

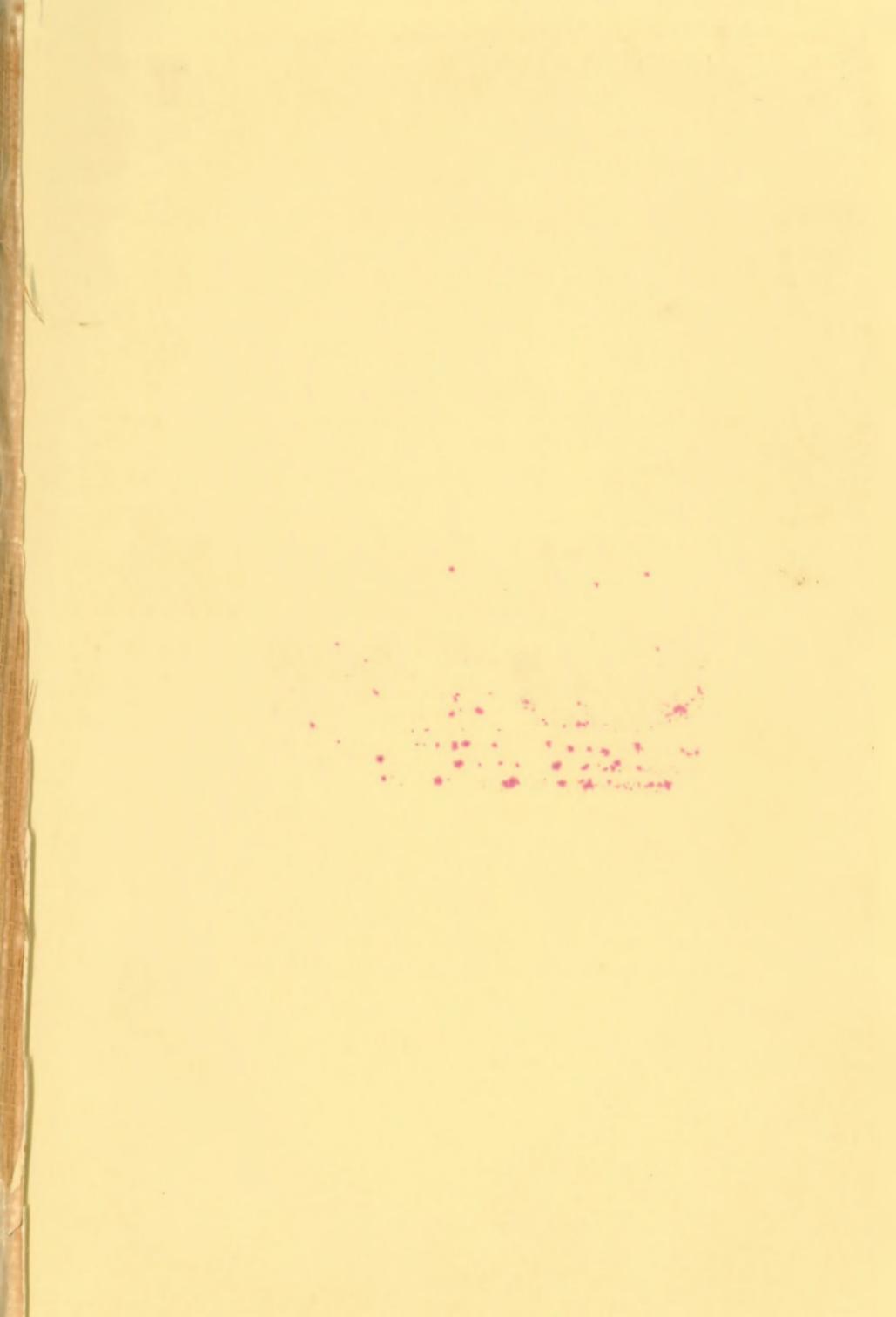
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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

COMPLETE.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GILBERT. ✓

LONDON:

JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE, the genial Irish poet and humorist, was born in Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779. At a very early period of life he showed great aptitude for rhyming; and a sonnet to his schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, written in his fourteenth year, was published in a Dublin magazine, to which he contributed other pieces. Sheridan was one of his schoolfellows, who was then pronounced by parents and tutor to be "an incorrigible dandy." Mr. Whyte was fond of acting, and Master Moore early became his favourite show scholar. Plays and pieces were often got up in order to introduce the tutor's own prologues and epilogues; and in one of his works there is introduced a play-bill of a performance which took place in the year 1790 at Lady Barrow's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue, *A Squeeze at St Paul's*, Master Moore."

The parents of Ireland's favourite poet were Roman Catholics—a body then proscribed and depressed by penal enactments; and they seem to have been of the number who, to use his own words, "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." Moore states that, in 1792, he was taken by his father to one of the dinners given in honour of that great event, and sat 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 1793, Parliament having opened the university to Catholics, young Moore was sent to college, and soon distinguished himself by his classical attainments. In 1799, he proceeded to London, to study law in the Middle Temple, and publish by subscription a Translation of *Androcles*. The latter appeared in the following year, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At a subsequent period, Mr. Moore was among the keenest satirists of this prince, for which he has been accused of ingratitude; but he states himself that the whole amount of his obligations to his Royal Highness was the honour of dining twice at Carlton House, and being admitted to a great fete given by the Prince in 1811 on his being made Regent.

In 1801, Moore ventured upon a volume of original verse, put forth under the assumed name

of "Thomas Little"—an allusion to his diminutive stature. In these pieces, the warmth of the young poet's feelings and imagination led him to trespass on delicacy and decorum. He had the good sense to be ashamed of these amatory *juvenilia*, and genius enough to redeem the fault. His offence, however, did not stand in the way of preferment. In 1803, Mr. Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy; but this subordinate proving unfaithful, the poet suffered pecuniary losses and great embarrassment. Its first effect, however, was two volumes of poetry, a series of "Odes and Epistles," published in 1806, and written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe, while the author visited Bermuda. The descriptive sketches in this work are remarkable for their fidelity no less than for their poetical beauty. The style of Moore was now formed; and in all his writings there is nothing finer than the opening epistle to Lord Strangford, written on board ship, by moonlight.

After the publication of his "Odes," Mr. Moore became a satirist, attempting first the grave and serious style, in which he failed; but succeeded beyond almost any other poet in light satire, verses on the topics of the day, lively and pungent, with an abundance of witty and humorous illustration. The man of the world, the scholar, and the poetical artist, are happily blended in his satirical productions, with a rich and playful fancy. His "Twopenny Post-bag," "The Fudge Family in Paris," "Fables for the Holy Alliance," and numerous small pieces written for the newspapers to serve the cause of the Whig or Liberal party, are not excelled. In their own peculiar walk, by any satirical compositions in the language.

The great poetical and patriotic task of writing lyrics for the ancient music of his native country was begun by Mr. Moore as early as 1806. His "Irish Songs" displayed a fervour and pathos not found in his earlier works, with the most exquisite melody and purity of diction. An accomplished musician himself, it was the effort, he relates, to translate into language the emotions and passions, which music appeared to him to express, that first led to his writing any poetry worthy of the name. "Dryden," he adds, "has happily described music as being inarticulate."

late poetry; and I have always felt, in adopting words to an expressive air, that I was bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabled it to speak to others all that was conveyed in its wordless eloquence to myself." Part of Moore's inspiration must, however, also be attributed to national feeling. The old airs were consecrated to recollection of the ancient glories, the valour, beauty, or suffering of Ireland, and became inseparably connected with such associations. Of the "Irish Melodies," in connection with Moore's songs, ten parts were published. Next to these patriotic songs stand those in which a moral reflection is conveyed in that metaphorical form which only Moore has been able to realize in lyrics for years.

In 1817, Mr. Moore produced his most elaborate poem, "Lalla Rookh"—an Oriental romance, the accuracy of which, as regards topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, has been vouched by numerous competent authorities. The poetry is brilliant and gorgeous—rich to excess with imagery and ornament, and oppressive from its sweetness and splendour. Hazlitt says that Moore should not have written "Lalla Rookh" even for three thousand guineas—the price understood to be paid by the booksellers for the copyright. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters, Moore says, while living in a lone cottage among the fields, that he was enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its climate. The romance of "Yathek" alone equals "Lalla Rookh" among English fiction in local fidelity and completeness as an Eastern tale.

After the publication of his work, Moore set off with Rogers on a visit to Paris. "The groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout France," says one of his biographers, "supplied the materials for his satire entitled 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' which, in popularity, and the run of successive editions, kept pace with 'Lalla Rookh.' In 1819, Mr. Moore made another journey to the Continent in company with Lord John Russell, and this furnished his 'Rhymes on the Road'—a series of trifles often graceful and pleasing, but so conversational and unstudied, as to be little better—to use his own words—than 'prose fringed with rhyme.' From Paris, the poet and his companion proceeded by the Simplon to Italy. Lord John took the route to Genoa, and Mr. Moore went on a visit to Lord Byron, at Venice. On his return from this memorable tour, the poet took up his abode in Paris, where he resided till about the close of the year 1822. He had become involved in pecuniary difficulties (as before observed) by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda. His friends pressed forward with eager kindness to help to release him—one offering to place 500*l.* at his disposal; but he came to the resolution of 'gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out his deliverance by his own efforts.' In September 1822 he was informed that an arrangement had been made, and that he might with safety return to England. The amount of the claims of the American merchants, had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas: and towards the payment of this, the uncle of his deputy, a rich London merchant, had been brought to contribute 300*l.* The Marquis of Lansdowne immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (750*l.*), which was soon repaid by the grateful bard, who, in the June following, on receiving his publisher's account, found 1,000*l.* placed to his credit from the sale of the 'Loves of the Angels,' and 500*l.* from the 'Fables of the Holy Alliance.' The latter were partly written

while Mr. Moore was at Venice with Lord Byron, and were published under the *nom de guerre* of Thomas Brown. The 'Loves of the Angels' was written in Paris. The poem is founded on the Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Schanchazai, with which Mr. Moore shadowed out '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 stories of the three angels are related with graceful tenderness and passion, but with too little of 'the angelic air' about them."

Mr. Moore was next engaged in contributing a great number of political squibs to the *Times* newspaper—witty, sarcastic effusions, for which he was paid at the rate of about 400*l.* per annum.

Moore's latest imaginative work was "The Epicurean," an Eastern tale, in prose, but full of the spirit and materials of poetry; and forming, perhaps, the highest and best-sustained flight in the regions of pure romance.

Besides his works of fiction, Moore wrote the lives of "Sheridan" (1825), and "Byron" (1830), and "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" (1831). The last has little interest; but his "Life of Byron" was the work which was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton, and Colonel Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, Byron's half-sister. Moore received 2,000*l.* from Mr. Murray for the manuscript of this particular "Life," which he afterwards returned, and was re-engaged by Murray to write another "Life of Byron," for which, it is said, Moore received no less than 4,870*l.*

From the foregoing sketch of Moore's life and works, it will be seen that he was remarkable for his industry, genius, and acquisitions. His career was one of high honour and success. No poet was more universally read, or more courted, in society by individuals distinguished for rank, literature, or public service. His political friends, when in office, rewarded him with a pension of 300*l.* per annum; and as his writings were profitable as well as popular, his latter days might have been spent in comfort without the anxieties of protracted authorship.

Moore's residence was in a cottage in Wiltshire, but was too often in London, in those gay and brilliant circles which he enriched with his wit and genius. In 1841-42, he gave to the world a complete collection of his poetical works in ten volumes, to which are prefixed some interesting literary and personal details. Latterly, the poet's mind gave way, and he sank into a state of imbecility, from which he was released by death, February, 26, 1852.

Moore left behind him copious memoirs, journal and correspondence, which, by the poet's request, were after his death placed for publication in the hands of his illustrious friend, Lord John Russell. By this posthumous work, a sum of 3,000*l.* was realized for Moore's widow. The journal disappointed the public. Slight personal details, brief anecdotes and witticisms, with records of dinner-parties, visits, and fashionable routs, fill the bulk of eight printed volumes. His friends were affectionate and faithful, always ready to help him in his difficulties, and his publishers appear to have treated him with great liberality. He was constantly drawing upon them to meet emergencies, and his drafts were always honoured. Money was offered to him on all hands, but his independent spirit and joyous temperament, combined with fits of close application, and the brilliant success of all his works, poetical and prosaic, enabled him to work his way out of every difficulty.

LALLA ROOKH:

AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY HIS VERY GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharla, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet, and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Sarat, 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, or "Tulp Cheek,"—a princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Lella, Shrine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of the empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharla.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazzars 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 most delicious flowers around. As in that Persian festival called Gul Keazee, or 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 considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the perpetual lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one un-

broken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettledrums at the bows of their saddles; — the costly armour 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 massiveness of their maces of gold; — the glittering of the gilt pine-apples on the tops of the palankeens; — the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs smallurrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were enshrined; — the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing; — and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian mauls of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses — all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious Fadlaudeen, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Harem, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadlaudeen was a judge of everything, — from the pencilling of a Circassian'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 noonday say, 'It is night,' declare that you behold the moon and stars." And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a magnificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Juggernaut.

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 Banian 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 melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves,”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young; and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her ladies and the great chamberlain, Fadladeen, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palanquin. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the viola, 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 Rustim with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Brahmins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable 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 noondays were beginning to move heavily, 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 whom his 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 journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, Fadladeen elevated his critical eyebrows, and having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium, which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined however to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of woman, Krishna (the Indian Apollo),—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion 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 discovering that the cloth which encircled his high Tartarian 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 exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics: who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pangs of recitation by music, for the young Cashmerian 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, having premised, 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,
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowerets and fruits blush over every stream,
And, fittest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Merou's † bright palaces and groves—
There on that throne, to which the blind belief
Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief,
The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung
The veil, the silver veil, which he had hung
In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,
Where even the gleams miraculously shed
O'er Moussa's ‡ cheek, when down the Mount he
trod,
All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands;
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their
swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than words:
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with
brand
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,
And bless the lips that doom'd so near a death!
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night, §

Black
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white;
Their weapons various—some equip'd, for
speed,
With javellins of the light Kathaian reed;
Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers
Fill'd with the stems ¶ that bloom on Iran's
rivers;
While some, for war's more terrible attacks,
Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe;
And as they wave aloft in morning's beam
The milk-white plumage of their helms, they

seem
Like a chenar-tree grove, when winter throws
O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars that uphold
The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,
Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,
Where, through the silken net-work, glancing
eyes,
From time to time, like sudden gleams that
glow
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp
below.

* Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun.

† One of the royal cities of Khorassan.

‡ Moses.

§ Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.

¶ Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

What impious tongue, ye blushing saints,
 would dare
 To hint that aught but Heaven hath placed you
 there?
 Or that the loves of this light world could
 bind,
 In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring
 mind?
 No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from
 above
 To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,
 (Creatures so bright, that the same lips and
 eyes
 They wear on earth will serve in Paradise.)
 There to recline among Heaven's native
 maids,
 And crown th' Elect with bliss that never
 fades!—
 Well hath the Prophet-chief his bidding
 done;
 And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
 From those who kneel at Brahma's burning
 founts,*
 To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's
 mounts;
 From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
 To the small, half-shut glances of Kathay †
 And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker
 smiles,
 And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
 All, all are there—each land its flower hath
 given,
 To form that fair young nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?
 What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
 With turban'd heads of every hue and race
 Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
 Like tulip-beds of different shape and dyes
 Bending beneath th' invisible west-wind's
 sighs!

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
 Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this
 hour?

Not such the pageant now, though not less
 proud,—

Yon warrior youth advancing from the crowd
 With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
 And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
 So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
 Like war's wild planet in a summer sky—
 That youth to-day,—a proselyte, worth hordes
 Of cooler spirits and less practised swords,—
 Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
 The creed and standard of the Heaven-sent
 Chief.

Though few his years, the West already
 knows

Young Azim's fame;—beyond th' Olympian
 snows,

Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
 O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek,
 He linger'd there till peace dissolved his chains,
 Oh! who could, even in bondage, tread the
 plains.

Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
 Kindling within him? who, with heart and
 eyes,

Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
 The shining foot-prints of her Deity,
 Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
 Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
 Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
 For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening spell;

And now, returning to his own dear land,
 Full of those dreams of good that, vainly
 grand,

Haunt the young heart;—proud views of
 human-kind,

Of men to gods exalted and refined;—
 False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
 Where earth and heaven but seem, alas, to
 meet!—

Soon as he heard an arm divine was raised
 To right the nations, and beheld, emblazoned
 On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurl'd.
 Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the
 World,"

At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
 The inspiring summons; every chosen blade
 That fought beneath that banner's sacred text
 Seem'd doubly edged, for this world and the
 next:

And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage
 bind

Eyes more devoutly willing to the blind
 In: Virtue's cause—never was soul inspired
 With livelier trust in what it most desired,
 Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling,
 pale

With pious awe, before that silver veil,
 Believes the form to which he bends his knee
 Some pure, redeeming angels, sent to free
 This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
 And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley crowd
 Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd
 With shouts of "Alla!" echoing long and loud;
 While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
 Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
 Waved like the wings of the white birds that
 flou

The flying throne of star-fanght Soliman!
 Then thus he spoke—"Stranger, though new
 the frame

Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
 For many an age, † in every chance and
 change

Of that existence through whose varied
 range,—

As through a torch-race, where, from hand to
 hand

The flying youths transmit their shining
 brand,—

From frame to frame the unextinguish'd soul
 Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!

"Nor think 'tis only the gross spirits, warm'd
 With dusky fire and for earth's medium
 form'd,

That run this course—beings the most divine
 Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
 Such was the Essence that in Adam dwelt,
 To which all heaven, except the Proud One,
 knelt:‡

Such the refined Intelligence that glow'd
 In Moussa's frame—and, thence descending,
 flow'd

Through many a prophet's breast—in Issa
 shone,

And in Mohammed burn'd: till, hastening on,
 (As a bright river that, from fall to fall
 In many a maze descending, bright through all,
 Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth
 past,

In one full lake of light it rests at last!)
 That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
 From lapse or shadow, centres all in me!"

* The fountains of Brahma, near Chittagong, esteemed as holy.

† China.

‡ The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines.

§ And when we said unto the angels, "Worship Adam," they refused him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused.—The Koran, chap. ii.

¶ Jesus.

Again, throughout th' assembly at these words,
Thousands of voices rung; the warriors' swords
Were pointed up to heaven; a sudden wind
In th' open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian hangings that but ill could screen
The Haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth—like those the Houris wave
When beckoning to their bowers th' immortal brave.

"But these," pursued the Chief, "are truths sublime,
That claim a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows us now;—this sword must first

The darkling prison-house of mankind burst,
Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in
Her wakening day-light on a world of sin!
But then, celestial warriors, then when all
Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall;

When the glad slave shall at these feet lay down

His broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown,
The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath,
And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze
That whole dark pile of human mockeries;—
Then shall the reign of Mind commence on earth,

And starting fresh as from a second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing!
Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow
Shall cast the veil that hides its splendours now,
And gladden'd Earth shall, through her wide expanse,

Bask in the glories of this countenance!

"For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet

Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,
Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow can wave;

But, once my own, mine all till in the grave!"

The pomp is at an end,—the crowds are gone—

Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone
Of that deep voice which thrill'd like Alla's own!

The young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and Haram's half-caught glances;

The old deep pondering on the promised reign
Of peace and truth; and all the female train
Ready to risk their eyes could they but gaze
A moment on that brow's miraculous blaze!

But there was one, among the chosen maids
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken shades,
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death;—yon saw her pale dismay,
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst
Of exclamation from her lips, when first
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah Zelica! there was a time when bliss
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his;
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer!

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 flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;

When thou didst study him, till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
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
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—
Sad dreams! as when the spirit of our youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!

Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves?
Born by that ancient flood,* which from its spring

In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines
With relics from Bucharia's ruby mines,
And, lending to the Caspian half its strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length;—
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers that hung above its wave at morn
Bless'd not the waters as they murmur'd by,
With holier scent and lustre than the sigh
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 Thrace,
The youth exchanged his syvan dwelling-place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash;
His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and lov'e's gentle chains
For bleeding bondage on Byzantium's plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll
Their suns away—but, ah! how cold and dim
Ev'n summer suns when not beheld with him!
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came
(Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick man's name,

Just ere he dies,)—at length those sounds of dread

Fell withering on her soul, "Aziau is dead!"
Oh, grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it loved to live or fear'd to die;—
Lorn as the hung-up lute that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
Ev'n reason sunk—blighted beneath its touch;
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

Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd
Astray;—

A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one!
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,

'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul utters ere her soul depart,

* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches, one of which falls into the Caspian Sea, and the other into Arai Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

† The nightingale.

When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke
her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found

Young Zelica,—that mission, which around
The Eastern world, in every region blest
With woman's smile sought out its loveliest
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes
Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for the
skies!—

And such quick welcome as a spark receives
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.
All fire at once, the madd'ning zeal she
caught—

Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;
Predestined bride, in Heaven's eternal dome,
Of some brave youth—ha! darst they say "of
some?"

No—of the one, one only object traced
In her heart's core too deep to be effaced;
The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twined
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
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids
A sainted colony for Eden's shades;
Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
Thou wert too soon the victim,—slipping came
From Para-ise, 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,
That purity,—whose fading is love's death!—
But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took place
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;—
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
In zeal and charms,—too well th' impostor
nursed

Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
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 e'er twined.
No art was spared, no witchery—all the skill
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
That gloom, through which frenzy but fiercer
burns;

That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
Glazes 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 heaven, her destined sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,
And, realizing more than youthful love,
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever
rove

Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's side,
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
streams
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams

Which foul corruption lights, as with design
To shew the gay and proud she too can shine!—
And, passing on through upright ranks of dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by dread,
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round
them cast,
To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—
There, in that awful place, when each had
quaff'd

And 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
By a dark oath, in hell's own language framed,
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,
Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.
She swore, and the wide charnel echo'd,
"Never, never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given
To him and—she believed, lost maid!—to Hea-
ven;
Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed,
How proud she stood, when in full Haram
named
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,
She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate wor-
shippers!

Well might Mokanna think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his
own:—

Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings away!
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smiled,
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across th' unequal, but beauteous firmament.
And then her look!—oh! where's the heart so
wise,

Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now
cross

By glimpses of the heaven her heart had lost;
In every glance there broke, without control,
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!

And such was now young Zelica—so changed
From her who, some years since, delighted
ranged

The almond groves that shade Bokhara's tide,
All life and bliss, with Azim by her side!
So altered was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,
The vision of that youth, whom she had loved,
And wept as dead, before her breath'd and
moved:—

When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's
track,

But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—
Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

Oh Reason! who shall say what spells renew,
When least we look for it, thy broken clew!
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd
brain

Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again;
And how like forts, to which beleaguering win
Unhoped-for entrance through some friend
within,

One clear idea, awakened in the breast,
By memory's magic lens in all the rest!
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
But though light came, it came but partially:

Enough to show the maze in which thy sense
Wander'd about,—but not to guide it thence;
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o'er her
mind!

But oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments
shone;

And, then, her oath—*there* madness lay again,
And shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
Of mental darkness, as if blast to flee
From light, whose every glimpse was agony!
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years
Brought, mingled with its pain,—tears, floods of
tears,

Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,
Through valleys where their flow had long been
lost!

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame
Trembled with horror, when the summons came
(A summons proud and rare, which all but she,
And she till now, had heard with ecstasy)
To meet Mokanna at his place of prayer,
A garden oratory, cool and fair.
By the stream's side, where still at close of day
The Prophet of the Veil retired to pray:
Sometimes alone—but oftener far with one,
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight
As the young Priestess; and though since that
night

When the death-caverns echo'd every tone
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,
Th' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,
Had more than once thrown off his soul's dis-
guise,

And utter'd such unheavenly, monstrous things
As even across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt;
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought still haunting her of that bright
brow

Whose blaze as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,
To her alone—and then the hope, most dear,
Most wild of all that her transgression here
Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,
From which the spirit would at last aspire,
Even purer than before,—as perfumes rise
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the
skies—

And that when Azim's fond, Divine embrace
Should circle her in heaven, no darkening trace
Would of that bosom he once loved remain,
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again:—
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst
deceit

Had chained her soul beneath the tempter's
feet,
And made her think even damning falsehood
sweet,

But now that shape, which had appall'd her
view
That semblance—oh, how terrible, if true!—
Which came across her frenzy's full career
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
An Isle of ice encounters some swift bark,

And, starting all its wretches from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep—
So came that shock not frenzy self could bear,
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in de-
spair!

Wan and dejected through the evening dusk,
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,
Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in dreams
Of the fair-ripening 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 now
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light
brow
Came like a spirit o'er th' unechoing ground,—
From that wild Zelica, whose every glance
Was thrilling fire, whose very thought a trance

Upon his couch the veil'd Mokanna lay,
While lamps around—not such as lend their ray
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray
In Holy Koom,* or Mecca's dim arcades,
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow
Upon this mystic veil's white glittering flow.
Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,
Which the world fondly thought he mused on
there,
Stood vases, filled with Kishmee's† golden
wine,

And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine:
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,
Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness,‡ had power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!
And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see
Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie:
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which
broke

From Eblis at the fall of man, he spoke:—
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,
Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with
heaven;
God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity:§
Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refused, though at the forfeit of heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right—
Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
Of your foul race, and without fear or check,
Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's
name!—

Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
As hooded falcons, through the universe
I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way.
Weak man! my instrument, curst man! my
prey!

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull
way on
By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
From dead men's marrow guides them best at
night!—

Ye shall have honours—wealth,—yes, sages,
yes—

I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothing-
ness:
Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
But gill stick, a bauble binds it here.

* The cities of Koom and Kasha are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descend-
ants of Ali, the saints of Persia.

† An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

‡ The marvellous well at Mecca: so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters,

§ The good Hannaman.

¶ A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was
made of the fat of a dead malefactor.

How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along
In lying speech, and still more lying song,
By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the
through;
Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so
small,
A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

'Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it
breeds;

Who, bolder even than Nimrod, think to rise,
By nonsense heap'd on nonsense, to the skies;
Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,
Seen, heard, attested, everything—but true,
Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
One grace of meaning for the things they
speak;

Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood
For truths too heavenly to be understood;
And your state priests, sole vendors of the
lore

That works salvation;—as on Ava's shore,
Where none but priests are privileged to trade
In that best marble of which gods are made:—
They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff
For knaves to thrive by—mysterious enough:
Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can
weave.

Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
A heaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must:
That prophet ill sustains his holy call
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of
all:

Hours for boys, omniscience for sages,
And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires.
The heaven of each is but what each desires,
And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
Man would be man to all eternity!
So let him—Eblis! grant this crowning curse,
But keep him what he is, no hell were worse.

"Oh, my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering
maid,

Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said,—
Mokanna started—'not abash'd, afraid,—
He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!
But in those dismal words that reach'd his
ear.

"Oh, my lost soul! there was a sound so
dear,
So like that voice, among the sinful dead.
In which the legend o'er hell's gate is read,
That, new as 'twas from her, whom nought
could dim
Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with ready
wile,
Th' impostor turn'd to greet her—"Thou whose
smile
fiath inspiration in its rosy beam
Beyond th' enthusiast's hope or prophet's
dream!

Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's zeal
So close with love's, man know not which they
feel.

Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart.
The heaven thou preachest or the heaven thou
art!

What should I be without thee? without thee
How dull were power, how joyless victory!
Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine
Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half divine.
But—why so mournful, child? those eyes that
shone
All life last night—what!—is their glory gone?

Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath made them
pale.

They want re-kindling—suns themselves would
fall.

