could carry beyond the grave.  

Nor was this disappointment the only feeling that pained and haunted me;—the imprudence of the step, on which I had ventured, now appeared in its full extent before my eyes. I had here thrown myself into the power of the most artful priesthood in the world, without even a chance of being able to escape from their toils, or to resist any machinations with which they might beset me. It appeared evident, from the state of preparation in which I had found all that wonderful apparatus, by which the terrors and splendors of initiation are produced, that my descent into the pyramid was not unexpected. Numerous, indeed, and active as were the spies of the Sacred College of Memphis, it could little be doubted that all my movements, since my arrival, had been watchfully tracked; and the many hours I had employed in wandering and exploring around the pyramid, betrayed a curiosity and spirit of adventure which might well suggest to these wily priests the hope of inveigling an Epicurean into their toils.  

I was well aware of their hatred to the sect of which I was Chief;—that they considered the Epicureans as, next to the Christians, the most formidable enemies of their craft and power.  

"How thoughtless, then," I exclaimed, "to have placed myself in a situation, where I am equally helpless against fraud and violence, and must either pretend to be the dupe of their impostures, or else submit to become the victim of their vengeance!" Of these alternatives, bitter as they both were, the latter appeared by far the more welcome. It was with a blush that I even looked back upon the mockeries I had already yielded to; and the prospect of being put through still further ceremonials, and of being tortured and preached to by hypocrites whom I so much despised, appeared to me, in my present mood of mind, a trial of patience, compared to which the flames and whirlwinds I had already encountered were pastime.  

Often and impatiently did I look up, between those rocky walls, to the bright sky that appeared to rest upon their summits, as, pacing round and round, through every part of the valley, I en-
dearored to find some outlet from its gloomy precincts. But vain were all my endeavors;—that rocky barrier, which seemed to end but in heaven, interposed itself everywhere. Neither did the image of the young maiden, though constantly in my mind, now bring with it the least consolation or hope. Of what avail was it that she perhaps was an inhabitant of this region, if I could neither behold her smile, nor catch the sound of her voice—if, while among preaching priests I wasted away my hours, her presence was, alas, diffusing its enchantment elsewhere.

At length, exhausted, I lay down by the brink of the lake, and gave myself up to all the melancholy of my fancy. The pale semblance of daylight, which had hitherto glimmered around, grew, every moment, more dim and dismal. Even the rich gleam, at the summit of the cascade, had faded; and the sunshine, like the water, exhausted in its descent, had now dwindled into a ghostly glimmer, far worse than darkness. The birds upon the lake, as if about to die with the dying light, sunk down their heads; and, as I looked to the statue, the deepening shadows gave such an expression to its mournful features as chilled my very soul.

The thought of death, ever ready to present itself to my imagination, now came, with a disheartening weight, such as I had never before felt. I almost fancied myself already in the dark vestibule of the grave—removed, forever, from the world above, and with nothing but the blank of an eternal sleep before me. It had happened, I knew, frequently, that the visitants of this mysterious realm were, after their descent from earth, never seen or heard of;—being condemned, for some failure in their initiatory trials, to pine away their lives in those dark dungeons, with which, as well as with altars, this region abounded. Such, I shuddered to think, might probably be my own destiny; and so appalling was the thought, that even the courage by which I had been hitherto sustained died within me, and I was already giving myself up to helplessness and despair.

At length, after some hours of this gloomy musing, I heard a rustling in the sacred grove behind the statue; and soon after, the sound of the Priest's voice—more welcome than I had ever thought such voice could be—brought the assurance that I was not yet wholly abandoned. Finding his way to me through the gloom, he now led me to the same spot, on which we had parted so many hours before; and addressing me in a voice that retained no trace of displeasure, bespoke my attention, while he should reveal to me some of those divine truths, by whose infusion, he said, into the soul of man, its purification can alone be effected.

The valley had now become so dark, that we could no longer, as we sat, discern each other's faces. There was a melancholy in the voice of my instructor that well accorded with the gloom around us: and, saddened and subdued, I now listened with resignation, if not with interest, to those sublime, but, alas, I thought, vain tenets, which, with all the warmth of a true believer, this Hierophant expounded to me.

He spoke of the pre-existence of the soul*—of its abode, from all eternity, in a place of splendor and bliss, of which whatever we have most beautiful in our conceptions here is but a dim transcript, a clouded remembrance. In the blue depths of ether, he said, lay that "Country of the Soul"—its boundary alone visible in the line of milky light, which, as by a barrier of stars, separates it from the dark earth. "Oh, realm of purity! Home of the yet unfallen Spirit!—where, in the days of her first innocence, she wandered; ere yet her beauty was soiled by the touch of earth, or her resplendent wings had withered away. Methinks I see," he cried, "at this moment those fields et son retour au lieu de son origine . . . c'était ici la partie la plus métaphysique, et que ne pourrait guère entendre le commun des lumières, mais dont on lui donnait le spectacle par des figures et des spectres allégoriques." * Dupinis.
of radiance"—I look back, through the mists of life, into that luminous world, where the souls that have never lost their high, heavenly rank, still soar without a stain, above the shadowless stars, and there dwell together in infinite perfection and bliss!"

As he spoke these words, a burst of pure, brilliant light,† like a sudden opening of heaven, broke through the valley; and, as soon as my eyes were able to endure the splendor, such a vision of glory and loveliness opened upon them, as took even my skeptical spirit by surprise, and made it yield, at once, to the potency of the spell.

Suspended, as I thought, in air, and occupying the whole of the opposite region of the valley, there appeared an impenetrable orb of light, within which, through a haze of radiance, I could see distinctly fair groups of young female spirits, who, in silent, but harmonious movement, like that of the stars, wound slowly through a variety of fanciful evolutions; seeming, as they linked and unlinked each other's arms, to form a living labyrinth of beauty and grace. Though their feet appeared to glide along a field of light, they had also wings, of the most brilliant hue, which like rainbows over waterfalls, when played with by the breeze, reflected, every moment, a new variety of glory.

As I stood, gazing with wonder, the orb, with all its ethereal inmates, began gradually to recede into the dark void, lessening, as it went, and becoming more bright, as it increased;—till, at length, distant, to all appearance, as a retiring comet, this little world of Spirits, in one small point of intense radiance, shone its last and vanished. "Go," exclaimed the rapt Priest, "ye happy souls, of whose dwelling a glimpse is thus given to our eyes,—go, wander in your orb, through the boundless heaven, nor ever let a thought of this perishable world come to mingle its dress with your divine nature, or allure you down earthward to that mortal fall by which spirits, no less bright and admirable, have been ruined!"

A pause ensued, during which, still under the influence of wonder, I sent my fancy wandering after the inhabitants of that orb—almost wishing myself credulous enough to believe in a heaven, of which creatures, so much like those I had worshipped on earth, were inmates.

At length, the Priest, with a mournful sigh at the sad contrast he was about to draw between the happy spirits we had just seen and the fallen ones of earth, resumed again his melancholy History of the Soul. Tracing it gradually, from the first moment of earthward desire† to its final eclipse in the shadows of this world, he dwelt upon every stage of its darkening descent, with a pathos that sent sadness into the very depths of the heart. The first downward look of the spirit towards earth—the tremble of her wings on the edge of Heaven—the giddy slide, at length, down that fatal descent—and the Lethean cup, midway in the sky, of which when she has once tasted, Heaven is forgot—through all these gradations he traced mournfully her fall, to that last stage of darkness, when wholly immersed in this world, her celestial nature becomes changed, she no longer can rise above earth, nor even remember her former home, except by glimpses so vague, that, at length, mistaking for hope what is only, alas! re-collection, she believes those gleams to be a light from the Future, not the Past.

"To retrieve this ruin of the once-blessed Soul—to clear away from around her the clouds of earth, and, restoring her lost wings, facilitate their return the Isian ceremonies at Corinth:—"Nocte mediae, velit solam candido coruscantem lumin." "In the original construction of this work, there was an episode introduced here, (which I have since published in a more extended form) illustrating the doctrine of the fall of the soul by the Oriental fable of the Loves of the Angels. § In the language of Plato, Herodes, &c., to: "restore to the soul its wings," is the main object both of religion and philosophy.

Damascius, in his life of Isidorus, says, "Ex..."
to Heaven—such," said the reverend man, "is the great task of our religion, and such the triumph of those divine Mysteries, in whose inmost depths the life and essence of that holy religion lie treasured. However sunk, and changed, and clouded may be the Spirit, yet as long as a single trace of her original light remains, there is still hope that—

Here the voice of the Priest was interrupted by a strain of mournful music, of which the low, distant breathings had been, for some minutes, audible, but which now gained upon the ear too thrillingly to let it listen to any more earthly sound. A faint light, too, at that instant broke through the valley—and I could perceive, not far from the spot where we sat, a female figure, veiled, and crouching to earth, as if subdued by sorrow, or under the influence of shame.

The feeble light, by which I saw her, came from a pale, moonlight meteor which had gradually formed itself in the air as the music approached, and now shed over the rocks and the lake a glimmer as cold as that by which the Dead, in their own kingdom, gaze upon each other. The music, too, which appeared to rise out from of the lake, full of the breath of its dark waters, spoke a despondency in every note which no language could express; and as I listened to its tones, and looked upon that fallen Spirit, (for such, the holy man whispered, was the form before us,) so entirely did the illusion of the scene take possession of me,* that, with almost painful anxiety, I now awaited the result.

Nor had I gazed long before that form rose slowly from its drooping position;—the air around it grew bright, and the pale meteor overhead assumed a more cheerful and living light. The veil, which had before concealed the face of the figure, became every minute more transparent, and the features, one by one, gradually disclosed themselves. Having tremulously watched the progress of the apparition, I now started from my seat, and half exclaimed, "it is she!" In another minute this veil had, like a thin mist, melted away, and the young priestess of the Moon stood, for the third time, revealed before my eyes!

To rush instantly towards her was my first impulse—but the arm of the Priest held me firmly back. The fresh light, which had begun to flow in from all sides, collected itself in a flood of glory around the spot where she stood. Instead of melancholy music, strains of the most exalted rapture were heard; and the young maiden, buoyant as the inhabitants of the fairy orb, amid a blaze of light like that which fell upon her in the Temple, ascended slowly into the air.

"Stay, beautiful vision, stay!" I exclaimed, as, breaking from the hold of the Priest, I flung myself prostrate on the ground—the only mode by which I could express the admiration, even to worship, with which I was filled. But the vanishing spirit heard me not:—receding into the darkness, like that orb whose heavenward track she seemed to follow, her form lessened by degrees away, till she was seen no more; while, gazing till the last luminous speck had disappeared, I allowed myself unconsciously to be led away by my reverend guide, who, placing me once more on my bed of poppy-leaves, left me there to such repose as it was possible, after such a scene, to enjoy.
CHAPTER X.

The apparition with which I had been blessed in that Valley of Visions—for so the place where I had witnessed these wonders was called—brought back to my heart all the hopes and fancies in which, during my descent from earth, I had indulge. I had now seen once more that matchless creature, who had been my guiding star into this mysterious realm; and that she was destined to be, in some way, connected with the further revelations that awaited me, I saw no reason to doubt. There was a sublimity, too, in the doctrines of my reverend teacher, and even a hope in the promises of immortality held out by him, which, in spite of reason, won insensibly both upon my fancy and my pride.

The Future, however, was now but of secondary consideration—the Present, and that deity of the Present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. It was, indeed, for the sake of such beings alone that I considered immortality desirable, nor, without them, would eternal life have appeared to me to be worth a single prayer. To every further trial of my patience and faith, I now made up my mind to submit without a murmur. Some kind chance, I fondly persuaded myself, might yet bring me nearer to the object of my adoration, and enable me to address, as mortal woman, one who had hitherto been to me but as a vision, a shade.

The period of my probation, however, was nearly at an end. Both frame and spirit had now stood the trial; and as the crowning test of the purification of the latter was that power of seeing into the world of spirits, with which I had proved myself, in the Valley of Visions, to be endowed, there now remained, to complete my Initiation, but this one night more, when, in the Temple of Isis, and in the presence of her unveiled image, the last grand revelation of the Se-


† For an account of the animal worship of the Egyptians, see De Pauv, tom ii.

cret of Secrets was to be laid open to me.

I passed the morning of this day in company with the same venerable personage who had, from the first, presided over the ceremonies of my instruction; and who, to inspire me with due reverence for the power and magnificence of his religion, now conducted me through the long range of illuminated galleries and shrines, that extend under the site upon which Memphis and the Pyramids stand, and form a counterpart under ground to that mighty city of temples upon earth.

He then descended with me, still lower, into those winding crypts, where lay the Seven Tables of stone,* found by Hermes in the valley of Hebron. "On these tables," said he, "is written all the knowledge of the antediluvian race—the decrees of the stars from the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets, both of heaven and earth, which would have been,

"but for this key,

Lost in the Universal Sea."

Returning to the region from which we had descended, we next visited, in succession, a series of small shrines representing the various objects of adoration throughout Egypt, and thus furnishing to the Priest an occasion of explaining the mysterious nature of animal worship, and the refined doctrines of theology that lay veiled under its forms.

Every shrine was consecrated to a particular faith, and contained a living image of the deity which it adored. Beside the goat of Meneds,† with his resolute star upon his breast, I saw the crocodile, as presented to the eyes of its idolater at Arsinóë, with costly gems in its loathsome cars, and rich bracelets of gold encircling its feet. Here, floating through a tank in the centre of a temple, the sacred carp of Lepidotum showed its silvery scales; while, there, the Isisac serpents‡ trailed languidly over

* Herodotus (Euterp.) tells us that the people about Thebes and Lake Moeris kept a number of tame crocodiles, which they worshipped, and dressed them out with gems and golden ornaments in their cars.

‡ "On aurait mieux de serpents isoquaires, lorsqu'ils gouttoient l'offrande et se traicinent lentement autour de l'autel." De Pauv.
the altar, with that sort of movement which is thought most favorable to the aspirations of their votaries. In one of the small chapels we found a beautiful child, employed in feeding and watching over those golden beetles, which are adored for their brightness, as emblems of the sun; while, in another, stood a sacred ibis upon its pedestal, so like, in plumage and attitude, to the bird of the young Priestess, that most gladly would I have knelt down and worshipped it for her sake.

After visiting all these various shrines, and hearing the reflections which they suggested, my guide led me to the Great Hall of the Zodiac, on whose ceiling was delineated, in bright and undying colors, the map of the firmament, as it appeared at the first dawn of time. Here, in pointing out the track of the sun among the spheres, he spoke of the analogy that exists between moral and physical darkness—of the sympathy with which all spiritual creatures regard the sun, so as to sadden and decline when he sinks into his wintry hemisphere, and to rejoice when he resumes his own empire of light. Hence, the festivals and hymns, with which most of the nations of the earth are wont to welcome the resurrection of his orb in spring, as an emblem and pledge of the reascent of the soul to heaven. Hence, the songs of sorrow, the mournful ceremonies*—like those Mysteries of the Night,† upon the Lake of Sais—in which they brood over its autumnal descent into the shades, as a type of the Spirit's fall into this world of death.

In discourses such as these the hours passed away; and though there was nothing in the light of this sunless region to mark to the eye the decline of day, my own feelings told me that the night drew near;—nor, in spite of my incredulity, could I refrain from a slight flutter of hope, as that promised moment of revelation drew nigh, when the Mystery of Mysteries was to be made all my own. This consummation, however, was less near than I expected. My patience had still further trials to encounter. It was necessary, I now found, that, during the greater part of the night, I should keep watch in the Sanctuary of the Temple, alone and in utter darkness—thus preparing myself, by meditation, for the awful moment, when the irradiation from behind the sacred Veils was to burst upon me.

At the appointed hour, we left the Hall of the Zodiac, and proceeded through a long line of marble galleries, where the lamps were more thinly scattered as we advanced, till, at length, we found ourselves in total darkness. Here the Priest, taking me by the hand, and leading me slowly into a place where the same deep gloom prevailed, said, with a voice trembling, as if from excess of awe,—"Thou art now within the Sanctuary of our goddess, Isis, and the veils, that conceal her sacred image, are before thee!"

After exhorting me earnestly to that train of thought which best accorded with the spirit of the place where I stood, and, above all, to that full and unhesitating faith, with which alone, he said, the manifestation of such mysteries should be approached, the holy man took leave of me, and reascended the steps;—while, so spell-bound did I feel by that deep darkness, that the last sound of his footsteps died upon my ear, before I ventured to stir a limb from the position in which he had left me.

The prospect of the long watch I had now to look forward to was dreadful. Even danger itself, if, in an active form, would have been far preferable to this sort of safe, but dull, probation, by which patience was the only virtue put to the proof. Having ascertained how far the space around me was free from obstacles, I endeavored to beguile the time by pacing up and down within those limits, till I became tired of the monotonous echoes of my own tread. Finding my way, then, to what I felt to be a massive pillar, and leaning wearily against it, I surrendered myself to a train of thoughts and feelings, far different from those with which the good Hierophant had hoped to inspire me.

"If these priests," thought I, "possess the spring, and in the autumn, see Dupuis and Frichard."

* For an account of the various festivals at the different periods of the sun's progress, in
Resting my back once more against the pillar, and fixing my eyes upon that side of the Sanctuary from which the promised irradiation was to burst, I now resolved to await the awful moment in patience. Resigned, and almost immovable, I had remained thus for nearly another hour, when suddenly along the edges of the mighty Veils, I perceived a thin rim of light, as if from some brilliant object under them—resembling that border which encircles a cloud at sunset, when the rich radiance from behind is escaping at its edges.

This indication of concealed glories grew every instant more strong; till, at last, vividly marked as it was upon the darkness, the narrow fringe of lustre almost pained the eye—giving promise of a fulness of splendor too bright to be endured. My expectations were now wound to the highest pitch, and all the skepticism, into which I had been cooling down my mind, was forgotten. The wonders that had been presented to me since my descent from earth—that glimpse into Elysium on the first night of my coming—those visitants from the land of Spirits in the mysterious valley—all led me to expect, in this last and brightest revelation, such visions of glory and knowledge as might transcend even fancy itself, nor leave a doubt that they belonged less to earth than heaven.

While, with an imagination thus excited, I stood waiting the result, an increased gush of light still more awakened my attention; and I saw with an intenseness of interest, which made my heart beat aloud, one of the corners of the mighty Veil raised slowly from the floor. I now felt that the Great Secret, whatever it might be, was at hand. A vague hope even crossed my mind—so wholly had imagination now resumed her empire—that the splendid promise of my dream was on the very point of being realized!

With surprise, however, and, for the moment, with some disappointment, I perceived, that the massy corner of the Veil was but lifted sufficiently from the ground to allow a female figure to

*See, for some curious remarks on the mode of imitating thunder and lightning in the ancient mysteries, De Favre, tom. 1. p. 325.
emerge from under it—and then fell over its mystic splendors as utterly dark as before. By the strong light, too, that issued when the drapery was raised, and illuminated the profile of the emerging figure, I either saw, or fancied that I saw, the same bright features that had already so often mocked me with their momentary charm, and seemed destined, indeed, to haunt my fancy as unavailingly as even the fond, vain dream of Immortality itself.

Dazzled as I had been by that short gush of splendor, and distrusting even my senses, when under the influence of so much excitement, I had but just begun to question myself as to the reality of my impression, when I heard the sounds of light footsteps approaching me through the gloom. In a second or two more, the figure stopped before me, and, placing the end of a ribbon gently in my hand, said, in a tremulous whisper, "Follow, and be silent."

So sudden and strange was the adventure, that, for a moment, I hesitated—fearing that my eyes might possibly have been deceived as to the object they had seen. Casting a look towards the Veil, which seemed bursting with its luminous secret, I was almost doubting to which of the two chances I should commit myself, when I felt the ribbon in my hand, and knew that the choice was forced upon me. This movement, like a touch of magic, at once decided me. Without any further deliberation, I yielded to the silent summons, and following my guide, who was already at some distance before me, found myself led up the same flight of marble steps, by which the Priest had conducted me into the Sanctuary. Arrived at their summit, I felt the pace of my conductress quicken, and giving one more look to the Veiled Shrine, whose glories we left burning uselessly behind us, hastened onward into the gloom, full of confidence in the belief, that she, who now held the other end of that clue, was one whom I was ready to follow devotedly through the world.

CHAPTER XI.

With such rapidity was I hurried along by my unseen guide, full of wonder at the speed with which she ventured through these labyrinths, that I had but little time left for reflection upon the strangeness of the adventure to which I had submitted myself. My knowledge of the character of the Memphian priests, as well as some fearful rumors that had reached me, concerning the fate that often attended unbelievers in their hands, awakened a momentary suspicion of treachery in my mind. But, when I recalled the face of my guide, as I had seen it in the small chapel, with that divine look, the very memory of which brought purity into the heart, I found my suspicions all vanish, and felt shame at having harbored them but an instant.

In the mean while, our rapid course continued without any interruption, through windings even more capriciously intricate than any I had yet passed, and whose thick gloom seemed never to have been broken by a single glimmer of light. My unseen conductress was still at some distance before me, and the slight clue, to which I clung as if it directed me, that these southerners were the same beings that I had beheld in the crypts of Upper Egypt. In addition to the accounts which the ancients have left us of the prodigious excavations in all parts of Egypt—the fifteen hundred chambers under the Labyrinth—the subterranean stables of the Thebaid, containing a thousand horses—the crypts of Upper Egypt passing under the bed of the Nile, &c.—the stories and traditions current among the Arabs still preserve the memory of those wonderful substructions. "Un Arabe," says Paul Lucas, "qui étoit avec nous, m'assura qu'étant entre autrefois dans le Labyrinthe, il avoit marché dans les chambres souterraines jusqu'en un lieu où il y avoit une grand place environnée de plusieurs niches qui ressemblot à de petites boutiques, d'on l'on entroit dans d'amples chambres, dans lesquelles on pouvoit en trouver la fin." In speaking, too, of the arcades along the Nile, near Coissier, "Il me
The Epicurean.

were Destiny's own thread, was still kept, by the speed of her course, at full stretch between us. At length, suddenly stopping, she said, in a breathless whisper, "Seat thyself here;" and, at the same moment, led me by the hand to a sort of low car, in which, obeying her brief command, I lost not a moment in placing myself, while the maiden, no less promptly, took her seat by my side.

A sudden click, like the touching of a spring, was then heard, and the car—which, as I had felt in entering it, leaned half-way over a steep descent—on being let loose from its station, she* down, almost perpendicularly, into the darkness, with a rapidity, which, at first, nearly deprived me of breath. The wheels slid smoothly and noiselessly in grooves, and the impetus, which the car acquired in descending, was sufficient, I perceived, to carry it up an eminence that seemed— from the bottom of which it again rushed down another declivity, even still more long and precipitous than the former. In this manner we proceeded, by alternate falls and rises, till, at length, from the last and steepest elevation, the car descended upon a level of deep sand, where, after running for a few yards, it by degrees lost its motion, and stopped.

Here the maiden, alighting again, placed the riband in my hands—and again I followed her, though with more slowing and cautiously than before, as our way now led up a flight of damp and time-worn steps, whose ascent seemed to the wearied and insecure foot insuperable. Perceiving with what langour my guide advanced, I was on the point of making an offer to assist her progress, when the creak of an opening door above, and a faint gleam of light which, at the same moment, shone upon her figure, apprized me that we were at last arrived within reach of sunshine.

Joyfully I followed through this opening, and, by the dim light, could discern, that we were now in the sanctuary of a vast, ruined temple—having entered by a secret passage under the pedestal, upon which an image of the idol of the place once stood. The first movement of the young maiden, after closing again the portal under the pedestal, was, without even a single look towards me, to cast herself down upon her knees, with her hands clasped and uplifted, as if in thanksgiving or prayer. But she was unable, evidently, to sustain herself in this position;—her strength could hold out no longer. Overcome by agitation and fatigue, she sunk senseless upon the pavement.

Bewildered as I was myself, by the strange events of the night, I stood for some minutes looking upon her in a state of helplessness and alarm. But, reminded, by my own feverish sensations, of the reviving effects of the air, I raised her gently in my arms, and crossing the corridor that surrounded the sanctuary, found my way to the outer vestibule of the Temple. Here, shading her eyes from the sun, I placed her, reclining upon the steps, where the cool north-wind, then blowing freshly between the pillars, might play, with free draught, over her brow.

It was, indeed—as I now saw, with certainty—the same beautiful and mysterious girl, who had been the cause of my descent into that subterranean world, and who now, under such strange and unaccountable circumstances, was my guide back again to the reality of the day. I looked around to discover where we were, and beheld such a scene of grandeur, as could my eyes have been then attracted to any object but the pale form reclining at my side, might well have induced them to dwell on its splendid beauties.

I was now standing, I found, on the small island in the centre of Lake Moiris;* and that sanctuary, where we had just emerged from darkness, formed part of the ruins of an ancient temple, which was, (as I have since learned,) in the grander days of Memphis, a place of pilgrimage for worshippers from all parts of Egypt. The fair Lake, itself, out of whose waters once rose pavilions, palaces, and even lofty pyramids, was reservoir, par où tout ce qui peut servir à la commodité et à l'agrément de la vie lui était voituré abondamment de toutes les parties de l'Égypte. Ce lac qui la terminoit de ce côté, là, &c. &c.—Tom. ii. p. 7.

* The position here given to Lake Moiris, in making it the immediate boundary of the city of Memphis to the south, corresponds exactly with the site assigned to it by Mallet:-

"Memphis avait encore à son midi un vaste
still, though divested of many of these wonders, a scene of interest and splendor such as the whole world could not equal. While the shores still sparkled with mansions and temples, that bore testimony to the luxury of a living race,—the voice of the Past, speaking out of unnumbered ruins, whose summits, here and there, rose blackly above the wave,* told of times long fled, and generations long swept away, before whose giant remains all the glory of the present stood humbled. Over the southern bank of the Lake hung the dark relics of the Labyrinth,—its twelve Royal Palaces, representing the mansions of the Zodiac,—its thundering portals and constellated halls, having left nothing now behind but a few frowning ruins, which, contrasted with the soft groves of acacia and olive around them, seemed to rebuke the luxuriant smiles of nature, and threw a melancholy grandeur over the whole scene.

The effects of the air, in reanimating the young Priestess, were less speedy than I had expected;—her eyes were still closed, and she remained pale and insensible. Alarmed, I now rested her head (though she had been, for some time, supported by my arm) against the base of one of the columns, with my cloak for its pillow, while I hastened to procure some water from the Lake. The temple stood high, and the descent to the shore was precipitous. But, my Epicurean habits having but little impaired my activity, I soon descended, with the lightness of a desert deer, to the bottom. Here, plucking from a lofty bean tree, whose flowers stood, shining like gold, above the water, one of those large hallowed leaves, that serve as cup for the Hebes of the Nile, I filled it from the Lake, and hurried back with the cool draught towards the Temple. It was not, however, without some difficulty that I at last succeeded in bearing my rustic chalice steadily up the steep; more than once did an unlucky

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*“On voit sur la rive orientale des antiquités qui sont presque entièrement sous les eaux.”—Belvodi.

17 “Quorumdam autem domorum (in Labyrinthus) talis est situs, ut adaperientibus foræ tonitrum intus terribile existat.”—Pliny.

18 Strabo. According to the French translator of Strabo, it was the fruit of the fæs fabae-Egyptiacæ, not the leaf, that was used for this purpose. “Le xiphosov,” he says, “devont s’entendre de la capsule ou fruit de cette plante, dont les Egyptiens se servoient comme d’un vase, imaginant que l’eau du Nil y devenoit délicieuse.”
whole adventure appear to me, that it was in vain to think of unravelling any part of it. Weak and agitated, she now tottered to the steps of the Temple, and there seating herself, with her forehead against the cold marble, seemed for some moments absorbed in the most anxious thought; while silent and watchful I awaited her decision, though, at the same time, with a feeling which the result proved to be prophetic—that my destiny was, from thenceforth, linked inseparably with hers.

The inward struggle by which she was agitated, though violent, was not of long continuance. Starting suddenly from her seat, with a look of terror towards the Temple, as if the fear of immediate pursuit had alone decided her, she pointed eagerly towards the East, and exclaimed, "To the Nile, without delay!"—clasping her hands, after she had thus spoken, with the most suppliant fervor, as if to soften the abruptness of the mandate she had given, and appealing to me at the same time, with a look that would have taught Stois themselves tenderness.

I lost not a moment in obeying the welcome command. With a thousand wild hopes naturally crowding upon my fancy, at the thoughts of a voyage, under such auspices, I descended rapidly to the shore, and hailed one of those boats that ply upon the Lake for hire, arranged speedily for a passage down the canal to the Nile. Having learned too, from the boatmen, a more easy path up the rock, I hastened back to the Temple for my fair charge; and, without a word or look, that could alarm, even by its kindness, or disturb the innocent confidence which she now evidently reposed in me, led her down by the winding path to the boat.

Every thing around looked sunny and smiling as we embarked. The morning was in its first freshness, and the path of the breeze might clearly be traced over the Lake, as it went wakening up the waters from their sleep of the night. The gay, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores, were, in every direction, skimming along the Lake; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave. To add to the liveliness of the scene, there came, at intervals, on the breeze, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters, that allow themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

The vessel I had selected for our voyage was one of those small pleasure-boats or yachts—so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile—in the centre of which rises a pavilion of cedar or cypress wood, adorned richly on the outside, with religious emblems, and gaily fitted up, within, for feasting and repose. To the door of this pavilion I now led my companion, and, after a few words of kindness—tempered cautiously with as much reserve as the deep tenderness of my feeling towards her would admit—left her to court that restoring rest, which the agitation of her spirits so much required.

For myself, though repose was hardly less necessary to me, the state of ferment in which I had been so long kept, appeared to render it hopeless. Having thrown myself on the deck of the vessel, under an awning which the sailors had raised for me, I continued, for some hours, in a sort of vague day-dream—sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama, and sometimes, with my eyes fixed in drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure-house; while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those  

* Elio, lib. vi. 33.  
† Called Thalamages, from the pavilion on the deck.—Vide Strabo.
pale, sweet roses,* for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

The activity of the morning hour was visible in every direction. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves; and the white heron, which had been roosting all night in some date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked all just freshly awakened;—and, most of all, the superb lotus, which, having arisen along with the sun from the wave, was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

Such were the scenes that now successively presented themselves, and mingled with the vague reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept along the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days could not but appear to me one continued series of wonders, yet by far the greatest marvel of all was that she, whose first look had sent wildfire into my heart,—whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that would have dared all danger and wrong to obtain its object,—I was now at this moment resting sacredly within that pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay motionless at its threshold.

Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian height. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile-goose, having folded up her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shadow of the sycomores in the water. Even the nimble lizards upon the bank, appeared to move less nimbly, as the light fell on their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the becalming influence of the hour. Looking fixedly at the pavilion—as if once more to assure myself that I was in no dream or trance, but that the young Egyptian was really there—I felt my eyes close as I gazed, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

It was by the canal through which we now sailed,* that, in the more prosperous days of Memphis, the commerce of Upper Egypt and Nubia was transported to her magnificent Lake; and from thence, having paid tribute to the queen of cities, was poured forth again, through the Nile, into the ocean. The course of this canal to the river was not direct, but ascending in a southeasterly direction towards the Säid; and in calms, or with adverse winds, the passage was tedious. But as the breeze was now blowing freshly from the north, there was every prospect of our reaching the river before nightfall. Rapidly, too, as our galley swept along the flood, its motion was so smooth as to be hardly felt; and the quiet gurgle of the waters, and the drowsy song of the boatman at the prow, were the only sounds that disturbed the deep silence which prevailed.

The sun, indeed, had nearly sunk behind the Libyan hills, before the sleep, of which these sounds had contributed to lull me, was broken; and the first object on which my eyes rested, in waking, was that fair young Priestess—seated within a porch which shaded the door of the pavilion, and bending intently over a small volume that lay unravelled on her lap.

Her face was but half-turned towards me; and as she, once or twice, raised her eyes to the warm sky, whose light fell, softened through the trellis, over her cheek, I found all those feelings of reverence, which she had inspired me with in the chapel, return. There was even a purer and holier charm around her countenance, thus seen by the natural light of day, than in those dim and unhallowed regions below. She was now looking, too, direct to the glorious sky, and her pure eyes and that heaven, so worthy of each other, met.

* As April is the season for gathering these roses (see Malte-Brun's Economical Calendar,) the Epicurean could not, of course, mean to say that he saw them actually in flower.

* "Un canal," says Maillet, "très-profond et très-large y voitroit les eaux du Nil."
After contemplating her for a few moments, with little less than adoration, I rose gently from my resting-place, and approached the pavilion. But the mere movement had startled her from her devotion, and, blushing and confused, she covered the volume with the folds of her robe.

In the art of winning upon female confidence, I had long, of course, been schooled; and, now that to the lessons of gallantry the inspiration of love was added, my ambition to please and to interest could hardly fail, it may be supposed, of success. I soon found, however, how much less fluent is the heart than the fancy, and how very different may be the operations of making love and feeling, it. In the few words of greeting now exchanged between us, it was evident that the gay, the enterprising Epicurean was little less embarrassed than the secluded Priestess; — and, after one two ineffectual efforts to converse, the eyes of both turned bashfully away, and we relapsed into silence.

From this situation—the result of timidity on one side, and of a feeling altogether new on the other—we were, at length, relieved, after an interval of estrangement, by the boatmen announcing that the Nile was in sight. The countenance of the young Egyptian brightened at this intelligence; and the smile with which I congratulated her upon the speed of our voyage was responded to by another from her, so full of gratitude, that already an instinctive sympathy seemed established between us.

We were now on the point of entering that sacred river, of whose sweet waters the exile drinks in his dreams— for a draught of whose flood the royal daughters of the Ptolemies, * when far away, on foreign thrones, have been known to sigh in the midst of their splendor. As our boat, with slackened sail, was gliding into the current, an inquiry from the boatmen, whether they should anchor for the night in the Nile,

* "Ainsi en écrivait le poète Gomas ni'om, tantôt chez les princesses du sang des Ptolémées, marques dans des familles étrangères." De Pomp.

The water thus conveyed to other lands was, as we may collect from Juvenal, chiefly in-

first reminded me of the ignorance in which I still remained, with respect to the motive or destination of our voyage. Embarrassed by their question, I directed my eyes towards the Priestess, whom I saw waiting for my answer with a look of anxiety, which this silent reference to her wishes at once dispelled. Unfolding eagerly the volume with which I had seen her so much occupied, she took from between its folds a small leaf of papyrus, on which there appeared to be some faint lines of drawing, and after looking upon it thoughtfully for a few moments, placed it, with an agitated hand, in mine.

In the mean time the boatmen had taken in their sail, and the yacht drove slowly down the river with the current; while, by a light which had been kindled at sunset on the deck, I stood examining the leaf that the Priestess had given me — her dark eyes fixed anxiously on my countenance all the while. The lines traced upon the papyrus were so faint as to be almost invisible, and I was for some time wholly unable to form a conjecture as to their import. At length, however, I succeeded in making out that they were a sort of map, or outlines—traced so slight and unsteadily with a Memphian reed—of a part of that mountainous ridge by which Upper Egypt is bounded to the east, together with the names, or rather emblems, of the chief towns in its immediate neighborhood.

It was thither, I now saw clearly, that the young Priestess wished to pursue her course. Without further delay, therefore, I ordered the boatmen to set our yacht before the wind, and ascend the current. My command was promptly obeyed; the white sail rose again into the region of the breeze, and the satisfaction that beam'd in every feature of the fair Egyptian showed that the quickness with which I had attended to her wishes was not felt by her. The moon had now risen; and though the current was against us, the Etesian tended for the use of the Temples of Isis, established in those countries.

Si candida jussit Io,
Ist ad Egypt flucca, calidaque petitas
A Meroi portabit aquas, ut spargat in ade
Iadis, antiquo quae proxima surgit oculi.

Syl vi.
wind of the season blew strongly up the river, and we were soon floating before it, through the rich plains and groves of the Sait.

The love with which this simple girl had inspired me, was partly, perhaps, from the mystic scenes and situations in which I had seen her, not unmingled with a tinge of superstitious awe, under the influence of which I felt the natural buoyancy of my spirit repressed. The few words that had passed between us on the subject of our route had somewhat loosened this spell; and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence was more than compensated by the tone of deep sensibility which love had awakened in their place.

We had not proceeded far, before the glittering of lights at a distance, and the shooting up of fireworks, at intervals, into the air, apprised us that we were then approaching one of those night-fairs, or marts, which it is the custom, at this season, to hold upon the Nile. To me the scene was familiar; but to my young companion it was evidently a new world; and the mixture of alarm and delight with which she gazed, from under her veil, upon the busy scene into which we now sailed, gave an air of innocence to her beauty, which still more heightened its every charm.

It was one of the widest parts of the river; and the whole surface, from one bank to the other, was covered with boats. Along the banks of a green island, in the middle of the stream, lay anchored the galleys of the principal traders—large floating bazaars, bearing each the name of its owner,* embazoned in letters of flame, upon the stern. Over their decks were spread out, in gay confusion, the products of the loom and needle of Egypt—rich carpets of Memphis, and likewise those variegated veils, for which the female embroiderers of the Nile are so celebrated, and to which the name of Cleopatra lends a traditional charm. In each of the other galleys was exhibited some branch of Egyptian workmanship—vases of the fragrant porcelain of On—cups of that frail crystal,† whose hues change like those of the pigeon's plumage—enamelled amulets graven with the head of Anubis, and necklaces and bracelets or the black beans of Abyssinia.‡

While Commerce was thus displaying her various luxuries in one quarter, in every other, the spirit of Pleasure, in all its aimless shapes, swarmed over the waters. Nor was the festivity confined to the river alone; as along the banks of the island, and on the shores, illuminated mansions were seen glittering through the trees, from whence sounds of music and merriment came. In some of the boats were bands of minstrels, who, from time to time, answered each other, like echoes, across the wave; and the notes of the lyre, the flageolet, and the sweet lotus-wood flute,§ were heard, in the pauses of revelry, dying along the waters.

Meanwhile, from other boats stationed in the least lighted places, the workers of fire sent forth their wonders into the air. Bursting out suddenly from time to time, as if in the very exuberance of joy, these sallies of flame appeared to reach the sky, and there, breaking into a shower of sparks, shed such a splendor around, as brightened even the white Arabian hills—making them shine as doth the brow of Mount Atlas at night,‖ when the fire from his own bosom is playing around its snows.

The opportunity this mart afforded us, of providing ourselves with some less remarkable habiliments than those in

* "Le nom du maître y était écrit, pendant la nuit, en lettres de feu."—Maillet.
† Callest Ahasontes. For their brittleness Merits as an admirer:
Tante, peer, callies, tepidique torematta Nil. Et mhi securá poca trade manu.

* "Sans parler ici des coupes de un verre porté jusqu'à la parité du cristal, ni de celles qu'on appelait Ahasontes, et qu'on suppose avoir représenté des figures dont les couleurs change-olent suivant l'aspect sous lequel on les re-
gardait, à peu près comme ce qu'on nomme vulgairement gorgé-de-pigeon," &c.—De Fave.
which we had escaped from that nether world, was too seasonable not to be gladly taken advantage of by both. For myself, the strange mystic garb which I wore was sufficiently concealed by my Grecian mantle, which I had fortunately thrown around me on the night of my watch. But the thin veil of my companion was a far less efficient disguise. She had, indeed, flung away the golden beetles from her hair; but the sacred robe of her order was still too visible, and the stars of the bandalot shone brightly through her veil.

Most gladly, therefore, did she avail herself of this opportunity of a change; and, as she took from out a casket—which, with the volume I had seen her reading, appeared to be her only treasure—a small jewel, to give in exchange for the simple garments she had chosen, there fell out, at the same time, the very cross of silver which I had seen her kiss, as may be remembered, in the monumental chapel, and which was afterwards pressed to my own lips. This link between us, (for such it now appeared to my imagination,) called up again in my heart all the burning feelings of that moment;—and, had I not abruptly turned away, my agitation would have but too plainly betrayed itself.

The object, for which we had delayed in this gay scene, having been accomplished, the sail was again spread, and we proceeded on our course up the river. The sounds and the lights we had left behind died gradually away, and we now floated along in moonlight and silence once more. Sweet dew, worthy of being called "the tears of Isis," fell refreshingly through the air, and every plant and flower sent its fragrance to meet them. The wind, just strong enough to bear us smoothly against the current, scarcely stirred the shadow of the tamarisks on the water. As the inhabitants from all quarters were collected at the night-fair, the Nile was more than usually still and solitary. Such a silence, indeed, prevailed, that, as we glided near the shore, we could hear the rustling of the acacias,‡ as the chameleons ran up their stems. It was, altogether, such a night as only the climate of Egypt can boast, when the whole scene around lies laved in that sort of bright tranquillity, which may be imagined to light the slumberers of those happy spirits, who are said to rest in the Valley of the Moon,‡ on their way to heaven.

By such a light, and at such an hour, seated, side by side, on the deck of that bark, did we pursue our course up the lonely Nile—such a mystery to the other—our thoughts, our objects, our very names a secret;—separated, too, till now, by destinies so different; the one, a gay voluptuary of the Garden of Athens; the other, a seduced Priestess of the Temple of Memphis;—and the only relation yet established between us being that dangerous one of love, passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other.

The passing adventure of the night-fair had not only dispelled a little of our mutual reserve, but had luckily furnished us with a subject on which we could converse without embarrassment. From this topic I took care to lead her, without any interruption, to others—being fearful lest our former silence should return, and the music of her voice again be lost to me. It was only, indeed, by thus indirectly unburdening my heart that I was enabled to avoid the disclosure of all I thought and felt; and the restless rapidity with which I flew from subject to subject was but an effort to escape from the only one in which my heart was really interested.

"How bright and happy," said I—pointing up to Sothis, the fair Star of the Waters,§ which was just then shining brilliantly over our heads—"How bright and happy this world ought to be, if, as your Egyptian sages assert, you pure and beautiful luminary was its birth-star!" Then, still leaning back, and

* "Per lacrymas, vero, Iaidis intellige effluvia quedam Lune, quibus tantam vim venatur tribussae Egypti." Jablonski.—It is of opinion that the superstitition of the Nitocris, or miraculous drop, is a relic of the veneration paid to the deus, as the tears of Isis.

† Travels of Captain Mangles.

‡ Plutarch. Dupuis, tom. X. The Magnusians held the same belief.—See Beausobre, p. 365.

§ "Υπορευομαι αποστολα γενεσεως καταργουσα της εις τον κοσμον.—Porphyro, de Antrim Nymphe.
letting my eyes wander over the firmament, as if seeking to disengage them from the fascination which they dreaded—

"To the study," I exclaimed, "for ages, of skies like this, may the pensive and mystic character of your nation be traced. That mixture of pride and melancholy which naturally arises at the sight of those eternal lights shining out of darkness;—that sublime, but saddened, anticipation of a Future, which steals sometimes over the soul in the silence of such an hour, when, though Death appears to reign in the deep stillness of earth, there are yet those beacons of Immortality burning in the sky."

Pausing, as I uttered the word "immortality," with a sigh to think how little my heart echoed to my lips, I looked in the face of my companion, and saw that it had lighted up, as I spoke, into a glow of holy animation, such as Faith alone gives;—such as Hope herself wears, when she is dreaming of heaven. Touched by the contrast, and gazing upon her with mournful tenderness, I found my arms half opened, to clasp her to my heart, while the words died away inaudibly upon my lips,—"Thou, too, beautiful maiden! must thou, too, die forever?"

My self-command, I felt, had nearly deserted me. Rising abruptly from my seat, I walked to the middle of the deck, and stood, for some moments, unconsciously gazing upon one of those fires, which—according to the custom of all who travel by night on the Nile—our boatmen had kindled, to scare away the crocodiles from the vessel. But it was in vain that I endeavored to compose my spirit. Every effort I made but more deeply convinced me, that, till the mystery which hung round that maiden should be solved—till the secret, with which my own bosom labored, should be disclosed—it was fruitless to attempt even a semblance of tranquillity. My resolution was therefore taken;—to lay open, at once, the feelings of my own heart, as far as such revelation might be hazardous, without startling the timid innocence of my companion. Thus resolved, I resumed my seat, with more composure, by her side; and taking from my bosom the small mirror which she had dropped in the Temple, and which I had ever since worn suspended round my neck, presented it with a trembling hand to her view. The boatmen had just kindled one of their night-fires near us, and its light, as she leaned forward to look at the mirror, fell upon her face.

The quick blush of surprise with which she recognized it to be hers, and her look of bashful yet eager inquiry, in raising her eyes to mine, were appeals to which I was not, of course, tardy in answering. Beginning with the first moment when I saw her in the Temple, and passing hastily, but with words that burned as they went, over the impression which she had then left upon my heart and fancy, I proceeded to describe the particulars of my descent into the pyramid—my surprise and adoration at the door of the chapel—my encounter with the Trials of Initiation, so mysteriously prepared for me, and all the various visionary wonders I had witnessed in that region, till the moment when I had seen her stealing from under the Veils to approach me.

Though, in detailing these events, I had said but little of the feelings they had awakened in me—though my lips had sent back many a sentence, unuttered, there was still enough that could neither be subdued nor disguised, and which, like that light from under the veils of her own Isis, glowed through every word that I spoke. When I told of the scene in the chapel—of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living—the maiden leaning down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen; and, when she looked at me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighboring are the fountains of Love and Sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams.

Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design, in my manner and conduct towards this innocent girl, not all the most experienced gallantry of the Garden could have dictated a policy half so
seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The same ardor, which, if shown at once, and with out reserve, might probably have startled a heart so little prepared for it, being now checked and softened by the timidity of real love, won its way without alarm, and, when most difﬁdent of success, was then most surely on its way to triumph. Like one whose slumbers are gradually broken by sweet music, the maiden’s heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the course of the charm, unconscious whither it led, nor was even aware of the flame she had lighted in another’s bosom, till startled by the reﬂection of its glimmering in her own.

Impatient as I was to appeal to her generosity and sympathy, for a similar proof of conﬁdence to that which I had just given, the night was now too far advanced for me to impose upon her such a task. After exchanging a few words, in which, though little met the ear, there was, on both sides, a tone and manner that spoke far more than language, we took a lingering leave of each other for the night, with every prospect, I fondly hoped, of being still together in our dreams.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was so near the dawn of day when we parted that we found the sun sinking westward when we rejoined each other. The smile, so frankly cordial, with which she met me, might have been taken for the greeting of a long-mellowed friendship, did not the blush and the cast-down eyelid that followed betray symptoms of a feeling newer and less calm. For myself, lightened as I was, in some degree, by the avowal which I had made, I was yet too conscious of the new aspect thus given to our intercourse, not to feel some little alarm at the prospect of returning to the theme. We were both, therefore, alike willing to allow our attention to be diverted, by the variety of strange objects that presented themselves on the way, from a subject that evidently both were alike unwilling to approach.