Did not their comet's bring, as I to thee,
From light's own fount supplies of brilliancy!
Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is here
But the pure waters of that upper sphere.
Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
Catching the gems' bright colour as they go.
Nightly my geni come and fill these urns—
Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence burns;

'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all
bright—
Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-
night:

There is a youth—why start?—thou sawst him
then;

Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like men
Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers above:—
Though he, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for
love,

Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
The world calls Virtue—we must conquer this;—
Nay, shrink not, pretty sage; 'tis not for thee
To scan the mazes of heaven's mystery.
The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield
Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.

This very night I mean to try the art
Of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart,
All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,
Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,
Shall tempt the boy;—young Mirzala's blue
eyes.

Whose sleep'd lid like snow on violet lies;
Aronya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
Have magic in their pressure; Zeba's lute,
And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and shoot
Rapid and white as sea-birds o'er the deep!—
All shall combine their witching powers to steep
My convert's spirit in that softening trance,
From which to heaven is but the next ad-
vance:—

That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast
On which Religion stamps her image best.
But hear me, Priestess!—though each nymph of
these

Hath some peculiar, practised power to please,
Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,
First charms herself, then all the world beside:
There still wants one, to make the victory sure,
One, who in every look joins every lure:
Through whom all beauty's beams concentrated
pass,

Dazzling and rich, as through love's burning-
glass;
Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
Whose words, even when unmeaning, are
adored,

Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine.
Which our faith takes for granted as divine!
Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and
light.

To crown the rich temptations of to-night;
Such the refined enchantment that must be
This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she!

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and
pale.

The maid had stood, gazing upon the veil
From which these words, like south-winds
through a fence

Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with pestilence.*
So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were
fled,

And the wretch felt assured that, once plunged
in,

Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

* It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over the flower (the Kerzereh), it will kill him.

At first, though mute she listen'd, like
Seem'd all he said; nor could her mind, whose
As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
But when, at length, he utter'd, "Thou art
All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,
"Oh, not for worlds!" she cried—"Great God!
to whom

I once knit innocent, is this my doom?
Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,
My purity, my pride, then come to this,—
To live the wanton of a fiend! to be
The pander of his guilt—oh, infamy!
And, sunk myself as low as hell can steep
In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!
Others?—ha! yes—that youth who came to-day—
Not him I loved—not him—oh! do but say,
But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,
And I will serve, dark fiend!—will worship, even
thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing!—in time, be-
ware,

Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
Even from thy lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice,
The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
Once more illuming my fair Priestress' eyes;
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.
As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,
Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb,
Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet!—those eyes were
made

For love, no other—I must be obey'd."

"Obey'd!—'tis well—yes, I deserve it all—
On me, on Heaven's vengeance cannot fall
Too heavily—but Azim, brave and true
And beautiful—must he be ruin'd too?
Must he too, glorious as he is, be driven
A renegade like me from love and heaven?
Like me, weak wretch, I wrong him—not like
me;

No—he's all truth and strength and purity!
Fill up your madd'ning hell-cup to the brim.
Its witchery, fiend, will have no charm for him.
Let loose your glowing wantons from their
bowers,

He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
Wretch as I am, in his heart still I reign
Pure as when first we met, without a stain!

Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a charm
Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
Oh! never let him know how deep the brow
He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—
Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she
Whom once he loved—once!—still loves do-
tingly!

Thou laughst, tormentor,—what!—thou'lt braud
my name?

Do, do—in vain—he'll not believe my shame—
He thinks me true, that nought beneath God's
sky

Could tempt or change me, and so once thought
I,
But this is past—though worse than death my
lot.

Than hell—'tis nothing, while he knows it not.
Far off to some benighted land I'll fly.
Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die;
Where none will ask the lost one whence she
came.

But I may fade and fall without a name!
And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou
art,
Who foundst this burning plague-spot in my
heart,

And spreadst it—oh, so quick!—through soul
and frame

With more than demon's art, till I became
A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!
If, when I'm gone—"

"Hold, fearless mantac, hold,
Nor tempt my rage—by Heaven not half so bold
The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come!
And so thou'lt fly, forsooth?—what!—give up
all

Thy chaste dominion in the Haram hall,
Where, now to love and now to Alla given,
Half mistress and half saint, thou hangst as
even

As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven
Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run
The gant snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon
As easily, when caught, the prey may be
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 Mokanna's
bride!

Hast thou forgot thy oath?"—

The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had
stirr'd
Through all its depths, and roused an anger
there

That burst and lighten'd even through her de-
spair—
Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath
That spoke that word, and stagger'd, pale as
death.

"Yes, my sworn Bride, let others seek in
bowers
Their bridal place—their charnel vault was
ours!

Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality:—
Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we
were wed,

And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead
(Immortal spirits in their time no doubt)
From recking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!
That oath thou hardest more lips than thine
repeat—

That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?
That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest
wine,

Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all mine;
Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or
curst

Not matter now, not hell itself shall burst!
Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay—
Look wild, look—anything but sad; yet stay—
One moment more—from what this night hath
pass'd,

I see thou knowst me, knowst me well at last.
Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thoughts all
true.

And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—
As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
Upon the small, sweet fry that round him
floats;

Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she
lives!—

"And now thou seest my soul's angelic hue,
'Tis time these features were uncertain'd too:—
This brow, whose light—oh, rare celestial light!
Hath been reserved to bless thy favour'd sight;
These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded
might

Thou'rt seen immortal man kneel down and
quake—

Would that they were Heaven's lightnings for
his sake!

* The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the
mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java.

But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
That I should hate, should take revenge, by
guilt.

Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus main'd and monstrous upon
earth;

And on that race who, though more vile they
be

Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me!

Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"—

"He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly
round,

Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the
ground!"

On their arrival, next night, at the place of
encampment, they were surprised and delighted
to find the groves all round illuminated: some
artists or Yamtcheon having been sent on pre-
viously 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 Zelia and her
lover, to give a thought to anything else, ex-
cept, perhaps, to him who related it, hurried
on through this scene of splendour to her pa-
villion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor
artists of Yamtcheon,—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 Feramorz
was introduced, and Faddadeen, 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 im-
patiently 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 en-
slaved;

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 perilous trial waits the now.—

Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;

Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise
His black or azure banner in their blaze;

And each sweet mode of warfare, from the
flash

That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid.

Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the down-
cast lid.

Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes.—*Song of Solomon.*

+ They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with henna, so that they resembled branches of
tree.—*Eastern Tale.*

‡ The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a powder named the black kohol.—*Russell.*

§ The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured champac in the black hair of the Indian
women has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions.

¶ A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen.

‡ Of the genus mimosa, which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming
as if it saluted those who retire under its shade.

** Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods which men of rank
keep constantly burning in their presence.

Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host
Now led against thee; and let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers moving
lights

And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites:—
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreathe the turban tastefully.

Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
Or the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but one eye shone,

Like Seba's Queen, could vanquish with that
one:—

While some bring leaves of henna, to imbue
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,†

They tease
From fair Circassian vales, so beautiful!

So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream;

And others mix the kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long dark languish to the eye,‡

Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud
to cull

All is in motion: rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining everywhere:—some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,

To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;
Gay creatures; sweet, though mournful, 'tis to
see

How each prefers a garland from that tree
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent
day.

And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of India, blest again to hold
In her full lap the champac's leaves of gold,§

Thinks of the time when by the Ganges' flood,
Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam

Just dripping from the consecrated stream:
While the young Arab, haunted by the smile
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—

The sweet cleyna,¶ and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy,‡—

Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents
The well, the camels, and her father's tents:

Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes even its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, were nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a Jasper font is heard around,

Young Azim ruminates bewild'rd,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness,
Here the way leads o'er tessellated floors
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,

Where, ranged in cassolles and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;

And spiky rods, such as illumine at night
The bowers of Tibet,** send forth odoriferous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure spirit to its bliss abode!—

And here, at once, the glittering moon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as
noon;

Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays

High as th' enamel'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of zebi and flowers:
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells of every dye
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate,—in bondage
thrown

For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;
While on the other latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin.*

Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon,† and the thrush
Of Hindostan,‡ whose holy warblings gush
At evening from the tall pagoda's top:
Those golden birds that, in the spice time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o'er the summer
flood;§

And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;—
In short, all rare and beauteous things that fly
Through the pure element here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds|| that
dwell

In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

So on, through scenes past all imagining.—
More like the luxuries of that impious king,¶
Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning
torch,
Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's
porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent
Arm'd with Heaven's sword for man's enfran-
chisement—

Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots clanking sound
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place!

“Is this then,” thought the youth, “is this the
way

To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
Of worldly sloth;—to teach him while he lives,
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame?
It was not so, land of the generous thought,
And daring deed! thy godlike sages taught;
It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies;
Oh! not beneath the enfeebling, withering glow
Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,
With which she wreathed her sword when she
would dare

Immortal deeds;—in the bracing air
Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreathe!
Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,

* Thence comes the aloe.

† In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill.

‡ The pagoda thrush is esteemed among the first choristers of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song.

§ Birds of paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India, and the strength of the nutmeg so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth:

¶ The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds.—Gibbon.

** Shedad, who made this delicious garden of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

*** My pundits assure me that the plant before us (the nilica) is their nephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms.—Sir W. Jones.

This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!—

Would stilly the bright spot, or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place!
But no—it cannot be, that one whom God
Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—
A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
its rights from Heaven, should thus profane his
cause

With the world's vulgar pomp;—no, no—I see—
He thinks me weak—this glare of luxury
Is but to tempt, to try the eagle gaze
Of my young soul:—shine on, 'twill stand the
blaze!”

So thought the youth;—but even while he de-
fied

This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide
Through every sense. The perfume breathing
round

Like a pervading spirit:—the still sound
Of falling waters, lulling 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 touch
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 bliss,
The heart could nothing feel that felt not this;
Softened he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on
wave

Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are
laid:—

He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,
And of the time when full of blissful sighs
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy—as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side hea-
ven!

“On, my loved mistress! whose enchantments
still

Are with me, round me, wander where I will—
It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek
With warm approval—in that gentle look
To read my praise as in an angel's book,
And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile, worth immortality!
How shall I bear the moment when restored
To that young heart where I alone am lord,
Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
Alone deserve to be the happiest!—
When from those lips, unbreathed upon for
years,
I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
And find those tears warm as when last they
started.

Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!
Oh, my own life!—why should a single day
A moment keep me from those arms away?

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the
breeze

Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,

Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him towards the sound, and, far away
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which

Leaves on the waters when he sinks from us ;
So long the path, its light so tremulous ;
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance
By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers—
And some *disporting* round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery.
And round and round them still, in wheeling
flight

Went, like grey moths about a lamp at night :
While others walk'd, as gracefully along
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song

Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—
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 now ;
But a light, golden chain-work round her hair,
Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,
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 hard scarce less divine ;
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sundal-wood,
Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried
strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again.
But when at length a timid glance she stole
At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul



[See page 12.]

From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly
thrill,

Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still !
And now they come, now pass before his eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds when she would
vie

With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings !

A while they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at eventide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
Till silently dispersing, one by one,

Through many a path that from the chamber
leads

To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,

* Musnads are cushioned seats reserved for persons of distinction

† 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 *Chilummar*.

She saw through all his features calm'd her fear
And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,
Though shrinking still, she came ;—then sat her
down

Upon a musnad's* edge, and, bolder grown,
In the pathetic mode of *Isfahan*, †
Touch'd a prelude strain, and thus began :—

“ There's a bower of roses by *Bendmeer's* ‡
stream,

And the nightingale sings round it all the
day long ;

In the time of my childhood 'twas like a
sweet dream,

To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song,

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bende-
meer?

'No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the
way.

But some blossoms were gather'd while
freshly they shone.

And a dew was distill'd from the flowers that
gave

All the fragrance of summer when summer
was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my
eyes,

Is that bower on the banks of the calm
Beendemeer?'

"Poor maiden!" thought the youth, "if thou
wert sent,

With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,
To wake unholy wishes in this heart,

Or tempt its truth, if thou little knowst the art.
For though thy lip should sweetly counsel
wrong,

Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay

Returns so fondly to youth's virtuous day,
And leads thy soul—if e'er it wander'd thence—

So gently back to its first innocence,
That I would sooner stop th' unchain'd dove,

When swift returning to its home of love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,

Than turn from virtue one pure wish of
thine!"

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling
through

The gently-open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,

Peeping like stars through the blue evening
skies,

Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there—

And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, mid showers of jessamine

Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as

they
Who live in th' air on odours, and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the

ground.
Chase one another, in a varying dance
Or mirth and languor, coyness and advance,

Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:—
While she, who sung so gently to the lute

Her dream of home, steals thindly away,
Whinking as violets do in summer's ray,—

But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by

in the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who
danced

Hung caranets of orient gems, that glanced
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er

The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore:—
While from their long dark tresses, in a fall

Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that on the golden-shafted trees

Of Eden shake in the Eternal Breeze,†
Rung round their steps, at every bound more

sweet,
As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet!

At length the chase was o'er, and they scod
wreathed

Within each other's arms; while soft there
breathed

Through the cool casement, mingled with the
sighs

Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to
rise

From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
The car could track through all that maze of
chords

And young sweet voices, these 'mpassion'd
words:—

"A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air:

Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

'His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble

Blue water-lilies,† when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble!

"Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!

Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as
this."

"By the fair and brave,
Who 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 luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,

And where, midst all that the young heart loves
most,

Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
The youth had started up, and turned away

From the light nymphs and their luxurious
lay.

To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—
Bright images, that spoke without a 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 that fine
art

Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;

* To the north 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 bell hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish for music.—*Sala*.

‡ The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

Which knows even Beauty when half-veild is
 best,
 Like her own radiant planet of the west,
 Whose orb when half-retir'd looks lovellest !
 There hung the history of the Genii-King,*
 Traced through each gay, voluptuous wander
 ing
 With her from Saba's bowers,† in whose bright
 eyes
 He read that to be blest is to be wise —
 Here fond Zuleika‡ woos with open arms
 The wife
 The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young
 charms,
 Yet flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
 Wishes that heaven and she could both be won !
 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 eir love !

With rapid step, yet pleased and lingering
 eye,
 Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,
 And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
 Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
 The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
 As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
 Here paused he, while the music, now less near,
 Breathed with a holler language on his ear,
 As though the distance, and that heavenly ray
 Through which the sounds came floating, took
 away
 All that had been too earthly in the lay.
 Oh ! could he listen to such sounds unmoved,
 And by that light—nor dream of her he loved ?
 Dream on, unconscious boy ! while yet thou
 mayst ;
 'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.
 Clasp yet a while her image to thy heart,
 Ere all the light that made it dear depart.
 Think of her smiles as when thou sawst them
 last,
 Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast ;
 Recall her tears to thee at parting given,
 Pure as they weep, † angels weep in heaven !
 Think in her own still bower she waits thee
 now,
 With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
 Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
 Like thee one star above thee, bright and
 lonely !
 Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,
 Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd !

The song is nush'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
 sigh—
 Whose could it be ?—alas ! is misery found
 Here, even here, on this enchanted ground ?
 He turns, and sees a female form, close veild,
 Leaning, as if both heart and strength had
 fail'd,
 Against a pillar near :—not glittering o'er
 With gems and wreaths, such as the others
 wore,
 But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress§
 Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
 Of friends or kindred, dead or far away,—
 And such as Zuleika had on that day
 He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,
 He took away her last warm tears upon his
 cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—more
 Than mere compassion ever waked before ;
 Unconsciously he opens his arms, while she
 Springs forward, as with life's last energy,
 But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,
 Sinks ere she reach his arms, upon the
 ground :—
 Her veil fall off—her faint hands clasp his
 knees—
 'Tis she herself !—'tis Zuleika he sees !
 But, ah, so pale, so changed—none but a lover
 Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover
 The once-adored divinity ! even he
 Stood for some moments mute, and doubtfully
 Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gazed
 Upon those lids, where once such lustre blazed,
 Ere he could think she was indeed his own,
 Own darling maid, whom he so long had known
 In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both ;
 Who, even when grief was heaviest—when loth
 He left her for the wars—in that worst hour
 Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,||
 When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
 And spreads its sighs like frankincense about !

"Look up, my Zuleika—one moment show
 Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
 Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
 But there, at least, shines as it ever shone,
 Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear glance,
 Like those of old, were heaven ! whatever
 chance
 Hath brought thee here, oh ! 'twas a blessed
 one !
 There—my sweet lids—they move—that kiss
 hath run
 Like the first shoot of life through every vein,
 And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again !
 Oh, the delight—now, in this very hour
 When, had the whole rich world been in my
 power,
 I should have singled out thee, only thee,
 From the whole world's collected treasury—
 To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
 My own best, purest Zuleika once more !"

It was indeed the touch of those loved lips
 Upon her eyes that chased their short eclipse,
 And, gradual as the snow at heaven's breath
 Melts off, and shews the azure flowers beneath,
 Her lids unclosed, and the bright eyes were
 seen
 Gazing on his,—not as they late had been,
 Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene ;
 As if to lie, even 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 wretchedness,
 But, when she heard him call her good and
 pure,
 Oh, 'twas too much—too dreadful to endure !
 Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,
 And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,
 Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven
 A heart of very marble, "Pure !—O Heaven."—

That tone—those looks so changed—the wither-
 ing blight
 That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light—
 The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,
 Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,
 He would have seen himself, too happy boy,
 Reflected in a thousand lights of joy ;
 And then the place, that bright unholy place,
 Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
 And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
 Its wily covering of sweet balsam-leaves ;

* This alludes to King Solomon, who was supposed to preside over the whole race of genii.

† Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, or Saba.

‡ The wife of Potiphar, thus named by Orientals.

§ Deep blue is their mourning colour.

|| The sorrowful nyctanthus, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold
As death itself;—it needs not to be told—
No, no—he sees it all, plain as the brand
Of burning shame can mark—whate'er the hand,
That could from Heaven and him such bright-
ness sever.
'Tis done—to Heaven and him she's lost for
ever!

It was a dreadful moment: not the tears,
The lingering, lasting misery of years
Could match that minute's anguish—all the
worst

Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate!

"Oh! curse me not," she cried, as wild he
toss'd

His desperate hand towards heaven—"though
I am lost,
Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me
fall,

No, no—'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all!
Nay, doubt me not—though all thy love hath
ceased—

I know it hath—yet, yet believe, at least,
That every spark of reason's light must be
Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from
thee!

They told me thou wert dead—why, Azim, why
Did we not, both of us, that instant die
When we were parted?—oh! couldst thou but
know

With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew
pain,

And memory, 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,
My eyes still turn'd the way thou wert to come,
And all the long, long night of hope and fear,
Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
O God! thou wouldst not wonder that, at last,
When every hope was all at once o'er-cast,
When I heard frightful voices round me say,
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way,
And I became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven—
All wild—and even this quenchless love within
'Tarn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
Thou piest me—I knew thou wouldst—that
sky

Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I,
The fiend who lured me hither—*list!* come
near,

Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear—
Told me such things—oh! with such devilish
art.

As would have ruin'd even a holier heart—
Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
Where blest at length, if I but served *him* here,
I should for ever live in thy dear sight.

And drink from those pure eyes eternal light!
Think, think how lost, how madden'd I must be,
To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
Thou weepst for me—do, weep—oh! that I
durst

Kiss off that tear! but, no—these lips are curst,
They must not touch thee:—one divine caress,
One blessed moment of forgetfulness,

I've had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,
Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die!

The last of joy's last relics here below,
The one sweet drop in all this waste of woe.
My heart has treasured from affection's spring,
To soothe and cool its deadly withering!

But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go!
This place is not for thee—for thee! oh, no,
Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain
Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!
Enough, that guilt reigns here—that hearts,
once good,
Now tainted, chill'd, and broken, are his food.

Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!"—

"Zelica! Zelica!" the youth exclaimed.
In all the tortures of a mind inflamed
Almost to madness—"by that sacred heaven,
Where yet, if prayers can move, thou'lt be for-
given.

As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
By the remembrance of our once pure love,
Which, like a churchyard light, still burns
above

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! O bliss,
'Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this,
What! take the lost one with thee?—let her
rove

By thy dear side, as in those days of love,
When we were both so happy, both so pure—
Too heavenly dream! if there's on earth a cure
For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
To be the blest companion of thy way;—
To hear thy angel eloquence—to see

Those virtuous eyes for ever turn'd on me;
And in their light re-chasten'd silently,
Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon!
And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt—
At the dim vesper-hour, when thoughts of guilt
Come heaviest o'er the heart thou'lt lift thine
eyes

Full of sweet tears unto the darkening skies,
And plead for me with Heaven, till I can dare
To fix my own weak, sinful glances there—
Till the good angels, when they see me cling
For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,
Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul for-
given,

And bid thee take thy weeping slave to
heaven!
Oh yes, I'll fly with thee———"

Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and
dread

As that of Monks waking up the dead
From their first sleep—so startling 'twas to
both—

Ring through the casement near, "Thy oath!
thy oath!"

O Heaven, the ghastliness of that maid's
look!—

"Tis he," faintly she cried, while terror shook
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement now nought but
the skies

And moonlight fields were seen, calm as be-
fore—

"Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
My oath, my oath, O God! 'tis all too true,
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—
The dead stood round us while I spoke that
vow.

Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glared on me while I pledged that
vow.

"Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
And the Veil'd Bridegroom—*list!* I've seen to-
night

What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
So horrible—oh! never mayst thou see
What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me!
But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
Nor Heaven's, nor Love's, nor ought that is
divine—

Hold me not—ha!—thinkst thou the fiends that sever
Hearts cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—
ever!"

With all that strength which madness lends
the weak,

She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,—
Whose sound, though he should linger out more
years

Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his
ears.

Flew up through that long avenue of light.

Fleets as some dark, ominous bird of night
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight!

Lalla Rookh could think of nothing all day
but the misery of these two young lovers. Her
gulty was gone, and she looked pensively even
upon Fadlaeden. She felt too, without knowing
why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining
that Azim must have been just such a youth as
Feramoraz; 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 Iskhar, 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, heedless of the gay
cavalcade 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 fre-
quent, 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 mirror; nor
was it till she heard the lute of Feramoraz
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 un-
heard remarks from Fadlaeden upon the inde-
corum of a poet seating himself in presence of a
princess, everything was arranged as on the

* The edifices of Chilmimar and Baalbec are supposed to have been built by the genti, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

† A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so foud that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

‡ This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia *Nesser Camo*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle.

§ The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, "The Night and the Shadow."

¶ The Mohammedan religion.

¶ The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.

** Mahadi, in a single Pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

preceding evening, and all listened with eager-
ness, while the story was thus continued:—

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the
way,

Where all was waste and silent yesterday?

This City of War which, in a few short hours,

Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers

Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,

Built the high-pillar'd halls of Chilmimar,*

Had conjured up, far as the eye can see,

This world of tents and domes and sun-bright

armoury!

Princely pavilions, screened by many a fold
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of

gold—

Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,

Their chains and pottails glittering in the sun;

And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells,

Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells

But yester-eve, so motionless around,

So mate was this wide plain, that not a sound

But the far torrent, or the locust-bird,†

Hunting among the thickets could be heard!—

Yet hark! what discords now of every kind

Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the

wind!

The neigh of cavalry:—the tinkling throngs

Of laden camels and their drivers' song:—

Ringings of arms, and flapping in the breeze

Of streamers from ten thousand canopies:—

War-music, bursting out from time to time

With gong and tymbalon's tremendous

chime:—

Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are

mute.

The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,

That far off, broken by the eagle note

Of th' Abyssinian trumpet,‡ swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye "who?"

And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,

The Night and Shadow,* over yonder 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 be-
hind

The veils of his bright palace calm reclined,

Yet brook'd he not such blasphemy should stain

his reign,

But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave,¶

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'errun

His blest and beauteous Province of the Suan.

Ne'er did the march of Mahadi display

Such pomp before—nor even when on his way

To Mecca's temple, when both land and sea

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 snow:—

Nor e'er did armament more grand than that

Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliph.

First in the van, the People of the Rock,*
On their light mountain steeds of royal stock ;
Then Christians of Damascus, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry †

Men from the regions near the Voga's mouth
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South, ‡

And Indian lanciers, in white turban'd ranks
From the far Sindh, or Attock's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh, §
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-Sea
Islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and
rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
Round the white standard of th' Impostor
throng'd.

Beside his thousands of Believers,—blind,
Burning, and headlong as the Samiel wind,—
Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
The bloody Ismailite's converting steel,
Flock'd to his banner:—Chiefs of the Uzbek
race,

Waving their heron crests with martial grace ;
Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth
From the aromatic pastures of the North :
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills, ¶—and
those

Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
Of Hindoo Kosh, in stormy freedom bred,
Their tort the rock, their camp the torrent's
bed.

But none, of all who own'd the chief's command
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand
Or sterner hate than Iran's outlaw'd men,
Her Worshipers of Fire**—all panting then
For vengeance on the accursed Saracen ;
Vengeance at last for their dear country
spurn'd,

Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'er-
turn'd.

From Yezd's †† eternal Mansion of the Fire,
Where aged saints in dreams of heaven expire ;
From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the Caspian's fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants
bled !

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host
That high in air their motley banners toss'd
Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering veil, where'er it went,
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were
blood !

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And risen again, and found them grappling yet ;

* The inhabitants of Hejaz, or Arabia Petrea, called "The People of the Rock."
† Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for
2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds.

‡ Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry
with small gems.

§ Azab, or Saba.

¶ The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans.

** In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous in Khorassan they find turquoises.

†† The Chabers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia who adhered to their ancient faith,
the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either
persecuted at home or forced to become wanderers abroad.

‡‡ 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 above 3,000
years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire.
He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain.

§§ When the weather is hazy, the springs of naphtha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher,
and the naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a
distance almost incredible.

¶¶ In the great victory gained by Mohammed at Beder, he was assisted by three thousand angels,
led by Gabriel mounted on his horse Biazam.

While steams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze
Smoke up to heaven—hot as that crimson haze
By which the prostrate caravan is awed
In the red desert when the wind's abroad!
"On, swords of God!" the panting Caliph
calls,—

"Thrones for the living—heaven for him who
falls !"—

"On, brave avengers, on," Mokanna cries,
"And Eblis blast the recreant slave that flies !"
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
They clash—they strive—the Caliph's troops
give way !

Mokanna's self plucks the black banner down,
And now the orient world's imperial crown
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that
shout !

Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslem's
rout.

And now they turn—they rally—at their head
A warrior (like those angel youths, who led,
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 pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle in his track,
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas through which victory breaks !
In vain Mokanna, 'midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy
night

Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky !—

In vain he 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-enemy !
The panic spreads—"A miracle !" throughout
The Moslem ranks, "A miracle !" they shout,
All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams ;
And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
The needle tracks the load-star, following him !

Right towards Mokanna now he cleaves his
path,

Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
He bears from Heaven withheld its awful burst
From weaker heads, and souls but half-way
curst.

To break o'er him, the mightiest and the worst !
But vain his speed—though, in that hour of
blood,

Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna stood,
With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
Mokanna's soul would have defied them all ;—
Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
For human force, hurries even him along ;
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
Of flying thousands, he is borne away ;

And the soul joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight is—murdering, as he goes!
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night
Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched
flocks
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the
rocks,
And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!

“Alla il Alla!”—the glad shout renew—
“Alla Akbar!”*—the Caliph's in Merou.
Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,
And light your shrines and chant your zira-
lects;†
The Swords of God hath triumph'd—on his
throne
Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath
frown.

Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
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 name—
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 illumine:—
Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze
Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays!
Yet, wretched Azim! thine is such a grief,
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief:
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can
break,

Or warm, or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake‡
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 woe

Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow;
But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee
It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy:
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy past
Melt into splendour, and bliss down at last—
'Twas then, even then, o'er joys so freshly
blown,

This mortal blight of misery came down:
Even then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart
Were check'd—like the fount-drops, frozen as
they start!
And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang!

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
To keep life's fever still within its veins,
Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who
cast

O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his
flight

Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him
back,
Fleet as the vulture speeds of flags unfurl'd,
And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly
hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and saved a world!
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;

* The Tecbir, or cry of the Arabs. “Alla Achar!” says Ockley, “means God is most mighty.”

† The ziralect is a kind of chorus which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions.

‡ The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

§ The ancient Oxus.

|| A city of Transoxiana.

¶ You never can cast your eyes on this tree but you meet there either blossoms or fruit: and, as the blossoms drop underneath on the ground, others come forth in their stead.

** The demons of the Persian mythology.

†† Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season.

For this alone exists—like lightning-fire
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!

But safe as yet that spirit of evil lives;
With a small band of desperate fugitives,
The lust sole stubborn fragment, left unruven,
Of the proud host that late stood fronting
Heaven,
He gain'd Merou—breathed a short curse of
blood
O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the Jihon's
flood,§

And gathering all whose madness of belief
Still saw a saviour in their down-fallen Chief,
Raised the white banner within Neksheb's
gates,||
And there, untamed, th' approaching conqueror
waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
He took but one, the partner of his flight,
One, not for love—not for her beauty's light—
For Zelica stood withering midst the gay,
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
From th' Alma tree and dies, while overhead
To-day's young flower is springing in its
stead!¶

No, not for love—the deepest damn'd must be
Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such fiends as
he
Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!
But no, she is his victim:—there lie all
Her charms for him—charms that can never
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 white a page as Virtue o'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
This is his triumph; this the joy accrues,
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 which hell-fire illumines
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it con-
sumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that
need
All the deep Δ ringness of thought and deed
With which the Dives** have gifted him—for
mark,
Over yon plains, which night had else made
dark,

Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights
That spangle India's fields on showery nights,††
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguercer spread,
Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,
And thence in nearer circles, till they slope
Among the founts and groves, o'er which the
town

In all its arm'd magnificence looks down,
Yet, fearless, from his lofty bartlements
Mokanna views that multitude of tents:
Nay, smiles to think that, though entail'd, be-
set,
Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;—
That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at
bay,
Even thus a match for myriads such as they!

"Oh for a sweep of that dark angel's wing,
Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian
king"

To darkness in a moment, that I might
People hell's chambers with yon host to-night!
But come what may, let who will grasp the
throne,

Caliph or Prophet, man alike shall groan;
Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—
King

Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
With victims' shrieks and howlings of the
slave,—

Sounds that shall glad me even within my
grave!

Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a far different strain:—

"Glorious defenders of the sacred Crown
I hear from heaven, whose light nor blood shall
drown

for shadow of earth eclipse; before whose gems
The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne
Of Parviz† and the heron crest that shone,‡

Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,§
Fare like the stars when morn is in the skies;
Warriors, rejoice—the port, to which we've
pass'd

O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
Victory's our own—'tis written in that Book
Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
Of her great foe fall broken in that hour

When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
From Neksheb's Holy Well portentously shall
rise!

Now turn and see!—

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,

A sudden splendour all around them broke,
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
Round the rich city and the plain for miles.¶—

Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret.
As autumn sans shed round them when they
set!

Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
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
The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,
Had rested on the Ark,¶ and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call;
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
Right on into the moslems' mighty force.

The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their
rounds,
Had paused, and even forgot the punctual
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.

—On for the lamps that light yon lofty screen††
Nor blunt your blades with massacre so near;
There rests the Caliph—speed—one lucky lance
May now achieve mankind's deliverance!"

Desperate the die—such as they only cast
Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade
Springs up to meet them through the glimmer-
ing shade.

And as the clash is heard, new legions soon
Pour to the spot, like bees of Kanzeroon,§§
To the shrill timbrel's summons, till, at length,
The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength
And back to Neksheb's gates, covering the plain
With random slaughter, drives the adventurous
train!

Among the fast of whom, the Silver Veil
Is seen, glittering 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?
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring?
No,

Though half the wretches whom at night he led
To thrones and victory lie disgraced and dead,
Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest
Still vaunt of thrones and victory to the rest;—
And they believe him!—oh, the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away!

The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow;—alchemists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out,
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' impostor knew all lures and arts
That Lucifer o'er taught to tangle hearts;
Nor 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
Against men's souls, is Zelia forgot.
Ill-fated Zelia! had reason been
Awake through half the horrors thou hast seen,
Thou never couldst have borne it—Death had
come

At once and taken thy wrung spirit home.
But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er th' intense
And passionate struggles of that fearful night.
When her last hope of peace and heaven took
flight:

And thought, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
Ominous flashings now and then will start,
Which shew the fire's still busy at its heart:

Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sudden gloom,—
Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,
And calm without, as is the brow of death.
While busy worms are gnawing underneath!—
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd-up apathy,
Which left her off, with scarce one living thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Had paused, and even forgot the punctual
sounds

* Senacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussa.

† Chosroes, famous for his throne and palace.

‡ "The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban."—Thus says one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas's tomb.

§ The beauty of Ali's eyes was so remarkable that, whenever the Persians would describe anything as very lovely, they say it is *Ayn Hali*, or the eyes of Ali.

¶ During two months he diverted the people by making a luminous body, like a moon, rise up from a well every night, and which shed its light for many miles.

¶ The Sheehinah, called Sakinat in the Koran.

** 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.

†† The *Serraparda*, high screens of red cloth stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents.

‡‡ From the groves of orange trees at Kanzeroon the bees cull a celebrated honey.—*Morier*.

Again, as in Meroë, he had her deck'd
Gorgously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude tram, as to a sacrifice:
Fall'd 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

And stood, as one just risen from the dead.
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell
His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell
Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd
trace,

Shroud down ere long their Faith's deliverance
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,
Her soul was roused, and words of wildness came,

Instant the bold blasphemer would translate
Her ravings into oracles of fate,
Would hail Heaven's signals in her flashing
eyes,

And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen
Gathering around; and famine comes to glean
All that the sword had left uncreep'd—in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promised spears
Of the wild hordes and Tartar mountaineers:
They come not—while his fierce beleaguers
pour

Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
And horrible as new;—javelins, that fly
Enwreathed with smoky flames through the
dark sky,

And red-hot globes that, opening as they
mount,

Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount,
Showers of consuming fire o'er all below;
Looking, as through th' illumined night they
go,

Like those wild birds that by the Magians oft,
At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion
wide!

All night, the groans of wretches who expire
In agony beneath these darts of fire
Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore;

Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloth of gold,
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd;—
Its baneous marble baths, whose idle jets
Now gush with blood;—and its tall minarets,
That late have stood up in the evening glare
Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer;—
O'er each in turn the terrible flame-bolts fall,
And death and conflagration throughout all
The desolate city hold high festival!

Mokanna sees the world is his no more;—
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
"What! drooping now?"—thus, with unblush-
cheek,

He hails the few who yet can hear him speak,
Of all those fann'd slaves around him lying,
And by the light of blazing temples dying;—
"What! drooping now?"—now, when at length
we press

Home o'er the very threshold of success;

* 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*.

† The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the Emperors to their allies, and which was darted in arrows and javelins.

‡ At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezé, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the wood for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced.

§ The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk—*Koran*.

When Alla from our ranks hath thin'd away
Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
Of favour from us, and we stand at length
Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
The chosen few who shall survive the fall
Of kings and thrones, triumphant over all!
Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you
are,

All faith in him who was your light, your star?
Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
Beneath this veil, the flashing of whose lid
Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
Millions of such as yonder chief brings hither?
Long have its lightnings slept—too long—but
now

All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow!
To-night—yes, sainted men! this very night,
I bid you all to a fair festal rite,

Where,—having deep refresh'd each weary limb
With viands such as feast heaven's cherubim,
And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
With that pure wine the dark-eyed maids above
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;
Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse
Yon myriads, howling through the universe!"

Eager they listen—while each accent darts
New life into their chill'd and hope-sick
hearts;—

Such treacherous life as the cool draught sup-
plies

To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
Wildly they point their lances to the light
Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout, "To-
night!"

"To-night," their chief re-echoes in a voice
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice!
Deluded victims—never hath this earth
Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth!
Here, to the few whose iron frames had stood
This racking waste of famine and of blood,
Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the
shout

Of triumph like a maniac's laugh broke out:—
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
Among the dead and dying strew'd around;—
While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his
wound

Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
In ghastly transport waved it o'er his head!

"'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful
pause

Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,
That lately from those royal gardens burst,
Where the veil'd demon held his feast accurst,
When Zelica—alas, poor ruin'd heart,
In every horror doom'd to bear its part!—

Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage that her own dark doom was near,
Roused every feeling, and brought reason back
Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.

All round seem'd tranquil—even the foe had
ceased,
As if aware of that demoniac feast,
His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd
'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.
But hark!—she stops—she listens—dreadful
tone!
'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,
A long death-groan comes with it—can this be
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry!
She enters—Holy Alla, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of
brands
That round lay burning, dropped from lifeless
hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead,—
The urns, the cups, from which they late had
quaff'd,
All gold and gems, but—what had been the
draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swoll'n heads sunk blackening on
their breasts,
Or looking pale to heaven with glassy glare,
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,
Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but as they
died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last
strain
And clench'd the slackening hand at him in
vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast
Upon their soul's tormentor to the last;—
Upon that mocking fiend, whose veil, now
raised,
Shew'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,
Not the long-promised light, the brow whose
beaming
Was to come forth, all-conquering, all-redeem-
ing,
But features horribler than hell e'er traced
On its own brood;—no Demon of the Waste,*
No churchyard ghoul, caught lingering in the
light

Of the blest sun e'er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
Th' Impostor now, in grinning mockery shows—
"There, ye wise saints, behold your Light, your
Star,
Ye *could* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?
Swear that the burning death ye feel within
Is but the trance with which heaven's joys
begin;
That this foul visage, foul as e'er disgraced
Even monstrous man, is—after God's own taste;
And that—but see! ere I have half-way said
My greetings through, th' uncourteous souls
are fled,
Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
If Eblis loves you halt so well as I,—

* The Afghans believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon whom they call the Gholee Beenbau, or Spiri of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe by saying they are as wild as the Demon of the Waste.

† The Orientals have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes.

Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy
seat;
Nay, come—no shuddering—didst thou never
meet
The dead before?—they graced our wedding,
sweet;
And these, my guests to-night, have brinn'd so
true
Their parting cups that *thou* shalt pledge one
too.
But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop re-
mains,
Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins:—
Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering
arms
Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

"For me—I too must die—but not like these
Vile ranking things, to fester in the breeze;
To have this brow in rufian triumph shown,
With all death's grimness added to its own,
And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
Of slaves, exclaiming, 'There his godship
lies!—

No, cursed race, since first my love drew
breath,
They've been my dupes, and *shall* be, even in
death.

Thou seest you cistern in the shade,—'tis fill'd
With burning drugs, for this last hour dis-
till'd:—

There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
Fit bath to have a dying Prophet's frame!—
There perish, all—ere pulse of thine shall fail—
Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
So shall my votaries wheresoe'er they rave,
Proclaim that Heaven took back the Saint it
gave:—

But I've but vanish'd from this earth a while,
To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall
kneel;

Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
The sail he spreads for heaven with blasts for
hell!

So shall my banner through long ages be
The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy:—
Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna's name,
And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife
And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life!
But, hark! their battering engine shakes the
wall—

Why, let it shake—thus I can brave them all.
No trace of me shall greet them when they come
And I can trust thy faith, for—thou'it be dumb,
Now mark how readily a wretch like me
In one bold plunge commences Deity!"—

He sprung, and sunk as the last words were
said—

Quick closed the burning waters o'er his head,
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,

In the lone Cities of the Silent† dwell,

And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
Each by its own pale carcase, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the beleagu'ers.
Their globes of fire (the dread artillery lent
By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are spent;
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent
From high ballistas, and the shielded throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,—
All speak th' impatient Islamites' intent
To try, at length, if tower and battlement
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,
Less tough to break down than the hearts
within.

First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning Azim—oh! could he but see
That monster once alive within his grasp,
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boar's clasp,
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep
pace

With the fell heartiness of hate's embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the
walls;

Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,
But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty
swing

Of all your beams, together thundering!"
There—the wall shakes—the shouting troops
exit—

Quick, quick, discharge your weightiest cata-
pult

Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own!"—
'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two,
Yawning like some old crater rent anew,
Shews the dim, desolate city smoking through!
But strange! no signs of life—nought living
seen

Above, below—what can this stillness mean?
A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes—
"In through the breach," impetuous Azim
cries:

But the cool Caliph, fearful of some wile
By this blank stillness, checks the troops a
while.—

Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced
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,
Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around:
Young Azim from his steel springs to the
ground—

"Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
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:
Then with a bound, rushes on Azim's spea-
And, casting off the veil in falling, shews—
Oh!—'tis his Zelica's life-blood that flows!

"I meant not Azim," soothingly she said,
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And, looking in his face, saw anguish there
Beyond all wounds—the quivering flesh can bear—
"I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of
this;—

Though death with thee thus tasted is a bliss
Thou wouldest not rob me of, didst thou but
know

How oft I've pray'd to God I might die so!
But the fiend's venom was too scant and slow;
To linger on were maddening—and I thought
If once that veil—nay, look not on it—caught
The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be
Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.

But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes—
I would not change this sad but dear caress,
This death within thy arms I would not give
For the most smiling life the happiest live!
All that stood dark and drear before the eye
Of my stray'd soul is passing swiftly by;
A light comes o'er me from those looks of love,
Like the first dawn of mercy from above;
And if thy lips but tell me I'm forgiven,
Angels will echo the blest words in heaven!
But live, my Azim!—oh! to call the mine
Thus once again! *my Azim*—dream divine!
Live, if thou ever lovedst 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 vain—
And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
And nought remembering 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 wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-
known flowers,

Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
Back to thy soul, and thou mayst feel again
For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To heaven upon the morning's sunshine rise
With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
And should they—but alas! my senses fail—
Oh for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—
I'll come to thee in some sweet dream—and tell—
O Heaven!—I die—dear love! farewell, fare-
well!"

Time fleeted—years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had 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
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down—and though the
shade

Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
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—

His soul had seen a vision while he slept;
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all drest
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breathed his thanks and
died.

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 Fud-
deen's criticisms upon it. A series of disap-
pointments 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 Mazagong was, of course, impossible.
In the next place, the elephant, laden with his
fine antique porcelain,* had, in an unusual fit of

* This old porcelain is found in digging and if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors 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).—*Dana*.

liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exorbitantly old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan 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 Mohammed's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; who, though professing to hold, with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, 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 particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Ceylon 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 Fadladeen! exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, wild, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition." "If that be all," replied the critic, "evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about everything but the subject immediately before him,—if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured 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 Rucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivaling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberds of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation 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 Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."*

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter: it had not even those poetic contrivances of structure which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately, poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's apron† converted into a banner, are so easily gilt 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 Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafiz, 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 dromedary. The licences, 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 Fadladeen "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic 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 him, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—"Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the 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 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 Fadladeen, 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 Fadladeen 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 manner, 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 for ever!"—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 Mountains,§ last for ever;—but still there are some, as delightful perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least 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

* The reading of these fables so much pleased the Arabs, that when Mohammed read in the Old Testament, they said that the narratives of Nasser were much better.

† The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the royal standard of Persia.

‡ The humn, a bird supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground.

§ To the pilgrims of Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c., on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain.—Volney.

for ever, like the Old Man of the Sea,* upon his back!" Fadiadeen, it was plain, took this last luckless 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 freshly 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 favourite 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 *Camalâta*, 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 Kathy, 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, which, 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 wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!"

Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plain-tree Isle reflected clear,†
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
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 outshine them all!
Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far

* In "Sinbad the Sailor."

† Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere.

‡ The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employ the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it.

§ The Mohammedans 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.

|| The Forty Pillars: so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace, and the edifices at Baalbec, were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.

¶ The Isles of Panchala.

** The cup of Jamshid, discovered, the Persians say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis.

†† Mahmud of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.

As the universe spreads its flaming wall
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping,
The Gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Brahmins say—
Blooms no where but in Paradise!
"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,

*The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!*
Go seek it, and redeem thy sin:—
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun:—
Flecter than the starry brands
Flung 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 eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilmimar;||
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;¶
I know, too, where the genie hid
The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,**
With life's elixir sparkling high—
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?
And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
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
O'er coral banks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers 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 bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upward from the innocent fountains!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousands thrones?
'Tis he of Gazna†—fierce in wrath

He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path—
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn 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 glittering 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 Conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful wrarior 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.
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 distill
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 Heaven 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 even this drop the boon must be
That opens the gates of heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,†
Far to the south, the Peri lighted;
And seek'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!‡

* It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept four hundred greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls.
† The Mountains of the Moon, or the *Montes Lunæ* of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise.—Bruce.

‡ The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant.
§ Parry's "View of the Levant" gives an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grotto, covered all over with hieroglyphics, in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

¶ Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

‡ The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines, like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep.

†† That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana.

‡‡ 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."

§§ According to Bruce's "Travels,"

Thence, over Egypt's paly groves,
Her grotto, and sepulchres of kings§
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening 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 Mœris 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 heaven's serenest light:—
Those groups of lovely date-trees heading
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 towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheathe its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana† sitting
Upon a column motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, even
there,

Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the smooch hath past
At once falls back and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then
Is ranking in the posthouse now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyena stalks††
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!§§

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fault—
Some flowersets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then, beneath some orange-trees
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning 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 stolen 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 slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With even 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 call'd his own.
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath:—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool air from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see, who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
He knew his own betroth'd 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 presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake, her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!

And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'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 knowest, 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 bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side?
Thinkst thou that she, whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone?

© In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thou-and years, he builds himself a funeral pile, stogs a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.

† On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave.—*Chateaubriand*.

‡ R. Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from *Suri*, a beautiful and delicate species of rose of which that country has been always famous;—hence, *Suristan*, the Land of Roses.

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 love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She falls—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 odour rest—
In balmy airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that holy bird
Who sings at the last his own death lay,*
And in music and perfume dies away."

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 seem'd
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 would
Waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering 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 lie around that lucid lake.
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!†

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
Th' innumeral 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
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opens the Gates of Heaven 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 snow,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosily at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, how sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sun-light falls:—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls*
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;

And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliant rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come
Of shepherd's ancient reed, † with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,

Banqueting through the flowery vales,—
And Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought 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, ‡
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Mingling 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;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Baalbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies, §

That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like wing'd flowers 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 innaret'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,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd

* The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbas amounted to many thousands; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them.—Bruce.

† The sarrin, or Pan's pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria.

‡ The Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.

§ 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.—Somisite.

¶ The Naeta, 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.

With blood of guests!—there written, all,
Black as the damning 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
Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid 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 vesper call to prayer,
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 flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisp'ing the eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
A scene which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis 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!
"There was a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When young, and haply 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 Peri, "that down
from the moon

Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, † of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even 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 dispell'd them all!"
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'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 tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheeks:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbingers of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,*
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye of ours 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
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh, what are the brightest that e'er have
blown,
To the lote-tree spring by Alla's throne,‡
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and heaven 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 Zamara beside the eternal architect 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 streams of Basra.§ They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement 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 irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed?—to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence: who, like them, sung the jereed|| carelessly, but not like them, to the mark:—"and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and looest drawers of Masulipatam!"

* 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." Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.
† The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mohammed. Touba signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

‡ Mohammed is described, in the fifty-third 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 Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh heaven, on the right hand of the throne of God.

§ It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Bela Ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams.

|| The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise.

¶ Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the 'Mountain of the Talisman,' because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit.—*Kinnear.*

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven, but he could not help advertising to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, 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 to incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banian Hospital for Sick Insects should undertake."

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this execrable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent commonplaces,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit.¶ Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were incited, could lower for one instance the elevation of Fadladeen's eyebrows, or charn him into anything like encouragement or even toleration of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion; and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—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 seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the saloons of the Shallah 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 for ever, and that she was in love—irretrievably in love—with young Feramorz. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love 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 tended to bring their hearts close together, and to awaken by every means, that too ready passion, which often like the young of the desert-bird, is warned 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 she 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 try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!†

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, had never encamped nearer to the Princess 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 chariots 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 waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads; as they went, and then threw them 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. Fadlaadeen 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 ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to Fadlaadeen, seemed heartily weary of the life they led; and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were tasteless enough 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 favourite 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!

* The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.

† See *Sale's Koran*, note, vol. ii., p. 481.

‡ Ferishta.

§ The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side.

|| The baya, or Indian gross-beak.—*Sir W. Jones*.

“Tell me not of Houris' eyes;—
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Would like some that burn below!

“Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for even 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 as a sad but sweet certainty, that Feramorz was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East: where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.¶ In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood, there was a tank surrounded by small 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 loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. Lalla Rookh guessed in vain; and the all-pretending Fadlaadeen, 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 be a relic of some of those dark superstitions which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam had 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 despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very few minutes, appeared before them,—looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla Rookh's eyes, that she already repented of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers, or 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 apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles which had been made by these original natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own fire in the Burning Field at Bakou, 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 zoily 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 Feramorz had ever ventured upon so much *prose* before Fadladeen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such *prose* as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aglath, 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 brave struggles of the Fire-Worshippers of Persia 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 animated, and when he spoke of the Holy Valley, his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted; and while Fadladeen 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 beauteously,
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 bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest!
All hush'd—there's not a breeze in motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven:—
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome §
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And fashions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on Iran's¶ name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
Mid eyes that weep and swords that strike;—
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood

Lies their directest path to heaven.
One who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword,—
Nay, who can coolly point the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just Alle! what must he 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?
Even as those bees of Trebizond,—
Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad! **

Never did fierce Arabia send
A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was Iran doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of dandler weight.
Her throne had fallen—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 towers, where Mithra once had burn'd,
To Moslem shrines—O shame!—were turn'd,
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And cursed the faith their sires adored
Yet has she hearts, mid 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're treasured from the sun that's set,
Beam all the light of long-lost days!
And swords she bath, nor weak nor slow
To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Be calm'd in heaven'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 moonlight'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 shadow's fling,
You turret stands; where obon 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 ingentlerace;—
An image of youth's fairy 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!

* The Persian Gulf, between 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.—*La Bruyn*.

¶ Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia.

** On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed.—*Russell*.

†† 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 herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty.

§‡ The Fountain of Youth, by a Mohammedan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East.

Unseen by man's disturbing eye.—
 The flower 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 mysteries, lain enshrined.
 And oh, what transport for a lover
 To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
 Like those who all at once discover
 In the lone deep some fairy shore,
 Where mortal never trod before,
 And sleep and wake in scented airs
 No lip had ever breathed but theirs!

Beautiful are the maids that glide
 On summer-eves through Yemen's* dales,
 And bright the glancing looks they hide
 Behind their hters' roseate veils;—
 And brides, as delicate and fair
 As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
 Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
 Who, hild in cool kiosks or bowers,
 Before their mirrors count the time,
 And grow still lovelier every hour.
 But never yet hath bride or maid
 In Araby's gay Harams 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 emerald's virgin blaze! †
 Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
 Mingling the meek and vestal 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 feel-
 ing,

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 bower,
 Watching the still and moonlight 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.
 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-air,
 Atter the day-beam's withering fire†
 He built her bower 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—

* Arabia Felix.

† They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of emeralds he immediately become blind.—*Almed ben Andalus*.

‡ At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus, it is sometimes so hot that the people are obliged to lie down all the day in the water.—*Marco Polo*.

§ Supposed to be inaccessible.

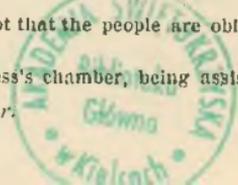
¶ Zal, a Persian hero, used to ascend by night to his mistress's chamber, being assisted in his ascent by her long hair.

¶ On the lofty hills of Arabia Petræa are rock-goats.—*Niebuhr*.

** A species of psaltery.

Love, all-defying Love, who sees
 No charm in troplives 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 tower, that rock-way rude,
 There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
 Would climb th' untrodden solitude
 Of Ararat's tremendous peak, §
 And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
 Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led!
 Even now thou seest the flashing spray,
 That lights his oar's impatient way—
 Even now thou hearest 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 bridegroom, 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 mid-way up in danger cling,
 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 Hinda's bower.
 See—light as up their granite steeps
 The rock-goats of Arabia clamber. ¶
 Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
 And now is at the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
 Nor what his race, nor whence he came;—
 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 kanoon,**
 Alone, at this same witching hour,
 She first beheld his radiant eyes
 Gleam through the lattice of the bower.
 Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
 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 past,
 She saw a youth of mortal kind
 Before her in obeisance cast,—
 Yet often since, when he has spoken
 Strange, awful words,—and gleams have bro-
 ken
 From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
 Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given
 To some unhallow'd child of air,
 Some erring spirit, cast from heaven,
 Like those angelic youths of old,
 Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,



Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven 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 ardent 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 weep;
Visions that never to 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 moonlight 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 bowers,
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!
Would this be world enough for thee?"—
Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;
And, bursting into heart-felt tears,
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
My dreams have boded all too right—
We part—for ever part—to-night!
I knew, I knew it could not last—
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower.

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,—
O 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.
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,
Where'er thou go'st, 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 exclaim'd—"thou little knowst
What he can brave, who, born and nurs'd
In danger's paths, has dared her worst!
Upon whose ear the signal-word
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;
Who sleeps with head upon the sword
His fever'd hand most grasp in waking!
Danger!"—

"Say on—thou fearest not, then,
And we may meet—oft meet again?"

* The Ghebers lay so much stress on their cashee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it.

† They suppose the throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary.

"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.—
It 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 Heaven
Mingle two souls that earth has given,
His rent asunder wide as ours?
Oh, Arab maid! as soon the powers
Of light and darkness may combine,
As I be link'd with thee or thine!
Thy Father—"

"Holy Alla says
His gray head from that lightning glance!
Thou knowst him not—he loves the brave;
Nor lives there under heaven's expanse,
One who would prize, would worship thee,
And thy bold spirit, more than he,
Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd
With the bright faction by his side,
I've heard him swear his lisping maid
In time should be a warrior's bride,
And still, whene'er, at Haram hours,
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,
He tells me, when in playful mood,
A hero shall my bridegroom be,
Since maids are best in battle wood'd,
And won with shouts of victory!
Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou knowst
Th' unholy strife these Persians wage;—
Good Heaven, that frown!—even now than
glowst

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 victory 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 shew'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him hung.
"Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!
Yes—I am of that impious race,

Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven!†
Yes—I am of that outcast feed,
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 chains, or die!
Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—
He who gave birth to those dear eyes
With me is sacred as the spot.

From which our fires of worship rise!
But know—'twas he I sought that night,
When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,
And up the rude rocks desperately
Rush'd to my prey—thou knowst the rest—
I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within—
Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
If Love has made one thought his own,
That Vengeance claims first—last—alone!
Oh! had we never, never met,
Or could this heart even 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 neighbouring 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 awakening 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
the—

God! who could then this sword withstand?
Its very flash were victory!
But now—estranged, divorced for ever,
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
Our only ties what love has wove,—
Faith, friends, and country, sander'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, even 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,
And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!
But look—

With sudden start he turn'd
And pointed to the distant wave,
Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
Blue, 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 heaven again.
"My signal lights!—I must away
Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.
Farewell—sweet life! thou clingst 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 pale and mute young Hinda stood,
Nor moved, till in the silent food
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe;
Shrieking she to the lattice flew.