The river was now all stirring with commerce and life. Every instant we met with boats descending the current, so wholly independent of aid from sail or oar, that the mariners sat idly on the deck as they shot along, either singing or playing upon their double-reeded pipes. The greater number of these boats came laden with those large emeralds, from the mine in the desert, whose colors, it is said, are brightest at the full of the moon; while some brought cargoes of frankincense from the acacia groves near the Red Sea. On the decks of others, that had been, as we learned, to the Golden Mountains* beyond Syene, were heaped blocks and fragments of that sweet-smelling wood,† which is yearly washed down, by the Green Nile of Nubia, at the season of the ﬂoods.

Our companions up the stream were far less numerous. Occasionally a boat, returning lightened from the fair of last night, shot rapidly past us, with those high sails that catch every breeze from over the hills;—while, now and then, we overtook one of those barges full of bees;‡ that are sent at this season to colonize the gardens of the south, and take advantage of the ﬁrst ﬂowers after the inundation has passed away.

For a short time, this constant variety of objects enabled us to divert so far our conversation as to keep it from lighting upon the one, sole subject, round which it constantly had revolved, but the effort, as might be expected, was not long successful. As evening advanced, the whole scene became more solitary. We less frequently ventured to look upon each other, and our intervals of silence grew more long.

It was near sunset, when, in passing a small temple on the shore, whose porticoes were now full of the evening light, we saw issuing from a thicket of acanthus near it, a train of young maidens gracefully linked together in the dance by stems of the lotus held at arms’ length between them. Theirresses were also wreathed with this gay emblem of the season, and in such profusion...
sion were its white flowers twisted around their waists and arms,* that they might have been taken, as they lightly bounded along the bank, for Nymphs of the Nile, then freshly risen from their bright gardens under the wave.

After looking for a few minutes at this sacred dance, the maiden turned away her eyes, with a look of pain, as if the remembrances it recalled were of no welcome nature. This momentary retrospect, this glimpse into the past, appeared to offer a sort of clue to the secret for which I panted; — and accordingly I proceeded, as gradually and delicately as my impatience would allow, to avail myself of the opening. Her own frankness, however, relieved me from the embarrassment of much questioning. She appeared even to feel that the confidence I sought was due to me; and beyond the natural hesitation of maidenly modesty, not a shade of reserve or evasion appeared.

To attempt to repeat, in her own touching words, the simple story which she now related to me, would be like endeavoring to note down some unpredmeditated strain of music, with all those fugitive graces, those felicities of the moment, which no art can restore, as they first met ear. From a feeling, too, of humility, she had omitted in her short narrative, several particulars relating to herself, which I afterwards learned; — while others, not less important, she but slightly passed over, from a fear of offending the prejudices of her heathen hearer.

I shall, therefore, give her story, not as she, herself, sketched it, but as it was afterwards filled up by a pious and venerable hand — far, far more worthy than mine of being associated with the memory of such purity.

STORY OF ALETHE.

"The mother of this maiden was the beautiful Theora of Alexandria, who, though a native of that city, was descended from Grecian parents. When very young, Theora was one of the seven maidens selected to note down the discourses of the eloquent Origen, who, at that period, presided over the School of Alexandria, and was in all the fulness of his fame both among Pagans and Christians. Endowed richly with the learning of both creeds, he brought the natural light of philosophy to illustrate the mysteries of faith, and was then only proud of his knowledge of the wisdom of this world, when he found it minister usefully to the triumph of divine truth.

"Although he had courted in vain the crown of martyrdom, it was held, through his whole life, suspended over his head; and, in more than one persecution, he had shown himself cheerfully ready to die for that holy faith which he lived but to testify and uphold. On one of these occasions, his tormentors, having habituated him like an Egyptian priest, placed him upon the steps of the Temple of Serapis, and commanded that he should, in the manner of the Pagan ministers, present palm-branches to the multitude who went up into the shrine. But the courageous Christian disappointed their views. Holding forth the branches with an unshrinking hand, he cried aloud, 'Come hither, and take the branch, — not of an Idol Temple, but of Christ.'

"So indefatigable was this learned Father in his studies, that, while composing his Commentary on the Scriptures, he was attended by seven scribes or notaries, who relieved each other in recording the dictates of his eloquent tongue; while the same number of young females, selected for the beauty of their penmanship, were employed in arranging and transcribing the precious leaves.

"Among the scribes so selected, was the fair young Theora, whose parents, though attached to the pagan worship, were not unwilling to profit by the accomplishments of their daughter, thus occupied in a task, which they looked on as purely mechanical. To the maid herself, however, her employment

* * On les voit comme jadis cueillir dans les champs des tiges du lotus, signes du déborde- ment et présages de l'abondance; ils s'envelop- pent les bras et le corps avec les longues tiges fleuries, et parcourent les rues." &c.—Descrip- tion des Tombeaux des Rois, par M. Costaz.

It was during the composition of his great critical work, the Hexapla, that Origen em- ploved these female scribes.
brought far other feelings and consequences. She read anxiously as she wrote, and the divine truths, so eloquently illustrated, found their way, by degrees, from the page to her heart. Deeply, too, as the written words affected her, the discourses from the lips of the great teacher himself, which she had frequent opportunities of hearing, sunk still more deeply into her mind. There was, at once, a sublimity and gentleness in his views of religion, which, to the tender hearts and lively imaginations of women, never failed to appeal with convincing power. Accordingly, the list of his female pupils was numerous; and the names of Barbara, Juliana, Herais, and others, bear honorable testimony to his influence over that sex.

"To Theora that feeling, with which his discourses inspired her, was like a new soul—a consciousness of spiritual existence, never before felt. By the eloquence of the comment she was awakened into admiration of the text; and when, by the kindness of a Catechumen of the school, who had been struck by her innocent zeal, she, for the first time, became possessor of a copy of the Scriptures, she could not sleep for thinking of her sacred treasure. With a mixture of pleasure and fear she hid it from all eyes, and was like one who had received a divine guest under her roof, and felt fearful of betraying its divinity to the world.

"A heart so awake would have been with ease secured to the faith, had her opportunities of hearing the sacred word continued. But circumstances arose to deprive her of this advantage. The mild Origen, long harassed and thwarted in his labors by the tyranny of Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, was obliged to relinquish his school and fly from Egypt. The occupation of the fair scribe was, therefore, at an end; her intercourse with the followers of the new faith ceased; and the growing enthusiasm of her heart gave way to more worldly impressions.

"Among other earthly feelings, love conducted not a little to weaken her thoughts from the true religion. While still very young, she became the wife of a Greek adventurer, who had come to Egypt as a purchaser of that rich tapestry," in which the needles of Persia are rivalled by the looms of the Nile. Having taken his young bride to Memphis, which was still the great mart of this merchandise, he there, in the midst of his speculations, died—leaving his widow on the point of becoming a mother while, as yet, but in her nineteenth year.

"For single and unprotected females, it has been, at all times, a favorite resource, to seek for employment in the service of some of those great temples by which so large a portion of the wealth and power of Egypt is absorbed. In most of these institutions there exists an order of Priestesses, which, though not hereditary, like that of the Priests, is provided for by ample endowments, and confers that dignity and station, with which, in a government so theocratic, Religion is sure to invest even her humblest handmaids. From the general policy of the Sacred College of Memphis, we may take for granted, that an accomplished female, like Theora, found but little difficulty in being elected one of the Priestesses of Isis; and it was in the service of the subterranean shrines that her ministry chiefly lay.

"Here, a month or two after her admission, she gave birth to Alethe, who first opened her eyes among the unholy pomp and specious miracles of this mysterious region. Though Theora, as we have seen, had been diverted by other feelings from her first enthusiasm for the Christian faith, she had never wholly forgot the impression then made upon her. The sacred volume, which the pious Catechumen had given her, was still treasured with care; and, though she seldom opened its pages, there was always an idea of sanctity associated with it in her memory, and often would she sit to look upon it with reverential pleasure, recalling the happiness she had felt when it was first made her own.

"The leisure of her new retreat, and the lone melancholy of widowhood, led her still more frequently to indulge in such thoughts, and to recur to those
consoling truths which she had heard in the school of Alexandria. She now began to peruse eagerly the sacred volume, drinking deep of the fountain of which she before but tasted, and feeling—what thousands of mourners, since her, have felt—that Christianity is the true and only religion of the sorrowful.

"This study of her secret hours became still more dear to her, as well from the peril with which, at that period, it was attended, as from the necessity she felt herself under of concealing from those around her the precious light that had been thus kindled in her own heart. Too timid to encounter the fierce persecution which awaited all who were suspected of a leaning towards Christianity, she continued to officiate in the pomp and ceremonies of the Temple;—though, often, with such remorse of soul, that she would pause, in the midst of the rites, and pray inwardly to God, that he would forgive this profanation of his Spirit.

"In the mean time her daughter, the young Alethe, grew up still lovelier than herself, and added, every hour, both to her happiness and her fears. When arrived at a sufficient age, she was taught, like the other children of the Priestesses, to take a share in the service and ceremonies of the shrines. The duty of some of these young servants* was to look after the flowers for the altar;—of others, to take care that the sacred vases were filled every day with fresh water from the Nile. The task of some was to preserve, in perfect polish, those silver images of the Moon which the priests carried in processions; while others wer-, as we have seen, employed in feeding the consecrated animals, and in keeping their plumes and scales bright for the admiring eyes of their worshippers.

"The office allotted to Alethe—the most honorable of these minor ministries—was to wait upon the sacred birds of the Moon, to feed them daily with those eggs from the Nile which they loved, and provide for their use that purest water, which alone these delicate birds will touch. This employment was the delight of her childish hours; and that Isis, which Alciphron (the Epicurean) saw her dance round in the Temple, was, of all the sacred flock, her especial favorite, and had been daily fondled and fed by her from infancy.

"Music, as being one of the chief spells of this enchanted region, was an accomplishment required of all its ministers; and the harp, the lyre, and the sacred flute, sounded nowhere so sweetly as through those subterranean gardens. The chief object, indeed, in the education of the youth of the Temple, was to fit them, by every grace of art and nature, to give effect to the illusion of those shows and phantasms, in which the entire charm and secret of Initiation lay.

"Among the means employed to support the old system of superstition, against the infidelity and, still more, the new Faith that menaced it, was an increased display of splendor and marvels in those mysteries for which Egypt has so long been celebrated. Of these ceremonies so many imitations had, under various names, multiplied throughout Europe, that at length the parent superstition ran a risk of being eclipsed by its progeny; and, in order still to rank as the first Priesthood in the world, it became necessary for those of Egypt to remain still the best impostors.

"Accordingly, every contrivance that art could devise, or labor execute—every resource that the wonderful knowledge of the Priests, in pyrotechny, mechanics, and dioptrics, could command—was brought into action to heighten the effect of their Mysteries, and give an air of enchantment to everything connected with them.

"The last scene of beatification—the Elysium, into which the Initiate was received—formed, of course, the leading attraction of these ceremonies; and to render it captivating alike to the senses of the man of pleasure, and the imagin-
ation of the spiritualist, was the great object to which the attention of the Sacred College was devoted. By the influence of the Priests of Memphis over those of the other Temples they had succeeded in extending their subterranean frontier, both to the north and south, so as to include, within their ever-lighted Paradise, some of the gardens excavated for the use of the other Twelve Shrines.

"The beauty of the young Alethe, the touching sweetness of her voice, and the sensibility that breathed throughout her every look and movement, rendered her a powerful auxiliary in such appeals to the imagination. She had been, accordingly, in her very childhood, selected from among her fair companions, as the most worthy representative of spiritual loneliness, in those pictures of Elysium—those scenes of another world—by which not only the fancy, but the reason, of the excited Aspirants was dazzled.

"To the innocent child herself these shows were pastime. But to Theora, who knew too well the imposition to which they were subservient, this profanation of all that she loved was a perpetual source of horror and remorse. Often would she—when Alethe stood smiling before her, arranged, perhaps, as a spirit of the Elysian world—turn away, with a shudder, from the happy child, almost fancying she saw already the shadows of sin descending over that innocent brow, as she gazed upon it.

"As the intellect of the young maid became more active and inquiring, the apprehensions and difficulties of the mother increased. Afraid to communicate her own precious secret, lest she should involve her child in the dangers that encompassed it, she yet felt it to be no less a cruelty than a crime to leave her wholly immersed in the darkness of Paganism. In this dilemma, the only resource that remained to her was to select, and disengage from the dross that surrounded them, those pure particles of truth which lie at the bottom of all religions;—those feelings, rather than doctrines, of which God has never left his creatures destitute, and which, in all ages, have furnished, to those who sought after it, some clue to his glory.

"The unity and perfect goodness of the Creator; the fall of the human soul into corruption, its struggles with the darkness of this world, and its final redemption and reascent to the source of all spirit;—these natural solutions of the problem of our existence, these elementary grounds of all religion and virtue, which Theora had heard illustrated by her Christian teacher, lay also, she knew, veiled under the theology of Egypt; and to impress them, in their abstract purity, upon the mind of her susceptible pupil, was, in default of more heavenly lights, her sole ambition and care.

"It was generally their habit, after devoting their mornings to the service of the Temple, to pass their evenings and nights in one of those small mansions above ground, allotted, within the precincts of the Sacred College, to some of the most favored Priestesses. Here, out of the reach of those gross superstitious, which pursued them, at every step, below, she endeavored to inform, as far as she could venture, the mind of her beloved girl; and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth, as plants long shut up in darkness will, when light is let in upon them, incline themselves to its rays.

"Frequently, as they sat together on the terrace at night, admiring that glorious assembly of stars, whose beauty first misled mankind into idolatry, she would explain to the young listener by what gradations of error it was that the worship, thus transferred from the Creator to the creature, sunk still lower and lower in the scale of being, till man, at length, presumed to defile man, and by the most monstrous inversions, heaven was made the mere mirror of earth, reflecting back all its most earthly features.

"Even in the Temple itself, the anxious mother would endeavor to interpose her purer lessons among the idolatrous ceremonies in which they were engaged. When the favorite ibis of Alethe took its station upon the shrine, and the young maiden was seen approaching, with all the gravity of worship, the very bird which she had played with but an hour before—when the acacia-bough, which she herself had plucked, seemed to a-
quire a sudden sacredness in her eyes, as soon as the priest had breathed upon it—on all such occasions Theora, though with fear and trembling, would venture to suggest to the youthful worshipper the distinction that should be drawn between the sensible object of adoration, and that spiritual, unseen Deity, of which it was but the remembrancer or type.

"With sorrow, however, she soon discovered that, in thus but partially letting in light upon a mind far too ardent to rest satisfied with such glimmerings, she but bewildered the heart which she meant to guide, and cut down the feeble hope around which its faith twined, without substituting any other support in its place. As the beauty, too, of Alethe began to attract all eyes, new fears crowded upon the mother's heart;—fears, in which she was but too much justified by the characters of some of those around her.

"In this sacred abode, as may easily be conceived, morality did not always go hand in hand with religion. The hypocritical and ambitious Orcus, who was, at this period, High Priest of Memphis, was a man, in every respect, qualified to preside over a system of such splendid fraud. He had reached that effective time of life, when enough of the warmth and vigor of youth remains to give animation to the counsels of age. But, in his instance, youth had left only the baser passions behind, while age but brought with it a more refined maturity of mischief. The advantages of a faith appealing almost wholly to the senses, were well understood by him; nor had he failed either to discover that, in order to render religion subservient to his own interests, he must shape it adroitly to the interests and passions of others.

"The state of anxiety and remorse in which the mind of the hapless Theora was kept by the scenes, however artfully veiled, which she daily witnessed around her, became at length intolerable. No perils that the cause of truth could bring with it would be half so dreadful as this endurance of sinfulness and deceit. Her child was, as yet, pure and innocent; but, without that sentinel of the soul, Religion, how long might she continue?

"This thought at once decided her: all other fears vanished before it. She resolved instantly to lay open to Alethe the whole secret of her soul; to make this child, who was her only hope on earth, the sharer of all her hopes in heaven, and then fly with her, as soon as possible, from this unhallowed spot, to the far desert—to the mountains—to any place, however desolate, where God and the consciousness of innocence might be with them.

"The promptitude with which her young pupil caught from her the divine truths was even beyond what she expected. It was like the lighting of one torch in another, so prepared was Alethe's mind for the illumination. Amply, indeed, was the anxious mother now repaid for all her misery, by this perfect communion of love and faith, and by the delight with which she saw her beloved child—like the young antelope, when first led by her dam to the well—drink thirstily by her side, at the source of all life and truth.

"But such happiness was not long to last. The anxieties that Theora had suffered began to prey upon her health. She felt her strength daily decline; and the thoughts of leaving, alone and unguarded in the world, that treasure which she had just devoted to Heaven, gave her a feeling of despair which but hastened the ebb of life. Had she put in practice her resolution of flying from this place, her child might have been now beyond the reach of all she dreaded, and, in the solitude of the desert, would have found at least safety from wrong. But the very happiness she had felt in her new task diverted her from this project;—and it was now too late, for she was already dying.

"She still continued, however, to conceal the state of her health from the tender and sanguine girl, who, though observing the traces of disease on her mother's cheek, little knew that they were the fastening footsteps of death, nor even thought of the possibility of ever losing what was so dear to her. Too soon, however, the moment of separation arrived; and while the anguish and dismay of Alethe were in proportion to the security in which she had indulged, Theora, too, felt, with bitter re-
gret, that she had sacrificed to her fond consideration much precious time, and that there now remained but a few brief and painful moments, for the communication of all those wishes and instructions on which the future destiny of the young orphan depended.

"She had, indeed, time for little more than to place the sacred volume solemnly in her hands; to implore that she would, at all risks, fly from this unholy place; and, pointing in the direction of the mountains of the Saïd, to name, with her last breath, the venerable man, to whom, under Heaven, she looked for the protection and salvation of her child.

"The first violence of feeling to which Alciphron gave way was succeeded by a fixed and tearless grief, which rendered her insensible, for some time, to the dangers of her situation. Her sole comfort consisted in visiting that monumental chapel where the beautiful remains of Theora lay. There, night after night, in contemplation of those placid features, and in prayers for the peace of the departed spirit, did she pass her lonely and—however sad they were—happiest hours. Though the mystic emblems that decorated that chapel were but ill-suited to the slumber of a Christian, there was one among them, the Cross, which, by a remarkable coincidence, is an emblem all-hke communion to the Gentile and the Christian—being, to the former, a shadowy type of that immortality, of which, to the latter, it is a substantial and assuring pledge.

"Nightly, upon this cross, which she had often seen her lost mother kiss, did she breathe forth a solemn and heartfelt vow, never to abandon the faith which that departed spirit had bequeathed to her. To such enthusiasm, indeed, did her heart at such moments rise, that, but for the last injunctions from those pallid lips, she would, at once, have avowed her perilous secret, and boldly pronounced the words, 'I am a Christian,' among those benighted shrines!

"But the will of her, to whom she owed more than life, was to be obeyed. To escape from this haunt of superstition must now, she felt, be her first object; and, in planning the means of effecting it, her mind, day and night, was employed. It was with a loathing not to be concealed, that she now found herself compelled to resume her idolatrous services at the shrine. To some of the offices of Theora she succeeded, as is the custom, by inheritance; and in the performance of these tasks—sanctified as they were in her eyes by the pure spirit she had seen engaged in them—there was a sort of melancholy pleasure in which her sorrow found relief. But the part she was again forced to take, in the scenic shows of the Mysteries, brought with it a sense of degradation and wrong which she could no longer endure.

"Already had she formed, in her own mind, a plan of escape, in which her acquaintance with all the windings of this mystic realm gave her confidence, when the solemn reception of Alciphron, as an initiate, took place.

"From the first moment of the landing of that philosopher at Alexandria, he had become an object of suspicion and watchfulness to the inquisitorial Orcons, whom philosophy, in any shape, naturally alarmed, but to whom the sect over which the young Athenian presided was particularly obnoxious. The accomplishments of Alciphron, his popularity wherever he went, and the bold freedom with which he indulged his wit at the expense of religion, were all faithfully reported to the High Priest by his spies, and awakened in his mind no kindly feelings towards the stranger. In dealing with an infidel, such a personage as Orcons could know no other alternative but that of either converting or destroying him; and though his pride, as a priest, led him to prefer the triumph of the former.

"The first descent of the Epicurean into the pyramid became speedily known, and the alarm was immediately given to the priests below. As soon as they had discovered that the young philosopher of Athens was the intruder, and that he not only still continued to linger round the pyramid, but was observed to look often and wishfully towards the portal, it was concluded that his curiosity would impel him to try a
second descent; and Orcus, blessing the good chance which had thus brought the wild bird into his net, resolved not to suffer an opportunity so precious to be wasted.

"Instantly the whole of that wonderful machinery, by which the phantasmis and illusions of Initiation are produced, were put in active preparation throughout that subterranean realm; and the increased stir and vigilance awakened among its inmates, by this more than ordinary display of the resources of priestcraft, rendered the accomplishment of Antihe's purpose, at such a moment, peculiarly difficult. Wholly ignorant of the important share which it had been her own fortune to take in attracting the young philosopher down to this region, she but heard of him vaguely, as the Chief of a great Grecian sect, who had been led, by either curiosity or accident, to expose himself to the first trials of Initiation; and whom the priests, she could see, were endeavoring to ensure in their toils, by every art and lure with which their dark science had gifted them.

"To her mind, the image of a philosopher, such as Alciphon had been represented to her, came associated with ideas of age and reverence; and, more than once, the possibility of his being made instrumental to her deliverance flashed a hope across her heart in which she could not refrain from indulging. Often had she been told by Thaurus of the many Gentile sages, who had laid their wisdom down humbly at the foot of the Cross; and though this Initiate, she feared, could hardly be among the number, yet the rumors which she had gathered from the servants of the Temple, of his undisguised contempt for the errors of Heathenism, led her to hope she would find tolerance, if not sympathy, in her appeal to him.

"Nor was it solely with a view to her own chance of deliverance that she thus connected him in her thoughts with the plan which she meditated. The look of proud and self-gratulating malice, with which the High Priest had mentioned this 'Infidel,' as he styled him, when giving her instructions in the scene she was to act before the philosopher in the valley, too plainly in-
THE EPICUREAN.

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flight, and retarding the speed of her pursuers.

"Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there, long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle—having paused, too, to give a kiss to her favorite ibis, which, although too much a Christian to worship, she was still child enough to love—she went early, with a trembling step, to the Sanctuary, and there hid herself in one of the recesses of the Shrine. Her intention was to steal out from thence to Alciphron, while it was yet dark, and before the illumination of the great Statue behind the Veils had begun. But her fears delayed her till it was almost too late;—already was the image lighted up, and still she remained trembling in her hiding-place.

"In a few minutes more the mighty Veils would have been withdrawn, and the glories of that scene of enchantment laid open—when, at length, summoning all her courage, and taking advantage of a momentary absence of those employed in preparing this splendid mockery, she stole from under the Veil, and found her way, through the gloom, to the Epicurean. There was then no time for explanation;—she had but to trust to the simple words, 'Follow, and be silent;' and the implicit readiness with which she found them obeyed filled her with no less surprise than the philosopher himself had felt in hearing them.

"In a second or two they were on their way through the subterranean windings, leaving the ministers of Isis to waste their splendors on vacancy, through a long series of miracles and visions which they now exhibited—unconscious that he, whom they were taking such pains to dazzle, was already, under the guidance of the young Christian, far removed beyond the reach of their deceiving spells."

CHAPTER XIV.

Such was the singular story, of which this innocent girl now gave me, in her own touching language, the outline. The sun was just rising as she finished her narrative. Fearful of encountering the expression of those feelings with which, she could not but observe, I was affected by her recital, scarcely had she concluded the last sentence, when, rising abruptly from her seat, she hurried into the pavilion, leaving me with the words fast crowding for utterance to my lips.

Oppressed by the various emotions thus sent back upon my heart, I lay down on the deck in a state of agitation, that defied even the most distant approaches of sleep. While every word she had uttered, every feeling she expressed, but ministered new fuel to that flame which consumed me, and to describe which, passion is far too weak a word, there was also much of her recital that disheartened and alarmed me. To find a Christian thus under the garb of a Memphian Priestess, was a discovery that, had my heart been less deeply interested, would but have more powerfully stimulated my imagination and pride. But, when I recollected the austerity of the faith she had embraced—the tender and sacred tie associated with it in her memory, and the devotion of woman's heart to objects thus consecrated—her very perfections but widened the distance between us, and all that most kindled my passion at the same time chilled my hopes.

Were we to be left to each other, as on this silent river, in such undisturbed communion of thoughts and feelings, I knew too well, I thought, both her sex's nature and my own, to feel a doubt that love would ultimately triumph. But the severity of the guardianship to which I must resign her—that of some monk of the desert, some stern Solitary—the influence such a monitor would gain over her mind—and the horror with which, ere long, he might teach her to regard the reprobate infidel upon whom she now smiled—in all this prospect I saw nothing but despair. After a few short hours, my dream of happiness would be at an end, and such a dark chasm must then open between our fates, as would disavow, wide as earth from heaven, asunder.

It was true, she was now wholly in my power. I feared no witnesses but those of earth, and the solitude of the desert was at hand. But though I acknowledged not a heaven, I worshipped
her who was, to me, its type and substitute. If, at any moment, a single thought of wrong or deceit, towards one so sacred arose in my mind, one look from her innocent eyes averted the sacrilege. Even passion itself felt a holier fear in her presence—like the flame trembling in the brazier of the sanctuary—and Love, pure Love, stood in place of Religion.

As long as I knew not her story, I could indulge, at least, in dreams of the future. But, now—what expectation, what prospect remained? My single chance of happiness lay in the hope, however delusive, of being able to divert her thoughts from the fatal project she meditated; of weaning her, by persuasion and argument, from that austere faith, which I had before hated and now feared; and of attaching her, perhaps, alone and unlinked as she was in the world, to my own fortunes forever!

In the agitation of these thoughts, I had started from my resting-place, and continued to pace up and down, under a burning sun, till, exhausted both by thought and feeling, I sank down, amid that blaze of light, into a sleep, which to my fevered brain seemed a sleep of fire.

On awaking, I found the veil of Alecto laid carefully over my brow; while she, herself, sat near me, under the shadow of the sail, looking anxiously upon that leaf, which her mother had given her, and employed apparently in comparing its outlines with the course of the river, as well as with the forms of the rocky hills by which we were passing. She looked pale and troubled, and rose eagerly to meet me, as if she had long and impatiently waited for my waking.

Her heart, it was plain, had been disturbed from its security, and was beginning to take alarm at its own feelings. But, though vaguely conscious of the peril to which she was exposed, her reliance, as is usual in such cases, increased with her danger, and upon me, far more than upon herself, did she seem to depend for saving her. To reach, as soon as possible, her asylum in the desert, was now the urgent object of her entreaties and wishes; and the self-reproach which she expressed at having, for a single moment, suffered her thoughts to be diverted from this sacred purpose, not only revealed the truth, that she had forgotten it, but betrayed even a glimmering consciousness of the cause.

Her sleep, she said, had been broken by ill-omened dreams. Every moment the shade of her mother had stood before her, rebuking, with mournful looks, her delay, and pointing, as she had done in death, to the eastern hills. Bursting into tears at this accusing recollection, she hastily placed the leaf, which she had been examining, in my hands, and implored that I would ascertain, with all a moment's delay, what portion of our voyage was still unperformed, and in what space of time we might hope to accomplish it.

I had, still less than herself, taken note of either place or distance; and could we have been left to glide on in this dream of happiness, should never have thought of pausing to ask where it would end. But such confidence was far too sacred to be deceived; and, reluctantly as I naturally felt, to enter on an inquiry which might soon dissipate even my last hope, her wish was sufficient to supersede even the selfishness of love, and on the instant I proceeded to obey her will.

There stands on the eastern bank of the Nile, to the north of Antinoi, a high and steep rock, impeding over the flood, which has borne, for ages, from a prodigy connected with it, the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine, of which this rocky mountain forms one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting each its beak into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their number, when all the rest of the birds take wing, and leave the selected victim to die.

Through the ravine, rendered famous by this charm—for such the multitude consider it—there ran, in ancient times, a canal from the Nile, to some great and forgotten city, now buried in the desert. To a short distance from the river this canal still exists, but, after having passed through the defile, its scanty waters disappear, and are wholly lost under the sands.
THE EPICUREAN.

It was in the neighborhood of this place, as I could collect from the documents on the leaf—where a flight of birds represented the name of the mountain—that the abode of the Solitary, to whom Alethe was about to consign herself, was situated. Little as I knew of the geography of Egypt, it at once struck me, that we had long since left this mountain behind; and, on inquiring of our boatmen, I found my conjecture confirmed. We had, indeed, passed it on the preceding night; and, as the wind had been, ever since, blowing strongly from the north, and the sun was already sinking towards the horizon, we must be now, at least, a day's sail to the southward of the spot.

This discovery, I confess, filled my heart with a feeling of joy which I found it difficult to conceal. It seemed as if fortune was conspiring with love in my behalf, and, by thus delaying the moment of our separation, afforded me a chance at least of happiness. Her look and manner, too, when informed of our mistake, rather encouraged than chilled this secret hope. In the first moment of astonishment, her eyes opened upon me with a suddenness of splendor, under which I felt my own wink as though lightning had crossed them. But she again, as suddenly, let their lids fall, and, after a quiver of her lip, which showed the conflict of feeling then going on within, crossed her arms upon her bosom, and looked down silently upon the deck; her whole countenance sinking into an expression, sad, but resigned, as if she now felt that fate was on the side of wrong, and saw Love already stealing between her soul and heaven.

I was not slow, of course, in availing myself of what I fancied to be the irresolution of her mind. But, still, fearful of exciting alarm by any appeal to feelings of regard or tenderness, I but addressed myself to her imagination, and to that love of novelty and wonders, which is ever ready to be awakened within the youthful breast. We were now approaching that region of miracles, Thebes. "In a day or two," said I, "we shall see, towering above the waters, the colossal Avenue of Sphinxes, and the bright Obelisks of the Sun. We shall visit the plain of Memnon, and behold those mighty statues that fling their shadows at sunrise over the Libyan hills. We shall hear the image of the son of the Morning responding to the first touch of light. From thence, in a few hours, a breeze like this will transport us to those sunny islands near the cataracts; there, to wander, among the sacred palm-groves of Philae, or sit, at noon tide hour, in those cool alcoves, which the waterfall of Syene shadows under its arch. Oh, who is there that, with scenes of such loveliness within reach, would turn coldly away to the bleak desert, and leave this fair world, with all its enchantments, shining unseen and unenjoyed? At least"—I added, taking tenderly her hand in mine—"let a few more days be stolen from the dreary fate to which thou hast devoted thyself, and then—"

She had heard but the last few words—the rest had been lost upon her. Startled by the tone of tenderness into which, despite of all my resolves, I had suffered my voice to soften, she looked for an instant with passionate earnestness into my face;—then, dropping upon her knees with her clasped hands upraised, exclaimed,—"Tempt me not, in the name of God I implore thee, tempt me not to swerve from my sacred duty. Oh! take me instantly to that desert mountain, and I will bless thee forever."

This appeal, I felt, could not be resisted—even though my heart were to break for it. Having silently intimated my assent to her prayer, by a slight pressure of her hand as I raised her

* The voyages on the Nile are, under favorable circumstances, performed with considerable rapidity. "En cinq ou six jours," says Maillet, "on pourrait aisément remonter de l'embouchure du Nil à ses cataractes, ou descendre des cataractes, jusqu'à la mer." The great uncertainty of the navigation is proved by what Belzoni tells us:—"Nous ne minux cette fois que deux jours et demi pour faire le trajet du Caire à Melawi, auquel, dans notre second voyage, nous avions employé dixhuit jours."

"Elles ont près de vingt mètres (61 pieds) d'élévation; et au lever du soleil, leurs ombres immenses s'étendent au loin sur la chaîne Libyenne." Description générale de Thèbes, par MM. Jollois et Deceville.

P. Lucas.
from the deck, I proceeded immediately, as we were still in full career for the south, to give orders that our sail should be instantly lowered, and not a moment lost in retracing our course.

In giving those directions, however, it, for the first time, occurred to me, that, as I had hired this yacht in the neighborhood of Memphis, where it was probable the flight of the young Priestess would be most vigilantly tracked, we should run the risk of betraying to the boatmen the place of her retreat;—and there was now a most favorable opportunity for taking precautions, against this danger. Desiring, therefore, that we should be landed at a small village on the shore, under pretence of paying a visit to some shrine in the neighborhood, I there dismissed our barge, and was relieved from fear of further observation, by seeing it again set sail, and resume its course fleetly up the current.

From the boats of all descriptions that lay idle beside the bank, I now selected one, in every respect, suited to my purpose—being, in shape and accommodations, a miniature of our former vessel, but, at the same time, so light and small as to be managed by myself alone, and requiring, with the advantage of the current, little more than a hand to steer it. This boat, I succeeded, without much difficulty in purchasing, and, after a short delay, we were again afloat down the current;—the sun just then sinking, in conscious glory, over his own golden shrines in the Libyan waste.

That evening was calmer and more lovely than any that had yet smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the shore, a strain of sweet melody came soothingly over our ears. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling before an acacia, upon the bank, and singing, while her companions stood around, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enchanted tree:

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute

Of thy bough's salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower.*

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sun's last hour is near,
And thou bezants thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Say, 'Cume, rest thee here.'
Oh! Abyssinian tree,
Thus bow thy head to me!"

In the burden of this song the companions of the young Nubian joined; and we heard the words, "Oh! Abyssinian tree," dying away on the breeze, long after the whole group had been lost to our eyes.

Whether, in the new arrangement which I had made for our voyage, any motive, besides those which I professed, had a share, I can scarcely, even myself—so bewildered were then my feelings—determine. But no sooner had the current borne us away from all human dwellings, and we were alone on the waters, with not a soul near, than I felt how closely such solitude draws hearts together, and how much more we seemed to belong to each other, than when there were eyes around us.

The same feeling, but without the same sense of its danger, was manifest in every look and word of Alethe. The consciousness of the one great effort which she had made appeared to have satisfied her heart on the score of duty—while the devotedness with which she saw I attended to her every wish, was felt with all that trusting gratitude which, in woman, is the day-spring of love. She was, therefore, happy, innocently happy; and the confiding, and even affectionate, unreserved of her manner, while it rendered my trust more sacred, made it also far more difficult.

It was only, however, upon subjects unconnected with our situation or fate, that she yielded to such interchange of thought, or that her voice ventured to answer mine. The moment I alluded to the destiny that awaited us, all her cheerfulness fled, and she became saddened and silent. When I described to her the beauty of my own native land—
it, in M. Jomard's Description of Syene and the Cataracts.
its founts of inspiration and fields of glory—her eyes sparkled with sympathy, and sometimes even softened into fondness. But when I ventured to whisper, that, in that glorious country, a life full of love and liberty awaited her; when I proceeded to contrast the adoration and bliss she might command, with the gloomy austerities of the life to which she was hastening—it was like the coming of a sudden cloud over a summer sky. Her head sunk, as she listened;—I waited in vain for an answer; and when, half playfully reproaching her for this silence, I stooped to take her hand, I could feel the warm tears fast falling over it.

But even this—feeble as was the hope it held out—was still a glimpse of happiness. Though it foreboded that I should lose her, it also whispered that I was loved. Like that lake, in the land of Roses,* whose waters are half sweet, half bitter,† I felt my fate to be a compound of bliss and pain—but its very pain well worth all ordinary bliss.

And thus did the hours of that night pass along, while every moment shortened our happy dream, and the current seemed to flow with a swifter pace than any that ever yet hurried to the sea. Not a feature of the whole scene but lives, at this moment, freshly in my memory;—the broken starlight on the water;—the rippling sound of the boat, as, without oar or sail, it went, like a thing of enchantment, down the stream;—the scented fire, burning beside us upon the deck, and then that face, on which its light fell, revealing, at every moment, some new charm—some blush or look, more beautiful than the last!

Often, while I sat gazing, forgetful of all else, in this world, our boat, left wholly to itself, would drive from its course, and bearing us away to the bank, get entangled in the water flowers, or be caught in some eddy, ere I perceived where we were. Once, too, when the rustling of my ear among the flowers had startled away from the bank some wild antelopes, that had stolen, at that still hour, to drink of the Nile, what an emblem did I think of the young heart then beside me—tasting, for the first time, of hope and love, and so soon, alas, to be scared from their sweetness forever.

CHAPTER XV.

The night was now far advanced—the bend of our course towards the left, and the closing in of the eastern hills upon the river, gave warning of our approach to the hermit's dwelling. Every minute now appeared like the last of existence; and I felt a sinking of despair at my heart, which would have been intolerable, had not a resolution that suddenly, and as if by inspiration, occurred to me, presented a glimpse of hope, which, in some degree, calmed my feelings.

Much as I had, all my life, despised hypocrisy—the very sect I had embraced being chiefly recommended to me by the war they continued to wage upon the cant of all others—it was, nevertheless, in hypocrisy that I now scrupled not to take refuge from that calamity which to me was far worse than either shame or death, my separation from Alethe. In my despair I adopted the humilitating plan—deeply humiliating as I felt it to be, even amid the joy with which I welcomed it—of offering myself to this hermit as a convert to his faith, and thus becoming the fellow-disciple of Alethe under his care!

From the moment I resolved upon this plan my spirit felt lightened. Though having fully before my eyes the mean labyrinth of imposture into which it would lead me, I thought of nothing but the chance of our continuing still together. In this hope, all pride, all philosophy, was forgotten, and every thing seemed tolerable, but the prospect of losing her.

Thus resolved, it was with somewhat less reluctant feelings that I now undertook, at the anxious desire of my companion, to ascertain the site of that well-known mountain in the neighborhood of which the anchoret's dwelling lay. We had already passed one or two stupendous rocks, which stood, detached, like fortresses, over the river's brink, and which in some degree corres-
ponded with the description on the leaf. So little was there of life now stirring along the shores, that I had begun almost to despair of any assistance from inquiry, when, on looking to the western bank, I saw a boatman among the sedges, towing his small boat, with some difficulty, up the current. Hailing him as we passed, I asked,—"Where stands the Mountain of the Birds?"—and he had hardly time, as he pointed above us, to answer "There," when we perceived that we were just then entering into the shadow, which this mighty rock flings across the whole of the flood. In a few moments we had reached the mouth of the ravine, of which the Mountain of the Birds forms one of the sides, and through which the scanty canal from the Nile flows. At the sight of this awful chasm, within some of whose dreary recesses (if we had rightly interpreted the leaf) the dwelling of the Solitary was to be found, our voices sunk at once into a low whisper, while Alethe turned round to me with a look of awe and eagerness, as if doubtful whether I had not already disappeared from her side. A quick movement, however, of her hand towards the ravine, told too plainly that her purpose was still unchanged, immediately checking, therefore, with my oars, the career of our boat. I succeeded, after no small exertion, in turning it out of the current of the river, and steering into this bleak and stagnant canal.

Our transition from life and bloom to the very depth of desolation was immediate. While the water on one side of the ravine lay buried in shadow, the white skeleton-like crags of the other stood aloft in the pale glare of moonlight. The sluggish stream through which we moved yielded sullenly to the oar, and the shriek of a few water-birds, which we had roused from their fastnesses, was succeeded by a silence, so dead and awful, that our lips seemed afraid to disturb it by a breath; and half-whispered exclamations, "How dreary!"—"How dismal!"—were almost the only words exchanged between us.

* There has been much controversy among the Arabian writers, with respect to the site of

We had proceeded for some time through this gloomy defile, when, at a short distance before us, among the rocks upon which the moonlight fell, we could perceive, on a ledge elevated but a little above the canal, a small hut or cave, which, from a tree or two planted around it, had some appearance of being the abode of a human being. "This, then," thought I, "is the home to which she is destined!"—A chill of despair came again over my heart, and the oars, as I sat gazing, lay motionless in my hands.

I found Alethe, too, whose eyes had caught the same object, drawing closer to my side than she had yet ventured. Laying her hand agitatedly upon mine, "We must here," she said, "part forever." I turned to her as she spoke; there was a tenderness, a despondency in her countenance, that at once saddened and inflamed my soul. "Part!" I exclaimed passionately—"No!—the same God shall receive us both. Thy faith, Alethe, shall, from this hour, be mine; and I will live and die in this desert with thee!"

Her surprise, her delight, at these words was like a momentary delirium. The wild, anxious smile, with which she looked into my face, as if to ascertain whether she had indeed heard my words aright, bespoke a happiness too much for reason to bear. At length, the fulness of her heart found relief in tears; and, murmuring forth an incoherent blessing on my name, she let her head fall languidly and powerless on my arm. The light from our boat fire shone upon her face. I saw her eyes, which she had closed for a moment, again opening upon me with the same tenderness, and—merciful Providence, how I remember that moment!—was on the point of bending down my lips towards hers, when, suddenly, in the air above us, as if coming direct from heaven, there burst forth a strain of choral music, that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.

Breaking away from my caress at these supernatural sounds, the maiden threw herself trembling upon her knees, and, not daring to look up, exclaimed this mountain, for which see Quadremere, tom. 1, art. Amoun.
wildly, "My mother, oh, my mother!"

It was the Christian's morning hymn that we heard;—the same, as I learned afterwards, that, on their high terrace at Memphis, she had been taught by her mother to sing to the rising sun.

Scarcely less startled than my companion, I looked up, and saw, at the very summit of the rock above us, a light, appearing to come from a small opening or window, through which those sounds likewise, that had appeared to me so supernatural, issued. There could be no doubt that we had now found—if not the dwelling of the anchoret—at least, the haunt of some of the Christian brotherhood of these rocks, by whose assistance we could not fail to find the place of his retreat.

The agitation, into which Alethe had been thrown by the first burst of that psalmody, soon yielded to the softening recollections which it brought back, and a calm came over her brow, such as it had never before worn, since we met. She seemed to feel as if she had now reached her destined haven, and hailed, as the voice of heaven itself, those solemn sounds by which she was welcomed to it.

In her tranquillity, however, I was very far from yet sympathizing. Full of impatience to learn all that awaited her as well as myself, I pushed our boat close to the base of the rock, so as to bring it directly under that lighted window on the summit, to explore my way up to which was now my immediate object. Having hastily received my instructions from Alethe, and made her repeat again the name of the Christian whom we sought, I sprang upon the bank, and was not long in discovering a sort of path, or stairway, cut rudely out of the rock, and leading, as I found, by easy windings, up the steep.

After ascending for some time, I arrived at a level space or ledge, which the hand of labor had succeeded in converting into a garden,* and which was planted, here and there, with fig-trees and palms. Around it, too, I could perceive, through the glimmering light, a number of small caves or grottoes, into some of which, human beings might find an entrance; while others appeared of no larger dimensions than those tombs of the Sacred Birds which are seen ranged around Lake Meros.

I was still, I found, but half-way up the ascent, nor was there visible any further means of continuing my course, as the mountain from hence rose, almost perpendicularly, like a wall. At length, however, on exploring more closely, I discovered behind the shade of a fig-tree a large ladder of wood, resting firmly against the rock, and affording an easy and safe ascent up the steep.

Having ascertained thus far, I again descended to the boat for Alethe, whom I found trembling already at her short solitude; and, having led her up the stairway to this quiet garden, left her lodged there securely, amid its holy silence, while I pursued my way upward to the light upon the rock.

At the top of the long ladder I found myself on another ledge or platform, somewhat smaller than the first, but planted in the same manner, with trees, and, as I could perceive by the mingled light of morning and the moon, embellished with flowers. I was now near the summit;—there remained but another short ascent, and, as a ladder against the rock supplied, as before, the means of scaling it, I was in a few minutes at the opening from which the light issued.

I had ascended gently, as well from a feeling of awe at the whole scene, as from an unwillingness to disturb rudely the rites on which I intruded. My approach, therefore, being unheard, an opportunity was, for some moments, afforded me of observing the group within, before my appearance at the window was discovered.

In the middle of the apartment, which seemed to have been once a Pagan oratory, there was collected an assembly of about seven or eight persons, some male, some female, kneeling in silence round a small altar;—while, among them, as if presiding over their solemn ceremony, stood an aged man, who, at the moment of my arrival, was presenting to one of the female worshippers an alabaster cup, which she applied, with profound reverence, to her lips. The venerable counte-
nance of the minister, as he pronounced a short prayer over her head, wore an expression of profound feeling that showed how wholly he was absorbed in that rite; and when she had drunk of the cup—which I saw had engraven on its side the image of a head, with a glory round it—the holy man bent down and kissed her forehead.†

After this parting salutation, the whole group rose silently from their knees; and it was then, for the first time, that, by a cry of terror from one of the women, the appearance of a stranger at the window was discovered. The whole assembly seemed startled and alarmed, except him, that superior person, who, advancing from the altar, with an unmoved look, raised the latch of the door adjoining to the window, and admitted me.

There was, in this old man's features, a mixture of elevation and sweetness, of simplicity and energy, which commanded at once attention and homage; and half hoping, half fearing, to find in him the destined guardian of Alethe, I looked anxiously in his face, as I entered, and pronounced the name "Melanius!"—"Melanius is my name, young stranger," he answered; "and whether in friendship or in enmity thou comest, Melanius blesses thee." Thus saying, he made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

"Let this volume," I replied, "answer for the usefulness of my mission"—at the same time, placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures which had been his own gift to the mother of Alethe, and which her child now brought as the credential of her claims on his protection. At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he instantly recognised, the solemnity that had at first marked his reception of me softened into tenderness. Thoughts of other times appeared to pass through his mind; and as, with a sigh of recollection, he took the book from my hands, some words on the outer leaf caught his eye. They were few—but contained, most probably, the last wishes of the dying Theora; for, as he read them over eagerly, I saw tears in his aged eyes. "The trust," he said, with a faltering voice, "is precious and sacred, and God will enable, I hope, his servant to guard it faithfully."

During this short dialogue, the other persons of the assembly had departed—being, as I afterwards learned, brethren from the neighboring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before daybreak; to join in worshipping their God. Fearful lest their descent down the rock might alarm Alethe, I hurried briefly over the few words of explanation that remained, and leaving the venerable Christian to follow at his leisure, hastened anxiously down to rejoin the young maiden.

CHAPTER XVI.