"I come—I come—if in that tide
Thou sleepest 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 pinnace fly,
Watching him fleetly to his home,
Where'er that ill-starr'd home may lie;
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 Princess, whose heart was sad enough
already, could have wished that Feranorz 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, when he spoke
of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if
he had chewed 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 signal of the bamboo staff,
with the white flag at its top, reminded the tra-
veller that in that very spot the tiger had made
some human creature his victim. It was, there-
fore, 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
the shade, some pious hands had erected 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 palaukens. Here, white,
as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously,
with Fadlaheen 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 has risen clear and calm,
And o'er the Green Sea palely shines,
Revealing Bahrain's groves of palm,
And fighting Kishna's[†] amber vines.
Fresh smelt the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian Sea
Blow round Selama's[‡] sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,
Have toward that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the god there
For gentle skies 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,—bespangled o'er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar!
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,
Has first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?
When, from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of heaven
Who, on Cadessa's[§] bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem

* The Manelukes 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*.

† The Persian Gulf.—*Sir W. Jones*.

‡ Islands in the Gulf.

§ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musselem. The Indians throw in flowers and cocoa-nuts, to secure a propitious voyage.

¶ In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Francklin says, "The dew is of such a pure nature that, if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."

¶ The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

From Iran's broken diadem,
 And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
 Ask the poor exile, cast alone
 On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
 Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,*
 Or on the snowy Mossian Mountains,
 Far from his beautiful land of dates,
 Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
 Yet happier so than if he trod
 His own beloved but blighted sod,
 Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—
 Oh! he would rather houseless roam,
 Where Freedom and his God may lead,
 Than be the sleekest slave at home
 That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
 Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
 Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's caves?†
 No—she has sons that never—never
 Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
 While heaven has light or earth has graves.
 Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
 But flash resentment back for wrong;
 And hearts where, slow but deep, the seed
 Of vengeance ripen into deeds,
 Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
 They burst, like Zeidan's giant palm,‡
 Whose buds fly open with a sound
 That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, Emir! he who scaled that tower,
 And could he reach thy slumbering breast,
 Would teach thee, in a Gheber's power
 How safe even tyrant heads may rest
 Is one of many, brave as he,
 Who loathe thy haughty race and thee:
 Who, though they know the strife is vain,
 Who, though they know the riven chain
 Snaps but to enter in the heart
 Of him who rends its links apart,
 Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
 Even for one bleeding moment free,
 And die in pangs of liberty!
 Thou knowst them well—'tis some moons since
 Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,
 Thou satrap of a bigot prince!
 Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;
 Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
 Ay, in the portal of that land
 Thou, Arab, darest to call thy own,
 Their spears across thy path have thrown;
 Here—ere the winds half-wing'd thee o'er
 Rebellion braved thee from the shore.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
 Whose wrongful blight so oft as stain'd
 The holiest cause that tongue or sword
 Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
 How many a spirit, born to bless,
 Has 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 Yeman's warriors wink?

Who comes embower'd in the spears
 Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?
 Those mountaineers that truest, 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 threw
 The last light of His worship too!

'Tis Hlafed—name of fear, whose sound
 Chills like the muttering of a charm;—
 Shout but that awful name aloud,
 And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
 'Tis Hlafed, most accursed and dire
 (So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
 Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
 Of whose malign, tremendous power
 The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
 Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
 That each affrighted sentinel
 Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
 Lest Hlafed 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 Simoorgh riskless wore;
 And gifted by the fiends of fire,
 Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
 With charms that, all in vain withstood,
 Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales that won belief,
 And such the colouring fancy gave
 To a young, warm and dauntless Chief,—
 One who, 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 glories current shine
 Names that have sanctified their blood;
 As Lebanon's small mountain-trood
 Is rendered holy by the ranks
 Of sainted cedars on its banks!§
 'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
 Tamely 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,
 Was born among her chains and tears!—
 '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-blast—
 No—far he fled—indignant fled
 The pageant of his country's shame;
 While every tear her children shed
 Fell 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 valour—vain the flower
 Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
 Against Al Hassan's overwhelming power.
 In vain they met him, helm to helm,

* Derhend. The Turks call the city the Iron Gate.

† The Talpot or Talipot Tree, a beautiful palm which grows in the heart of the forests. In summer, the sheath which then envelops the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon.

‡ Tahmuras, and other ancient kings of Persia: whose adventures in Fairy Land, among the Peris and Dives, may be found in Richardson's Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, 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 is called the Holy River, from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.—*Dandini*.

From the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway—
And with their corpses block'd his way—
In vain—for every lance the conqueror blazed;
Thousands around the conqueror's shore,
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wait'd o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose storm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust-cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's stutry bay—
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of Oman heaving 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 sleeping albatross*
Struck the wild rubus 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
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 imprison'd there.
That bold were Moslem who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers 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 ghouls 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 for ever past the days
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries 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 Hafed led

His little army's last remains;—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,

Is heaven to him who flies from chains!
O'er a dark narrow bridge-way, 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 ours—
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 wait'd on our yet warm cheeks,
Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
Gloats on our torments—we may die!"
'Twas night when to those towers they came,
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruin'd altar broke,
Gleam'd on his features as he spoke;—

"'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done—
If Iran will look tamely on,
And see her priests, her warriors driven
Before a sensual bigot's nod,
A wretch who takes his lusts to heaven,
And makes a pander of his God!

If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
Men in whose veins—oh, last disgrace!
The blood of Zal and Rostam‡ 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 despair
Cries out to heaven, and bondage grows
Too vile for even the vile to bear!

Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
Their inmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall
Back on his heart in drops of gall!

But here, at least, are arms unchain'd,
And souls that thralldom never stain'd;—

This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profan'd;

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 throb is o'er,
And even 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 blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate

Those courts, where once the mighty sat!
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering spirits of their dead;||

Though neither priest nor rites were there,
Nor charm'd leaf of pure pomegranate;¶

* These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

† The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

‡ Ancient heroes of Persia. Among the Ghebers there are some who boast their descent from Eustam.—Stephens.

§ According to Russell.

¶ Among other ceremonies, the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves.

|| In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their fire, as described by Lord, "The Doroo," he says, "giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness."

Nor 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!
Brave, suffering souls! thy little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one meek heart, one gentle foe,
Whom Love first touch'd with others' woe—
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.
Oncé, Emir! thy unheeding child,
Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smiled—
Tranquil as on some battle-plain

The Persian lily shines and towers,
Before the combat's reddening stain
Hath fallen upon her golden flowers.
Light-hearted maid, unawed, unmoved,
While Heaven but spared the sire she loved,
Oncé at thy evening tales of blood
Unlistening 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 lutes of angels, touch'd so near
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear!
Far other feelings love has 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 every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
There's not a sabre meets her eye,
But with his life-blood seems to swirl;
There's not an arrow wings the sky
But fancy turns its point to him.
No more she hovers with footstep light
Al Hassan's faichion 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 shuddering frame,
When from the field of blood he came.
The faltering speech—the look estranged—
Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed—
He would have mark'd all this and known
Such change is wrought by love alone!

Ah! not the love that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosperous love
That, 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.—

* Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Omlan) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the sun, to whom 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 inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censor in their hands, and offer incense to the sun.—*Rabbi Benjamin.*

† It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire.

‡ A kind of trumpet—it was used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is 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 wreathed garland he wore at the battle of Ohod.

A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
Some idol, without shine or name,
O'er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep!

Seven nights have darken'd Oman's Sea,
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light on rapidly
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—
And still she goes, at midnight hour,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep,—
But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw that bark again.
The owl's solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
And off the hateful carrion-bird,
Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,
Which creek'd with that day's banqueting—
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 tost at midnight furiously, †
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
More surely than that smiling eye!
"Up, daughter, up—the Kerna's! breath
Has blown a blast would waken death.
And yet thou sleepest—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 o'er ere I sleep!"
"His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind
Still singling one from all mankind
"Yes, spite of his ravines and towers,
Hated, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
Without whose aid the links accurst
That bind these impious slaves, would be
Too strong for Alla's self to burst!
That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driven
Back from their course the swords of Heaven,
This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When God and vengeance speed the blow.
And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath
Thou worst on Ohods field of death§

I swear, for every 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 Araby,
Se'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hop'd our every tread
Would be on prostrate Persian necks—

Curst race, they offer swords instead!
 Not cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now
 Is blowing o'er thy tawny brow
 To-day shall wait thee from the shore;
 And ere a drop of this night's gore
 Hath time to chill in yonder towers,
 Thou'lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers![†]

His bloody boast was all too true—
 There lurk'd one wretch among the few
 Whom Hated's eagle could count
 Around him on that fiery mount,—
 One miscreant, who for gold betray'd
 The pathway through the valley's shade
 To those high towers where Freedom stood
 In her last hold of flame and blood.
 Left on the field last dreadful night,
 When, sallying from their sacred height,
 The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,
 He lay—but died not with the brave:
 That sun, which should have gilt his grave,
 Saw him a traitor and a slave:—
 And, while the few, who thence return'd
 To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd
 For him among the matchless dead
 They left behind on glory's bed,
 He lived, and, in the face of morn,
 Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn!

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might!
 May life's unblessed cup for him
 Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—
 With hopes that but allure to fly.

With joys that vanish while he sips,
 Like Dead-Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
 But turn to ashes on the lips!
 His country's curse, his children's shame,
 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 high
 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 heaven, and feeling hell!

Lalla Rookh had had a dream the night before,
 which, in spite of the impending fate of poor
 Inef, made her heart more than usually cheer-
 ful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all
 the freshened animation of a flower that the
 Bid-nusk has just passed over. She fancied
 that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean,
 where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the
 water, enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering
 from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark
 approaching her. It was like one of those boats
 which the Maldivian islanders annually send
 adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded
 with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as
 an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of
 the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to
 be empty, but, on coming nearer—

She had proceeded thus far in relating the
 dream to her ladies, when Feramorz appeared
 at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of
 course, everything else was forgotten, and the

continuance of the story was instantly requested
 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 lamentations of ab-
 sent lovers, the poet thus continued:—

The day is lowering—stilly black
 Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
 Dispersed 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!

While some, already burst and riven,

Seem melting down the verge of heaven;

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 Ormuz's bowers,

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 Hind's bark

Went slowly from the Persian shore—

No music timed her parting oar,*

Nor friends upon the lessening strand

Linger'd to wave the unseñ hand,

Or speak the farewell, heard no more

But lone, unheeded, from the bay

The vessel takes its mournful way,

Like some ill-destined bark that steers

In silence through the Gate of Tears;†

And where was stern Al 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 snuffs his food

In the still warm and living breath!‡

While o'er the wave his weeping daughter

Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,

As a young bird of Babylon,§

Let loose to tell of victory won,

Flies home, with wing, ah! not unsoil'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 flowers 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 bells;

Her birds' new plumage to behold,

And the gay, gleaming fishes count.

She left, all filleted with gold,

Shooting around their jasper fount.¶

* The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music.

† The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, called Babelmandeb. ‡ Received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopian ocean.

§ I have been told that, whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear.

¶ Pigeon.

‡ The Empress of Johau-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold which she caused to be put round them.

Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosary
In her own sweet acacia bower.—
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No—silent, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom
As a pale angel of the grave;
And o'er the wide, tempestuous waves,
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,
Where, in a few short awful hours,
Blood, blood, in steaming tides shall run,
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun!
"Where art thou, glorious stranger! thou,
So loved, so lost, where art thou now?
Foe—Gleber—Infidel—white'er
Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
Still glorious—still to this fond heart
Dear as its blood, what'er thou art!
Yes—Alia, dreadful Alia! yes—
If there be wrong, be crime in this,
Let the black waves, that round us roll,
Whelm me this instant, ere my soul
Forgetting faith,—home,—father,—all
Before its earthly idol fall,
Nor worship even thyself above him.
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 upturn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rala:
And though her lip, for a raver, burn'd
With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which shew'd—though wandering earthward
now,
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes,—for a spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, even 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 heeded 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,
Masts, sails, and all were gone to wreck,
Mid yells and stampings of despair!
Merciful Heaven! what can it be?
'Tis not the storm, though faintly
The ship has shudder'd as she rode
O'er mountain waves—'Forgive me, God!
Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and knelt,
Trembling all over, for she felt
As if her judgment-hour was near:
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor
stirr'd—
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riven the labouring planks asunder,
The deck falls in—what horrors then!
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm—
one 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 beneath
This widerment 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!
But oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her, ere her senses fled!
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above—
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
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 general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heaven 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 delight
Never has beam'd on those who rest
In the White Islands of the West‡
Burns through the storm with looks of flame
That put heaven's cloudier eyes to shame!
But no—'twas but the minute's dream—
A fantasy—and ere the scream
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse
Of soul and sense its darkness spread
Around her, and she sank, 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!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's wit,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm—
And every drop the thunder showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning rain
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 plant and tree
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And wait no other breath than their:
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!

* The meteors that Pinny calls "Faces."

† The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates.

‡ See Wilford's "Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West."

§ A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients ceranium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and others suppose it to be the opal.

Such was the golden hour that broke
Upon the world, when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Tipping 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 Ilumozla's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks?—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-clothes, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelin hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung
Slendering 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 reverie;
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 fleece upon their cap†—

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heaven 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 her 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 the infuriate band she sees,
All infidels—all enemies!

What was the daring hope that then
Cross'd her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,

She darted through that armed crowd
A look so searching, so intent,

That even 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
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees
Their course is toward that mountain hold—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies
Lie, like belaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous 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
Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow;
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought is lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them toward those dismal caves
That from the deep in windings pass
Beneath that mount's volcanic mass—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the masts 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 even the flare of brand and torch
Its flickering 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 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 oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling force:
When, hark!—some desperate 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 shuddering 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!
Even Hinda, though she saw not where
Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had risen from darkness then,
And breathed the sunny world again!
But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steeply labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—mid crash of boughs,
And fall of loosen'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 thundering way!
The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyena, fierce and lone—
And that eternal, saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath,

* The Ghebers are known by a dark yellow colour 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.

As 'twere the ever-dark profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful—even to see,
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings!
Since never yet was shapè so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near—
"Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"
She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."
'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
Throughout the breathing world's extent,
There was but *one* such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some manner 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,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
Has 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 Hafed 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
Has 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 word that once has 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 loudly 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
Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
And give it bleeding all to Thee!
Let him but live, the burning tear,
The sighs, so sinful yet so dear,
Which have been all too much his own,
Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
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
Redeem'd, all glorious and all Thine!
Think—think what victory to win
One radiant soul like his from sin—
One wandering star of virtue back
To its own native, heaven-ward track!

Let him but live, and both are Thine,
Together Thine—for, blest 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 Hinda 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 Nilica.

Faddadeen, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most 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 continued his profane and seditious story thus:—

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,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven;
'Twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush'd through Kerman's almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of love,
That cooling feast the traveller loves, †
Now, lull'd to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam,
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
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 Hinda's 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, shuddering, 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 even the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.
And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run.
When voices from without proclaim,
"Hafed, the Chief"—and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful mine!
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not Yemian's boldest sons can bear?

* 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."

† In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shake'd from the trees by the wind, they leave for those who have not any, or for travellers.

‡ The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "The Searchers of the Grave" in the creed of orthodox Mussulmans.

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.
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 frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now;
And shuddering, 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—
Breathless with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering 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 fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight,—
Is her own loved Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smiled
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believed her bower had given
Rest to some habitant of heaven!
Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun
Amid the black Simoon's eclipse—
Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater's burning lips.
Sweetening the very edge of doom!
The past—the future—all that fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!
Even 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!—
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of liberty's great soul depart,
Then lay him down, and share her death—
Even he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering o'er him,
Yet in this moment's pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone 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, now thoroughly—felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,
Though death must follow on the draught!
She too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
The mighty ruins where they stood,
Upon the mount's high rocky verge,
Lay open towards the ocean's food,
Where lightly o'er th' illumined surge

May a fair bark that all the day
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay
Now bounded on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Where still with lingering 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—heaven glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heaven!
But ah! too soon that dream is past—
Again, again her fear returns:—
Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
More faintly the horizon burns,
And every rosy tint that lay
On the smooth sea has died away.
Hastily to the darkening skies
A glance she casts—then wildly cries,
"At night, he said—and, look, 'tis near—
Fly, fly—if yet thou lovest me, fly—
Soon will his murderous band be here,
And I shall see thee bleed and die,—
Hush!—heardst thou not the tramp of men
Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
Perhaps even now they climb the wood—
Fly, fly—though still the west is bright,
He'll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
I know him—he'll not wait for night!"

In terrors even to agony
She clings around the wondering Chief;—
"Alas, poor wilder'd maid! to me
Thou owest this raving trance of grief.
Lost as I am, nought 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 barks together driven
Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance
Had thrown into my desperate arms,—
When casting but a single glance
Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
To meet th' unmanning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-rung vow?
Why weakly, madly meet thee now?
Start not—that noise is but the shock
Of torrents through yon valley hur'd—
Dread nothing here—upon this rock
We stand above the jarring world,
Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
In gloomy safety, like the dead!
Or, could even 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—"
The maiden scream'd—'thou'lt never see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire:
'This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,

* The Arabians call the mandrake "The Devil's Candle," on account of its shining appearance in the night.—Richardson.

As though thy heart already beat
 Its last life-throb beneath his feet!
 Good heaven, how little dream'd I then
 His victim was my own loved youth!—
 Fly—send—let some one watch the gleam—
 By all my hopes of heaven tis true!
 Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
 Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
 Is that congealing pang which seizes
 The trusting bosom when betray'd.
 He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
 As if the tale had frozen his blood,
 So mazed and motionless was he:
 Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
 Or some mute marble habitant
 Of the still halls of Ishmonie!*

But soon the painful chill was o'er,
 And his great soul, herself once more,
 Look'd from his brow in all the rays
 Of her best, happiest, grandest days;
 Never, in a moment most elate,
 Did that high spirit loftier rise;
 While bright, serene, determinate,
 His looks are lifted to the skies,
 As if the signal-lights of Fate
 Were shining in those awful eyes!
 'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
 In Iran's sacred cause is come;
 And though his life has pass'd away
 Like lightning on a stormy day,
 Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
 Of glory, permanent and bright,
 To which the brave of after-times,
 The suffering brave, shall long look back
 With proud regret,—and by its light
 Watch through the hours of slavery's night.
 For vengeance on the oppressor's crimes!
 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 wondering boys where Hafez fell,
 And swear them on those lone remains
 Of their lost country's ancient fanes,
 Never—while breath of life shall live
 Within them—never to forgive
 Th' accursed race, whose ruthless chain
 Has left on Iran's neck a stain
 Blood, blood alone can cleanse again!

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
 Enthrone themselves on Hafez's brow;
 And ne'er did salves of Issat gaze

Zeans

On the red wreath, for martyrs twined,
 More proudly than the youth surveys
 That pile, 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 every 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 Heaven to roses turn'd
 The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!†

With watchfulness the maid attends
 His rapid glance, where'er it bends—

* For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many
 statues of men, women, &c., to be seen to this day, consult Perry's "View of the Levant."

† Jesus.

‡ The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order
 of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed."

§ The shell called Siankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in
 many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow
 sound.

Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
 What plans he now? what thinks, or dreams?
 Alas! why stands he musing here,
 When every moment teems with fear?
 "Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
 She kneeling cries—"first, last adored!
 If in that soul thou st' ever felt

Half what thy lips in passion'd love,
 Here, on my knees that never knelt
 To any but their God before,
 I pray thee, as thou lovest me, fly—
 Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
 Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither
 Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea
 East, west,—alas, I care not whither,
 So thou art safe, and I with thee!
 Go 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 Alla's shrine,
 And I—at any God's, for thine!"

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
 Then hung her head, and wept for shame;
 Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke

With every deep-heaved sob that came.
 While he, young, warin—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 a while
 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 beautiful there,
 Was born to kindle and to share!
 A tear or two, which, as he bow'd

To raise the suppliant, trembling cloud,
 First warn'd him of this dangerous stow
 Of softness passing o'er his soul.
 Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
 Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray—
 Like one who, on the morn of fight,
 Shakes from his sword the dew 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 each look and tone,
 That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
 Half counted on the light 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 fadless truth like ours is dear;
 If there be any land of rest

For those who love and ne'er forget,
 Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest

We'll meet in that calm region yet!"
 Scarcely had she time to ask her heart
 If good or ill these words impart.
 When the roused youth impatient flew
 To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
 A ponderous sea-horn[§] hung, and blew

A signal, deep and dread as those
The Storm-Fleud 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 mouldering tower,
Has hung his 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
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few!—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er Kernan's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun—
And as their coursers charged the wind,
And the white oxtails stream'd behind,*
Looking as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every chieftan a god!
How fallen, how alter'd now! how wan
Each scarr'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-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
And lay it at her trembling feet;
And now the youth, with gentle care,
Has 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 for ever.
And yet to her this sad caress
Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
Their happy fight's dear harbinger:
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
'Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow
dark,
But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark:
And by to-morrow's dawn—oh, bliss!
With thee upon the sunbright deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this
As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
And thou——" But ha!—he answers not—
Good Heaven!—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,
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 lips, 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 looked your last:
Your hearts should both have broken then:
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!—
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 corpse of one, loved tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?
That dreadful shout!—across the glen
From the land side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things that haunt that dell,
Its ghouls and dives, and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!
"They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—
"Now, spirits of the brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
To their young loves, re-climb'd the steep
And gain'd the shrine—his chiefs stood round—
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst,
And hark!—again—again it rings;
Near and more near its echoesings
Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame
Turn'd on their chief—could doubt the shame,
Th' indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can wield these
blades,
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 scornst th' inglorious sacrifice,
No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left,
We'll make you valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder when their slaves
Tell of the Gueber'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 vigour more than human strong

* 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 be found in some places of the Indies.

† The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures.—*Sala.*

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,
 The mighty serpent, in his ire,
 Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
 No torch the Ghebers need—so well
 They know each mystery of the dell,
 So oft have, in their wanderings,
 Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell.
 The very tigers from their delves
 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 fallen 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,
 The guards, with which young Freedom lines,
 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 blades

Had point or prowess, prove them now—
 Woe 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 Ifafed's hand.

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

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-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
 Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
 What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
 Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
 Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
 In that thick pool of slaughter stand:—
 Wretches 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 wordless with them, smother'd o'er
 In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
 Still hundreds, thousands more succeed!—
 Countess as towards some flame at night
 The North's dark insects wing their flight,
 And quench or perish in its light,
 To this terrific spot they pour—
 Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er
 It bears aloft their slippery tread,
 And o'er the dying and the dead,
 Tremendous causeway! on they pass.—
 Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
 What hope was left for you? for you,
 Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
 Is smoking in their 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 Ifafed's side,
 Who, fronting to the foe, trod back
 Towards the high towers his gory track;
 And, as a lion, swept away

By sudden swell of Jordan's pride
 From the wild covet where he lay.*
 Long battles with th' o'erwhelming 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 labyrinth's cross'd,
 "The scatter'd 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!"
 Vain wish—confusedly along
 They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
 Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
 Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
 Their footing, 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 ravening vultures,—while the dell
 Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
 That e'er shall ring in Ifafed's ear,—
 Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,

Upon the steep way breathless thrown,
 He lay beside his reeking blade.

Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,
 Its last blood-offering amply paid.

And Iran's self could claim no more,
 One only thought, one lingering beam
 Now broke across his dizzy dream
 Of pain and weariness—'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 cland of earth remain'd
 Between him and her glory cast;
 As if to charms, before so bright,

New grace from other worlds was given,
 And his soul saw her by the light

Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!
 A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone

Of a loved friend, the only one
 Of all his warriors left with life
 From that short night's tremendous strife.—

"And must we then, my Chief, die here?—
 Foes round us, and the shrine so near!"

These words have roused the last remains
 Of life within him—"What! not yet

Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!"
 The thought could make even Death forget

His icy bondage—with a bound
 He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,

And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
 Even feebler, heavier than his own,
 And up the painful pathway leads,

Death gaining on each step he treads,
 Speed them, thou God, who heards't their vow!

They mount—they bleed—oh save them now
 The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
 The rock-weed's dripping with their gore

Thy blade too, Ifafed, false at length,
 Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength!

* In this thicket, upon the banks of the Jordan, wild beasts are wont to harbour, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, "He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan."—*Maunderell*.

Haste, haste the voices of the foe
Come near and nearer from below
One effort more thank Heaven! '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 withering 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 fallen chief, and towards the flame
Bears him along;—with death-damp hand
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated braid,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea—
"Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,"
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere 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 has 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;
C'nfided to the watchful care
Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous 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 curst war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell—
Sudden each oar, 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 toward 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 power
Of fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread 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 lorn 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, agonised suspense,
From whose hot throbs, whose deadly aching
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

* This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes, that they can never be tuned while it lasts.

† The star-fish: found in the Persian Gulf. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays.

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights.
Reflected, dance beneath the prow;—
Time was when, on such lovely nights,
She who is there so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
That star-light o'er the waters thrown—
No joy but that to make her blest,
And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being
That 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
Half 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,
Even now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wondering 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—
Too well she knows—her more than life,
Her soul's first idol and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height!
So ne signal!—'tis a torch's light,
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence toward the shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine
Fix their last failing life-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 Hafed, like a vision, stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrined 'frils own grand element!
" 'Tis he!"—the shuddering maid exclaims,—
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark
sea:)

No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in
thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery
came.

Like the wind of the south* o'er a summer lute
blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its
frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the
doom

Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl
Islands,
With nought but the sea-star † to light up her
tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burn-
ing.

And calls to the palm-groves the young and
the old,

The happiest there from their pastime return-
ing

At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she
dresses

Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget
thee,—

Though tyrants watch over her tears as they
start,

Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set
thee,

Emball'd in the innermost shrine of her
heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beautiful that grows in the
deep;

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the
billow

Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept.*

With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed
chamber,

We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie dark-
ling,

And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian † are
sparkling,

And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell!—farewell!—until pity's sweet foun-
tain

Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that
mountain,

They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in the
wave.

The singular placidity with which Fadladeen had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of these unsuspecting young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marvellous. The truth was he had been organising for the last few days more a notable plan of persecution against the poet, in consequence of some passages that had fallen from him on the second evening of recital,—which appeared to this worthy Chamberlain to contain language and principles for which nothing short of the summary criticism of the chabuk ‡ would be advisable. It was his intention, therefore, immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion, (that is, if he did not give the chabuk to Feramorz, and a place to Fadladeen,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He

could not help, however, anguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wild 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 next evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen,—he agreeably disappointed 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 passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and imperial master Aurungzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur,—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had given to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable posts of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms, § and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that forbidden river, ¶ beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass, and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdal, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world for Feramorz and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy precousness in these last moments which made her heart cling to them as it would to life. During the latter part of his 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 was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—remembering, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading 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 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 romantic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, besides the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some

* Some naturalists have imagined that amber is a concretion of the tears of birds.

† The bay of Kieselclarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire.

‡ The application of whips or rods.—*Dubas*.

§ Kennefer mention his office at the Persian Court. His business was, at stated periods, to measure the ladies of the Haram by a sort of regulation-girdle, whose limits it was not thought graceful to exceed. If any of them outgrew this standard shape, they were reduced by abstinence till they came within its bounds.

¶ The Altack.

¶ The star Soheil or Canopus.

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 Hussun Abdul 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 tranquillity. As the Prophet said of Damascus, "It was too delicious!"—and here, in listening to the sweet voice of Feramor, 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 he 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 rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana 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 sweet strains of the musician Moussall. As the story was chiefly to be told in song, and Feramor had unluckily forgotten his own lute in the valley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla Rookh's little Persian slave, and thus began:—

THE LIGHT OF THE HARAM.

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,†
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake

Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take

A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—

When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.

Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is swinging,

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines

The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool shining walks where the young people meet.

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one

Out of darkness, as they were just born of the sun.
When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;

And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen trees till they tremble all o'er†
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,

And day with its banner of radiance unroll'd,
Shines in through the mountainous portals that open
Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world!