Melanius was one of the first of those zealous Christians of Egypt, who, following the recent example of the hermit, Paul, bade farewell to all the comforts of social existence, and betook themselves to a life of contemplation in the desert. Less selfish, however, in his piety, than most of these ascetics, Melanius forgot not the world in leaving it. He knew that man was not born to live wholly for himself; that his relation to human kind was that of the link to the chain, and that even his solitude should be turned to the advantage of others. In flying, therefore, from the din and disturbance of life, he sought not to place himself beyond the reach of its sympathies, but selected a retreat where he could combine all the advantages of solitude with those opportunities of being useful to his fellow-men, which a neighborhood to their populous haunts would afford.

* There was usually. Tertullian tells us, the image of Christ on the communion-cups.
† We are rather disposed to infer, says the late Bishop of Lincoln, in his very sensible work on Tertullian, "that, at the conclusion of all their meetings for the purpose of devotion, the early Christians were accustomed to give the kiss of peace, in token of the brotherly love subsisting between them."
‡ It was among the accusations of Celcus against the Christians, that they held their assemblies privately, and contrary to law; and one of the speakers, in the curious work of Minucius Felix, calls the Christians "latebraeus et lucifugax natio."
That taste for the gloom of subterranean recesses, which the race of Misraim inherit from their Ethiopian ancestors, had, by hollowing out all Egypt into caverns and crypts, supplied these Christian anchorites with an ample choice of retreats. Accordingly, some found a shelter in the grottoes of Elethya; others, among the royal tombs of the Thebaid. In the middle of the Seven Valleys, where the sun rarely shines, a few have fixed their dim and melancholy retreat; while others have sought the neighborhood of the Great Lakes of Nitria, and there, like those Pagan solitaries of old, who fixed their dwelling among the palm-trees near the Dead Sea, pass their whole lives in musing amidst the sterility of nature, and seem to find, in her desolation, peace.

It was on one of the mountains of the Saïd, to the east of the river, that Melanius, as we have seen, chose his place of seclusion—having all the life and fertility of the Nile on one side, and the lone, dismal barrenness of the desert on the other. Half way down this mountain, where it impends over the ravine, he found a series of caves or grottoes dug out of the rock, which had, in other times, ministered to some purpose of mystery, but whose use had long been forgotten, and their recesses abandoned.

To this place, after the banishment of his great master, Origen, Melanius, with a few faithful followers, retired, and there, by the example of his innocent life, as well as by his fervid eloquence, succeeded in winning crowds of converts to his faith. Placed, as he was, in the neighborhood of the rich city, Antinoë, though he mingled not with its multitude, his name and his fame were ever among them, and, to all who sought after instruction or consolation, the cell of the hermit was always open.

Notwithstanding the rigid abstinence of his own habits, he was yet careful to provide for the comforts of others. Content with a rude pallet of straw, himself,

he had always for the stranger a less homely resting-place. From his grotto, the wayfarer and the indigent never went unrefreshed; and, with the aid of some of his brethren, he had formed gardens along the ledges of the mountain, which gave an air of life and cheerfulness to his rocky dwelling, and supplied him with the chief necessaries of such a climate—fruit and shade.

Though the acquaintance he had formed with the mother of Alethe, during the short period of his attendance at the school of Origen, was soon interrupted, and never afterwards renewed, the interest which he had then taken in her fate was far too lively to be forgotten. He had seen the zeal with which her young heart welcomed instruction; and the thought that so promising a candidate for heaven should have relapsed into idolatry, came often, with disquieting apprehension, over his mind.

It was, therefore, with true pleasure, that, but a year or two before Theora's death, he had learned by a private communication from her, transmitted through a Christian embalmer of Memphis, that "not only had her own heart taken root in the faith, but that a new bud had flowered with the same divine hope; and that, ere long, he might see them both transplanted to the desert."

The coming, therefore, of Alethe was far less a surprise to him, than her coming thus alone was a shock and a sorrow; and the silence of their first meeting showed how painfully both remembered that the tie which had brought them together was no longer of this world—that the hand, which should have been then joined with theirs, was mouldering in the tomb. I now saw, that even religion like his was not proof against the sadness of mortality. For, as the old man put aside the ringlets from her forehead, and contemplated in that clear countenance the reflection of what her mother had been, there mingled a mournfulness with his piety, as

* See Macrity's account of these valleys, given by Quatremer, tom. i. p. 450.

† For a striking description of this region, see "Ermenes," a work which, though in general too technical and elaborate, shows, in many passages, to what picturesque effect the scenery and mythology of Egypt may be made subservient.

† From the position assigned to Antinoë in this work, we should conclude that it extended much farther to the north, than the few ruins of it that remain would seem to indicate, and that the distance between the city and the Mountain of the Birds was considerably less than what it appears to be at present.
he said, "Heaven rest her soul!" which showed how little even the certainty of a heaven for those we love can reconcile us to the pain of having lost them on earth.

The full light of day had now risen upon the desert, and our host, reminded, by the faint looks of Aleth, of the many anxious hours we had passed without sleep, proposed that we should seek, in the chambers of the rock, such rest as a hermit's dwelling could offer. Pointing to one of the largest of these openings, as he addressed me—"Thou wilt find," he said, "in that grotto a bed of fresh down leaves, and may the consciousness of having protected the orphan sweeten thy sleep!"

I felt how dearly this prize had been earned, and already almost repented of having desired it. There was a sadness in the countenance of Aleth, as I took leave; his tenderness for the forebodings of my own heart but too faithfully responded; nor could I help fearing, as her hand parted lingeringly from mine, that I had, by this sacrifice, placed her beyond my reach forever.

Having lighted for me a lamp, which, in these recesses, even at noon, is necessary, the holy man led me to the entrance of the grotto. And here, I blush to say, my career of hypocrisy began. With the sole view of obtaining another glance at Aleth, I turned humbly, to solicit the blessing of the Christian, and having conveyed her, while bending reverently down, as much of the deep feeling of my soul as looks could express, I then, with a dspounding spirit, hurried into the cavern.

A short passage led me to the chamber with—the walls of which I found covered, like those of the grottoes of Lycopolis, with paintings, which, though executed long ages ago, looked as fresh as if their colors were but laid on yesterday. They were, all of them, representations of rural and domestic scenes; and, in the greater number, the melancholy imagination of the artist had called in, as usual, the presence of Death, to throw his shadow over the picture.

My attention was particularly drawn to one series of subjects, throughout the whole of which the same group—consisting of a youth, a maiden, and two aged persons, who appeared to be the father and mother of the girl—were represented in all the details of their daily life. The looks and attitudes of the young people denoted that they were lovers; and, sometimes, they were seen sitting under a canopy of flowers, with their eyes fixed on each other's faces, as though they could never look away; sometimes, they appeared walking along the banks of the Nile,—

—on one of those sweet nights
When Isis, the pure star of lovers,* lights
Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream—
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam.†

And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.

Through all these scenes of endearment the two elder persons stood by;—their calm countenances touched with a share of that bliss, in whose perfect light the young lovers were basking. Thus far, all was happiness;—but the sad lesson of mortality was yet to come. In the last picture of the series, one of the figures was missing. It was that of the young maiden, who had disappeared from among them. On the brink of a dark lake stood the three who remained; while a boat, just departing for the City of the Dead, told too plainly the end of their dream of happiness.

This memorial of a sorrow of other times—of a sorrow, ancient as death itself—was not wanting to deepen the melancholy of my mind, or to add to the weight of the many bodings that pressed upon it.

After a night, as it seemed, of anxious and unsleeping thought, I rose from my bed and returned to the garden. I found the Christian alone—seated, under the shade of one of his trees, at a small table, on which there lay a volume unrolled, while a beautiful antelope was sleeping at his feet. Struck by the contrast which he presented to those haughty priests, whom I had seen surrounded by the pomp and gorgeousness of temples. "Is this, then," thought I, "the faith before which the world now trembles—its temple the desert, its treasury a book, and its High Priest the solitary dweller of the rock?"

* Vide Plutarch, de Isid.
† "Conjunctio solis cum luna, quod est velut utrinque connubium." Jabloniæ.
He had prepared for me a simple, but hospitable repast, of which fruits from his own garden, the white bread of Olyra, and the juice of the honey-cane, formed the most costly luxuries. His manner to me was even more cordial and fatherly than before; but the absence of Alethe, and, still more, the ominous reserve, with which he not only, himself, refrained from all mention of her name, but eluded the few inquiries, by which I sought to lead to it, seemed to confirm all the apprehensions I had felt in parting from her.

She had acquainted him, it was evident, with the whole history of our flight. My reputation as a philosopher—my desire to become a Christian—all was already known to the venerable anchoret, and the subject of my conversion was the very first on which he entered. Oh, pride of philosophy, how wert thou then humbled, and with what shame did I stand in the presence of that venerable man, not daring to let my eyes encounter his, while, with unhesitating trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and impressed the kiss of Charity on my infuld brow!

Embarrassed as I could not but feel by the humiliating consciousness of hypocrisy, I was even still more perplexed by my almost total ignorance of the real tenets of the faith to which I professed myself a convert. Abashed and confused, and with a heart sick at its own deceit, I listened to the animated and eloquent gratulations of the Christian, as though they were words in a dream, without any link or meaning; nor could I dis guise but by the mockery of a reverent bow, at every pause, the total want of self-possession, and even of speech, under which I labored.

A few minutes more of such trial, and I must have avowed my imposture. But the holy man perceived my embarrassment;—and, whether mistaking it for awe, or knowing it to be ignorance, relieved me from my perplexity by, at once, changing the theme. Having gently awakened his antelope from its sleep, "You have doubtless," he said, "heard of my brother-anchoret, Paul, who, from his cave in the marble mountains, near the Red Sea, sends hourly the blessed 'sacrifice of thanksgiving' to heaven. Of his walks, they tell me, a lion is the companion;" but, for me," he added with a playful and significant smile, "who try my powers of taming but on the gentler animals, this feeble child of the desert is a far fitter playmate." Then, taking his staff, and putting the time-worn volume which he had been perusing into a large goat-skin pouch, that hung by his side, "I will now," said he, "conduc thee over my rocky kingdom, that thou mayest see in what drear and barren places that 'sweet fruit of the spirit,' Peace, may be gathered."

To speak of peace to a heart throbbing, as mine did at that moment, was like talking of some distant harbor to the mariner sinking at sea. In vain did I look around for some sign of Alethe,—in vain make an effort even to utter her name. Cofsciousness of my own deceit, as well as a fear of awakening in the mind of Melanias any suspicion that might tend to frustrate my only hope, threw a fetter over my spirit, and checked my tongue. In humble silence, therefore, I followed; while the cheerful old man, with slow, but firm step, ascended the rock by the same ladders which I had mounted on the preceding night.

During the time when the Decian Persecution was raging, many Christians, as he told me, of the neighborhood had taken refuge under his protection, in these grottoes; and the small chapel upon the summit, where I had found his flock at prayer, was, in those awful times of suffering, their usual place of retreat, where, by drawing up these ladders, they were enabled to secure themselves from pursuit.

The view, from the top of the rock, extending on either side, embraced the two extremes of fertility and desolation; nor could the Epicurean and the Anchoret, who now stood gazing from that height, be at any loss to indulge their respective tastes, between the living luxuriance of the world on one side, and the dead, pulseless repose of the desert on the other. When we turned to the river, what a picture of animation pre-
sent itself! Near us to the south, were the graceful colonnades of Antinoo, its proud, populous streets, and triumphal monuments. On the opposite shore, rich plains, all teeming with cultivation to the water's edge, seemed to offer up, as from verdant altars, their fruits to the sun; while, beneath us, the Nile, the glorious stream,

That late between its banks was seen to glide—
With shrines and marble cities, on each side,
Glittering, like jewels strung along a chain—
Had new sent forth its waters and our plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretched limbs superbly spread.

From this scene, on one side of the mountain, we had but to turn round our eyes to the other, and it was as if Nature herself had become suddenly extinct;—a wide waste of sands, bleak and interminable, wearying out the sun with its sameness of desolation,—black, burnt-up rocks, that stood as barriers, at which life stopped;—while the only signs of animation, past or present, were the footprints, here and there, of an antelope or ostrich, or the bones of dead camels, as they lay whitening at a distance, marking out the track of the caravans over the waste.

After listening, while he contrasted, in a few eloquent words, the two regions of life and death on whose confines we stood, I again descended with my guide to the garden that we had left. From thence, turning into a path along the mountain-side, he led me to another row of grottoes, facing the desert, which had been once, he said, the abode of those brethren in Christ, who had fled with him to this solitude from the crowded world—but which death had, within a few short months, rendered tenanted. A cross of red stone, and a few faded trees, were the only traces these solitaries had left behind.

A silence of some minutes succeeded, while we descended to the edge of the canal; and I saw opposite, among the rocks, that solitary cave which had so chilled me with its aspect on the preceding night. Beside the bank we found one of those rustic boats, which the Egyptians construct of planks of wild thorn, bound rudely together with bands of papyrus. Placing ourselves in this boat, and rather impelling than rowing it across, we made our way through the soul and shallow flood, and landed directly under the site of the cave.

This dwelling was situated, as I have already mentioned, on a ledge of the rock; and, being provided with a sort of window or aperture to admit the light of heaven, was accounted, I found, far more cheerful than the grottoes on the other side of the ravine. But there was a dreariness in the whole region around, to which light only lent additional horror. The dead whiteness of the rocks, as they stood, like ghosts, in the sunshine;—that melancholy pool, half lost in the sands;—all gave to my mind the idea of a wasting world. To dwell in a place so desolate seemed to me a living death; and when the Christian, as we entered the cave, said, "Here is to be thy home," prepared as I had been for the worst, all my resolution gave way;—every feeling of disappointed passion and humbled pride, which had been gathering round my heart for the last few hours, found a vent at once, and I burst into tears.

Accustomed to human weakness, and perhaps guessing at some of the sources of mine, the good Hermit, without appearing to take any notice of this emotion, proceeded to expatiate, with a cheerful air, on, what he called, the comforts of my dwelling. Sheltered from the dry, burning wind of the south, my porch would inhale, he said, the fresh breeze of the Dog-star. Fruits from his own mountain-garden should furnish my repast. The well of the neighboring rock would supply my beverage; and, "here," he continued—lowering his voice into a more solemn tone, as he placed upon the table the volume which he had brought—"here, my son, is that well of living waters, in which alone thou wilt find lasting refreshment or peace!" Thus saying, he descended the rock to his boat; and, after a few plashes of his oar had died upon my ear, the solitude and silence that reigned around me was complete.

CHAPTER XVII.

What a fate was mine!—but a few weeks since, presiding over that gay Festival of the Garden, with all the lux-
uries of existence tributary in my train; and now—self-humbled into a solitary outcast—the hypocritical pupil of a Christian anchoret—without even the excuse of religious fanaticism, or any other madness, but that of love, wild love, to extenuate my fall! Were there a hope that, by this humiliating waste of existence, I might purchase now and then a momentary glimpse of Alethe, even the depths of the desert, with such a chance, would be welcome. But to live—and live thus—without her, was a misery which I neither foresaw nor could endure.

Hating even to look upon the den to which I was doomed, I hurried out into the air and found my way, along the rocks, to the desert. The sun was going down, with that blood-red hue, which has so often wears, in this climate, at his setting. I saw the sands, stretching out, like a sea, to the horizon, as if their waste extended to the very verge of the world—and, in the bitterness of my feelings, rejoiced to see so large a portion of creation rescued, even by this barren liberty, from the encroaching grasp of man. The thought seemed to relieve my wounded pride, and, as I wandered over the dim and boundless solitude, to be thus free, even amidst blight and desolation, appeared to me a blessing.

The only living thing I saw was a restless swallow, whose wings were of the same hue with the gray sands over which he fluttered. "Why (thought I) may not the mind, like this bird, partake of the color of the desert, and sympathize in its austerity, its freedom, and its calm?"—thus vainly endeavoring, between despondence and defiance, to encounter with some degree of fortitude what yet my heart sickened to contemplate. But the effort was availing. Overcome by that vast solitude, whose repose was not the slumber of of peace, but rather the sullen and burning silence of hate, I felt my spirit give way, and even love itself yielded to despair.

Taking my seat on a fragment of a rock, and covering my eyes with my hands, I made an effort to shut out the overwhelming prospect. But all in vain—it was still before me, with every additional horror that fancy could suggest; and when, again looking forth, I beheld the last red ray of the sun, shooting across the melancholy and lifeless waste, it appeared to me like the light of that comet which once desolated this world, and thus luridly shone out over the ruins that it had made.

Appalled by my own gloomy imaginations, I turned towards the ravine; and, notwithstanding the disgust with which I had fled from my dwelling, was not ill pleased to find my way, over the rocks, to it again. On approaching the cave, to my astonishment, I saw a light within. At such a moment, any vestige of life was welcome, and I hailed the unexpected appearance with pleasure. On entering, however, I found the chamber all as lonely as I had left it. The light I had seen came from a lamp that burned brightly on the table; beside it was unfolded the volume which Melanius had brought, and upon the open leaves—oh, joy and surprise—lay the well-known cross of Alethe!

What hand, but her own, could have prepared this reception for me?—The very thought sent a hope into my heart, before which all despondency fled. Even the gloom of the desert was forgotten, and my rude cave at once brightened into a bower. She had here reminded me, by this sacred memorial, of the vow which I had pledged to her under the Hermit's rock; and I now scrupled not to reiterate the same daring promise, though conscious that through hypocrisy alone I could fulfill it.

Eager to prepare myself for my task of imposture, I sat down to the volume, lequel le déluge inonda la terre, tems pendant lequel on dût observer la comète qui l'occasionna, et dont l'apparition fut, non seulement pour les peuples de l'Egypte, et de l'Ethiopie, mais encore pour tous peuples le présage funeste de leur destruction presque totale."—Description de la Vallée de l'Egyparement.

* * *
which I now found to be the Hebrew Scriptures; and the first sentence, on which my eyes fell, was—"The Lord hath commanded the blessing, even Life for evermore!" Started by these words, in which it appeared to me as if the Spirit of my dream had again pronounced his assuring prediction, I raised my eyes from the page, and repeated the sentence over and over, as if to try whether in these sounds there lay any charm or spell, to reawaken that faded illusion in my soul. But no—the rank frauds of the Memphian priesthood had dispelled all my trust in the promises of religion. My heart had again relapsed into its gloom of skepticism, and, to the word of "Life," the only answer it sent back was, "Death!"

Being impatient, however, to possess myself of the elements of a faith, upon which—whatever it might promise for hereafter—I felt that all my happiness here depended, I turned over the pages with an earnestness and avidity, such as never even the most favorite of my studies had awakened in me. Though, like all who seek but the surface of learning, I flew desultorily over the leaves, lightening only on the more prominent and shining points, I yet found myself, even in this undisciplined career, arrested, at every page, by the awful, the supernatural sublimity, the alternate melancholy and grandeur of the images that were spread upon its contents. I had, till now, known the Hebrew theology but through the platonicizing refinement of Philo;—as, in like manner, for my knowledge of the Christian doctrine I was indebted to my brother Epicureans, Lucian and Celsus. Little, therefore, was my mind prepared for the simple majesty, the high tone of inspiration—the poetry, in short, of heaven that breathed throughout these oracles. Could admiration have kindled faith, I should, that night, have been a believer; so elevated, so awed, was my imagination by that wonderful book—its warnings of woe, its announcements of glory, and its unrivalled strains of adoration and sorrow.

"Many people," said Origens, "have been brought over to Christianity by the Spirit of God giving a sudden turn to their minds, and offering visions to them either by day or night." On this Jortin remarks:—"Why should it be

Hour after hour, with the same eager and desultory curiosity, did I turn over the leaves;—and when, at length, I lay down to rest, my fancy was still haunted by the impressions it had received. I went again through the various scenes, of which I had read; again called up, in sleep, the bright images that had passed before me; and when awakened at early dawn by the solemn Hymn from the chapel, imagined that I was still listening to the sound of the winds, sighing mournfully through the harps of Israel on the willows.

Starting from my bed, I hurried out upon the rock, with a hope that, among the tones of that morning choir, I might be able to distinguish the sweet voice of Alethe. But the strain had ceased;—I caught only the last notes of the Hymn, as, echoing up that lonely valley, they died away into the silence of the desert.

With the first glimpse of light I was again eagerly at my study, and, notwithstanding the frequent distraction both of my thoughts and looks towards the distant, half-seen grottoes of the Anchoret, continued my task with unabating perseverance throughout the day. Still alive, however, only to the eloquence, the poetry of what I studied, of its claims to authority, as a history, I never once paused to consider. My fancy alone being interested by it, to fancy alone I referred all that I contained; and, passing rapidly from annals to prophecy, from narration to song, regarded the whole but as a tissue of oriental allegories, in which the deep melancholy of Egyptian associations was interwoven with the rich and sensual imagery of the East.

Towards sunset I saw the venerable Hermit, on his way, across the canal, to my cave. Though he was accompanied only by his graceful antelope, which came shuttling the wild air of the desert, as if scenting its home, I felt his visit, even thus, to be a most welcome relief. It was the hour, he said, of his evening ramble up the mountain—of his accustomed visit to those cisterns of the rock, thought improbable that Pagans of good dispositions, but not free from prejudices, should have been called by divine admonitions, by dreams or visions, which might be a support to Christianity in those days of distress!"
from which he drew nightly his most precious beverage. While he spoke, I observed in his hand one of those earthen cups,* in which it is the custom of the inhabitants of the wilderness to collect the fresh dew among the rocks. Having proposed that I should accompany him in his walk, he proceeded to lead me, in the direction of the desert, up the side of the mountain that rose above my dwelling, and which formed the southern wall or screen of the defile.

Near the summit we found a seat, where the old man paused to rest. It commanded a full view over the desert, and was by the side of one of those hollows in the rock, those natural reservoirs, in which are treasured the dews of night for the refreshment of the dwellers in the wilderness. Having learned from the hermit I had advanced in my study—"In yonder light," said he, pointing to a small cloud in the east, which had been formed on the horizon by the haze of the desert, and was now faintly reflecting the splendors of the sunset—"in the midst of that light stands Mount Sinai, of whose glory thou hast read; upon whose summit was the scene of one of those awful revelations, in which the Almighty has renewed from time to time his communication with Man, and kept alive the remembrance of his own Providence in this world."

After a pause, as if absorbed in the immensity of the subject, the holy man continued his sublime theme. Looking back to the earliest annals of time, he showed how constantly every relapse of the human race into idolatry has been followed by some manifestation of Divine power, chastening the strong and good by punishment, and winning back the humble by love. It was to preserve, he said, unextinguished upon earth, that great and vital truth—the Creation of the world by one Supreme Being—that God chose, from among the nations, an humble and enslaved

* Palladius, who lived some time in Egypt, describes the monk Ptolemaus, who inhabited the desert of Scete, as collecting in earthen cups the abundant dew from the rocks.—*Ridderbus, Pat. tom. ii.*

† The brief sketch here given of the Jewish dispensation agrees very much with the view taken of it by Dr. Sumner, in the first chapters

race—that he brought them out of their captivity "on eagles' wings," and, still surrounding every step of their course with miracles, has placed them before the eyes of all succeeding generations, as the depositories of his will and the ever-during memorials of his power.†

Passing, then, in review the long train of inspired interpreters, whose pens and whose tongues were made the echoes of the Divine voice,† he traced throughout the events of successive ages, the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of Providence—darkness without, but all light and glory within. The glimpses of a coming redemption, visible even through the wrath of Heaven;—the long series of prophecy through which this hope runs, burning and alive, like a spark along a chain;—the slow and merciful preparation of the hearts of mankind for the great trial of their faith and obedience that was at hand, not only by miracles that appealed to the living, but by prophecies launched into the future to carry conviction to the yet unborn;—"through all these glorious and beneficent gradations we may track," said he, "the manifest footsteps of a Creator, advancing to his grand, ultimate end, the salvation of his creatures."

After some hours devoted to these holy instructions, we returned to the ravine, and Melanious left me at my cave; praying, as he parted from me—with a benevolence which I but ill, alas! deserved—that my soul might, under these lessons, be "as a watered garden," and, ere long, "bear fruits unto life eternal."

Next morning, I was again at my study, and even more eager in the awakening task than before. With the commentary of the Hermit freshly in my memory, I again read through, with attention, the Book of the Law. But in vain did I seek the promise of immortality in its pages.§ "It tells me," said I, "of a God coming down to of his eloquent work, the "Records of the Creation."

† In the original, the discourses of the Hermit are given much more at length.

§ "It is impossible to deny," says Dr. Sumner, "that the sanctions of the Mosaic Law are altogether temporal. . . . It is, indeed, one of the facts that can only be explained by
earth, but of the ascent of Man to heaven it speaks not. The rewards, the punishments it announces, lie all on this side of the grave; nor did even the Omnipotent offer to his own chosen servants a hope beyond the impassable limits of this world. Where, then, is the salvation of which the Christian spoke? or, if Death be at the root of the faith, can Life spring out of it?

Again, in the bitterness of disappointment, did I mock at my own willing self-delusion—again rail at the arts of that traitress, Fancy, ever ready, like the Delilah of this wondrous book, to steal upon the slumbers of Reason, and deliver him up, shorn and powerless, to his fates. If deception, thought I, be necessary, at least let me not practise it on myself;—in the desperate alternative before me, let me rather be even hypocrite than dupe.

These self-accusing reflections, cheerless as they rendered my task, did not abate, for a single moment, my industry in pursuing it. I read on and on, with a sort of sullen apathy, neither charmed by style, nor transported by imagery—the fatal blight in my heart having communicated itself to my imagination and taste. The curses and the blessings, the glory and the ruin, which the historian recorded and the prophet had predicted, seemed all of this world—all temporal and earthly. That mortality, of which the fountain-head had tasted, tinged the whole stream; and when I read the words, "all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again," a feeling, like the wind of the desert, came witheringly over me. Love, Beauty, Glory, every thing most bright and worshipped upon earth, appeared to be sinking before my eyes, under this dreadful doom, into one general mass of corruption and silence.

Possessed by the image of desolation I had thus called up, I laid my head acknowledging that he really acts under a Divine commission, promulgating a temporary law for a peculiar purpose,—a much more scandal and sensible way of treating this very difficult point, than by either endeavoring, like Warburton, to escape from it into a paradox, or, still worse, contriving, like Dr. Graves, to increase its difficulty by explanation.—Vide "On the Pentateuch." See also Horne's Introduction, &c., vol. 1. p. 226.

* While Voltaire, Volney, &c., refer to the upon the book, in a paroxysm of despair. Death in all his most ghastly varieties, passed before me; and I had continued thus for some time, as under the influence of a fearful vision, when the touch of a hand upon my shoulder roused me. Looking up, I saw the Anchoret standing by my side;—his countenance beamming with that sublime tranquillity, which a hope, beyond this earth, alone can bestow. How I did envy him!

We again took our way to the seat upon the mountain—the gloom within my own mind making everything around me more gloomy. Forgetting my hypocrisy—my feelings, I prevailed at once to make an avowal to him of all the doubts and fears which my study of the morning had awakened.

"Thou art yet, my son," he answered, "but on the threshold of our faith. Thou hast seen but the first rudiments of the Divine plan;—its full and consummate perfection hath not yet opened upon thy mind. However glorious that manifestation of Divinity on Mount Sinai, it was but the forerunner of another, still more glorious, which, in the fulness of time, was to burst upon the world; when all, that before had seemed dim and incomplete, was to be perfected, and the promises, shadowed out by the 'spirit of prophecy,' realized;—when the seal of silence, under which the Future had so long lain, was to be broken, and the glad tidings of life and immortality proclaimed to the world!"

Observing my features brighten at these words, the pious man continued. Anticipating some of the holy knowledge that was in store for me, he traced, through all its wonders and mercies, the great work of Redemption, dwelling in detail upon every miraculous circumstance connected with it—the exalted nature of the Being, by whose ministry it was accomplished, the noblest and first created of the Sons of God, inferior to Ecclesiastes, as abounding with tenets of materialism and Epicurism, M. Des Voeux and others find in it strong proofs of belief in a future state. The chief difficulty lies in the chapter from which this text is quoted; and the mode of construction by which some writers attempt to get rid of it—namely, by putting these texts into the mouth of a foolish reasoner—appears forced and gratuitous.—Vide Dr. Hale's Analysis.

† This opinion of the Hermit may be su-
only, to the one, self-existent Father;—
the mysterious incarnation of this heav-
ently messenger;—the miracles that au-
thenticated his divine mission;—the ex-
ample of obedience to God and love to
man, which he set, as a shining light,
before the world forever;—and, lastly,
and chiefly, his death and resurrection,
by which the covenant of mercy was
sealed, and "life and immortality
brought to light."

"Such," continued the Hermit, "was
the Mediator, promised through all
time, to 'make reconciliation for inqui-
ty,' to change death into life, and bring
'the healing of his wings' to a darkened
world. Such was the last crowning dis-
penation of that God of benevolence, in
whose hands sin and death are but in-
struments of everlasting good, and who,
through apparent evil and temporary re-
tribution, bringing all things 'out of
darkness into his marvellous light,' pro-
ceds watchfully and unchangingly to
the great, final object of his providence
—the restoration of the whole human
race to purity and happiness!"

With a mind astonished, if not touched,
poly to have been derived from his master,
Origen; but it is not easy to ascertain the ex-
act doctrine of Origen on this subject. In
the Treatise on Prayer attributed to him, he
asserts that God the Father alone should be
invoked—which, says Bayle, is to "encour-
sing the hypotheses des Soceities." Notwith-
standing this, however, and some other indi-
cations of, what was afterwards called, Arian-
ism, much of the spirit of the doctrine being
received by communication, which Miller
asserts to have been held by this Father.

Origen was one of the authorities quoted by
Athanasmus in support of his high doctrines of
e-ternity and co-essentiality. What Priestley
says is, perhaps, the best solution of these
inconsistencies:—"Origen, as well as Clemens
Alexandrians, has been thought to favor the
Arian principles; but he did it only in words,
and not in ideas."—Early Opinions, &c.
Whether uncertainty, however, there may
exist with respect to the opinion of Origen him-
self on this subject, there is no doubt that the
doctrines of his immediate followers were, at
least, Anti-Athanasian. "So many Bishops
of Africa," says Priestley, "were, at this
period (between the year 253 and 258) Unitari-
ans, that Athanasius says, 'Son of God'
—eaning his divinity—'was scarcely any
longer preached in the churches.'"

* This benevolent doctrine—which not only
goes far to solve the great problem of moral
and physical evil, but which would, if received
more generally, tend to soften the spirit of
uncharitableness, so fatally prevalent among
Christian sects—was maintained by that great

by these discourses, I returned to my
cave, and found the lamp, as before,
ready lighted to receive me. The vol-
ume which I had been hitherto studying,
was replaced by another, which lay open
upon the table, with a branch of fresh
palm between its leaves. Though I
could not doubt to whose gentle and
guardian hand I was indebted for this
invisible watchfulness over my studies,
there was yet a something in it, so like
spiritual interposition, that it struck me
with awe;—and never more than at this
moment, when, on approaching the vol-
ume, I saw, as the light glinted over
its silver letters,† that it was the very
Book of Life of which the Hermit had
spoken!

The midnight hymn of the Christians
had sounded through the valley, before
I had yet raised my eyes from that sac-
cred volume; and the second hour of
the sun found me again over its pages.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In this mode of existence I had now
passed some days;—my mornings de-
light of the early Church, Origen, and has not
wanted supporters among more modern Theo-
lologists. That Tillotson was inclined to the
opinion appears from his sermon preached be-
fore the queen. Paley is supposed to have
held the same amiable doctrine; and Newton
(the author of the work on the Prophecies) is
also among the supporters of it. For a full
account of the arguments in favor of this opin-
ion, derived both from reason and the express
language of Scripture, see Dr. Southwood
Smith's very interesting work, "On the Divine
Government." See also Hughes an Atonement,
where the doctrine of the advocates of Uni-
versal Restoration is thus briefly, and, I believe,
fairly explained:—"Beginning with the exist-
ence of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good
Being, as the first and fundamental principle of
rational religion, they pronounce the essence of
this Being to be love, and from this infer, as
demonstrable consequence, that none of the
creatures formed by such a Being will ever be
made eternally miserable. . . . Since God
they say) would act unjustly in inflicting
eternal misery for temporary crimes, the suffer-
ing of the wicked can be but remedial, and
will terminate in a complete purification from
moral disorder, and in their ultimate restora-
tion to virtue and happiness.

† The Codex Cottonianus of the New Testa-
ment is written in silver letters on a purple
ground. The Codex Cottonianus of the Sep-
tangent version of the Old Testament is sup-
posed to be the identical copy that belonged to
Origen.
voted to reading, my nights to listening, under the wide canopy of heaven, to the holy eloquence of Melanias. The perseverance with which I inquired, and the quickness with which I learned, soon succeeded in deceiving my benevolent instructor, who mistook curiosity for zeal, and knowledge for belief. Alas! cold, and barren, and earthly was that knowledge—the word without the spirit, the shape without the life. Even when, as a relief from hypocrisy, I persuaded myself that I believed, it was but a brief delusion, a faith, whose hope crumbled at the touch—like the fruit of the desert-shrub, * shining and empty!

But, though my soul was still dark, the good Hermit saw not into its depths. The very facility of my belief, which might have suggested some doubt of its sincerity, was but regarded, by his innocent zeal, as a more signal triumph of the truth. His own ingenuousness led him to a ready trust in others; and the examples of such conversions as that of the philosopher, Justin, who, during a walk by the sea-shore, received the light into his soul, had prepared him for illuminations of the spirit, even more rapid than mine.

During all this time, I neither saw nor heard of Alethe;—nor could my patience have endured through so long a privation, had not those mute vestiges of her presence, that welcomed me every night on my return, made me feel that I was still living under her gentle influence, and that her sympathy hung round every step of my progress. Once, too, when I ventured to speak her name to Melanias, though he answered not my inquiry, there was a smile, I thought of promise upon his countenance, which love, far more alive than faith, was ready to interpret as it desired.

At length—it was on the sixth or seventh evening of my solitude, when I lay resting at the door of my cave, after the study of the day—I was startled by hearing my name called loudly from the opposite rocks; and looking up, saw, upon the cliff near the deserted grottoes, Melanias and—oh! I could not doubt—my Alethe by his side!

Though I had never, since the first night of my return from the desert, ceased to flatter myself with the fancy that I was still living in her presence, the actual sight of her once more made me feel for what a long age we had been separated. She was clothed all in white, and, as she stood in the last remains of the sunshine, appeared to me too prophetic fancy like a parting spirit, whose last footsteps on earth that pure glory encircled.

With a delight only to be imagined, I saw them descend the rocks, and, placing themselves in the boat, proceed directly towards my cave. To disguise from Melanias the mutual delight with which we again met was impossible;—nor did Alethe even attempt to make a secret of her joy. Though blushing at her own happiness, as little could her frank nature conceal it, as the clear waters of Ethiopia can hide their gold. Every look, every word, bespoke a fulness of affection, to which, doubtful as I was of our tenure of happiness, I knew not how to respond.

I was not long, however, left ignorant of the bright fate that awaited me; but, as we wandered or rested among the rocks, learned everything that had been arranged since our parting. She had made the Hermit, I found, acquainted with all that had passed between us; had told him, without reserve, every incident of our voyage—the avowals, the demonstrations of affection on one side, and the deep sentiment that gratitude had awakened on the other. Too wise to regard affections so natural with severity—knowing that they were of heaven, and but made evil by man—the good Hermit had heard of our attachment with pleasure; and, fully satisfied as to the honor and purity of my views, by the fidelity with which I had delivered my trust into his hands, said, in my affection for the young orphan, but a providential resource against that friendless solitude in which his death must soon leave her.

As, listening eagerly, I collected these particulars from their discourse, I could hardly trust my ears. It seemed a happiness too great to be true, to be real; nor can words convey an idea of the joy, the shame, the wonder with which I listened, while the holy man himself declared that he awaited but the moment,
when he should find me worthy of becoming a member of the Christian Church, to give me also the hand of Alethe in that sacred union, which alone sanctifies love, and makes the faith, which it pledges, holy. It was but yesterday, he added, that his young charge, herself, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, had been admitted, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into the bosom of the faith;—and the white garment she wore, and the ring of gold on her finger,* "were symbols," he added, "of that New Life into which she had been initiated."

I raised my eyes to hers as he spoke, but withdrew them again, dazzled and confused. Even her beauty, to my imagination, seemed to have undergone some brightening change; and the contrast between that open and happy countenance, and the unblest brow of the infidel that stood before her, abashed me into a sense of unworthiness, and almost checked my rapture.

To that night, however, I look back, as an epoch in my existence. It proved that sorrow is not the only awakener of devotion, but that joy may sometimes quicken the holy spark into life. Returning to my cave, with a heart full, even to oppression, of its happiness, I could find no other relief to my overcharged feelings, than that of throwing myself on my knees, and uttering, for the first time in my life, a heartfelt prayer, that if, indeed, there was a Being who watched over mankind, he would send down one ray of his truth into my darkened soul, and make it worthy of the blessings, both here and hereafter, proffered to it!

My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the Hermit and Alethe never failed to visit my now charmed cave, where her smile left, at each parting, a light that lasted till her return. Then, our rambles, together, by starlight, over the mountain; our pauses, from time to time, to contemplate the wonders of the bright heaven above us; our repose by the cistern of the rock; and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher;—all, all was happiness of the most heartfelt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold lingering doubts, that still hung, like a mist, around my heart, could neither cloud nor chill.

As soon as the moonlight nights returned, we used to venture into the desert; and those sands, which had lately looked so desolate, in my eyes, now assumed even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe, every thing was a source of enjoyment. For her, even the desert had its jewels and flowers; and, sometimes, her delight was to search among the sands for those beautiful pebbles of jasper that abound in them;—sometimes her eyes would sparkle with pleasure on finding, perhaps, a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter, scarlet flowers, that lend their dry mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good Hermit took a share—mingling occasionally with them the reflections of a benevolent piety, that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth, "God is Love," written legibly everywhere.

Such was, for a few weeks, my blissful life. Oh, mornings of hope! oh, nights of happiness! with what melancholy pleasure do I retrace your flight, and how reluctantly pass to the sad events that followed!

During this time, in compliance with the wishes of Melanius, who seemed unwilling that I should become wholly estranged from the world, I used occasionally to pay a visit to the neighbor-

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*See, for the custom among the early Christians of wearing white for a few days after baptism, *Aubrea de Myst.*—With respect to the ring, Bishop of Liucci says, in his work on Tertullian, "The natural inference from these words (Tert. de Pudicitia) appears to be, that a ring used to be given in baptism, but I have found no other trace of such a custom."

† Vide Clarke.

‡ "Les Mesembryanthemum nodiforum" et *Zygophyllum coccineum*, plantes grasses des déserts, rejetées, à cause de leur acéty, par les chameaux, les chèvres, et les gazelles."—M. Delile upon the Plants of Egypt.
ing city, Antinoë,* which, being the capital of the Thebaid, is the centre of all the luxury of Upper Egypt. But here, so changed was my every feeling by the all-absorbing passion which now possessed me, that I sauntered along, wholly uninterested by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and, sighing for that rocky solitude where my Aelthe breathed, felt this to be the wilderness, and that the world.

Even the thoughts of my own native Athens, that at every step were called up, by the light Grecian architecture of this imperial city, did not awaken one single regret in my heart—one wish to exchange even an hour of my desert for the best luxuries and honors that awaited me in the Garden. I saw the arches of triumph;—I walked under the superb portico, which encircles the whole city with its marble shade;—I stood on the Circus of the Sun, by whose rose-colored pillars the mysterious movements of the Nile are measured;—on all these proud monuments of glory and art, as well as on the gay multitude that enlivened them, I looked with an unheeding eye. If they awakened in me any thought, it was the mournful idea, that one day, like Thieles and Heliopolis, this pageant would pass away, leaving nothing behind but a few mouldering ruins—like sea-shells found where the ocean has been—to tell that the great tide of Life was once there!

But, though indifferent thus to all that had formerly attracted me, there were subjects, once alien to my heart, on which it was now most tremblingly alive; and some rumors which had reached me, in one of my visits to the city, of an expected change in the policy of the Emperor towards the Christians, filled my mind with apprehensions as new as they were dreadful to me.

The toleration and even favor which the Christians enjoyed, during the first four years of the reign of Valerian, had removed from them all fear of a renewal of those horrors, which they had experienced under the rule of his predecessor, Decius. Of late, however, some less friendly dispositions had manifested themselves. The bigots of the court, taking alarm at the rapid spread of the new faith, had succeeded in filling the mind of the monarch with that religious jealousy, which is the ever-ready parent of cruelty and injustice. Among these counsellors of evil was Macrianus, the Praetorian Prefect, who was, by birth, an Egyptian, and had long made himself notorious—so akin is superstition to intolerance—by his addiction to the dark practices of demon-worship and magic.

From this minister, who was now high in the favor of Valerian, the new measures of severity against the Christians were expected to emanate. All tongues, in all quarters, were busy with the news. In the streets, in the public gardens, on the steps of the temples, I saw, everywhere, groups of inquirers collected, and heard the name of Macrianus upon every tongue. It was dreadful, too, to observe, in the countenances of those who spoke, the variety of feeling with which the rumor was discussed, according as they feared or desired its truth—according as they were likely to be among the torturers or the victims.

Alarmed, though still ignorant of the whole extent of the danger, I hurried back to the ravine, and, going at once to the grotto of Melanius, detailed to him every particular of the intelligence I had collected. He listened to me with a composure, which I mistook, alas! for confidence in his own security; and, naming the hour for our evening walk, retired into his grotto.

At the accustomed time, accompanied by Aelthe, he came to my cave. It was evident that he had not communicated to her the intelligence which I had brought, for never hath brow worn such happiness as that which now played around hers:—it was, alas! not of this earth. Melanius, himself, though composed, was thoughtful; and the solemnity, almost approaching to melancholy, with which he placed the hand of Aelthe in mine—in the performance, too, of a ceremony that ought to have filled my heart with joy—saddened and alarmed me. This ceremony was our betrothal, the act of uniting our faith to each other, which we now solemnized on the rock before the door of my cave, in the face of that calm, sunset heaven,

* Vide Savary and Quatremère.
whose one star stood as our witness. After a blessing from the Hermit upon our spousal pledge, I placed the ring—the earnest of our future union—on her finger; and, in the blush, with which she surrendered to me her whole heart at that instant, forgot every thing but my happiness, and felt secure even against fate!

We took our accustomed walk, that evening, over the rocks and on the desert. So bright was the moon—more like the daylight, indeed, of other climes—that we could plainly see the tracks of the wild antelopes in the sand; and it was not without a slight tremble of feeling in his voice, as if some melancholy analogy occurred to him as he spoke, that the good Hermit said, "I have observed, in the course of my walks,* that wherever the track of that gentle animal appears, there is, almost always, found the foot-print of a beast of prey near it." He regained, however, his usual cheerfulness before we parted, and fixed the following evening for an excursion, on the other side of the ravine, to a point, looking, he said, "towards that northern region of the desert, where the hosts of the Lord encamped in their departure out of bondage."

Though, when Alethe was present, all my fears even for herself were forgotten in that perpetual element of happiness, which encircled her like the air that she breathed, no sooner was I alone, than vague terrors and bodings crowded upon me. In vain did I endeavor to reason away my fears, by dwelling only on the most cheering circumstances—on the reverence with which Melaninus was regarded, even by the Pagans, and the inviolate security with which he had lived through the most perilous periods, not only safe himself, but affording sanctuary in the depths of his grottoes to others. Though somewhat calmed by these considerations, yet, when at length I sunk off to sleep, dark, horrible dreams took possession of my mind. Scenes of death and of torment passed confusedly before me; and, when I awoke, it was with the fearful impression that all these horrors were real.

CHAPTER XIX.

At length, the day dawned—that dreadful day! Impatient to be relieved from my suspense, I threw myself into my boat—the same in which we had performed our happy voyage—and, as fast as oars could speed me, hurried away to the city. I found the suburbs silent and solitary, but, as I approached the Forum, loud yells, like those of barbarians in combat, struck on my ear, and, when I entered it—great God, what a spectacle presented itself! The imperial edict against the Christians had arrived during the night, and already the wild fury of bigotry was let loose.

Under a canopy, in the middle of the Forum, was the tribunal of the Governor. Two statues—one of Apollo, the other of Osiris—stood at the bottom of the steps that led up to his judgment-seat. Before these idols were shrines, to which the devoted Christians were dragged from all quarters by the soldiers and mob, and there compelled to recant, by throwing incense into the flame, or, on their refusal, hurried away to torture and death. It was an appalling scene;—the consternation, the cries of some of the victims—the pale, silent resolution of others;—the fierce shouts of a laugh that broke from the multitude, when the dropping of the frankincense on the altar proclaimed some denier of Christ; and the fiend-like triumph with which the courageous confessors, who avowed their faith, were led away to the flames;—never could I have conceived such an assemblage of horrors!

Though I gazed but for a few minutes, in those minutes I felt and fancied enough for years. Already did the form of Alethe appear to fit before me through that tumult;—I heard them shout her name; her shriek fell on my ear; and the very thought so pallsied me

* "Je remarquai, avec une réflexion triste, qu’un animal de proie accompagne presque toujours les pas de celui de l’Aphrodite."—

† "These Christians who sacrificed to idols to save themselves were called by various names, Thusrificati, Sacrificati, Mittentes, Nega-tores, &c. Baronius mentions a bishop of this period, called Macellinus, who yielding to the threats of the Gentiles, threw incense upon the altar.—Vide Arnob. contra Gent. lib. vii.
with terror, that I stood fixed and statue-like on the spot.

Recollecting, however, the fearful preciousness of every moment, and that—perhaps, at this very instant—some emissaries of blood might be on their way to the Grottoes, I rushed wildly out of the Forum, and made my way to the quay.

The streets were now crowded; but I ran headlong through the multitude, and was already under the portico leading down to the river—already saw the boat that was to bear me to Alethe—when a Centurion stood sternly in my path, and I was surrounded and arrested by soldiers! It was in vain that I implored, that I struggled with them as for life, assuring them that I was a stranger—that I was an Athenian—that I was—not a Christian. The precipitation of my flight was sufficient evidence against me, and unrelentingly, and by force, they bore me away to the quarters of their Chief.

It was enough to drive me at once to madness! Two hours, two frightful hours, was I kept waiting the arrival of the Tribune of their Legion—my brain burning with a thousand fears and imaginations, which every passing minute made but more likely to be realized. All I could collect, too, from the conversations of those around me, but added to the agonizing apprehensions with which I was racked. Troops, it was said, had been sent in all directions through the neighborhood, to bring in the rebellious Christians, and make them bow before the Gods of the Empire. With horror, too, I heard of Ocreus—Ocreus, the High Priest of Memphis—as one of the principal instigators of this sanguinary edict, and as hero present in Antinoüs, animating and directing its execution.