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 uncloses,
And all is ecstasy,—for now
The valley holds its Feast of Roses †
That joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open, like the season's rose,—
The Flowret 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
Behind the palms of Baramouë **
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd from their embroider'd beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
All were abroad—the busiest live
And waked to moonlight and to play.
On Bela's hills is less alive
When saffron beds are full in flower,
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 wandering round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
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!

* Nourmahal signifies Light of the Haram. She was afterwards called Nourjehan, or the Light of the World.

† The rose of Cashmere, for its brilliancy and delicacy of odour, has long been proverbial in the East.

‡ The isles of the Lake of Cashmere are covered with aspen-trees.

§ The Tunct Suliman, the name bestowed by the Mohammedans on the hills, forms one side of a grand portal to the lake.

¶ The Feast of Roses continues the whole time of their remaining in bloom.

** Gul sad Berk, the Roses of a Hundred Leaves.

†† A place mentioned in the *Toussik Jehanporey*, "Memoirs of Jehan-Guire," where there is an account of the beds of saffron flowers about Cashmere.

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 flowers!
It seem'd as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scatter'd here.
The lake, too, like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o'er it lie,
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky!
And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet;
The minaret-cryer's chant of glee
Sung from his lighted gallery,
And answer'd by a ziralet*
From neighbouring Haram wild and sweet;
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,
Handfuls of roses at each other!

And the sounds from the lake,—the low whisp'r-
ing in boats,
As they shoot through the moonlight; the
dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere
floats,
Through the groves, round the islands, as if all
the shores
Like those of Kathay utter'd music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave!†
But the gentlest of all are those sounds full of
feeling,
That soft from the lute of some lover are steal-
ing,
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 everywhere is,
To be near the loved *one*.—what a rapture is his,
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may
glide
O'er the Lake of Cashmere with that *one* by his
side!
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heaven she must make of
Cashmere!

So felt the magnificent Son of Abar,‡
When from power and pomp and the trophies of
war
He flew to that valley, forgetting them all
With the Light of the Haram, his young Nour-
mahal.
When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror
roved
By the banks of that lake, with his only be-
loved,
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully
snatch
From the hedges a glory his crown could not
match,

* It is the custom among the women to employ the *Maazeen* 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 ziralet, or joyous chorus.

† 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.

‡ Jehan-Guire was the son of the Great Abar.

§ In the wars of the Dives with the Peris, whenever the former took the latter prisoners they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees. Here they were visited by their companions, who brought them the choicest odours.

¶ In the Malay language the same word signifies women and flowers.

And prefer'd in his heart the least ringlet that
curl'd
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the
world!

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer's day's
light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made
tender,
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splen-
dour.
This *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of
bliss,
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy
days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it
flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to
the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in
gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his
dreams!
When pensive it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others was born with her
face:
And when angry—for even in the tranquiquest
climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers some-
times—
The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest
when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy
revealing
From innermost shrines came the light of her
feelings!
Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took
wing
From the heart with a burst like the wild-bird
in spring;—
Illumined by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their
cages;‡
While her laugh, full of life, without any con-
trol
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from
her soul;
And where it most sparkled, no glance could
discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all
over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the
sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that
gave
Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her
slave;
And though bright was his Haram,—a living
parterre
Of the flowers§ of this planet—though treasures
were there,
For which Solomon's self might have given all
the store
That the navy from Ophir e'er wing'd to his
shore,

Yet dim before her were the smiles of them all,
And the light of his Haram was young Nourmahal!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
When bliss is every heart's employ?—
When all around her is so bright,
So like the visions of a trance,
That one might think, who came by chance
Into the vale this happy night,
He saw that City of Delight*

In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and light and flowers—
Where is the loved 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 has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off.

Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love that tempests never shook,

A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;

Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
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 for ever.

O you, that have the charge of love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flowerets fetter'd round;—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For even 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 riven;
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,

* The capital of Shadukiam.

† Among the birds of Tonquin is a species of goldfinch which sings so melodiously that it is called the Celestial Bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all their splendour.

‡ The birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest.

§ 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 denominations.

** The gold jewels of Jimmie, which are called by the Arabs "El Herrez," from the supposed charm they contain.

*** A demon supposed to haunt woods, &c., in a human shape.—*Richardson*.

†† The name of Jehan-Giare before his accession to the throne.

When pleasure through the fields and groves
Has let loose all her world of loves,
And every heart has found his 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
Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
The eyes are dim—though rich the spot
With every flower this earth hath got,
What is it to the nightingale?

If there his darling rose is not?
In vain the valley's smiling throng
Worship him, as he moves along;
He leads them not—one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers.
They but the star's adorers are,
She is the heaven 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 bowler,
With no one near to soothe or aid,
But that inspired and wondrous maid
Nanouna, 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-winds sigh
Freshens the flower 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 her man nor earth
Were conscious of Nanouna'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 Africa, bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
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 Seltim's†† smile to Nourmahal!

'Twas midnight: through the lattice, wreathed
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From amid jasmine buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out

To every breeze that roams about—
When thus Nanouna:—" 'Tis the hour
That scatters spells on herb and flower;
And garlands might be gather'd now,
That, twined around the sleeper's brow,
Would make him dream of such delights,
Such miracles and dazzling sights
As zenith of the sun behold,
At evening, from their tents of gold

Upon the horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away!
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
Which, worn by her whose love has stray'd,
Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made
Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
And who might tell—

“For me, for me,”

Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—
“Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night.”
Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-rose, out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
For this enchanted wreath of dreams.
Anemones and seas of gold,*

And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowerets that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;†—
The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is called the Mistress of the Night.‡
So like a bride, scented and bright.

She comes out when the sun's away.—
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamara's shades;§
And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On Serendib's high crags to those
Who near the Isle at evening sail.
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;||—
In short, all flowerets and all plants,

From the divine Amrita tree.¶
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil* tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves,
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thoughtlessly are shed
To scent the desert** and the dead,—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gather'd by young Nourmahal,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more;
Then to Namouna lies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews
And hands of that bless'd hour!—her glance
Spoke something past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,

She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs,
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charm'd life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.

* Hemasagara, or the Sea of Gold, with flowers of the brightest gold colour.

† This tree is one of the most delightful on earth, and the delicious odour of its blossoms justly gives it a place in the quiver of Camadeva, or the God of Love.—*Sir W. Jones.*

‡ The Malaysians style the tube-rose (*Polianthes tuberosa*) “Sandal Malan,” or the Mistress of the Night.

§ 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 life, passing the day in playing on a kind of flute, crowned with garlands of flowers, among which the globe amaranthus mostly prevails.

|| The largest and richest sort (of the Jambu or Rose-Apple) is called “Amrita,” or immortal, and the mythologists of Tibet apply the same word to a celestial tree bearing ambrosial fruit.

¶ Sweet basil, termed “Rayhan” in Persia, and generally found in churchyards.

** In the Great Desert are found many stalks of lavender and rosemary.

†† The almond-tree, with white flowers, blossoms on the bare branches.
‡‡ 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.

§§ The myrrh country.

¶¶ This idea (of deities living in shells) was not unknown to the Greeks, who represent the young Nerites, one of the Cupids, as living in shells on the shores of the Red Sea.

Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
Th' enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves:—

“I know where the wing'd visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

“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 hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.††
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

“The visions that off to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold
— Inhabit the mountain-herb.‡‡ that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
The phantom shapes—oh touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lark in the fleshy mandrake's stem,
That shrieks when torn at night!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

“The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.”

No sooner was the flowery crown
Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
Gently as nights of summer fall,
Upon the lids of Nourmahal:—
And suddenly a tuneful breeze,
As full of small, rich harmonies
As ever wind that o'er the tents
Of Azab§§ blew was full of scents,

Steals on her ear and floats and swells,
Like the first air of morning creeping
Into these weathy, Red Sea shells,
Where Love himself, of old, lay sleeping:||||—
And now a spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
Of music and of light, so fair,
So brilliantly bis features beam,
And such a sound is in the air
Of sweetness when he waves his wings,
Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

"From Chindara's* warbling fount I come,
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
 From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
 Where in music morn and night I dwell.
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,
 And voices are singing the whole day long,
 And every sigh the heart breathes out
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song,
 Hither I come
 From my fairy home,
 And if there's a 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 murmuring, dying notes,
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
 And melt 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,
 Kuffles 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, hovering 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 grove 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 gone
 With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
 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 plume, that high amid
 death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a
 breath.
 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 strain,
 I swear by the breath
 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—
 Oh, bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
 From that ambrosial spirit's wings!

* A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing.
 † 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.
 ‡ They have two mornings, the "Soobli Kazim" and the "Soobi Sadig," the false and the real day-break.—*Waring*.

§ The waters of Cashmere are the more renowned from its being supposed that the Cashmerians are indebted for their beauty to their waters.

¶ The singing girls of Cashmere wander from that delightful valley over the various parts of India.

¶ The roses of the Jinn Nilo, 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.

** On the side of a mountain near Paphos there is a cavern which produces the most beautiful crystal. On account of its brilliancy, it has been called the Paphian diamond.

†† There is a part of Candahar called Peria, or Fairy-Land. Vegetable gold is supposed to be produced there.

‡‡ These are the butterflies which are called, in the Chinese language, "Flying Leaves."

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 signs are most divine.—
 "Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
 "And he is more than ever mine."
 And hourly she renews the lay,
 So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
 Should, ere the evening fade away,
 For things so heavenly have such fleetness!
 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 haunting love released
 By mirth, by music, and the bowl)
 Th' imperial Selim held a feast
 In his magnificent Shallimar:—
 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 beams
 Of beauty from its founts and streams,‡
 And all those wandering 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:—
 Maids from the West, with sun-bright hair,
 And from the Garden of the Nile,
 Delicate as the roses there,‡
 Daughters of love from Cyprus' rocks,
 With Paphian diamonds in their locks,**
 Like Peri forms, such as there are
 On the gold meads of Candahar,††
 And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
 In their own bright Kathujan bowers,
 Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,†††
 That they might fancy the rich flowers
 That round them in the sun lay sighing
 Had been by magic all set flying!

Everything young, everything fair
 From East and West is blushing there,
 Except—except—O Nourmahal!
 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 singles from the sky,
 To steer his bark for ever by!
 Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,
 And every thing seem'd drear without thee;
 But ah! thou wert, thou wert—and brought
 Thy charm of song all fresh about thee,
 Mingling unnoticed with a band
 Of minstrels from many a land,

And veil'd by such a mask as shades
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 sunnest apples that Cabul

In all its thousand gardens bears. †
Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen; ‡
Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts;
From the far groves of Sumarand,
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 isle**
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 Rosoli.—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 Kublai-Khan
Offer'd a city's wealth, ††† was blushing,
Melted within the goblets there!

And amply Selim quaffs of each,
And seems resolved the floods 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 blest 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 freshest glow

* The Arabian women wear black masks with little clasps, prettily ordered. Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation.

† The golden grapes of *Casbin*.—*Description of Persia*.

‡ That city and its 100,000 gardens.—*Elphinstone*.

§ The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world: the pride of the Malay Islands.—*Marsden*.

¶ A delicious kind of apricot, called by the Persians "Tokin-ek-sheins," signifying sun's seed.

¶ Sweetmeats in a crystal cup, consisting of rose-leaves in conserve, with lemon or Visna cherry, orange flowers, &c.

** *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.

†† The white wine of *Kishma*.

††† The King of *Zellan* is said to have offered the very finest ruby that was ever seen. *Kublai-Khan* sent and offered the value of a city for it, but the king answered he would not give it for the treasure of the world.—*Marco Polo*.

§§ The Indians feign that *Cupid* was first seen floating down the *Ganges* on the *Nymphæa Nelumbo*.

||| *Teflis* is celebrated for its natural warm baths.

¶¶ The Indian *syrinda* or guitar.—*Symes*.

*** "The *Nisan*, or drops of spring rain, which they believe to produce pearls if they fall into shells."

††† Wine is supposed, in the East, to have had a share in the fall of the angels.

†††† This Angel has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures.—*Salé*.

Of her own country maidens' looks.
When warm they rise from *Teflis* † brooks: |||
And with an eye whose restless ray,
Full, floating, dark—oh he, who knows
His heart is weak, of Heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes 's thro'—
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

We linger in pleasures that never are gone:
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,

Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the love that is o'er, in exiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequal'd in bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

"Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh

As the flower of the *Amra* just oped by a bee:
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky.***

Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea,
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth.

When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss:

And own, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

"Here sparkles the nectar that, hallow'd by love,

Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,

Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above, †††

And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.

And, bless'd with the odour our goblets give forth,

What spirit the sweets of this Eden would miss?

For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

The Georgian's song was scarcely mute,
When the same measure, sound for sound,

Was caught up by another lute,
And so divinely breathed around,

They all stood hush'd, and wondering,

And turn'd and look'd into the air,

As if they thought to see the wing

Of *Israfil*. ††† the angel, there

So powerfully on every 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 sound 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 minstrel has
told,

When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never
cold,

Love on through all ills, and love on till they
die!

One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
Is it this, is it this."

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords
And in the lips that gave such power
As music knew not till that hour.
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the musk'd Arabian maid!"
While Selim, who had felt the same
Deepest of any, and had taia
Some minutes wrapt as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too truly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for more:—

"Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for 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 flowering in a wilderness.

"Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silver-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

"Then come—thy 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 eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before as then.

"So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
Now, 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 hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.*

"But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

"Then, fare-thee-well!—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!"

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, even 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 chord 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, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
"O Nourmahal! O 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 charm is wrought—
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance,
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile;
And happier now for all her sighs,
As on her arm his head reposes,
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
"Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!"

Fadladeen, at the conclusion of this light rhapsody, took occasion to sum up his opinion of the young Cashmerian's poetry,—of which he trusted, they had that evening heard the last. Having recapitulated the epithets "frivolous," "inharmonious," "nonsensical," he proceeded to say that, viewing it in the most favourable 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 part of them. The charms of paganism, the merits of rebellion,—these were the themes honoured with his particular enthusiasm; and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable 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 grape, like that painted porcelain, so curious and so rare, whose images are only visible when liquor is poured into it." Upon the whole it was his opinion, from the specimens which they had heard, and which, he begged to say, were the most tiresome part of the journey, that—whatever other merits this well-dressed young gentleman might possess—poetry was by no means his proper avocation: "and indeed," concluded the critic, "from his fondness for flowers and for birds, 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 heats were intolerable, and the time of their encampments limited to the few hours necessary for refreshment and repose,

* The Hudhud, or lapwing, is supposed to have the power of discovering water under ground.

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 airs 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 splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depths of its woods, nor the grottos, 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 pomps and processions that met her upon her entrance into the valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young king. It was 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 lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out, so sudden and so brilliant, that a Brahmin might think he saw 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 splendour with which she 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 come

over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that imperial palace beyond the lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley, yet, when she rose in the morning, and her ladies came round 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 in 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 flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little armet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon 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 even 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 islet or boat she passed at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell! In the barge, immediately after the Princess, was Fadlaeen, with his sickle 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 had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending 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 pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived 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 walked 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 Kooburga, on one of which sat Allis, 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,

* Kachmire le Nazeer.—Forster.

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 Alaris, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the chabuk for every man, woman and child that dared to think other-

wise.

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 Kookh, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the king by any other name than Feramorz.

IRISH MELODIES.

PREFATORY LETTER ON MUSIC.

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is 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 many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there 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 perfidy 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 for ever the land of their birth, (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated;) and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George II 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 disgraced century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, "decanare loca dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion that none of the Scotch popular airs are so old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us for some of our melodies to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few of a *revised* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage ceannas, cries, &c.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent 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 honour and happiness, without believing that Irish 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 archaeologists, it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with the counterpoint, and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates with such elaborate praise upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything 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 they understood the arrangement of music in parts:** yet I believe it

* There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in *The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose (1600)*. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

† Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disgraced his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

‡ See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

§ O'Halloran, vol. i., part i., chap. vi.

¶ Id. ib., chap. vii.

¶ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the *diesis*, or enharmonic interval. The Greeks seem to have formed their 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 Mercenne, that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice, as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the pianoforte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

** A passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero, in fragment, lib. ii., *De Republ.*, induced the Abbe Fragulier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counterpoint. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily, in the third volume of *Histoire de l'Acad.* M. Huet is of opinion that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony.

is conceded in general by the learned, that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit the "light of song" through the variegating prism of harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting)* must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp† were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,‡ our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured 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 heartless 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 frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered 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 riuos *aura* refugit,"¶ 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 endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing 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 scepticism 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 ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the Acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, 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 their sense; yet would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through 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 rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling—those zons of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathises 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 deign to apologise for the 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, yet may think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I

* Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May 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; 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 on the Irish Harp by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to "Walker's Historical Memoirs." "The Irish," says he, "according to Brontton, in the reign of Henry II, had two kinds of harps; the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing." How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the fact is unaccountable.

‡ 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."

§ 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 disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

¶ Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 6, v. 204.

¶ "This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler to Alexander the Great."—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.*, lib. 1.

to 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 found upon the pianofortes 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 a national feeling to this task which it would be in 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 critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured* and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged 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 favourite strain has been dismissed as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns in a harmonized shape with new claims upon 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 independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) gavelled the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

T. M.

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 carest 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 rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
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 gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee;
Strains I used to sing thee—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN
THE BRAVE.†

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the Brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia,† and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora‡ no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to glory yet!

Mononia! when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No, freedom! whose smile we shall never re-
sign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
'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,
They stir'd not, but conquer'd and died!

* The word "chromatic" might have been used here without any violence to its meaning.
† Brien Boroinne, or Boru, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

‡ Munster.

§ The palace of Brien.

|| This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight for the rest—"Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops—never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland*, book xli., chap. i.

Thy arm that 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
Bright? Was the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy sons, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

THE MINSTREL BOY.

Air—"The Moreen."

THE minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him,
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell!—but the foe's man's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH
TARA'S HALLS.

Air—"Gramachree."

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 praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright,
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only thro' she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Air—"The brown maid."

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the
shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his
head.
But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it
weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
sleeps,

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it
rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

Air—"The fox's sleep."

WHEN he, who adores thee,* has left to't the
name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
O say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the
fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heav'n can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble prayer to the spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! best 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!

FLY NOT YET, 'TIS JUST THE HOUR.

Air—"Planxty Kelly."

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r,
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 tidus 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 fountains of old through Ammon's shade,†
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth begot,
To burn when night was near:
And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle, till the night returns,
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.

Air—"John O'Reilly, the active."

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you
now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-
night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my
brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart, that is soonest awake to the
flow'rs,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the
thorns!

* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

† Solis Fons, near the temple of Ammon.

But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage
 here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a
 smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a
 tear.
 The thread of our life would be dark, heaven
 knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love inter-
 twin'd;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to
 my mind;
 But they who have loved, the fondest, the
 purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they be-
 liev'd;

THROUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Air—"Coulin."

THROUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I
 see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to
 me;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes be my climate wherever we
 roam.
 To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky
 shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can hunt us no
 more,
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough
 wind



[See page 60.]

And the heart, that has slumber'd in friendship
 securest
 Is happy indeed, if 'twas never deceiv'd.
 But send round the bowl, while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be
 mine:
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our
 youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console our
 decline.

Less rude than the foes we leave frowning be-
 hind.
 And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it
 wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it
 breathes;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will
 tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from
 that hair.*

* "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 shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or Coulines (long locks), on their head, or hair on the upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear 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 admired."—Walker's *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134.

Mr. Walker informs us also, that about the same period there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS
SHE WORE,*

Air—"The summer is coming."

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 and 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?"

"Sir knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin's will offer me harm:—
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir knight! they love honour and virtue
more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle:
And blessed for ever is she who relled
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE
WATERS.

Air—"The young man's dream."

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness
below,

So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny
smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the
while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that
throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our
woes;

To which life nothing darker or brighter can
bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no
sting!

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment
will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's
bright ray;

The beams of the warm sun play round it in
vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not
again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.†

Air—"The old head of Denis."

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so
sweet,
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;‡

* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote. "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brian, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland, vol. 2. book 10.*

† "The meeting of the waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

‡ The rivers Avon and Avoca.

§ To make this story intelligible in a song, would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity: when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must de-
part.
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the
scene
Her purest of crystals and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd 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 that we
love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love
best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
with peace.

THE SONG OF FIONNULA.§

Air—"Arra, my dear Eveleen."

SILENT, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While 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 furled?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Yet still doth the pure light its dawning de-
lay.

When will that day-star mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Air—"We brought the summer with us."

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of
belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the
schools.

Your glass may be purple, and mine may be
 blue,
 But while they are fill'd from the same bright
 bowl,
 The fool that would quarrel for difference of
 hue,
 Deserves not the comfort they shed over the
 soul.
 Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my
 side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and
 tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards
 awoke

Into life and revenge from the conqueror's
 chain.

Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest.
 'Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the
 west!

Give the light of your look to each sorrowing
 spot,

Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot.
 While you add to your garland the Olive of
 Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their
 rights,

Give to country its charm, and to home its de-
 lights,

If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
 Then ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
 And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death.

Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers re-
 sign'd

The green hills of their youth, among strangers
 to find

That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd
 for in vain,

Join, join in our hope that the flame which you
 light

May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
 And forgive ev'n Albion while blushing she
 draws,

Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted
 cause

Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but
 thrive,

While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel, and its rights to main-
 tain;

Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will
 die!

The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
 While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their
 grave

Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of
 Spain!

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BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEAR-
 ING YOUNG CHARMS.

Air—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

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 ador'd, 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 verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be
 known,

To which time will but make thee more dear;
 No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he
 sets,

The same look as she turn'd when he rose.

—

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—

ERIN! OH ERIN!

Air—"Thamanna Hulla."

LIKE the bright lamps that shown in Kildare's
 holy fane*

And burn'd through long ages of darkness and
 storm,

Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in
 vain,

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, and others are set:
 And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath
 hung,

The full moon of freedom shall beam round
 thee yet.

Erin! oh Erin! tho' long in the shade,
 Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall
 fade!

Unbill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
 The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold
 hour,

Till spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
 And daylight and liberty bless the young
 flower.†

Thus Erin! oh Erin! thy winter is past,
 And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at
 last.

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DRINK TO HER.

Air—"Heigh ho! my Jacky."

DRINK to her who long

Hath wak'd 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,

By other fingers play'd,

It yields not half the tone.

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions; "Apud Kildarium occurrit ignis sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppescente materia, foyent et nutrant ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum sæcula semper mansit inextinctus."—Girald. Camb.

† Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the fly, has supplied this image to a still more important subject.

Then here's to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They asked 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,
And cut his bright way through.
So here's to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere:
It's native homes above,
Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

Air—"Kitty Tyrrel."

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at
Fame,

He was born for much more, and in happier
hours

His soul might have burn'd with a holier
flame;

The string that now languishes loose o'er the
lyre,

Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's
dart;†

And the lip, which now breathes but the song of
desire,

Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's
heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride has gone
by,

And that spirit is broken, which never would
bend;

O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to
defend.

Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to
betray;

Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not
their sires;

And the torch, that would light them thro' dig-
nity's way,

Must be caught from the pile where their
country expires!

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft
dream,
He should try to forget what he never can
heal;

Oh! give but a hope, let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark
how he'll feel!

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay
down

Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd,
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his
crown,

Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover
his sword;‡

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs,
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most
gay.

Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy
wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his
plains;

The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the
deep,

Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy
chains,

Shall pause at the song of their captive, and
weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT

Air—"Oonagh."

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,
Illum'd 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,
The 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.

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spencer so severely and, perhaps, truly describes in his state of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good graces and comeliness unto them, the which it is a great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which with good usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Er*, the *Kunic for a bow*, 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 *Er*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years,) was now become the land of concord."—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, Art. *The Lord Grandison*.

‡ See the hymn attributed to Alcæus: "I will carry my sword hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

§ "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than all put together."—*Whiston's Theory*, &c.

|| In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky, without the moon, with the words *Non mille, quod absens*.

‡ This image was suggested by the following thought which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones' works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

ILL OMENS.

Air—"Paddy's resource."

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still ling'ring shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow.

The last time she e'er was to press it alone,
 For the youth whom she treasur'd her heart and
 her soul in.

Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon;
 And when once the young heart of a maiden is
 stolen,

The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman ne'er
 misses,

Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
 Entranced with the insect for hiding her traces,
 she brush'd him—he felt, alas! never to
 rise—

"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our
 faces,

For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-
 ease was growing,

She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen
 dew;

And a rose further on, looked so tempting and
 glowing,

That, spite of her haste, she must gather it
 too;

But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning
 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.

Air—"The Fairy Queen."

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—

O! 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 soothing shine,
 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 foe's cheek turns white,

When his heart that held remembrers,
 Where we tan'd his tyrant night!

Never let him bind again
 A chain, like that we broke from then.

Hark! the horn of combat calls—
 Ere the golden evening falls,

*"The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage 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 matter-of-fact people who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconsistency 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 remind them that Democritus was not the worst physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

May we pledge the 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 wondering world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Air—"Thy fair bosom."

NIGHT clos'd around the conquerer'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,

For ever dimm'd, for ever crest—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,

When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
 And valour's task, mov'd slowly by,

While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die,

There's yet a world where souls are free,
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;

If death that world's bright opening be,
 Oh! who would live a slave in this?

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

Air—"Thady, you gander."

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and
 dear,

And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are
 near!†

The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish
 alone,

But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine in itself, and make closely its
 own.

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be sure to find something, still that is dear,
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,

We have but to make love to the lips we are
 near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't
 there;

And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair,
 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,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different
 hue!

Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still that is
 dear,

And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips that are
 near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.*

Air—"I once had a true love."

Through grief and through danger thy smile
both cheer'd 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
 Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt
free,
 And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more
 dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, whilst thou wert
 wrong'd and scorn'd.
 Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows
 adorn'd;
 She woo'd me to temples, whilst thou layest 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 love not, or turn one thought
 from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are
 full—
 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
 scaly stains—
 Oh! foul is the slander—no chain could that soul
 subdue—
 Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth
 too!

ON MUSIC.

Air—"The banks of Banna."

When thro' life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we us'd to love,
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear.
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept!
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful breath of song,
 That once was heard in happier hours;
 FRI'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,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 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.†

Air—"The sixpence."

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er
him,
 That can tell how belov'd was the friend that's
red,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
 'Tis life's whole path o'er-shaded;
 '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,
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more
 bright,

When we think how he liv'd 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.

Air—"Gang fane."

'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now
 for thee,
 Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
 And who often at eve, thro' the bright waters
rov'd,
 To meet on the green shore, a youth whom she
 lov'd.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to
 weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to
 sleep.
 Till heaven look'd with pity, on true love so
warm,
 And chang'd to this soft Harp, the sea-maiden's
 form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smil'd
the same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the
 light frame;
 And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it
 fell,
 Was chang'd to bright chords, uttering 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;
 Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond
 lay,
 To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when
 away!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Air—"The old woman."

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life from morn till night,
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream;
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

* Meaning allegorically the ancient Church of Ireland.

† "Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."—St. Paul, 2 Corinthians iii. 17.

‡ These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

Tho' the hard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho' 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 lov'd name!

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love trac'd!
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour 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.*

Air—"St. Patrick's day."

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget
them,
And smile through our tears, like a sun-beam
in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let
them,
More form'd to be tranquil and blest than
ours!

But, just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with
flowers,

There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink!

Oh! the joy of such hearts, like the light of the
poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But though 'twere the last little spark in our
souls,

We must light it up now, on our Prince's day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you
are true;

And the tribute most high to a head that is
royal.

Is love to the heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,

Would shrink from the blaze of the battle
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 in it.

When roused by the foe, on her Prince's day.

He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to
forget;

And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment re-
warded.

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! though broken thou
art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will de-
cay;
A spirit that beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's
day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Air—"The song of sorrow."