In this state of torture I remained till the arrival of the Tribune. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had not perceived his entrance;—till, hearing a voice, in a tone of friendly surprise, exclaim, "Alciphrion!" I looked up, and in this legionary Chief recognized a young Roman of rank, who had held a military command, the year before, at Athens, and was one of the most distinguished visitors of the Garden. It was no time, however, for courtesies:—he was proceeding with all cordiality to greet me, but, having heard him order my instant release, I could wait for no more. Acknowledging his kindness but by a grasp of the hand, I flew off, like one frantic, through the streets, and in a few minutes, was on the river.

My sole hope had been to reach the Grottoes before any of the detached parties should arrive, and, by a timely flight across the desert, rescue, at least, Alethe from their fury. The ill-fated delay that had occurred rendered this hope almost desperate; but the tranquillity I found everywhere as I proceeded down the river, and my fond confidence in the sacredness of the Hermit's retreat, kept my heart from sinking altogether under its terrors.

Between the current and my ears, the boat flew, with the speed of the wind, along the waters, and I was already near the rocks of the ravine, when I saw, turning out of the canal into the river, a barge crowded with people, and glittering with arms! How did I ever survive the shock of that sight? The oars dropped, as if struck out of my hands, into the water, and I sat, helplessly gazing, as that terrific vision approached. In a few minutes, the current brought us together;—and I saw, on the deck of the barge, Alethe herself and the Hermit surrounded by soldiers!

We were already passing each other, when, with a desperate effort, I sprang from my boat and lighted upon the edge of their vessel. I knew not what I did, for despair was my only prompter. Snatching at the sword of one of the soldiers, as I stood tottering on the edge, I had succeeded in wresting it out of his hands, when, at the same moment, I received a thrust of a lance from one of his comrades, and fell backward into the river. I can just remember rising again and making a grasp at the side of the vessel;—but the shock, and the faintness from my wound, deprived me of all consciousness, and a shriek from Alethe, as I sank, is all I can recollect of what followed.

Would I had then died!—Yet, no, Almighty Being—I should have died in darkness, and I have lived to know Thee!
On returning to my senses, I found myself reclined on a couch, in a splen- 
did apartment, the whole appearance of which being Grecian, I, for a moment, 
forgot all that had passed and imagined 
myself in my own home at Athens. But 
too soon the whole dreadful certainty 
flashed upon me; and, starting wildly 
—disabled as I was—from my couch, I 
called loudly, and with the shriek of a 
maniac, upon Alethe.

I was in the house, I then found, of 
my friend and disciple, the young Tri- 
bune, who had made the Governor ac- 
quainted with my name and condition, 
and had received me under his roof 
when brought, bleeding and insensible, 
to Antimét. From him I now learned 
at once—for I could not wait for details 
—the sum of all that had happened in 
that dreadful interval. Melanias was 
no more—Alethe still alive, but in prison!

“Take me to her”—I had but time 
to say—“take me to her instantly, and 
let me die by her side”—when, nature 
again failing under such shocks, I re- 
lapsed into insensibility. In this state 
I continued for near an hour, and, on 
recovering, found the Tribune by my 
side. The horrors, he said, of the Fo- 
rum were, for that day, over,—but what 
the morrow might bring, he shuddered to 
contemplate. His nature, it was 
plain, revolted from the inhuman duties 
in which he was engaged. Touched by 
the agency he saw me suffer, he, in 
some degree, relieved them, by promis- 
ing that I should, at nightfall, be con- 
voyed to the prison, and, if possible, 
through his influence, gain access to 
Alethe. She might yet, he added, be 
saved, could I succeed in persuading 
her to comply with the terms of the 
edict, and make sacrifice to the Gods. — 
“Otherwise,” said he, “there is no 
hope;—the vindictive Orcus, who has 
resisted even this short respite of mercy, 
will, to-morrow, inexorably demand his 
prey.”

He then related to me, at my own re- 
quest—though every word was torture 
—all the harrowing details of the pro- 
ceeding before the Tribunal. “I have 
seen courage,” said he, “in its noblest 
forms, in the field; but the calm intre- 
pidity with which that aged hermit en- 
dured torments—which it was hardly 
less torment to witness—surpassed all 
that I could have conceived of human 
fortitude!”

My poor Alethe, too—in describing to 
me her conduct, the brave man wept 
like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at 
first by her apprehensions for my safety, 
she had given way to a full burst of 
womanly weakness. But no sooner was 
she brought before the Tribunal, and 
the declaration of her faith was de- 
manded of her, than a spirit almost su- 
pernatural seemed to animate her whole 
form. “She raised her eyes,” said he, 
“calmly, but with fervor, to heaven, 
while a blush was the only sign of mor- 
tal feeling on her features;—and the 
clear, sweet, and untroubling voice, 
with which she pronounced her own 
doim, in the words, ‘I am a Christian!’ 
sent a thrill of admiration and pity 
throughout the multitude. Her youth, 
her loveliness, affected all hearts, and a 
cry of ‘Save the young maiden!’ was 
heard in all directions.”

The implacable Orcus, however, would 
not hear of mercy. Resenting, as it ap- 
ppeared, with all his deadliest rancor, not 
only her own escape from his toils, but 
the aid with which she had, so fatally to 
his views, assisted mine, he demanded 
loudly and in the name of the insulted 
sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It 
was but by the firm intervention of the 
Governor, who shared the general sym- 
pathy in her fate, that the delay of an- 
other day was granted to give a chance 
to the young maiden of yet recalling 
her confession, and thus affording some pre- 
text for saving her.

Even in yielding, with evident reluct- 
ance, to this respite, the inhuman Priest 
would yet accompany it with some 
mark of his vengeance. Whether for 
the pleasure (observed the Tribune) of 
mingling mockery with his cruelty, or 
as a warning to her of the doom she 
must ultimately expect, he gave orders 
that there should be tied round her 
brow one of those chaplets of coral,

* The merit of the confession “Christians sum,” or “Christianam sum,” was considerably 
enhanced by the clearness and distinctness

* Eusebius mentions the martyr Vetius as making it

† Une “de ces couronnes de grain de corail,
with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom;—"and, thus fearfully adorned," said he, "she was led away, amidst the gaze of the pitying multitude, to prison."

With these harrowing details the short interval till nightfall—every minute of which seemed an age—was occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter—my wound, though not dangerous, requiring such a conveyance—and, under the guidance of my friend, I was conducted to the prison. Through his interest with the guard, we were without difficulty admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her. She was half reclining, with her face hid beneath her hands, upon a couch—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha, that hung from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image was a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost shuddered. Its reality near mine own, my own, happy Alethe! can it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?

She now slowly, and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch, on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes which, when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy, for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

After wandering for a minute vaguely, her eyes at length rested upon me—and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. "My husband! my love!" she exclaimed; "oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready!" In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

"Alethe!" I cried—terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang—and, as if the sound of my voice had reanimated her, she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot entirely the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the warmth, the affection, the devotedness, with which she spoke—oh how, at any other moment, I would have blessed, have lingered upon every word!

But the time flew fast—that dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer—the flames, the racks, the wheels, were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

Shrinking from me, as I spoke—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach—"What, thou, too!" she said mournfully—"thou, into whose inmost spirit I had fondly hoped the same light had entered as into my own! So never be thou leagued with them who would tempt me to make shipwreck of my faith! Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not, I entreat thee, thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded—die for the Truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard together on those nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us—when even the
THE EPICURIAN.

gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the glad conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in its blessings;—shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?

"No, my own betrothed," she continued—pointing to the two rings on her finger—"behold these pledges—they are hallowed. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven,—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that 'inheritance, immortal and undefiled,' which Mercy offers, and that thou—and my dear mother—and I—"

She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished;—and there came a dreadful, her features, a livid darkness—like the approach of death—that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips—"Believe me," she continued, "not all the torments they are preparing for me—not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, to which they will hardly find an equal—could be half so dreadful to me as the thought that I leave thee, without—"

Here her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt—\(\ldots\) saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not;—but the Tribune came rushing into the chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "It is but too true!"

He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow* was—oh horrible!—a compound of the most deadly poison—the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to unite that fatal wreath—but it would not come away—\(\ldots\) it would not come away!

Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and, seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervor, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away;—there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.

* We find poisonous crowns mentioned by Pliny, under the designation of "corona ferulea." Paschalis, too, gives the following account of these "deadly garlands," as he calls them:—"\(\ldots\) Sed mirum est tam salutarem invention humanae nequitiae reperisse, quomodo ad nefarios usus tradactem. Nempe, repertae sunt nefandae corona haram, quas dixi, tam salubriam per nomen quidem et speciem imitatrix, ut nemo et efferita ferales, atque adeo culpitis, cui impression, interficicess."—De Corone...
LETTER I.
FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS.

Well may you wonder at my flight
From those fair Gardens, in whose bowers
Lingers whate’er of wise and bright,
Of Beauty’s smile or Wisdom’s light,
Is left to grace this world of ours.
Well may my comrades, as they roam,
On such sweet eves as this, inquire
Why I have left that happy home
Where all is found that all desire,
And Time hath wings that never tire;
Where bliss, in all the countless shapes,
That Fancy’s self to bliss hath given,
Comes clustering round, like road-side grapes.
That woo the traveller’s lip, at even;
Where Wisdom flings not joy away—
As Pallas in the stream, they say,
Once flung her flute—but smiling owns
That woman’s lip can send forth tones
Worth all the music of these spheres
So many dream of, but none hears;
Where Virtue’s self puts on so well
Her sister Pleasure’s smile, that, loath
From either nymph apart to dwell,
We finish by embracing both.

Yes, such the place of bliss, I own,
From all whose charms I just have flown;
And even while thus to thee I write,
And by the Nile’s dark flood recede,
Finally, in thought, I wing my flight
Back to those groves and gardens bright,
And often think, by this sweet light,
How lovelily they all must shine;
Can see that graceful temple throw
Down the green slope its lengthen’d shade,
While, on the marble steps below,
There sits some fair Athenian maid,
Over some favorite volume bending;
And, by her side, a youthful sage
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,
Would else o’ershadow all the page.
But hence such thoughts!—nor let me grieve
O’er scenes of joy that I but leave,
As the bird quits awhile its nest
To come again with livelier zest.
And now to tell thee—what I fear
Thou’lt gravely smile at—why I’m here.
Though through my life’s short, sunny dream,
I’ve floated without pain or care,
Like a light leaf, down pleasure’s stream,
Caught in each sparkling eddy there;
Though never Mirth awaked a strain
That my heart echoed not again;
Yet have I felt, when even most gay,
Sad thoughts—I knew not whence or
Suddenly o’er my spirit fly, [why—
Like clouds, that, ere we’ve time to say
“How bright the sky is!” shade the sky.
Sometimes so vague, so undefined,
Were these strange dark’nings of my mind—[beam’d—
While naught but joy around me
So causelessly they’ve come and flown.
That not of life or earth they seem’d,
But shadows from some world unknown.
More off, however, ’twas the thought
How soon that scene, with all its play
Of life and gladness, must decay—
Those lips I press’d, the hands I caught—
Myself—the crowd that mirth had brought
Around me—swept like weeds away!
This thought it was that came to shed
O’er rapture’s hour its worst alloys;
And, close as shade with sunshine, wed
Its sadness with my happiest joys.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice,
Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's
But for this bitter—only this—[pray;
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to hea'n, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a Deity! 

Thou know'st that night—the very last
That 'mong my Garden friends I pass'd—
When the School held its feast of mirth
To celebrate our founder's birth,
And all that He in dreams but saw
When he set Pleasure on the throne
Of this bright world, and wrote her law
In human hearts, was felt and known—
Not in unreal dreams, but true
Substantial joy as pulse e'er knew—
By hearts and bosoms, that each felt
Itself the realm where Pleasure dwelt.

That night, when all our mirth was o'er,
The minstrels silent, and the feet
Of the young maidens heard no more—
So stilly was the time, so sweet,
And such a calm came o'er that scene,
Where life and revel late had been—
Lone as the quiet of some bay,
From which the sea hath ebb'd away—
That still I linger'd, lost in thought,
Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, 'mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.

That night—thou happy may'st forget
Its loveliness—but 'twas a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
Leaving a world so soft and bright.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Mong stars that came out one by one,

There could to earth some power be brought,
Some charu, with their own essence fraught,
To make man deathless as a star;
And open to his vast desires
A course, as boundless and sublime
As that which waits those comet-fires,
That burn and roam throughout all time!

While thoughts like these absorb'd my mind,
That weariness which earthly bliss,
However sweet, still leaves behind,
As if to show how earthly 'tis,
Came hulling o'er me, and I laid
My limbs at that fair statue's base—
That miracle, which Art hath made
Of all the choice of Nature's grace—
To which so oft I've knelt and sworn,
That, could a living maid like her
Unto this wondering world be born,
I would, myself, turn worshipper.

Sleep came then o'er me—and I seem'd
To be transported far away
To a bleak desert plain, where gleam'd
One single, melancholy ray,
Throughout that darkness dimly shed
From a small taper in the hand
Of one, who, pale as are the dead,
Before me took his spectral stand,
And said, while, awfully, a smile
Came o'er the wanness of his cheek—
"Go, and beside the sacred Nile
You'll find 'th Eternal Life you seek."

Soon as he spoke these words, the hue
Of death o'er all his features grew,
Like the pale morning, when o'er night
She gains the victory, full of light;
While the small torch he held became
A glory in his hand, whose flame
Brighten'd the desert suddenly,
Even to the far horizon's line—
Along whose level I could see
Gardens and groves, that seem'd to shine,
As if then o'er them freshly play'd
A sernal rainbow's rich cascade;
And music floated everywhere,
Circling, as 'twere itself the air,
And spirits, on whose wings the hue
Of heaven still linger'd, round me flew,
Till from all sides such splendors broke,
That, with the excess of light, I woke

mother

[romance

Among her living Jewels—shone

Oh that from yonder orbs," I thought,
"Pure and eternal as they are,
Such was my dream;—and, I confess,
Though none of all our creedless School
E'er conn'd, believed, or reverenced less
The fables of the priest-ied fool,
Who tells us of a soul, a mind,
Separate and pure, within us shrined,
Which is to live—ah, hope too bright!—
Forever in you fields of light;
Who fondly thinks the guardian eyes
Of Gods are on him—as if, blest
And blooming in their own blue skies,
The eternal Gods were not too wise
To let weak man disturb their rest!—
Though thinking of such creeds as thou
And all our Garden sages think,
Yet is there something, I allow,
In dreams like this—a sort of link
With worlds unseen, which, from the hour
I first could lisp my thoughts till now,
Hath master'd me with spell-like power.

And who can tell, as we're combined
Of various atoms—some refined,
Like those that scintillate and play
In the fix'd stars—some, gross as they
That frown in clouds or sleep in clay—
Who can be sure, but 'tis the best
And brightest atoms of our frame,
Those most akin to stellar flame,
That shine out thus, when we're at rest;—
Ev'n as the stars themselves, whose light
Comes out but in the silent night.
Or is it that there lurks, indeed,
Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,
And that our Guardians, from on high,
Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
To put the senses' curtain by
And on the wakeful soul look in!

Vain thought!—but yet, how'er it be,
Dreams, more than once, have proved
Oracles, truer far than Oak,
[To me
Or Dove, or Tripod, ever spoke,
And 'twas the words—thou'lt hear and
smile—[Speak—
The words that phantom seem'd to
"Go, and beside the sacred Nile
"You'll find the Eternal Life you
seek—"
That, haunting me by night, by day,
At length, as with the unseen hand
Of Fate itself, urged me away
From Athens to this Holy Land;
Where, mong the secrets, still untaught,
The myst'ries that, as yet, nor sun
Nor eye hath reach'd—oh, blessed
thought!—
May sleep this everlasting one.

Farewell—when to our Garden friends
Thou talk'dst of the wild dream that sends
The gayest of their school thus far,
Wandering beneath Canopus' star,
Tell them that, wander where he will,
Or, howsoe'er they now condemn
His vague and vain pursuit, he still
Is worthy of the School and them;—
Still, all their own—nor e'er forgets
Ev'n while his heart and soul pursue
Th' Eternal Light which never sets,
The many meteor joys that do,
But seeks them, hails them with delight,
Where'er they meet his longing sight.
And, if his life must wane away,
Like other lives, at least the day,
The hour it lasts shall, like a fire
With incense fed, in sweets expire.

LETTER II.
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.
Memphis.
'Tis true, alas—the myst'ries and the lore
I came to study on this wondrous shore,
Are all forgotten in the new delights,
The strange, wild joys that fill my days
And nights.
Instead of dark, dull oracles that speak
From subterranean temples, those I seek
Come from the breathing shrines where
Beauty lives,
[Give.
And Love, her priest, the soft responses
Instead of honoring Isis in those rites
At Coptos held, I hail her, when she
Lights
[Stream—
Her first young crescent on the holy
When wandering youths and maidens
watch her beam,
[Run,
And number o'er the nights she hath to
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom
Sun,
[Lend.
While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly
A clue into past times, the student
Bends,
[to tread
And by its glimmering guidance learns
Back through the shadowy knowledge
Of the dead—
The only skill, alas, I yet can claim.
Lies in deciphering some new lorea
One's name—[Place,
Some gentle missive, hinting time and
In language, soft as Memphian reed can
Trace.
And where—oh where's the heart that could withstand [born land, Th' unnumber'd witcheries of this sun—Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurled, [world ] And Love hath temples ancient as the Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn, [adorn; Physy like most dwells rains. From bower, cast.]

Where And Where Malting Hides The Of This And That Hath Glitt'ring And 'Mong Among Glittering shrines and marble cities, on each Glittering like jewels strung along a chain, [plain Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er And valley, like a giant from his bed Rising with outstretch'd limbs, hath —grandly spread; [as clear While far as sight can reach, beneath And blue a heaven as ever bless'd our sphere, [physy domes, Gardens and pillar'd streets, and ports—And high-built temples, fit to be the homes [hour Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make One theatre of this vast, peoples lake, Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives Of life and motion, ever moves and lives. Here, up the steps of temples from the wave Ascending, in procession slow and grave, Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands [hands; And silver cymbals gleaming in their While there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts Far off beyond the sounding cataracts— Glide, with their precious lading to the sea, Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory, Gems from the Isle of Meroe, and those grains [rains. Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian Here, where the waters wind into a bay Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way To Sa's or Bubastus, among beds Of lotus flowers, that close above their heads, [bower, Push their light barks, and there, as in a Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour; Oft dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat, [most sweet— That leaf, from which its waters drink While haply, not far off, beneath a bank Of blossoming acacias, many a prank Is play'd in the cool current by a train Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she,* whose chain [cast, Around two conquerors of the world was But, for a third too feeble, broke at last. For oh, believe not them, who dare tobrand. [land. As poor in charms, the women of this Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows Through every vein, and tinges as it goes, 'Tis but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells [dwell— How rich within the soul of ripeness The hue their own dark sanctuaries wear, [glimpses there. Announcing heaven in half-caught And never yet did tell-tale looks set free The secret of young hearts more tenderly, [languid fall Such eyes!—long, shadowy, with that Of the fringed lids, which may be seen in all [rays— Who live beneath the sun's too ardent Lending such looks as, on their marriage days, [groom's gaze; Young maids cast down before a bride— Then for their grace—mark but the nymph-like shapes [grapes Of the young village girls, when carrying From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers— [hours, Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest E'er imaged forth, even at the touch of him Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb; [like these, Then, canst thou wonder if, 'mid scenes I should forget all graver mysteries,

* Cleopatra. Apelles.
All lore but Love's, all secrets but that best
In heaven or earth, the art of being
Yet are there times—though brief, I own, their stay—
Like Summer clouds that shine them Moments of gloom, when even these pleasures pall!
Upon my sad'ning heart, and I recall
That Garden dream—that promise of a power—
Half's hour, Oh, were there such!—to lengthen out
On, on, as through a vista, far away
Opening before us into endless day!
And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening—bright as ever
Light's golden farewell to the world—

There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hushing In the still air that circled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise, and brave,
And beautiful, had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders—and I said,
Are things eternal only for the Dead?
Hath man no lofter hope than this, which dooms
His only lasting trophies to be tombs?
But tis not so—earth, heaven, all nature shows
He may become immortal—may un
The wings within him wrapt, and proudly rise,
Skies!
Redeem'd from earth, a creature of the
And who can say, among the written spells
From Hermes' hand, that, in these
Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be
Some secret clue to immortality,—
Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire

* See Notes on the Epicurean.

"Awake within us, never to expire!
"Tis known that, on the Emerald Table,* bid
"For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,
"The Thrice-Great did himself engrave, of old,
"The chymic mystery that gives end-
"And why may not this mightier secret dwell [who can tell
"Within the same dark chambers?
"But that those kings, who, by the written skill [gold at will,
"Of th' Emerald Table, call'd forth
"And quaries upon quaries heap'd and hurl'd, [stand the world—
"To build them domes that might out-
"Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which shares [theirs—
"The life of Gods with man, was also
"That they themselves, triumphant o'er the power [hour;
"Of fate and death, are living at this
"And these, the giant homes they still possess,
"Not tombs, but everlasting palaces.

Within whose depths, hid from the world above, [they love,
Even now they wander, with the few
Through subterranean gardens, by a light [dawn nor night!
Unknown on earth, which hath nor
Else, why those deathless structures why the grand [land?
And hidden halls, that undermine this
Why else hath none of earth e'er dared to go [realm below,
Through the dark windings of that
Nor aught from heav'n itself, except the God [rhythms trod?
Of Silence, through those endless labors
Thus did I dream—wild, wandering dreams, I own,
But such as haunt me ever, if alone,
Or in that pause, 'twixt joy and joy I be,
Like a ship hush'd between two waves at sea, [the sound
Then do these spirit whisperings, like
Of the Dark Future, come appalling round; [me then,
Nor can I break the trance that holds
Till high o'er Pleasure's surge I mount again!

Even now for new adventure, new de-
light, [night,
My heart is on the wing;—this very

† The Hermes Trismegistus.
The Temple on that Island, half-way o'er shore, From Memphis' gardens to the eastern shore, Sends up its annual rite* to her, whose beams and dreams; Bring the sweet time of night-flowers in. The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes, takes;— And turns to silvery dew each drop it Oh, not our Dion of the North, who chains In vestal ice the current of young veins, But she who haunts the gay Bubastis† grove. heaven above, And owns she sees, from her bright Nothing on earth to match that heaven but Love. [to-night!— Think, then, what bliss will be abroad Besides those sparkling nymphs, who meet the sight Day after day, familiar as the sun, Coy buds of beauty, yet unbreathed upon, And all the hidden loveliness, that lies, Shut up, as are the beams of sleeping eyes, Within these twilight shrines—to-night Let loose, like birds, for this festivity! And mark, 'tis nigh; already the sun bids His evening farewell to the Pyramids. As he hath done, age after age, till they Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray; While their great shadows, stretching from the light, Look like the first colossal steps of Night, Stretching across the valley to invade The distant hills of porphyry with their shade. Around, as signals of the setting beam, Gay, gilded flags on every house-top gleam: [rich swell While, hark!—from all the temples a Of music to the Moon—farewell—farewell.

LETTER III.
FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME. Memphis.

There is some star—or it may be That moon we saw so near last night— Which comes athwart my destiny Forever, with misleading light. If for a moment, pure and wise [fall And calm I feel, there quick doth The great Festival of the Moon. † Bubastis, or Isis, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology.