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 fame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on—Perhaps, in after-days,
They'll learn to love your name;
And many a deed may wake in praise,
That long hath slept in blame!
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove;
And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love;
But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
And man profan'd what God had given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to heaven!"

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

Air—"Nora Creina."

LESBIA hath a beaming eye
But no one knows for whom it beameth:
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth!

Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;

Few her 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 your's, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph has lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to say where nature plac'd it!

Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,

Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases!

Yes, my Nora Creina dear!

My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness,
That dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes;
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses!

* This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, last year (1810), at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Tho' sweet are the the tears that from tenderness fall!
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

Air—"The yellow horse."

HE.

What the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embow'r 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!

DUETTO.

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.

SHE.

But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll 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.

Air—"Ceán Dubi DeÍsh."

"HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend,
Where signs of devotion, and breathings of flowers,
To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours!"

Love stood near the novice, and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in takin' a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glis-ten'd,

His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint,
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,

"That Love could so well, so gravely dis-
guise
His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young novice! to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censor's flame with his sighs!

Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,

If he came to them cloth'd in piety's vest.

* "Proposito florem pratulit officio."—*Propert. Lib. 1. Eleg. 20.*

† "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, and delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call echo."

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

Air—"The bunch of green bushes."

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes.

That chase one another like waves of the deep;

Each billow as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.

So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is called up ere the tear can be dried;

And as fast as the rain-drop of pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Polly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup, if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Grief that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant Polly that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount
Thro' fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,

Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.*

Thus some who like me, should have drawn and have tasted

The fountain, that runs by philosophy's shrine,

Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,

And left their light urns as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet while idleness weaves

Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves

From the fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

Air—"Molly, my dear."

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-
ing, I fly

To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm
in thine eye:

And I think that, if spirits can steal from the
regions of air,

To visit past scenes of delight thou wilt come
to me there,

And tell me our love is remember'd, ev'n in the
sky.

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap-
ture to hear,

When our voices both mingling, breath'd 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.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Air—"Groves of Blarney."

'Tis the last rose of summer,

Left blooming alone;

All her lovely companions

Are faded and gone;

No flow'r of her kindred,

No rose-bud is nigh,

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 thy 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?

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

Air—"Moll Roc in the morning."

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 has 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 does Time travel faster.
Than when his way lies among flow'rs.
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.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the 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!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

Air—"The brown thorn."

ST. SENANUS.*

"Oh! 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 Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

Air—"The twisting of the rope."

HOW dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.
And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning
west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of
rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.†

Air—"Dermot."

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'rd's 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;

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of this flight to the Island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint (St. Cannera), whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer;

Cui præsul, quid fœminis
Commure est cum monarchis,
Neque ullam aliam
Admittentus in insulam.

See the *Acta Sancta Hïb.* page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon, but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

† Written on returning a blank book.

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 calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her, it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here,
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at the friendly door.
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 blest.
But when some warm devoted lover,
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then around my spirit shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

THE DIRGE.

How oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glor'g 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 fallen 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 valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

Air—"Garyone."

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a
feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the
rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the
east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the
west;

* "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.

† I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to that sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

‡ This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a poem by O'Grive, the bard of O'Neil, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433. "Con. of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

§ Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our native isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is
crown'd,

Thro' this world, whether eastward or west-
ward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,

Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at
home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after
all.

Oh! they want the wild, sweet-briery fence
Which round the flower of Erin dwells;
Which warms the touch, while winning the
sense,

Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is
crown'd,

Thro' this world, whether eastward or west-
ward you roam,

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,

Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at
home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-
bye.

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then, remember, wherever the goblet is
crown'd,

Thro' this world, whether eastward or west-
ward you roam

When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes
round,

Oh! remember the smiles that adorn her at
home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's
shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame:
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left open 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 footsteps to Eveleen's
door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace of 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.

Air—"The Red Fox."

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore a collar of gold;*
Which he won from her proud invader:
When her kings, with standard of green un-
furl'd;
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's 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,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

Air—"The dandy O."

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove, ‡
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

* "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. 1, Book 9.*

† "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 *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the 'Knights of the Red Branch,' from their chief seat in Enania, adjoining to the palace of the Uister kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the 'Academy of the Red Branch'; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bearg*, or the 'House of the Sorrowful Soldier.'"—*O'Halloran's Introduction, &c. Part I, Chap. 5.*

‡ The inscription upon Connor's tomb, (for the fac-simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not, I believe, been noticed by any antiquarian or traveller. Translation of an ancient Irish inscription upon a tombstone in the abbey of Mullifernon, county of Westmeath, Ireland:

A yellow lion upon green satin,
The standard of the heroes of the Red Branch,
Which Connor carried in battle,
During his frequent wars for the expulsion of foreigners.

† It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under water: "*Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon, et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus rei quæ causam admirantibus frequenter ostendunt.*"

Topogr. Hib. Dist. 2. c. 9.

§ "Steal silently to Morna's Grove." See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, 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 dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruarik, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruarik 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. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to New

Then awake! the heav'n's look bright, my dear!
'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, lov'd,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear!
The sage's glass we'll shun my dear;
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

IMPROMPTU.

UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

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!
Oh! if regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to them that's far away!
Long be the frame of memory found,
Alive, within your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which oblivion dares not pass!

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF
BREFFNI. ||

Air—"The pretty girl milking her cow."

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which she told me
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd;
But though darkness began to unfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

I flew to her chamber—twas lonely
As if the lov'd 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 throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss.

There was a time, falsest of women!
When BREFFEN'S good sword would have
sought

That man through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee in thought.
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall weep for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her.
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry sword to the hilt;
On our side is VIRTUE and ERIS.
On their's is the SAXON and GUILT.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE
ISLE OF OUR OWN!

Air—"Sheela Na Guira"

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
bow'rs,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year
of flow'rs;

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 can

give.
There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the
clime

We should love as they lov'd in the first golden
time;

The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air;
Would steal to our hearts and make all summer
there!

With affection as free

From decline as the bowers;

And with hope, like the bee,

Living always on flowers,

Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the
night!

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU
WELCOME THE HOUR.

Air—"Moll Roonee."

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the
hour

Which awakens the night song of mirth in your
bow'r,

Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it
too,

And forgot his own grief to be happy with you.

capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark; while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.

His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of
pain.

But he ne'er will forget his short vision that
threw

Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring
with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each
cup,

Where o'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that
night;

Shall join in your revels, your sports and your
wiles.

And return to me, beaming all o'er with your
smiles!—

Too blest, if it tells me, that, 'mid the gay
cheer,

Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he
were here!"

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot de-
stroy;

Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and
care,

And bring back the features that joy us'd to
wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories
fill'd!

Like the vase in which roses have once been
distill'd—

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you
will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

Air—"Yellow Wat and the Fox."

Oh! doubt me not—the season

Is o'er, when folly made me rove,

And now the vestal Reason

Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love,

Although this heart was early blown,

And firest hands disturb'd the tree,

They only shook some blossoms down,

Its fruits has all been kept for thee,

Then doubt me not—the season

Is o'er, when folly made me rove,

And now the vestal Reason

Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And though my lute no longer

May sing of passion's ardent spell,

Oh! trust me all the stronger

I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,

And sings his lay of courtship o'er,

But, when he finds the flower he loves,

He settles there, and hums no more.

Then doubt me not—the season

Is o'er, when folly kept me free,

And now the vestal Reason

Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

Air—"Were I a clerk."

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,

How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,

When the stranger, William, had made her his

bride,

And love was the light of their lowly cot.

2
 Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
 "Till William at length in sadness said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains,"
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at the close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter
 there!

The wind blows cold, the hour is late!"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
 "This castle is thine, and those dark woods
 all!"
 She believ'd him wild, 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;
 And the light of bliss in these lordly groves,
 Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVES ME.

Air—"The rose tree."

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too;
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 Hadst thou been like them untrue.
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 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 shar'd with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee
 Were worth a long and 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 light shall win me,
 Along the path I've yet to roam:
 The mind, that burns within me,
 And pure smile from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller, at first goes out
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks round in fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless star-light on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which heaven sheds!

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Air—"Cuishliu ma chree."*

COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden! with me

* The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular air; they contain rather an odd assortment of grievance.

Cuishliu ma chree,
 Did you but see
 How, the rogne, he did serve me;—*Bis.*
 He broke my pitcher, spilt my water,
 He kiss'd my wife, and married my daughter!
 O Cuishliu ma chree! &c.

† Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given to them.

‡ * The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off with the talisman in his mouth. The Prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights—Story of Kummur at Zammaun and the Princess of China.*

Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows!
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same where'er it goes,
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art
 not!

Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden! with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Is 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, no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!
 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.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Air—"Sly Patrick."

Has sorrow thy young days shaded
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That even in sorrow were sweet?
 Does Time with his cold wings wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul so tender
 Been like our Lagenian mine,†
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine?
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Ah!ur'd 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 fitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering 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 waf't the fair gem away?

Is thus the sweet hours have fled,
 When Sorrow herself look'd bright;
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the unkind world 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 THE FAIRY
NUMBERS.

Air—"Luggelaw."

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear.
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full choir of heaven is near,—
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
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!
I'd five years of grief and pain,
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

Air—"O, Patrick, fly from me."

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 relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou could'st not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou should'st break it!

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled the unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blam'd
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart that now thy falsehood deems,
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 lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it,
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 splendour!

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 for ever;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.

Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE THE MEMORIAL
WAS KEEPING.

Air—"Paddy Whack."

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keep-
ing

Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping.
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew
bright,

When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illum'd the whole volume, her WELLING-
ton's name!

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all
sparkling
With beams, such as burst from her own dewy
skios;

"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and dark-
ling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was
their lot,

And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways
of Fame

But, oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON'S
name!

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remain-
ing,

The grandest, the purest, e'en thou hast yet
known;
Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchain-
ing,

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 cradled thy
name—

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.

Air—"Peas upon a trencher."

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 looks,
And foily'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;

* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk:—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement), he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, LADY MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, "O'Donnel"), has given a very different account of that goblin.

But, while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh winds could not outrun me.
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! th' endeavour,
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Air—"Sios agus sios lionn."

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,
Our 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.

Air—"Lough Sheeling."

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,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.
Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through
glory and shame!
I knew not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!
Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of
bliss,—
Still thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to
pursue.
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there
too!

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

Air—"Savournah Deelish."

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw break-
ing,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the
dead,
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and bless'd the pure ray, ere it
fled!

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burn-
ing,
But deepen the long night of bondage and
mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdom of earth is return-
ing,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were
darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the
world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly start-
ing,
At once, like a sun-burst,* her manner un-
fur'd.
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splen-
did!
Then, had that one hymn of deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had as-
cended
The first note of Liberty, Erin; from thee.
But shame on those tyrants, who envied the
blessing!
And shame on its light race, unworthy its
good.
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caress-
ing,
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in
blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's de-
rision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and
elysian.
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

Air—"Miss Molly."

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was
shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was de-
clining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were
gone!
And such is the fate of life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have
known:
Each wave that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs
from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore
alone!
Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our
night:
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness
of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's
best light.
Oh, who would not welcome that moment's re-
turning,
When passion first wak'd a new life through
his frame:
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious
in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite
flame!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Air—"Bob and Joan."

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

* "The sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

Wit's electric frame
 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 light'ning!
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

Wouldst thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit?
 It chanced upon that day
 When as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us,
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

The careless Youth, when up
 To Glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in:—
 But oh! his joy, when round
 The halls of Heaven spying,
 Amongst the stars he found,
 A bowl of Bacchus lying,
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

Some drops were in the 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 it's mighty power
 O'er the flame within us,
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

Air—"New Langolec."

DEAR Harp of my country, in darkness I found
 thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee
 long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound
 thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and
 song!
 The warm lay of love, and the light note of glad-
 ness,
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill:
 But so soft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of
 sadness,
 That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee
 still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy
 numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall
 twine,
 Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy
 slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than
 mine,
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,
 It was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy
 own!

THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG;

OR, INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

PREFACE.

THE Bag, from which the following Letters are selected, was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the S-p-p-ss-n of V-e, 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 poet, (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 honour and delight of first ransacking the Post-Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy 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. H-tch-d'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 think it prudent, however, 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 remedy the thinness of my ranks by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons 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 out the many living instances there are of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads from taking 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 white page by itself, whereas, in the latter, it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a speech of Mr. St-ph-n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pied*: so that, in general, the very reverse of "*taudatur 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.

* Herrick.

THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.

LETTER I.

FROM THE PR-NC-SS CH—E OF W—S TO THE
LADY B-RB—A A-SHL-Y.*

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your ponies
have made;

Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of
date)

No nags ever made such a stir in the state!
Lord Eld-n first heard—and as instantly pray'd
he

To God and his king—that a Popish young lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve
thousand a-year,

It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insiduously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden ponies, just landed from
Rome,

And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from
their kicks!

Off at once to papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For papa always does what these statesmen ad-
vise.

On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As in no case whate'er, to advise him *too right*—
"Pretty doings are here, Sir," he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to
look wise;

"Tis a scheme of the Romanists.—
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 sack'd by a
horse,

But for us to be ruin'd by ponies, still worse!"
Quick a council is call'd—the whole Cabinet
sits—

The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their
wits,

That if vile Popish ponies should eat at my
manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in
danger!

As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit thier proud stomachs but those at St.
Paul's.

The Doctor and he, the devout man of leather,
V-ns-tt—t, now laying their saint-heads to-
gether,

Declare that these skittish young a-bominations
Are clearly foretold in chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the
one

Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter
upon!

Lord H-rr—by, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been asses, not
ponies,

The court would have started no sort of objec-
tion,

As asses were *there* always sure of protection.

* This young lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful ponies
to the Pr-nc-ss.

† See the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*.

"If the Pr-nc-ss will keep them," says Lord
C-stl-r—gh,
To make them quite harmless the only true
way,

Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their
wives)

To flog them within half an inch of their lives—
If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
This (he knew by experience) would soon draw
it out."

Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship pro-
poses

"The new *Veto* snaffle to bind down their
noses—

A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
Which appears to indulge, while it doubly re-
strains;

Which, however high-mettled, their gamesome-
ness checks,

(Adds his Lordship humanely,) or else breaks
their necks!"

This proposal received pretty general applause
From the statesmen around—and the neck-
breaking clause

Had a vigour about it which soon recon-
ciled Even Eld-n himself to a measure so mild;

So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to *near*
con.,

And my Lord C-stl-r—gh, having so often shone
in the fettering line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some
day,

But, at present, adieu! I must hurry away
To go see my mamma, as I'm suffered to meet
her

For just half-an-hour by the Qu—n's best re-
peater.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M'M-H-N TO G—LD PR-NC-S L-CKIE
ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I've just had time to look
into your very learned book,†
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er trench
Our happy isles against the French,
'Till royalty in England's made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the house of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All that can well be 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 P—c, good Sir, the P—c 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 or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,

Sends forth, announced by trumpet and drum,
The best-wigg'd P—e in Christendom!

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of partnership in legislation
Could only enter in the noddles
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles
Whose heads on firms are running so,
They even must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently shew forth,
On checks and balances, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we're coming near a
Better and more royal era:
When England's monarch need not say,
Whip me those scoundrels C-st-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:
Compil'd 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, whatever you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major Cartwr—ght.
Else, though the P—e be long in rigging,
'Twould take at least a fortnight's wiggling,—
Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he wll 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 scared the Ch-ne-l—or just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back, and call'd him "Mufli!"

The tailors too have got commands
To put directly into hands
All sorts of dulimans and pouches,
With sashes, turbans, and paboutches,
(While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan
Of new *moustaches à l'Ottomane*)
And all things fitting and expedient
To *turkify* our gracious R-g-nt!

You therefore have no time to waste—
So send your system.—

Yours, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment just to say,
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance—in *seraglio* matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
But *here* (as in that fairy land
Where Love and Age went hand in hand*
Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
And Grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions—
So let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the *regulation*-age;
That is—as near as one can fix
From peargon dates—full fifty-six!

* The learned colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the "History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif," where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.

† This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner given by the M— of H—.

This rule's for *fav'rites*—nothing more—
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one straw about them.

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE B—OF Y—,†

WE miss'd you last night at the "hoary old
sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good
dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His *pâtes* superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E—gh,
Who *set to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaim'd, between mouthfuls, a "*he-cook*,
of course!—
While you live—(what's there under that cover?
pray, look)—
While you live—(I'll just taste it)—ne'er keep a
she-cook.
'Tis a sound *Salic* 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 un-
common)—
Like masonry, never found out by a woman!"

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of my brilliant triumph and II—nt's condemna-
tion;
A compliment too to his Lordship the Judge
For his speech to the Jury—and zounds! who
would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a
bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul?
We were all in high gig—Roman punch and
tokay
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the
same way;
And we cared not for *Juries* or *Libels*—no—
nor
Even for the threats of last Sunday's *Exa-
miner*!

More good things were eaten than said—but Tom
T—rrh-t
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some
merit,
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the
beef"—
Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly
hit)
"I fear 'twill be *hung*-beef, my Lord, if you *try*
it!"

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 —; and *once* they'd been
fine,
But of late they had lain so long soaking in
wine,
That, however we still might in courtesy call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains
at all.

In short, not a soul till this morning would
 budge—
 We were all fun and frolic!—and even the
 J—c
 Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion.
 And through the whole night was *not once* in a
 passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are air-
 ing,
 And M—c has a sly dose of jalap preparing
 For poor T—mny T—rrh-t at breakfast to quaff—
 As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
 And there's nothing so good as old T—mny, kept
 close.
 To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—C D—G—N—N TO THE
 RIGHT HON. SIR J—H—N N—C—H—L.

Dublin.*

Last week, dear N—ch—l, making merry
 At dinner with our Secretary,
 When all were drunk, or pretty near,
 (The time for doing business here.)
 Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
 These Papist dogs—hiccup—'od rot 'em!
 Deserve to bespatter'd—hiccup—
 With all the dirt even you can pick up—
 But as! the P—c (here's to him!—fill—
 Hip, hip, hurra!) is trying still
 To humbug them with kind professions,
 And as you deal in *strong* expressions—
 'Rogue'—'traitor'—hiccup—and all that—
 You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat!—
 You must, indeed—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!†
 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, are dubb'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 portfolio send?
 Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd portfolio,
 With all its 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 shews that, since the world's creation,
 Your priests, whate'er their gentle shunning,
 Have always had a taste for damning.)
 And many more such pious craps,
 To prove (what we've long proved, perhaps)
 That, mad as Christians used to be
 About the thirteenth century,
 There's *lots* of Christians to be had
 In this, the nineteenth, just as mad!

* 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.

† In sending this sheet to the press, however, I learn that the "muzzle" has been taken off, and the right honourable doctor let loose again!

‡ This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gan-n is worse.

§ "Lustralibus ante salvis expiat."—*Pers.*, Sat. 2.

I have taken the trouble of examining the doctor's reference here, and find him, for once, correct. The following are the words of his indignant referee, Gallæus:—"Asserere non veremur Christianis manasse.

¶ See Mr. Murray's advertisement about the mail-coach copies of "Rokeby."

Farewell!—I send with this, dear N—ch—l,
 A rod or two I've had in pickle
 Wherewith to trim old Gr—tt—n's jacket—
 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. Gallæum)—
 — you need not read, but see 'em;)
 No Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
 Make use of spittle in baptizing,
 Which proves them all—O'Finnis, O'Fagans,
 Connors, and Tooles—all downright Pagans!
 This fact's enough—let no one tell us
 To free; such sad, *salivous* fellows—
 No—no—the man baptized with spittle
 Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

* * * * *

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C— TO
 LADY—.

My dear Lady—! I've been just sending out
 Above five hundred cards for a smug little
 rout—
 (By the by, you've seen Rokeby?—this mo-
 ment got mine—
 The Mail-Coach Edition¶—prodigiously fine!)
 But I can't conceive how, in this very cold
 weather,
 I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
 As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
 One can never get half of one's hundreds to
 meet—
 (Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see Townsend
 last night,
 Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
 The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright,
 Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,
 Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief usher of *ghosts*.)
 But, my dear Lady —! can't you hit on some
 notion
 At least for one night to set London in motion?
 As to having the R-g-tit—*that* show is gone
 by—
 Besides, I've remaked that (between you and I)
 The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more
 ways,
 Have taken much lately to whispering in door-
 ways,
 Which—consid'ring, you know, dear, the *size* of
 the two—
 Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get
 through,
 And a house such as mine, with doorways so
 small,
 Has no room for such cumbersome love-work
 at all!
 (Apropos though, [of love-work,—you've heard
 it, I hope,
 That Napoleon's old mother's to marry the
 Pope—

What a comical pair!)—but to stick to my *roul*,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck
out.

Is there no Algerine, no Kamschatkan arrived?
No Plenipo-Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-wiv'd?
No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of
fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters
back,

When—provided their wigs were but decently
black—

A few patriot monsters from Spain were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night
after night,

But—whether the Ministers *paud* them too
much,

(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they
touch.)

Or whether Lord G-rge (the young man about
town)

Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them
down—

One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray patriot seen for an age

Has been at such places (think how the fit
cools!)

As old Mrs. V-n's, or Lord L-v-rp—l's!

But, in short, my dear, names like Wintzschit-
stopschinzouhdoff

Are the only things now make an evening go
smooth off—

So get me a Russian—till death I'm your
debtor—

If he brings the whole alphabet so much the
better,

And, indeed, if he would but *in character* sup
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

That Latin account, t'other day, of a monster?*

If we can't get a Russian, and that thing in
Latin

Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH,† IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN
ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, Mohassan (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin advertisement of a *lusus naturæ* in the newspapers lately.
† I have made many enquiries 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 is 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 epistle to Ispahan found its
way into the Twopenny 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 Mohammedan world is divided;
they have gone on cursing and persecuting each other, without any intermission, for about eleven
hundred years. The Sunni is the established sect in Turkey, and the Shia in Persia; and the differ-
ences between them turn chiefly upon those important points which our pious friend Abdallah, in
the true spirit of white ascendancy, reprobrates in this letter.

|| "Les Sunnites, qui étoient comme les Catholiques de Musulmanisme."—*D'Herbelot*.
¶ "In contradistinction to the Sunnis, who, in their prayers, cross their hands on the lower part
of the breast, the Shiites drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sunnis, at certain periods of
the prayer, press their forehead on the ground or carpet, the Shiites, &c.—*Forster's Voyage*,
"Les Turcs ne destent pas All reciproquement; au contraire, ils le reconnoissent," &c.—
Chardin.

** The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination."—
Mariti.

†† For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader
to Picart's Account of the Mohammedan Sects.

Before our king—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear't as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses—
Thy head still rose and the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!—
Through London streets with turban fair,
And caftan floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
Who, while they boast their law 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 fetter,
(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!
You know our Sunnites, § hateful dogs!
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 heaven is easily made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.)

Yet—though we've tried for centuries back—
We can't persuade the stubborn pack,
By bastinades, screws, or rappers,
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 stuns!
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 seditious,
As 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.

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 honour, power or profit;

Which things, we naturally expect,
Belong to us, the establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked!)
Th' aforesaid chapter of the blanket.

The same mild views of toleration
Inspire, I find, this button'd nation,
Whose Papists (full as 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 o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL.

Remembrest thou the hour we past,
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
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
through—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't
do.
Clever work, Sir—would *get up* prodigiously
well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *statesmen* may glory in being *un-*
bought,
In an *author*, we think, Sir, that's *rather* a
fault.

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,
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think
it!)
Not even such names as F-tz-g-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 Carr took to marrying lately,
The trade is in want of a *traveller* greatly—
No job, Sir, more easy—your *country* once
plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your quarto of travellers, Sir, clean out of
hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would
tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.

* This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian, and the curious bird to which he alludes is the *Jufak*, of which I find an account in Richardson.

† From motives of delicacy, and, indeed, of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the author whose rejected manuscript was enclosed in this letter.

‡ This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence which is said to have passed lately between Alb-n-a, Countess of B-ck-gh-ms-c, and a certain ingenious parodist.

§ Paternoster Row.

¶ The chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons, at the first grand fete, and which was ornamented (all "for the deliverance of Europe") with *fleur-de-lis*.

Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—
Write parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win
you,
You'll get to the blue-stocking routs of Alb-n-a!‡
Mind—not to her *danners*—a *second-hand* Muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the
Blues.
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can
do—
You surely are fit, Sir, at least to *review*!

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a *scheme* to suggest—Mr. Sc-tt, you must
know,
(Who we're sorry to say it now works for the
Rota),§

Having quitted the Borders to seek new re-
nown
Is coming, by long quarto stages, to town;
And beginning with *Rokeyby* (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 hack-
neys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet*
him;

Who—by means of quick proofs—no revises—
long coaches—

May do a few villas before Sc-tt approaches—
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not very shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn
Abbey.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match! and we'll put you *in training* next
week—

At present, no more—in reply to this letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.

The manuscript, which I found in the book-
seller's letter, is a melodrama, in two acts, en-
titled "The Book," of which the theatres, of
course, had had the refusal before it was pre-
sented to Messrs. L-ck-ngt-n & Co. This re-
jected drama, however, possesses considerable
merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a
sketch of it before my readers.

The first act opens in a very awful manner [—
Time, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the
Bourbon chamber] in C-r-l-t-n House. Enter
the P—e R-g—t solus. After a few broken sen-
tences, he thus exclaims:—

Away!—away!—

Thou haun't my fancy so, thou devilish Book!
I meet thee, trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
I see thy—*ink* in Eid-n's brow—
I see thy *foolscap* upon H-rtf—d's spouse—
V-us-t—t's head calls thy *leathern* case,
And all thy *blank-leaves* stare from R-d—r's
face!

While, turning here (*laying his hand on his heart*)
I find, ah wretched elf!

Thy *list* of dire *errata* in myself.

(*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*)

O Roman Punch! O potent Curacon!
O Mareschino! Mareschino, oh!
Delicious drams! why have you not the art
To kill this gnawing *Bookworm* in my heart?

He is here interrupted in his soliloquy by per-

ceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candlebras" discovers the following unconnected words:—"Wife neglected"—"the Book"—"Wrong Measures"—"the Queen"—"Mr Lambert"—"the R-g-t."

Ha! treason in my house!—Curst words that wither

My princely soul!—(shaking the papers violently)—
what demon brought you hither?

"My Wife!"—"the Book" too!—stay—a nearer look—

(Holding the fragments closer to the candlebras.)

Alas! too plain—B, double O, K—Book
Death and destruction!

He here rings all the bells, and a whole region of valets enter. A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are despatched, in different directions, for the L-rd Ch-ne-ll-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-e with his stays only half-laced, and the Ch-ne-ll-r with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, "to maintain the becoming splendour of his office."* The R-g-t produces the appalling fragments, upon which the Ch-ne-ll-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!
Methought I heard thee, midst a courtly crowd,
Sav from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
"Worship my whiskers!"—(weeps)—not a knee
was there

But bent and worshipp'd the illustrious pair,
That cur'd in conscious majesty!—(pulls out his
handkerchief)—while cries

Of "Whiskers, whiskers!" shook the echoing
skies!—

Just in that glorious hour, methought there
came,

With looks of injured pride, a princely dame,
And a young maiden clinging to her side,
As if she fear'd some tyrant would divide
The hearts that nature and affection tied!
The Matron came—within her right hand glow'd
A radiant torch; while from her left a load
Of papers hung—(wipes his eyes)—collected in her
veil.

The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
From *Post* to *Courier*, form'd the motley mass;
Which, with disdain, before the throne she
throws.

And lights the pile beneath thy princely nose.
(Weeps)

Heavens, how it blaz'd!—I'd ask no livelier fire
(With animation) to roast a papist by, my
gracious sire!—

But ah! the evidence—(weeps again)—I mourn'd
to see.

Cast, as it burn'd, a deadly light on thee!
And tales and hints their random sparkles
flung,

And hiss'd and crackled, like an old maid's
tongue:

While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame;
Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame!
Wheu, lo, ye gods!—the fire, ascending brisker,
Now sings one, now lights the other whisker—
Ah! where was then the Sylphid that unfurls
Her fairy standard in defence of curls?—

Throne, whiskers, wig soon vanish'd into
smoke,

The watchman cried "Past one," and—I
awoke!

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than
ever, and the R-g-t (who has been very much
agitated during the recital of the dream) by a
movement as characteristic as that of Charles
XII when he was shot, claps his hands to his
whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy
Council is held—all the servants, &c., are ex-
amined—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 superfluous
cliquant in 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 "exult severally"
to prison:—

Go to your prisons—though the air of spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall
bring;

Though summer flowers shall pass unseen
away,

And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling, as if awed,
To tell how gay the young world laughs
abroad!

Yet go for thoughts as blessed as the air
Of spring or summer flowers, await you there:
Thoughts such as he who feasts his courtly
crew

In rich conservatories *never* knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal whose circling charities begin
With the few loved-ones Heaven has placed it
near,

Nor cease till all mankind are in its sphere!—
The pride that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh spirit that can warble free,
Through prison-bars, its hymn to liberty!

The scene next changes to a tailor's work-
shop, and a fancifully arranged group of these
artists is discovered upon the shop-board—their
task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the pro-
fusion 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, straiten your
knees.

For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
While I sing of our P—e (and a fig for his
rallers)

The shop-board's delight! the Mecænas of
tailors!

Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into
note,

But his short cut to fame is—the cut of his
coat!

Phillip's son thought the world was too small for
his soul,

While our R-g-t's finds room in a laced button-
hole!

Derry down, &c.

Look through all Europe's kings—at least those
who go loose—

Not a king of them all's such a friend to the
goose.

* To enable the individual who holds the office of Chancellor to maintain it in becoming splendour." (A loud laugh).—Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.

So he'll keep him increasing in size and re-
nown.
Still the fattest and best-fitted P— about
town!

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. The explanation, too, which he finally gives is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note, which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M—n upon subjects purely professional, and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxtaposition:—

Honour'd Colonel,—My Wife, who's the Queen
of all slatterns,
Neglected to put up the Book of new patterns;
She sent the wrong Measures too—shamefully
wrong—
They're the same used for poor Mr. Lambert,
when young;
But, bless you! they would'n't go half round the
R—g—t—
So hope you'll excuse yours, till death, most
obedient.

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.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH-M-S TO— —, ESQ.

Come to our fete,* and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery!
Come to our fete, and shew again
That pea-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charm'd all eyes that last survey'd it;
When B—m—l's self inquired "Who made
it?"
When eels came wond'ring, from the East,
And thought the 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—
Like the last tints of dying day
That o'er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!
(That lace, like H—rry Al-x—nd-r,

* This letter enclosed a card for the grand fete on the 5th of February.

† "Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine, videris," &c.—Horat.

The man upon whom thou hast deign'd to look funny,
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Let them say what they will, that's the man for my money—
Give others thy tears, but let me have thy mirth!

‡ To those who neither go to balls nor read the *Morning Post*, it may be necessary to mention that the floors of ball-rooms, in general, are chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various fanciful devices.

§ "Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent."

¶ A popular country dance.

‡ "C—rl—t—n H—c will exhibit a complete *facsimile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last fete. The same splendid draperies," &c.—*Morning Post*.

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—c's self alone!
Who—by particular desire—

For that night only, means to hire
A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire—
Something between ('twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and hobby jacket!
Hail, first of actors!† best of R—g—ts!
Born for each other's fond allegiance!
Both gay Latharios—both good dressers—
Of serious farce both learn'd professors—
Both circled round, for use or show
With coxcombs whereso'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 high
Comets and suns beneath us lie:
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!
But soon shall fade the 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!—
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!
So passeth life—(thus Sc-t would write,
And spinners read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on.
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone!§

But hang this long digressive flight!
I meant to say, thou't see that night
What falsehood rankles in their hearts
Who say the P—c neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts!—no S—! no;
Thy cupids answer, "Tis not so!"
And every floor that night shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou mayst in French vermilion,
Thou'rt best—beneath a French cotillon;
And still comest off, whate'er thy faults,
With flying colours in a waltz!
Nor needst thou mourn the transient date
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 that kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so must be brief.

This festive fete in fact must be
The former fete's *facsimile*.¶
The same long masquerade of rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, P—r—r, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Bearing good taste some deadly malice
Had clubb'd to raise a pic-nic palace;

And each, to make the ollo pleasant.
 Had sent a state-room as a present!—
 The same *fauteuils* and *grandoles*—
 The same gold asses.* pretty souls!
 That in this rich and classic dome
 Appear so perfectly at home!
 The same bright river 'mongst the dishes,
 But *not*—ah! 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 Y-rm—th's wish,
 Promoted into *silver* fish,
 And Gudgeons (so V-us—tt-t told
 The R-g—nt) are as good as *gold*!

So, prithee, come—our fete will be
 But half a fete if wanting thee!

J. T.

*The salt-cellars on the P—c's *own* table were in the form of an ass with panniers.

TRIFLES.

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 it."—*Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon Colonel M' Mahon's appointment.*

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-l-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—O frightful dream!
Fuseli has no such theme:
— 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 t'other, hints from five physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my lady, draus for vapours—
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, O jacobinic papers!
As though they said, "Our sole design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The leader of this vile scdition
Was a huge Catholic petition.

With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the evy.
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:
Nay, even death-warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh the basest of defections!
His letter about "predilections"—
His own dear letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this 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 overwhelms 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-re-v-F's leave, I may throw my
chains by;

* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be an old sconce.

† The letter writer's favourite luncheon.

And as time now is precious, the first thing I do
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.
I meant before now to have sent you this letter,
But Y—m—th and I thought perhaps 'twould be
better

To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,
With all due appearance of thought and diges-
tion—

For though H-rft—d House had long settled the
question,
I thought it but decent, between me and you,
That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how horribly bad
Our affairs were all looking when father went
mad:

A strait waistcoat on him, and restrictions on
me,
A more *limited* monarchy could not well be.
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 dis-
aster

By bidding him choose out his own dancing-
master.

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have
done.
So I sent word to say I would keep the whole
batch in,
The same chest of tools without cleansing or
patching;
For tools of this kind, like Martinus's sconce,*

Would lose all their beauty if purified once:
And think—only think—if our father could find,
Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any favourite ad-
viser—

That R-se was grown honest, or W-stm-rei-nd
wiser—

That R-d-r was, even by one twinkle the
brighter—
Or L-v-rp—l's speeches but half a pound
lighter—

What a shock to his old royal heart it would
be!

No!—far were such dreams of improvement
from me:

And it pleased me to find, at the house where,
you know,

There's such good mutton cutlets and strong
curacao,†

That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old
boy.

And my Y—m—th's red whiskers grew redder
for joy!

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft, if I
would,

By the law of last session I *might* have done
good.

I *might* have withheld these political noodles
From knocking their heads against hot Yankee
doodles;

which, upon scouring, turned out to be an old sconce.

I might have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
Might have soothed her with hope—but you
know I did not.
And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old
fellows
Should not on recovering have cause to be
jealous,
But find that while he has been laid on the
shell,
You've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I
Are the last that can think the King *ever* will
die!

A new era's arrived—though you'd hardly
believe it—
And all things of course must be new to re-
ceive it.
New villas, new fetes (which even Walthman
attends)—
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new*
friends?
I repeat it “new friends”—for I cannot de-
scribe

The delight I am in with this P-re-v-l tribe
Such capering!—such vapouring!—such rigour!
—such vigour!

North, South, East and West, they have cut
such a figure,
That soon they will bring the whole world
round our ears,

And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and
Algiers,
When I think on the glory they've beam'd on
my chains,

'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains!
It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and
riches,

But think how we furnish our Allies with
breccbes!
We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis
granted,

But then we've got Java, an island much
wanted,
To put the last lingering few who remain
Of the Walcheren warriors out of their pain.

Then how Wellington fights! and how
squabbles his brother!
For Papists the one, and with Papists the other
One crushing Napoleon by taking a city,
While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic com-
mittee.

O deeds of renown! shall I boggle or flinch
With such prospects before me? by Jove, not
an inch.

No—let *England's* affairs go to rack if they will,
We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,
And with nothing at home but starvation and
riot,

Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.
I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
My heart is a sieve where some scatter'd
affections

Are just danced about for a moment or two,
And the *finer* they are, the more sure to
run through:

Neither have I resentments, nor wish there
should come ill
To mortals—except (now I think on't) Beau
Br-mm-ll,

Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine pas-
sion,
To cut *me*, and bring the old King into
fashion.

This is all I can lay to my conscience at pre-
sent:
When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleas-
sant,

So royally free from such troublesome feelings,
So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings,
(And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
What I was at Newmarket, the same I am
now.)

When such are my merits, (you know I hate
cracking,)

I hope, like the vendor of best patent blacking,
“To meet with the gen'rous and kind appro-
bation
Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation.”

By the by, ere I close this magnificent
Letter,
(No man, except Pole, could have writ you a
better.)

'Twould please me if those whom I've hum-
bugg'd so long
With the notion (good men!) that I knew right
from wrong,

Would a few of them join me—mind, only a
few—
To let too much light in on me never would do;
But even Grey's brightness shan't make me
afraid,

While I've C-m-d-n an Eld-n to fly to for
shade;
Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much
harm,

While there's W-stm-rel-nd near him to
weaken the charm.
As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue
it,

Sure joining with H-rtf-rd and Y-rm—th will
do it!
Between R-d-r and Whrt-rt-n let Sheridan sit,
And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's
wit;

And against all the pure public feeling that
glows
Even in Whitbread himself we've a host in
(G-orge R-se!)

So, in short, if they wish to have places, they
may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to
Grey,

Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time
to lose)

By the Twopenny Post to tell Granville the
news;
And now, dearest Fred, (though I've no pre-
dilection,)

Believe me yours always with truest affection.

P.S.—A copy of this is to P-re-l going,
Good luck! how St Stephen's will ring with his
crowing!

ANACREONTIC

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan!
Best of plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P—e's plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P—e to wear!

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine pea-hen:
Such a hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand
If there were no cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P—e'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, corrupted mates.
Pluck him well—be sure you do—
Who wouldn't be an old cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a H-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 fowl—
 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 pen-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-rm-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-nch-st-r Square took a canter just
 now
 Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
 This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and
 civil.

But got such a look—oh, 'twas black as the
 devil!

How unlucky!—*incoog*, he was travelling about,
 And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—When next by the old yellow chariot
 ride,

To remember there is nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At Leave-to-day made another sad blunder—
 What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder?
 The P—e was as cheerful as if all his life
 He had never been troubled with friends or a
 wife—

"Fine weather," says he—to which I, who *must*
 prate,

Answer'd, "Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather, of
 late."

He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
 And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
 That before all the courtiers I fear'd they'd come
 off,

And then how Geramb would triumphantly
 scoff!

Mem.—To buy for son Dicky some unguent or
 lotion
 To nourish his whiskers—sure road to promo-
 tion!*

Saturday.

Last night a concert—vastly gay—
 Given by Lady O-stl-r-gh.
 My Lord loves music, and, we know,
 Has two strings always in his bow.
 In choosing songs, the R-g—t named
 "Had I a heart for falsehood framed,"
 While gentle H-rtf—d begg'd and pray'd
 For "Young I am, and sore afraid."

* England is not the only country where merit of this kind is noticed and rewarded. "I remember," says Tavernier, "to have seen one of the king of Persia's porters, whose monstaches were so long that he could tie them behind his neck, for which reason he had a double pension."

† One of those antediluvian princes with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the Memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his history, we should find, I daresay, that Crack was only a regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last king of the antediluvian dynasty.

EPIGRAM.

WHAT news to-day?—"Oh! worse and worse—
 M—c is the Pr—c's privy purse!"—
 The Pr—c's *purse!* no, no, you fool,
 You mean the Pr—c's *radicula*.

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,
 (At least, so his courtiers would swear to you
 gladly.)
 But Crack now and then would do het'rodox
 things,
 And, at last, took to worshipping *images*
 sadly.

Some broken-down idols, that long had been
 placed
 In his father's old *Cabinet* pleased him so
 much,
 That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—
 such was his taste!—
 They were monstrous to look at and rotten to
 touch!

And these were the beautiful gods of king
 Crack!—
 Till his people, disdaining to worship such
 things,
 Cried aloud, one and all, "Come, your godships
 must pack—
 You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for
kings."

Then, trampling the gross idols under their feet,
 They sent Crack a petition, beginning—
 "Great Cæsar!

We are willing to worship; but only entreat
 That you'll find some *decenter* godships than
 these are."

"I'll try," says king Crack—then they furnish'd
 him models

Of better-shaped gods, but he sent them all
 back!

Some were chisel'd too fine, some had heads
 'stead of noddles,

In short, they were all *much* too godlike 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 men,
 Set the monsters up grinning once more in
 their places!

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a pump like V-se-nt C-stl-r-gh?

Ans. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
 That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
 And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
 In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND
HIS R-Y-L H-GHN-SS THE D-E-E OF C-B-L-D.

SAID his Highness to Ned, with that grim face of
 his,

"Why refuse us the *Veto*, dear Catholic
 Neddy?"—

"Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his
phiz,

"You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience,
already!"

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

HITHER, Flora, queen of flowers!
Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odour'd road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily 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-f-l-r-d 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 dowsy,
Garland gaudy, dull, and cool
For the head of L-v-r-p—l!—
"Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs
Which they suffer'd (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris city.

Next, our C-stl-r—gh to crown.
Bring me, from the county Down,
Whither'd shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er to hide the green—
(Such as H—d-f—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, thou 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 R—c—
How the Doctor's† brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of camomile!
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 FETE.

"I WANT the *Court-Guide*," said my lady, "to
look
If the House, Seymour Place, be at 30 or 20."
"We've lost the *Court-Guide*, ma'am; but here's
the *Red Book*,
Where you'll find, I daresay, *SEYMOUR PLACES*
in Plenty!"

* The ancients, in like manner, crowned their lares or household gods. (See *Juvenal*, Sat. ix., v.

135.)
† Certain tinsel imitations of the shamrock, which are distributed by the servants of O—n
House every Patrick's-day

‡ Lord Sidmouth.

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R.

COME, Y-rm—th, my boy, never trouble your
brains
About what your old croney,
The Emperor Boney,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;

Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our gra-
naries;
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, so clumsily 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
Your mind about matters you don't under-
stand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an
idiot,
Because "you," forsooth, *have the pen in your
hand?*"

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
Of old Charley, my friend here, and drink like
a new one:
While Charley looks sulky and frowns at me,
just
As the ghost in the pantomime frowns at Don
Juan!

To crown us, Lord Warden!
In C-mb-rl-nd's garden
Grows plenty of *monkshood* in venomous sprigs;
While otto of roses
Refreshing all noses
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers and
wigs.

What youth of the household will cool our
noyau
In that streamlet delicious,
That down midst the dishes,
All full of good 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—
Oh! let her come, with her dark tresses flow-
ing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of—Ackermann's dresses for
May!

HORACE, ODE XXII. LIB. I.

FREELY TRANSLATED BY LORD ELDON.

THE man who keeps a conscience pure,
(If not his own, at least his Prince's,)
Through toil and danger walks secure.
Looks big and black, and never winces!

No want has he of sword or dagger
Cock'd hat or ringlets of Geramb;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists swagger,
He does not care —

Whether midst Irish chairmen going,
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and state,
Got up, at last, 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'Tooles,
The ragged royal blood of Tara;
Or place me where Dick M-r-t-n rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara;

Of Church and state I'll warble still,
Though even Dick M-r-t-n's self should
grumble;

Sweet Church and state, like Jack and Jill,
So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I NEVER give a kiss," says Prue,
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not give a kiss, 'tis true;
She'll take one though, and thank you for it!

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 vno, non è bisogna mutar ni
faccia ni voce per esser un 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!

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

"Nova monstra creavit."—*Ovid, Metamorph.*,
l. i. v. 437.

HAVING sent off the troops of brave Major
Cannac,
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous
back,

* That model of princes, the Emperor Commodus, was particularly luxurious in the dressing and ornamenting of his hair. His conscience, however, would not suffer him to trust himself with a barber, and he used accordingly to burn off his beard—"timore tonsoris," says Lampridius. The dissolute Aelius Verus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. Indeed, this was not the *only* princely trait in the character of Verus, as he had *likewise* a most hearty and dignified contempt for his wife.

And such heliæts. oh, bless you! as never
deck'd any
Male creature before, except Signor Giovan-
ni—
"Let's see," said the R-g-t, (like Titus per-
plex'd
With the duties of empire,) "whom *shall* I dress
next?"

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there.
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a
hair!*

Not a single *ex-curl* on his forehead he traces—
For curls arc, like ministers, strange as the case
is.

The *falsér* they are, the more firm in their
places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could
doubt?

For his Y-r-m—th's own Frenchified fraud cut it
out;

Every pucker and seam were matters of state,
And a grand household council was held on each
plate!

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new rig his
brother.

Great C-m-b-l—d's Duke, with some kickshaw
or other?

And kindly invent him more Christian-like
shapes

For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillow capes?
Ah, no—here his ardour would meet with de-
lays,

For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new
stays,

So complete for the winter, he saw very plain
'Twould be fearful hard work to *unpack* him
again!

So what's to be done?—there's the Ministers,
bless 'em!

As he *made* the puppets, why shouldn't he *dress*
'em?

"An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be
nimble—

Let Cum bring his spy-glasses, and H-rtf—d her
thimble;

While Y-r-m—th shall give us, in spite of all
quizzers,

The last Paris cut with his true Gallic scissors."

So saying, he calls C-stl-r—gh, and the rest
Of his heaven-born statesmen, to come and he
dress;

While Y-r-m—th, with snip-like and brisk expedi-
tion,

Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic petition
In long tailors' measures, (the P—e crying
"Well-done!")

And first *puts in hand* my Lord Chancellor
Eldon.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF ST.
S—PIE'S.

(Intended to have been spoken by the Proprietor in
full costume, on the 24th of November.)

This day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed
nation!

Excuse the materials—though rotten and bad,
They're the best that for money just now could
be had;

And if *echo* the charm of such houses should
be
You will find it shall echo my speech to a T.
As for actors, we've got the old Company yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical set;
And consid'ring they all were but clerks & other
day.

It is truly surpris'ng how well they can play.
Our Manager, (he who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung *Erin-go-Bragh* for the galleries first,
But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better
thing,
Changed his note of a sudden, to *God save the
King!*)

Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's
clever.
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
Here offers you still the full use of his breath,
Your devoted and long-winded proser till
death!

You remember last season, when things went
perverse on,

We had to engage (as a block to rehearse on)
One Mr. V-ns-tt-t, a good sort of person.
Who's also employ'd for this season to play,
In "Raising the Wind," and "The Devil to
Pay."

We expect, too—at least we've been plotting and
planning—

To get that great actor from Liverpool,
C-n-n-g;

And, as at the circus there's nothing attracts
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the
acts,

If the Manager should, with the help of Sir
P-ph-m,

Get up new *diversions*, and C-n-n-g should stop
'em,

Who knows but we'll have to announce in the
papers,

"Grand fight!—second time—with additional
capers?"

Be your taste for the ludicrous, humdrum, or
sad,

There is plenty of each in this House to be had:
Where our Manager ruleth, there weeping will
be.

For a *dead hand* at *tragedy* always was he;
And there never was dealer in dagger and cup
Who so *smilingly* got all his tragedies up.
His power poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er them
yet.

So much for the actors—for secret machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of scenery,
Y-r-m—th and C-m are the best we can find.
To transact all that tricky business behind.
The former's employed too to teach us French
jigs,

Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after the
wigs.

In taking my leave now, I've only to say
A few *seats* in the House, not as yet sold away,
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'men and
Ladies,
They'll fit you quite handy, whatever your
trade is,

(Except it be *Cabinet-making*—I doubt
in that delicate service they're rather worr
out:

Though their owner, bright youth! if he'd had
his own will,
Would have bungled away with them joyously
still;)

You can see they've been pretty well *hack'd*—
and, alack!

What tool is there job after job will not hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like Ell-nb'r—h s, none of the
best,

But you'll find them good hard-working tools
upon trying,

Were 't but for their *brass*, they are well worth
the buying;

They're famous for making *blinds*, *sliders*, and
screens.

And they're, some of them, excellent *turning*
machines!

The first tool I'll put up (they call it a *Chancel-
lor*),

Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note
'tis,

'Tis ready to *melt* at a half minute's notice.
Who bids?—Gentle buyer! 'twill turn as thou
shapest—

'Twill make a good thumb-screw to torture a
Papst;

Or else a cramp-iron, to stick in the wall
Of some church that old women are fearful will
fall;

Or better, perhaps, (for I'm guessing at ran-
dom,)

A heavy *drag-chain* for some lawyer's old
tandem!

Will nobody bid?—It is cheap, I am sure, Sir—
Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone!—it is
yours, Sir.

To pay ready money you shan't be distress'd,
As a *bill* at *long date* suits the Chancellor best.

Come, where's the next tool?—Oh! 'tis here in
a trice—

This implement, Ge'men, at first was a *Vice*,
(A tenacious and close sort of tool, that will let
Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get),
But it since has received a new coating of *Tin*.
Bright enough for a Prince to behold himself
in!

Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid
on,

We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite
gone!

For be sure that such tools, if not quickly
knock'd down,

Might at last cost their owner—how much?
why, a *Crown!*

The next tool I'll set up has hardly had hansom
or

Trial as yet, and is *also* a Chancellor—
Such dull things as these should be sold by the
gross;

Yet dull as it is, 'twill be found to *shave close*.
And like *other* close shavers, some courage to
gather,

This *blade* first began by a flourish on *leather!*
You shall have it for nothing—then, marvel
with me

At the terrible *tinkering* work there must be,
Where a tool such as this is (I'll leave you to
judge it)

Is placed by ill luck at the top of the *Budget!*

M.P.; OR, THE BLUE-STOCKING.

S O N G.

SESAN.

YOUNG Love lived once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing
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 showers;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

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 nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And raised the latch, where the young god
lay;
"Oh ho!" said Love—"is it you? good-by!"
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;
This is love, careless 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
To such refined excess,
That though the heart would break with *more*,
We could not live with *less*;
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

SPIRIT OF JOY, thy altar lies
In youthful hearts that hope like mine;
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 breathe 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 woe,
And teaches even 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 kindle leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, &c., &c.

WHEN Lella 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 chord 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 lightens the 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 oar a while,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Hhume 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.

O! think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman can dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her?
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor would take it;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him;
For oh, neither smiling nor weeping
Has power at those moments to rouse him,
But though he was sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
Even then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of glory would wake him.

CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A Lottery, a Lottery,
 In Cupid's court their used to be;
 Two roguish eyes
 'The highest prize
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery;
 And kisses too,
 As good as now,
 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 *shaves* he sold
 To every a fond believing drone,
 And cut the hearts
 In sixteen parts,
 So well each thought the whole his own.
Chor.—A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

SONG.

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country en-
 twined,
 And dear to the heart her remembrance re-
 mains,

Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shines,
 And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
 O thou who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
 But diest of languor in luxury's dome,
 Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present—
 Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wan-
 der'd!

In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave!
 Unblest'd is the blood that for tyrants is squan-
 der'd,

And fame has no wreaths for the brow of the
 slave,
 But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the com-
 motion

Of Europe as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam!
 With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the
 ocean,

Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

WHEN Charles was deceived by the maid he
 loved,

We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting,
 But proudly he smiled, as if gay and unmoved.
 Though the wound in his heart was deep and
 lasting,

And oft at night, when the tempest roll'd,
 He sung as he paced the dark deck over—
 "Blow, wind, blow! that art not so cold

As the heart of a maid that deceives her
 lover."

Yet he lived with the happy, and seem'd to be
 gay,

Though the wound but sunk more deep for
 concealing;

And fortune threw many a thorn in his way,
 Which, true to one anguish, he trod without
 feeling!

And still, by the frowning of fate unsnubbed,
 He sung, as if sorrow had placed him above
 her—

"Frown, fate, frown! thou art not so rude
 As the heart of a maid that deceives her
 lover."

At length his career found a close in death,
 The close he long wish'd to his cheerless
 roving,
 For victory shone on his latest breath,
 And he died in a cause of his heart's approv-
 ing.
 But still he remember'd his sorrow,—and still
 He sung till the vision of life was over—
 "Come, death, come! thou art not so chill
 As the heart of a maid that deceives her
 lover."

WHEN life looks lone and dreary,
 What light can expel the gloom?
 When Time's swift wing grows weary,
 What charm can refresh his plume?
 'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth
 O'er all that we feel or see;
 And if man of heaven e'er dreameth,
 'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
 O woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory,
 Too dearly the meed they gain;
 Let patriots live in glory—
 Too often they die in vain;
 Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,
 This world can offer to me
 No throne like beauty's bosom,
 No freedom like serving thee,
 O woman!

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking thus, and the other down so!
 In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your
 choice,
 For one was B alt, and the rest G below.
 Oh! oh! Orator Puff!
 One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away spite of coughs and of
 frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his
 downs.

That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
 My voice is for war, ask'd him, Which of them,
 pray?
 Oh! oh! &c.

Reeling homewards one evening, top-heavy with
 gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the
 crown,

He tripp'd near a sawpit, and tumbled right in,
 "Sinking Fund," the last words as his noddle
 came down.
 Oh! oh! &c.

"Help! help! he exclaim'd," in his he and she
 tones,

"Help me out! help me out—I have broken my
 bones!

"Help you out?" said a Paddy who pass'd,
 "what a bother

Why, there's two of you there, can't you help
 one another?
 Oh! oh! &c.

DEAR aunt, in the olden time of love,
 When women like slaves were spur'd,
 A maid gave her heart, as she would her glove,
 To be teased by a fop, and return'd!
 But women grow wiser as men improve,
 And, though beaux, like monkeys, amuse us,
 Oh! think not we'd give such a delicate gem
 As the heart, to be play'd with or sullied by
 them;
 No, dearest aunt, excuse us.

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal
 What impression the heart will take;
 If shallow the head, oh! soon we feel
 What a poor impression 'twill make!
 Though plagued, heaven knows! by the foolish
 zeal,
 Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
 Oh, think not I'd follow their desperate rule,
 Who get rid of the folly, by wedding the fool;
 No, dearest aunt! excuse us.

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleep-
 ing,
 Some gay-colour'd bark moving gracefully
 by:

No damp on her deck but the even-tide's weep-
 ing,
 No breath in her sails but the summer-wind's
 sigh.
 Yet who would not turn with a fonder emotion,
 To gaze on the life-boat, though rugged and
 worn,
 Which often hath wafted o'er hills of the ocean,
 The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn!
 Oh! grant that of those who in life's sunny
 slumber
 Around us like summer-barks idly have
 play'd,
 When storms are abroad we may find in he
 number
 One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid.

CORRUPTION, AND INTOLERANCE:

TWO POEMS:

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.

PREFACE.

THE practice which has been lately introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses, appears to me rather a happy invention, as it supplies us with a mode of turning stupid 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 burthen, 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 servile deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, "Quod supra nos, nihil ad nos."