A spark from some disturbing eyes, That through my heart, soul, being dies, And makes a wildfire of it all. I've seen—oh, Cleon, that this earth Should e'er have giv'n such beauty birth!— [pass'd This man—but, hold—hear all that Since yesternight, from first to last. The rising of the Moon, calm, slow, And beautiful, as if she cause Fresh from the Elysian bowers below, Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim, Welcomed from every breezy height, Where clouds stood waiting for her light. And well might they who view'd the scene Then lit up all around them, say, That never yet had Nature been Caught sleeping in a lovelier ray, Or rival'd her own noontide face, With purer show of moonlight grace. Memphis—still grand, though not the same Unrival'd Memphis, that could seize From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame, And wear it bright through centuries— Now, in the moonshine, that came down Like a last smile upon that crown,— Memphis, still grand, among her lakes, Her pyramids and shrines of fire, Rose, like a vision, that half breaks On one who, dreaming still, awakes, To music from some midnight choir: While to the west—where gradual sinks In the red sands, from Lilya roll'd, Some mighty column, or fair sphynx, That stood in kingly courts of old— It seem'd, as, 'mid the pomps that shone Thus gayly round him, Time look'd on, Waiting till all, now bright and bless'd, Should sink beneath him like the rest. No sooner had the setting sun Proclaim'd the festal rite begun, And, 'mid their idol's fullest beams, The Egyptian world was all afloat, Than I, who live upon these streams, Like a young Nile-bird, turn'd my boat To the fair island, on whose shores, Through leafy palms and sycamores, Already shone the moving lights Of pilgrims hastening to the rites. While, far around, like ruby sparks Upon the water, lighted barks, Of every form and kind—from those That down Syene's cataract shoots,
To the grand, gilded barge, that rows
To tambour’s beat and breath of flutes,
And wears at night, in words of flame,
On the rich prow, its master’s name;
All were alive, and made this sea
Of cities busy as a mill
Of summer ants, caught suddenly
In the overflowing of a rill.

Landed upon the isle, I soon
Through marble alleys and small groves
Of that mysterious palm she loves,
Reach’d the fair Temple of the Moon;
And there—as slowly through the last
Dim-lighted vestibule I pass’d—
Between the porphyry pillars, twined
With palm and ivy, I could see
A band of youthful maidens wind,
In measured walk, half dancingly,
Round a small shrine, on which was placed
That bird,* whose plumes of black and white
Wear in their line, by Nature traced,
A type of the moon’s shadow’d light.

In drapery, like woven snow, [below
These nymphs were clad; and each,
The rounded bosom, loosely wore
A dark blue zone, or bandeau,
With little silver stars all o’er,
As are the skies at midnight, set,
While in their tresses, braided through,
Sparkled that flower of Egypt’s lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose hue
As much delight the young Moon
As doth the Day-God to behold [takes,
The lofty bean-flower’s buds of gold.
And, as they gracefully went round
The worshipp’d bird, some to the beat
Of castenets, some to the sound
Of the shrill sistram tuned their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook.

They seem’d all fair—but there was one
On whom the light had not yet shone,
Or shone but partly—so downcast
She held her brow as slow she pass’d.
And yet to me, there seem’d to dwell
A charm about that unseen face—
A something in the shade that fell
Over that brow’s imagined grace,
Which won me more than all the rest
Outshining beauties of the rest.
And her alone my eyes could see,
Enchain’d by this sweet mystery;

* The Ibis.

And her alone I watch’d, as round
She glistened o’er that marble ground,
Stirring not more th’ unconscious air
Than if a Spirit were moving there,
Till suddenly, wide open flew
The Temple’s folding gates, and threw
A splendor from within, a flood
Of glory where those maidens stood,
While, with that light—as if the same
Rich source gave birth to both—there
A swell of harmony, as grand [came
As e’er was born of voice and hand,
Filling the gorgeous aisles around
With luxury of light and sound.

Then was it, by the flash that blazed
Full o’er her features—oh ‘twas then,
As startingly her eyes she raised,
But quick let fall their lids again,
I saw—not Psyche’s self, when first
Upon the threshold of the skies
She paused, while heaven’s glory burst
Newly upon her downcast eyes,
Could look more beautiful, or blush
With holier shame, than did this maid,
Whom now I saw, in all that grace
Of splendor from the aisles, display’d.
Never—though well thou know’st how much
I’ve felt the sway of Beauty’s star—
Never did her bright influence touch
My soul into its depths so far;
And had that vision linger’d there
One minute more, I should have flown,
Forgetful who I was and where,
And, at her feet in worship thrown,
Proffer’d my soul through life her own.

But, scarcely had that burst of light
And music broke on ear and sight,
Than up the aisle the bird took wing,
As if on heavenly mission sent,
While after him, with graceful spring,
Like some unearthly creatures, meant
To live in that mix’d element [went;
Of light and song, the young maids
And she, who in my heart had thrown
A spark to burn for life, was flown.

In vain I tried to follow—bands
Of reverend chanters filed the aisle;
Where’er I sought to pass, their wands
Motion’d me back, while many a file
Of sacred nymphs—but ah, not they
Whom my eyes look’d for—throng’d the way.
Perplex’d, impatient, ’mid this crowd
Of faces, lights—the o’verwhelming cloud
ALCIPHRON.

Of incense round me, and my blood
Full of its new-born fire—I stood,
Nor moved, nor breathed, but when I
caught
A glimpse of some blue, spangled zone,
Or wreath of lotus, which, I thought,
Like those she wore at distance shone.

But no, 'twas vain—hour after hour,
Till my heart's throbbing turn'd to pain,
And my strain'd eyesight lost its power,
I sought her thus, but all in vain.

At length, hot—wilder'd—in despair,
I rush'd into the cool night-air. [Look
And, hurrying, (though with many a
Back to the busy Temple,) took
My way along the moonlight shore,
And sprung into my boat once more.

There is a Lake, that to the north
Of Memphis stretches grandly forth,
Upon whose silent shore the Dead
Have a proud City of their own,*

With shrines and pyramids o'erspread—
Where many an ancient kingly head
Slumber, immortalized in stone;
And where, through marble grots be-
neath,

The lifeless, ranged like sacred things,
Nor wanting aught of life but breath,
Lies in their painted coverings,
And on each new successive race,

That visit their dim haunts below,
Look with the same unwithering face,
They wore three thousand years ago.

There, Silence, thoughtful God, who
loves
The neighborhood of death, in groves
Of Asphodel lies hid, aud weaves
His hushing spell among the leaves—
Nor ever noise disturbs the air, [sound
Save the low, humming, mournful
Of priests, within their shrines, at prayer
For the fresh Dead entomb'd around.

'Twas toward this place of death—in
mood
[dark—
Made up of thoughts, half bright, half
I now across the shining flood [dark.
Unconscious turn'd my light-wing'd
The form of that young maid, in all
Its beauty, was before me still;
And oft I thought, if thus to call
Her image to my mind at will,
If but the memory of that one

* Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the
south of Memphis.

Bright look of hers, forever gone,
Was to my heart worth all the rest
Of woman-kind, beheld, possess'd—
What would it be, if wholly mine,
Within these arms, as in a shrine,
Hallow'd by Love, I saw her shine—
An idol, worshipping by the light
Of her own beauties, day and night—

If 'twas a blessing but to see
And lose again, what would this be?

In thoughts like these—but often cross'd
By darker threads—my mind was lost,
'Till, near that City of the Dead,
Waked from my trance, I saw o'er—
As if by some enchanter bid [head—

Suddenly from the wave to rise—
Pyramid over pyramid
Tower in succession to the skies;
While one, aspiring, as if soon [all;
'Twould touch the heavens, rose o'er
And, on its summit, the white moon
Rested, as on a pedestal!

The silence of the lonely tombs heard
And temples round, where naught was
But the high palm-tree's tufted plumes,
Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,
Form'd a deep contrast to the scene
Of revel, where I late had been;
To those gay sounds, that still came o'er,
Paintly, from many a distant shore,
And the unnumber'd lights, that shone
Far o'er the flood, from Memphis on
To the Moon's Isle and Babylon.

My oars were lifted, and my boat
Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream;
While my vague thoughts, alike aloft,
Drifted through many an idle dream,
With all of which, wild and unfixed
As was their aim, that vision mix'd,
That bright nymph of the Temple—
now,

With the same innocence of brow
She wore within the lighted fane—
Now kindling, through each pulse and
vein,
With passion of such felt fire
As Gods might glory to inspire;—
And now—oh Darkness of the tomb,
That must eclipse even light like hers!
Cold, dead, and black'n'ing, 'mid the
Of those eternal sepulchres. [gloom

Scarcely had I turn'd my eyes away
From that dark death-place, at the
thoughts,
When by the sound of dashing spray
And gathering still, where'er it wound,
But deeper density of shade.

Scarce had I asked myself, "Can aught
"That man delights in sojourn here?"

When, suddenly, far off, I caught
A glimpse of light, remote, but clear—
Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour
From cyme above or cell, that ended
The long, sleep, marble corridor.
Through which I now, all hope, descended.

Never did Spartan to his bride
With warrier foot at midnight glide.
It seem'd as echo's self were dead
In this dark place, so mute my tread.
Reaching, at length, that light, I saw—
Oh listen to the scene, now raised
Before my eyes—then guess the awe,
The still, rapt awe with which I gazed.
"Twas a small chapel, lined around
With the fair, spangled marble, found
In many a ruin that stands
Half seen above the Libyan sands.
The walls were richly sculptured o'er,
And character'd with that dark lore,
Of times before the Flood, whose key
Was lost in th' "Universal Sea."

While on the roof was pictured bright
The Theban beetle, as he shines,
When the Nile's mighty flow declines,
And forth the creature springs to light,
With life regenerate in his wings:—
Emblem of vain imaginings!
Of a new world, when this is gone,
In which the spirit still lives on!

Direct beneath this type, reclined
On a black granite altar, lay
A female form, in crystal shrined,
And looking fresh as if the ray
Of soul had fled but yesterday.
While in relief, of sylv'ry hue,
Graven on the altar's front were seen
A branch of lotus, broken in two,
As that fair creature's life had been,
And a small bird that from its spray
Was winging, like her soul, away.

But brief the glimpse I now could spare,
To the wild, mystic wonder round;
For there was yet one wonder there,
That held me as by witch'ry bound.
The lamp, that through the chamber its vivid beam, was at the head
[shed
Of her who on that altar slept;
And near it stood when I first came—
Bending her brow, as if she kept
Sad watch upon its silent flame—
A female form, as yet so placed
Between the lamp's strong glow and
That I but saw, in outline traced, [line,
The shadow of her symmetry.
Yet did my heart—I scarce knew why—
Even at that shadow'd shape beat high,
Nor was it long, ere full in sight
The figure turn'd; and by the light
That tone'd her features, as she bent
Over the crystal monument,
I saw 'twas she—the same—the same—
That lately stood before me, bright'ning
The holy spot, where she but came
And went again, like summer light'ning!

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast
Of her who took that silent rest,
There was a cross of silver lying—
Another type of that blest home,
Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying
Build for us in a word to come:—
This silver cross the maiden raised
To her pure lips:—then, having gazed
Some minutes on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,
Upward she turn'd her brow serene,
As if, intent on heaven, those eyes
Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
Their own pure orbits and the skies;
And, though her lips no motion made,
And that fix'd look was all her speech,
I saw that the rapt spirit pray'd
Deeper within than words could reach.

Strange power of Innocence, to turn
To its own hue whate'er comes near,
And make even vagrant Passion burn
With purer warmth within its sphere!
She who, but one short hour before,
Had come, like sudden wildfire, o'er
My heart and brain—whom gladly, even
From that bright Temple, in the face
Of those proud ministers of heaven,
I would have borne, in wild embraces,
And risk'd all punishment, divine
And human, but to make her mine:—
She, she was now before me, thrown
By fate itself into my arms—
There standing, beautiful, alone,
With naught to guard her, but her
charms.
Yet did I, then—did even a breath
From my parch'd lips, too parch'd to move,

Disturb a scene where thus, beneath
Earth's silent covering, Youth and Death
Held converse through undying love?
No—smile and taunt me as thou wilt—
Though but to gaze thus was delight,
Yet seem'd it like a wrong, a guilt,
To win by stealth so pure a sight:
And rather than a look profane
Should then have met those thoughtful eyes,
Or voice or whisper broke the chain
That link'd her spirit with the skies,
I would have gladly, in that place,
From which I watch'd her heavenward face,
Let my heart break, without one beat
That could disturb a prayer so sweet.
Gently, as if on every tread,
My life, my more than life, depended,
Back through the corridor that led
To this bless'd scene I now ascended,
And with slow seeking, and some pain,
And many a winding tried in vain,
Emerged to upper air again.

The sun had freshly risen, and down
The marble hills of Araby,
Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,
His beams into that living sea.
There seem'd a glory in his light,
Newly put on—as if for pride
Of the high homage paid this night
To his own Isis, his young bride,
Now fading feminine away
In her proud Lord's superior ray.

My mind's first impulse was to fly
At once from this entangling net—
New scenes to range, new loves to try,
Or, in mirth, wine, and luxury
Of every sense, that night forget.
But vain the effort—spell-bound still,
I linger'd, without power or will
To turn my eyes from that dark door
Which now enclosed her 'bound the dead,
Oft fancying, through the boughs, that
o'er
The sunny pile their flickering shed,
'Twas her light form again I saw
Starting to earth—still pure and bright,
But wakening, as I hoped, less awe,
Thus seen by morning's natural light,
Than in that strange, dim cell at night.

But no, alas—she ne'er return'd:
Nor yet—though still I watch—nor yet,
Though the red sun for hours hath burn'd,
And now, in his mid course, hath met
The peak of that eternal pile
He pauses still at noon to bless,
Standing beneath his downward smile,
Like a great Spirit, shadowless!—
Nor yet she comes—while here, alone,
Saut'ting through this death-peopled place,
Where no heart beats except my own,
Or 'neath a palm-tree's shelter thrown,
By turns I watch, and rest, and trace
These lines, that are to wait to thee
My last night's wondrous history.
Dost thou remember, in that Isle
Of our own Sea, where thou and I
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,
Till all the summer flowers went by—
How gay it was, when sunset brought
To the cool Well our favorite maids—
Some we had won, and some we sought—
To dance within the fragrant shades,
And, till the stars went down at theme
Their Fountain Hymns* to the young
down moons?
That time, too—oh, 'tis like a dream—
When from Scamander's holy tide
It sprang as Genius of the Stream,
And bore away that blooming bride,
Who thither came, to yield her charms
(As Phrygian maidies are wont, ere wed)
Into the cold Scamander's arms,
But met, and welcomed mine, in
stead—
Wondering, as on my neck she fell,
How river-gods could love so well!
Who would have thought that he, who roved
Like the first bees of summer then,
Rifling each sweet, nor ever loved
But the free hearts, that loved again,
Readily as the reed replies
To the least breath that round it sighs—
Is the same dreamer who, last night,
Slept awed and breathless at the sight
Of one Egyptian girl; and now
Wanders among these tombs, with brow
Pale, watchful, sad, as though he just,
Himself, had risen from out their dust?
Yet so it is—and the same thirst
For something high and pure, above
* These songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek Isles.

This withering world, which, from the first,
Made me drink deep of woman's love—
As the one joy, to heaven most near
Of all our hearts can meet with here—
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever naught but death can slake.
Farewell; whatever may befall—
Or bright, or dark—thou'lt know it all.

LETTER IV.

FROM ORCUS, HIGH PRIEST OF MEMPHIS, TO
DECIMUS, THE PRETORIAN PREFECT.

REJOICE, my friend, rejoice:—the youthful Chief
Of that light Sect which mocks at all
And, gay and godless, makes the present hour
Its only heaven, is now within our power.
Smooth, impious school!—not all the weapons aim'd
[believe,]
At priestly creeds, since first a creed
E'er struck so deep as: that sly dart they wield,
[ing flowers conceal'd].
The Bacchant's pointed spear in laugh—
And oh, 'twere victory to this heart, as sweet
[feet]
As any thou canst boast—even when the
Of thy proud war-steed wade through
Christian blood,
[Hood,]
To wrap this scoffer in Faith's blindning
And bring him, tamed and prostrate, to implore
The vilest gods even Egypt's saints adore.
What I do these sages think, to them
[alack!]
The key of this world's happiness is
That none but they, who make such
proud parade
[maid,]
Of Pleasure's smiling favors, win the
Or that Religion keeps no secret place,
No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to
[grant that's given
Fools!—did they know how keen the
To earthly joy, when season'd well with
heaven;
[Hue]
How Pity's grave mask improves the
Of Pleasure's laughing features, half
seen through,
[reach
And how the Priest, set aptly within
Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,
[th' ancient tie
Would they not, Decimus—thou, whom
"Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best
ally—
[craft, for ours?—
Would they not change their creed, their
Leave the gross daylight joys that, in
their bowers, [blown flowers,
Languish with too much sun, like o'er-
For the veil'd loves, the blisses undis-
play'd [shade?
That slyly lurk within the Temple's
And, 'stead of haunting the trim Gar-
den's school—

Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,
Like the pale moon's, o'er Passion's
heaving tide, [dom's pride—
Till Pleasure's self is chill'd by Wis-
Be taught by us, quit shadows for the
true,
Substantial joys we sager Priests pur-
Who, far too wise to theorize on biss,
Or Pleasure's substance for its shade to
miss,
[i this —
Preach other worlds, but live for only
Thanks to the well-paid Mystery round
us flung, [that hung
Which, like its type, the golden cloud
O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade be-
ign,
Round human frailty wraps a veil divine.

Still less should they presume, weak
wits, that they
Alone despise the craft of us who pray—;
Still less their creedless vanity deceive
With the fond thought, that we who
pray believe.
Believe!—Asis forbid—forbid it, all
Ye monster Gods, before whose shrines
we fall—

Deities, framed in jest, as if to try
How far gross Man can vulgarize the
sky;
[bines
How far the same low fancy that com-
Into a drove of brutes ye zodiac's
signs,
[place
And turns that Heaven itself into a
Of sainted sin and defiled disgrace,
Can bring Olympus even to shame more
deep,
[holds cheap,
Stock it with things that earth itself
Fish, flesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sac-
cred brood,
[food—
Which Egypt keeps for worship, not for
All, worthy idols of a Faith that sees
In dogs, cats, owls, and apes, divinities !
Believe!—oh, Decius, thou, who feel'st
no care
[share,
For things divine, beyond the soldier's
Who takes on trust the faith for which
he bleeds,
[needs—
A good, fierce God to swear by; all he

Little canst thou, whose creed around
thee hangs [the pangs
Loose as thy summer war-cloak, guess
Of loathing and self-scorn with which a
heart—
[part—
Stubborn as mine is, acts the zealot's
The deep and dire disgust with which I
wade [trade—
Through the foul juggling of this holy
This mud profound of mystery, where
the feet,
At every step, sink deeper in deceit.
Oh! many a time, when, 'mid the Tem-
ple's blaze,
O'er mine, like base fools the sacred cist I raise,
Did I not keep still proudly in my mind
The power this priestcraft gives me o'er
mankind—
A lever, of more might, in skilful hand,
To move this world, than Archimede
'eer plannd— [feel
I should, in vengeance of the shame I
At my own mockery, crush the slaves
that kneel [breed
Besotted round; and—like that kindred
Of reverend, well-dressed crocodiles
they feed,
At famed Arsinoë*—make my keepers
bless,
With their last throb, my sharp-lang'd

Say, is it to be borne, that scoffers, vain
Of their own freedom from the altar's
chain, [blood hast sold,
Should mock thus all that thou thy
And I my truth, pride, freedom, to up-
hold? [Christian sect,
It must not be:—think'st thou that
Whose followers, quick as broken waves,
erect
Their crests anew and swell into a tide,
That threats to sweep away our shrines
of pride— [spells, even they
Think'st thou, with all their wondrous
Would triumph thus, had not the con-
stant play [way?
Of Wit's resistless archery clear'd their
That mocking spirit, worst of all the
foes, [knows,
Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummary
Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong
the signs
Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shires,

* For the trinkets with which the sacred
Crocodiles were ornamented, see the Epicu-
rean, chap. x.
Threat'ning such change as do the aw-
ful freaks
Of summer lightning, ere the tempest
But, to my point—a youth of this vain
school, [cool]
No one, whom Doubt itself hath found to
Down to that freezing point where
Priests despair [there—
Of any spark from th' altar catching
Hath, some nights since—it was, me-
thinks, the night [nual rite—
That follow'd the full Moon's great an-
Through the dark, winding ducts, "at
downward stray [his way,
To these earth-hidden temples, track'd
Fast at that hour when, round the
Shrine, and me, [long'st to see,
The choirs of blooming nymphs thou
Sing their last night-hymn in the San-
tuary.
The clangor of the marvellous Gate, that
stands [but hands
At the Well's lowest depth—which none
Of law, untaught adventurers, from
above, [to move—
Who know not the safe path, e'er dare
Gave signal that a foot profane was
nigh:— [morning's sky,
'Twas the Greek youth, who, oy that
Had been observed, curiously wand'ring
round [ground,
The mighty fanes of our sepulchral

Instant, th' Initiate's Trials were pre-
pared, [dared,
The Fire, Air, Water; all that Orp-
phes' time— [lime—
That earliest master of our craft sub-
So many minor Mysteries, Imps of fraud,
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd
abroad, [boast,

That, still t' uphold our Temple's ancient
And seem most holy, we must cheat the
most; [round
Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense
In pomp and darkness, till it seems pro-
found; [kind,
Play on the hopes, the terrors of man-
With changeful skill; and make the hu-
man mind
Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,
But by the Priest's permission, wins its
way—
Where through the gloom as wave our
wizard-rods,
Monsters, at will, are conjured into Gods;
While Reason, like a grave-faced mum-
my, stands, [hands.

With her arms swath'd in hieroglyphic
But chiefly in that skill with which we
use
Man's wildest passions for Religion's
Yoking them to her car like fiery steeds,
Lies the main art in which our craft
succeeds. [whose toil
And oh! be blest, ye men of yore,
Hath, for her use, scooped out from
Egypt's soil

This hidden Paradise, this mine of fanes,

Gardens, and palaces, where Pleasure
reigns
In a rich, sunless empire of her own,
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her
throne;— [mines

A realm for mystery made, which under-
The Nile itself, and, 'neath the Twelve
Great Shrines
That keep Initiation's holy rite,
Spat its long labyrinths of unearthly
light, [that run
A light that knows no change—its trunks
Too deep for day, its gardens without sun,
Where soul and sense, by turns, are charm'd, surprised,
And all that bard or prophet e'er devised
For man's Elysium, priests have realized.

Here, at this moment—all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last—
Our new Initiate roves—as yet left free
To wander through this realm of mystery;
Feeding on such illusions as prepare
The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying
Through every shifting aspect, vapor still;
Vague glimpses of the Future, vistas
By scenic skill, into that world unknown,
Which saints and sinners claim alike their own;
And all those other witching, wildering arts,
Illusions, terrors, that make human

Ay, even the wildest and the hardest, quail
To any goblin throned behind a veil.

Yes—such the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear, [atmosphere; Mix with his night-dreams, form his
till, if our Sage be not tamed down, at length, [strength; His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their
Like Phrygian priests, in honor of the shrine—
If he become not absolutely mine,
Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ
Draw converts also, lure his brother wits [flits,
To the dark cage where his own spirit
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites—
If I effect not this, then be it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross
hath chased
To biss its soul out in the Theban waste
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2009

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