In the first of the following poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman may 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 be in Alderman B-rich 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* venture to criticise the measures of that period without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or the suspicion of being influenced by any Popish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of '88 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 I and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord II—kesb-ry eulogises the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were, for the most part, specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of prerogative—that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm—it limited the only interference of the Crown, which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to their sense and capacities. Like the myrtle over a certain statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skillfully veiled from their sight 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 effects 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 the spirit of influence has become the vital principle of the state—whose agency, subtle and unseen, pervades every part of the constitution, hurks under all its forms, and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

"Ilam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furim, subsequitarque decor."

The cause of liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated by Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former. But nothing can be more unjust than such suspicion. The very object which my humble misadversions would attain is that, in the crisis to which I think England is hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 may be remedied; and that, as she then had a revolution without a reform, she may now seek a reform without a revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with Whiggism of which I can never think but with 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 assumed 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 men, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION:

AN EPISTLE.

BOAST on, my friend—though stript of all be-
side,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride:
That pride which once in genuine glory woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St.
John spoke;
That pride which still, by time and shame un-
stung,
Outlives even Wh-tel-cke's sword and Il-wk-
sb'ry's tongue!
Boast on, my friend, while in this humble isle
Where honour mourns and freedom fears to
smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame is
known
But by the baleful shadow she has thrown
On all our fate, where, doom'd to wrongs and
slights,*
We hear you boast of Britain's glorious rights,
As wretched slaves that under hatches lie,
Here those on deck extol the sun and sky!
Boast on, while wandering through my native
haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts;
And feel, though close our wedded countries
twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.

Yet pause a moment—and if truth severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
Which loves no politics in rhyme but Pye's,
And hears no news but W-rd's gaze—
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of "Church and State," and "William's match-
less laws,"
And "Acts and rights of glorious Eighty-
eight,"—
Things which, though now a century out of
date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speaking lords;
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she look'd for life, her deadliest
wound;
How brave she struggled, while her foe was
seen,
How faint since influence lent that foe a
screen;
How strong o'er James and Popery she pre-
vail'd,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold as-
sail'd.

While kings were poor, and all those schemes
unknown
Which drain the people, but enrich the throne;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are
tied;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,

Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man!
But Luther's light had too much warn'd man-
kind
For Hampden's truth to linger long behind;
Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so
low,
Could pope-like kings escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre, (in whose place we
bow
To the light talisman of influence now.)
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments
fell:
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleur-de-lis, it shone and scourged once
more.

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation
quaff'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate
draught
Of tame obedience—till her sense of right
And pulse of glory seem'd extinguish'd quite;
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain
That wakening Freedom call'd almost in vain.
O England! England! what a chance was
thine,

When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty!
How bright, how glorious in that sunshine
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 man;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work which raised men near to hea-
ven.
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce
began,
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had
done,
The time was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinished
pile!

Hence all the ills you suffer,—hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain†
Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,
Though loosed and broke so often, still have
clung.

Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,
Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.
While parliaments, no more those sacred things
Which make and rule the destiny of kings,

* "By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland in 1691," 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 last great wound given to the feudal system was the Act of the 12th of Charles II, which abolished the tenure of knight's service *in capite*, and which Blackstone compares, for its salutary influence upon property, to the boasted provisions of Magna Charta itself.

Like loaded dice by Ministers are thrown,
 And each new set of sharpers cog their own.
 Hence the rich oil, that from the treasury steals
 And drips o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
 Giving the old machine such pliant play,*
 That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,
 While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
 So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;
 And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
 The sums that bribe their liberties away,—
 Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom
 See their own feathers pluck'd to wing the dart,
 Which rank corruption destined for their heart!
 But soft! my friend, I hear thee proudly say,
 "What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
 That dares, with Tory licence, to profane
 The bright bequest of William's glorious reign?
 Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
 Whom H-wks-b—y quotes and savoury B-rel
 admire."

Be slander'd thus? Shall honest St—le agree
 With virtuous R-se to call us pure and free,
 Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair,
 Of wise state-poets waste their words in air,
 And P—e unheeded breathe his prosperous
 strain,
 And C—ing takes the people's sense in vain?"

The people!—ah, that Freedom's form should stay

Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd away!
 That a false smile should play around the dead,
 And flush the features when the soul has fled!
 When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
 When her foul tyrant sat on Capree's heights
 Amid his ruffian spies, and doomed to death
 Each noble name they blasted with their
 breath.—

Even then—(in mockery of that golden time,
 When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
 And her free sons, diffused from zone to zone,
 Gave kings to every country but their own)—
 Even then the senate and the tribunes stood,
 Insulting marks, to shew how Freedom's flood
 Had dared to flow in glory's radiant day.
 And how it ebb'd,—for ever ebb'd away!†

Oh, look around—though yet a tyrant's sword
 Nor haunts your sleep, nor glitters o'er your
 board,

Though blood be better drawn by modern
 quacks,

With treasury leeches than with sword or axe;
 Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power
 Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,
 Insult so much the rights, the chains of man,
 As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
 Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
 Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves;—
 That party-colour'd mass, which nought can
 warm

But quick Corruption's heat—whose ready
 swarm

Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden
 sky,

Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die—
 That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's
 tomb

Comes forth, with all the mimicry of bloom
 Upon its lifeless cheeks, and sucks and drains
 A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!

Oh, what a picture—yes, my friend, 'tis dark—
 "But can no light be found—no genuine spark
 Of former fire to warm us? Is there none,
 To act a Marvell's part?" ‡—I fear not one.
 To place and power all public spirit tends,
 In place and power all public spirit ends;
 Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
 When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill
 die!" §

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
 From Sidney's pen, or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
 Than upstart Whigs produce each market night,
 While yet their conscience, as their purse, is
 light:

While debts at home excite their care for those
 Which, dire to tell, their much-loved country
 owes,

And loud and upright, till their price be known,
 They thwart the King's supplies to raise their
 own,

But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their
 hum—

So settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
 And though I feel as if indignant Heaven,

Must think that wretch too foul to be forgiven,
 Who basely hangs the bright protecting shade
 Of Freedom's ensign o'er Corruption's trade,
 And makes the sacred flag he dares to show
 His passport to the market of her foe

Yet, yet I own, so venerably dear
 Are Freedom's grave old antients to my ear,
 That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung,
 And reverence Scripture even from Satan's
 tongue.

Nay, when the constitution has expired,
 'Till have such men, like Irish wakers, hired
 To sing old "Habeas Corpus" by its side,
 And ask, in purchased ditties, why it died?

See that smooth lord, whom nature's plastic
 pains
 Seem to have destined for those Eastern reigns
 When eunuchs flourish'd, and when nerveless
 things

That men rejected were the chosen of kings—
 Even *he*, forsooth, (oh, mockery accurst!)
 Dared to assume the patriot's name at first—
 Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes;
 Thus devils, when first raised, take pleasing
 shapes.

But, O poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet
 For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
 And withering insult—for the Union thrown
 Into thy bitter cup, when that alone

* "They drove so fast," says Welwood of the ministers of Charles I., "that it was no wonder that the wheels and chariot broke."—*Memoirs*, p. 35. But this fatal accident, if we may judge from experience, is to be imputed far less to the folly and impetuosity 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.

† There is something very touching in what Tacitus tells us of the hopes that revived in a few patriot bosoms when the death of Augustus was near approaching, and the fond expectation with which they began "bona libertatis incassum disserere." Ferguson says, Caesar's interference with the rights of election "made the subversion of the republic more felt than any of the former acts of his power."—*Roman Republic*, book v., chap. i.

‡ Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the court during the reign of Charles II. and the ast member of Parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents.

§ The following artless speech of Sir Francis Winington, in the reign of Charles II., will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection we have attained in that system of government whose humble beginnings so much astonished the worthy baronet. "I did observe," says he, "that all those who had pensions, and most of those who had offices, voted all of a side, as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this house had been to preserve their pensions and offices, and not to make laws for the good of them who sent them here." He alludes to that parliament which was called, *per excellence*, the Pensionary Parliament.

Of slavery's draught was wanting—if for this
 Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that demon's bliss:
 For oh, '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 the burning 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,

When mind should rule, and—Fox should *not*
 have died,

All that devoted England can oppose
 To enemies made fiends and friends made
 foes,

Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
 Of that un pitying power, whose whips and
 chains

Made Ireland first, in wild and wicked trance,
 Turn false to England—give her hand to
 France.

Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit,

For the grand artizan of mischief, Pitt,

So useless ever but in vile employ,

So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy—

Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd
 shore.

O England! sinking England! boast no more!

INTOLERANCE:

A SATIRE.

"This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided, but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth."—Addison, *Freeholder*, No. 37.

NOTE.

Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early debased our character; and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes, who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace; but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was branded with the disheartening 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

Trovai portria strane avventure e molte
Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,
Che non se n' ha notizia le più vote."

Hence it is that the annals of Ireland, through a lapse of six hundred years, exhibit 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 nothing to her here but cypress and weeds. In truth, the poet would embellish his song with allusions to Irish names and events, must be content 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 only traits of heroism which he can venture at this day to commemorate, with safety to himself, or honour to the country, are to be looked for in those times when the native monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age: when our Malachies wore collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the invader, and our Brians deserved the blessings of a people by all the most estimable qualities of a king. It may be said that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in

reality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of national partiality,—that bright but spurious offspring which vainly engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people abound. But the sceptic 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 not a page of our annals which cannot afford him a subject, and while the national muse of other countries adorns her temple with trophies of the past, in Ireland her altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it; "*lacrymis atartaria sudant*."

There is a well-known story related of the Antiochians under the reign of Theodosius, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here. The piety of Theodosius would have been admirable if it had not been stained with intolerance; but his reign affords, I believe, the first example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians.* Whether his interference with the religion of the Antiochians had any share in the alienation of their loyalty is not expressly ascertained by historians; but severe edicts, heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently account for the discontents of a warm and susceptible people. Repentance soon followed the crimes into which their impatience had hurried them; but the vengeance of the Emperor was implacable, and punishments of the most dreadful nature hung over the city of Antioch, whose devoted inhabitants, totally resigned to despondence, wandered through the streets and public assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges of the most touching lamentation. At length, Flavianus, their bishop, whom they sent to intercede 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

* "A sort of civil excommunication," says Gibbon, "which separated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy; and this declaration of the supreme magistrate tended to justify, or at least to excuse, the insults of a fanatic populace. The sectaries were gradually disqualified for the possession of honourable or lucrative employments, and Theodosius was satisfied with his own justice when he decreed, that, as the Eunomians distinguished the nature of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable of making their wills, or of receiving any advantage from testamentary donations."

for the Emperor at table. The heart of Theodorus 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 misfortunes of a people, or could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors, the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers.

START not, my friend, nor think the Muse will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of bulls, decrees, and fulminating scrolls,
That took such freedom once with royal souls,
When heaven was yet the Pope's exclusive
trade,
And kings were damn'd as fast as now they're
made.

No, no—let D-gen-n search the papal chair
For fragrant treasures long forgotten there;
And as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
Let sallow P-re-v-l sniff up the gale
Which Wizard D-gen-n's gather'd sweets ex-
hale;

Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who loathe the venom whence'er it springs,
From popes or lawyers, pastry-cooks or kings,—
Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
As mirth provokes, or indignation burns.
As C-n-ng vapours, or as France succeeds,
As H-wk-sb'ry proses, or as Ireland bleeds!

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong
days,

When bigot zeal her drunken antics plays
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on and shudder while they
smile—

If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this ranking nook
Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things
in vain,

While G-f-rd's tongue and M-sgr-vc's pen re-
main—

If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the world
they be,
Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see—
Oh! turn a while, and, though the shamrock
wreathes

My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
Of Ireland's slavery and of Ireland's woes,
Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
Shall but exist all future knaves to warn,
Esbalm'd in hate and canonised by scorn.
When C-stl-r—gh, in sleep still more profound
Than his own opiate tongue deals around,
Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day,
Which even *his* practised hand can't bribe away

And, O my friend, wert thou but near me
now

To see the spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow
Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
Even through the blood-marks left by C-md-n
there,

Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the
sod

Which none but tyrants and their slaves have
trod,

And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted slave,

Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his
lot,

And seems by all but watchful France for-
got*—

Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy Pittite
heart

Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,
And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly—yet so devilish too;

Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books and with
whilps,

Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their
lips,

Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next*!

Your R-desd-les, P-re-v-ls—O gracious Heaven,
If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,

When here I swear, by my soul's hope of
rest,

I'd rather have been born, ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,

Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,

Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly
sway,

And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;
Which binding polity in spiritual chains,

And tainting piety with temporal stains,
Corrupts both state and Church, and makes an
oath

The knave and atheist's passport into both;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know

Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,

And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here!
But no—far 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-atoning love:

He weeps to see his soul's religion twine
The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine; †

And *he*, while round him sects and nations raise
To the one God their varying notes of praise,

Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony.

Such was the spirit, gently, grandly bright,
That fill'd, O Fox! thy peaceful soul with light;

While, blandly speeding, like that orb of air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,

The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
Embraced the world, and breathed for all man-
kind.

Last of the great, farewell!—yet *not* the last—
Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be
past,

Irene still one gleam of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

* The example of toleration which Bonaparte has given will, I fear, produce no other effect than that of determining the British Government to persist, from the very spirit of opposition, in their own old system of intolerance and injustice.

† Mr. Fox, in his speech on the Repeal of the Test Act, (1790.) thus condemns the intermixture of religion with the political constitution of a State:—"What purpose," he asks, "can it serve, except the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving contamination? Under such an alliance corruption must alight upon the one, and slavery overwhelm the other." Locke, too, says of the connexion 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, who mixes these two societies, which are in their original, end, business, and in everything, perfectly distinct and infinitely different from each other.—*First Letter on Toleration.*

SACRED SONGS.

THOU ART, O GOD.

Air—Unknown.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalms* lxxiv. 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 opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
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.
But high she shoots through air and light,
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 sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

* The carrier-pigeon, it is well-known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

† "I have left mine heritage; I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hands of her enemies."—*Jer.* xii. 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.* xl. 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 bury in Tophet till there be no place."—*Jer.* vii. 32.

†† These lines were suggested by a passage in St. Jerome's reply to some calumnious remarks that had been circulated respecting his intimacy with the matron Paula,

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

Air—Martini.

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains!
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Ethau'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,
Where Baal reign'd as God.

"Go"—said the Lord—"Ye conquerors
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze 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 bale looks of her I love;
Or if at times a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose her not, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine.

No—Heaven but faintly warns the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glitt'ring vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING
SHOW.

Air—Stevenson.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even!
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wand'ers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but heaven!

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S
TEAR.

Air—Haydn.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth
up their wounds."—*Psalm* cxlvii. 3.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee?
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that 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 waiting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above!
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shews us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

Air—Avion.

WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our
eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the
skies.
Death child'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had
stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has
unchain'd it.
To water that Eden where first was its source.
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our
eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young
bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the
skies.

Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale,*
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now,
Ere life's early lustre had time to grow pale,
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her
brow.
Oh, then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was
unknown—
And the wild hymns she wailed so sweetly, in
dying.
Were echo'd in heaven by lips like her own.
Weep not for her—in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are
unfurld:
And now, like a star beyond evening's cold
dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this
world.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT
SHRINE.

Air—Stevenson.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censor's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves.
When murmur'ing homeward to their cave
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee

I'll seek by day some glade unknown.
All light and silence, like Thy throne;
And the pale stars shall be at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

I'll read Thy anger in the rack
That clouds a while the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of Thy Deity;

* 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, October 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, she sung 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 during the summer.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

(Air—Avison.)*

And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of
Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the
women went out after her with timbrels and
with dances.—*Exod. xv. 20.*

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!
Sing—of the pride of the tyrant is broken.

His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
brave—
How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but
spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!

His word was our arrow, His breath was our
sword.

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her
pride?

For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of
glory,†

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the
tide,

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!

GO, LET ME WEEP.

(Air—Stevenson.)

Go, let me weep—there's bliss in tears
When he who sheds them inly feels
Some ling'ring 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, &c.

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, &c.

COME NOT, O LORD.

(Air—Haydn.)

COME NOT, O Lord, in the dread robe of splen-
dour
Thou wert onest on the mount, in the day of Thine
ire;

Come veild' in those shadows, deep, awful, but
tender,
Which mercy flings over thy Thy features of
fire!

Lord, thou rememb'rest the night when Thy
nation‡

Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling
stream;

On Egypt Thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.
So when the dread clouds of anger unfold Thee
From us, in Thy mercy, the dark side re-
move;

While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold
Thee,

Oh, turn upon us the mild light of Thy love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

Air—Stevenson.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious perfume pour'd;

And wiped them with that golden hair
Where once the diamonds shone;
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone

Were not those sweets, though humbly shed—
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart that inly bled—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, 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
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can

So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devo-
tion,

Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My God! silent to Thee—
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though
clouded,

The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea.
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to
Thee.

My God! trembling to Thee—
True, fond, trembling to Thee.

* 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 recognised.

† "And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians."—*Exod. xiv. 24.*

‡ "And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these."—*Exod. xiv. 20.*

§ "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."—*Luke vii. 42.*

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

Air—Stevenson.

BUT who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now? *
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of His rebuke shall lie! †
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye. ‡

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's clam:
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again §
The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come: ¶
And every wind that blows shall 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 twine, ¶
(Emblem of life's eternal ray,
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!”

* “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.”—*Isa. xxv. 7.*

† “The rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth.”—*Isa. xxv. 8.*

‡ “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; . . . neither shall there be any more pain.”—*Rev. xxi. 4.*

§ “And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.”—*Rev. xxi. 5.*

¶ “And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.”—*Rev. xxii. 17.*

** “The Scriptures having declared that the Temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *Palms*, which made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *Life and Immortality* which were brought to light by the Gospel.”—*Observations on the Palm, as a Sacred Emblem, by W. Tighe.*

“And he carved all the walls of the house round about with carved figured of cherubims, and palm-trees, and open flowers.”—*1 Kings vi. 29.*

†† “When the passover of the tabernacles was revealed to the great law-giver on the mount, then the cherubic images which appeared in that structure were no longer surrounded by flame; for the tabernacle was a type of the dispensation of mercy, by which *ЖЕHOVAH* confirmed His gracious covenant to redeem mankind.”—*Observations on the Palm.*

††† In St. Augustine's Treatise upon the Advantages of a Solitary Life, addressed to his sister, there is a passage from which the thought of this song was taken.

When round Thy cherubs—smiling calm,
Without their flames—we wreath the palm, ††
O 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!

O FAIR! O PUREST!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER. ††

(Air—Moore.)

O FAIR! O purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring,
There, if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear,
Reflects him, ere he can reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.

Oh, be like this dove;

O fair! O purest! be like 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 fogs of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie!
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!

Oh, be like this dove;

O fair! O purest! be like this dove.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

Written for a Friend.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through Erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

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

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of fancy brighter?

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or syren joy
Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'Twill tell thee that the winged day
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour:
That life and time shall fade away,
While heaven and virtue bloom for ever!

FRAGMENT OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

"Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus."—*Juv.*

MARK those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting
light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!
Where is the heart by chemic truth refined,
The exploring soul, whose eye had read man-
kind?

Where are the links that twined with heavenly
art

His country's interest round the patriot's heart?
Where is the tongue that scatter'd words of
fire?

The spirit breathing through the poet's lyre?
Do these descend with all that tide of fame
Which vainly waters an unfruitful name?

THE SAME.

"Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pla-
urma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes."
—*Livy.*

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approved by Heaven, ordain'd by nature's
laws.

Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners
play?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of heaven within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

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

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 suais him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints 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 of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air,
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care?—
Perhaps, O sylph! perhaps, 'tis love!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast;
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past
And long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WHEN Time was entwining the garland of
years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,
Though some of the leaves might be sullied
with tears,

Yet the flowers were all gather'd in heaven!
And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new!
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And Pity shall nurse it with dew!

TO ROSA.

AND are you then a thing of art,
Enslaving all, and loving none;
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of dangles run,
Because your heart's insidious slumber
Could never wake to feel for one?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast;
Shall 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 saddening tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

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!

THE BALLAD.

Thou hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 'twas fresh from the field;
That the leaves were untouched by the hand,
And the purest of odours would yield.

And indeed it was fragrant and fair;
But, if it were handled by thee,
It would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me!

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses so flowing and bright;
And each little floweret will shine
More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Enbalm it with many a sigh;
Nay, let it be wither'd to death,
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

And, instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the tree;
On its leaves let me number the tears
That affection has stolen from thee!

TO MRS. —,

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITERE'S
KISS.

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, ah! his soul returned 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!

TO A LADY,

ON HER SINGING.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When list'ning to the spheres above.

When tired of life and misery,
I wish to sigh in my latest breath,
O Emma! I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death!

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which,—ah! forgive a mind that's weak,—
So oft has stolen my mind away;

Thou'lt 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?

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming 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!

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK,

CALLED "THE BOOK OF FOLLIES;"

To which every one that opened it should contribute
something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself!
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 woe 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 penn'd by female hands:
The rest,—alas! I own the truth,—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That Prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings away the book.
Like thine, its 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 shown,
White as the snowings of that heaven
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 every page with care,
Not even a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten? Never, never!
Then shut the book, alas! for ever!

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moonbeams slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen went
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

TO JULIA WEEPING.

Oh! if your tears are given to care,
If real woe 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 woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still!

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
Devoutly, warmly, true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try:
Alas! I know but *one* proof more
I'll bless your name, and die!

THE SHIELD.

OR! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe 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,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood
It screams for the guilt of days that are past!

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 murderous stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Of by that yew on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swing-
ing shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

PITY me, love! I'll pity thee,
If thou indeed hast felt like me.
All, all my bosom's pence is o'er!
At night, which was my hour of calm,
When from the page of classic lore,
From the pure fount of ancient lay,
My soul has drawn the placid balm,
Which charm'd its little griefs 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 fly,
With wearied sense and wakeful eye,
While my brain maddens, where, oh, where,
Is that serene consoling prayer,
Which one has harbinger'd my rest,
When the still soothing voice of Heaven
Has 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!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA ON THE DEATH
OF HER BROTHER.

THOUGH 'morrow long has worn my heart;
Though every day I've counted o'er
Has brought a new and quick'ning smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of many a link 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 harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here,
To calm his Julia's every woe;
He should have chased each bitter tear,
And not have caused those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
In blooms of genius, nursed by taste;
While Science, with a fostering hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw his gradual opening mind
Enrich'd by all the graces dear;
Enlighten'd, social, and refined,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well;
Such were the hopes that fate denied—
We loved, but ah! we could not 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!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!
'Tis thus the world's offensive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

SONG.*

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing
But now I mourn that e'er I knew,
A girl so fair and so deceiving!
Fare thee well!

Few have ever loved like me,
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,
Alas! deceived me too severely!
Fare thee well!

* To the Scotch air, "Gala Water."

Fare thee well! yet think a while
 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!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,
 Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
 For see, distracting woman! see,
 My peace is gone, my heart is broken!
 Fare thee well!

SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. —.

Written in Ireland.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
 And even I have had my measure,
 When hearts were full, and every eye
 Has kindled with the beams of pleasure!

In every eye around I mark
 The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;
 From every 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.
 But oh! 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 oh! my friends, &c.



[See page 106]

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
 So dear to friendship, dear to blisses:
 Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
 To smile on such a day as this!

Then oh! my friends, as hour improve,
 Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever!
 And may the birth of her true love
 Be thus with joy remem'rd ever!

Oh! banish every thought to-night
 Which could disturb our soul's communion
 Abandon'd thus to dear delight.
 We'll e'en for once forget the Union!
 Oh that let statesmen try their powers,
 And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for,
 The union of the soul be ours,
 Above every union else we sigh for!
 Then oh! my friends, &c

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—

Happily the little simple page,
 Which votive thus I've traced for thee,
 May now and then a look engage,
 And steal a 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 tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And they 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:
Ah! 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 given to Love!"

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL MISS ———.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY
SHARE,

IN wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal:
But how comes it that you, such a *capital prize*,
Should so long have remained on the wheel!

If ever, by fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, Heaven knows! were sufficient for
me;
For what could I do with the *whole*?

INCONSTANCY.

AND do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more
common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she
leaves me—
But could I expect any more from a woman?

O woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
And Mohammed's doctrine was not too
severe,
When he thought you were only materials of
pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your
sphere.

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 on the
minute—
If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betray'd.

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 weeps our blisses fleeting
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no?—Yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart *was* 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!

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 inward woman, from without,
(Though, ma'am, you *smile*, as if in doubt,)
I think 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pretty short descriptions write,
In tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throattles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all—But stay—
As learned dialectics say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not arranged those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Lucy L-and-n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on—

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrined
The purest, brightest gem of mind!
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd,

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

LABEL SECOND.

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

TO M———.

SWEET lady! look not thus again.
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all.

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and lip, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest, 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 her whose smile could thus betray;
Alas! I think the lovely wife
Again might steal my heart away.

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

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,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit!

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

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

TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breathed the sweetest number!
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Woos it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er!
And her harp neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

OUR hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The genuine twins of sympathy:
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since, now, to feel a joy alone
Were worse to thee than feeling none:
Such sympathy in loving!

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 blooms 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!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SWEET spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
Oh! I will weep, in luxury weep,
Till the last heart's-drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingle 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:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas; that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die!

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A
LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leave reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free:
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To write my name for ever there!

TO ROSA.

LIKE him 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.

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the love it knew;
And when the shrining casket's worn,
The gem will tarnish too.

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

And surely, when the touch of death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

O Rosa! when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here
Shall be its best of blisses then!

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

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

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye
Nor envy worlds of suns to them!

No!—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!

ANACREONTIC.

"In *lachrymas* verterat omne merum."—*Tib.*,
lib. i., eleg. 5.

Press the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower ;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine:
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on: and, as the sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury* of *woe*!

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 like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind!

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade:
These flowers 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,
The heart can bloom no more!

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no
more!"—*St. John* viii. 11.

O WOMAN! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay;
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 sore;
But Heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

THE TELL-TALE LYRE.

I've heard there was in ancient days
A lyre of most melodious spell;
'Twas heaven to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breathed again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then!

Not harmony's serenest touch
So stilly could the notes prolong;
They were not heavenly song so much,
As they were dreams of heavenly song!

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languor stole,
The soothing 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 oh! when lovers talk'd alone,
If, mid their bliss the lyre was near,
It made their murmurs all its own,
And echo'd notes that Heaven might hear!

There was a nymph who long had loved,
But would 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 evening stars announced the night,
With him who claim'd her virgin soul,
To linger in that soothing light.

It chanced that in the fairy bower
Where they had found their sweetest shed,
This Lyre of strange and magic power
Hung gently whispering o'er their head.

And while the melting words she breathed
On all its echoes wanton'd round,
Her hair, amid the strings enwreathed,
Through golden mazes charm'd the sound!

Alas! their hearts but little thought,
While thus entranced they listening lay,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Should linger long, and long betray!

So mingled with its tuneful soul
Were all their tender murmurs grown,
That ether sighs unanswer'd stole,
Nor changed the sweet, the treasured tone.

Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung
To every passing lip that sighed!
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
On every ear in murmurs died!

The fatal Lyre, by envy's hand
Hung high amid the breezy groves,
To every wanton gale that fann'd
Betray'd the story of your loves!

Yet, oh!—not many a trying hour
Thy gentle heart on earth was given;
Benignly came some pitying Power,
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven!

Still do your happy souls attune
The notes it learn'd on earth to move;
Still breathing o'er the chords, commune
In sympathies of angel love!

TO CARA,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE

CONCEAL'D within the shady wood
A mother left her sleeping child,
And flew to cull 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 gentler blows the night-wind's breath;
Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
The baby may be chill'd to death!

Perhaps his little eyes are shaded
Dim by death's eternal chill—
And yet, perhaps, they are not faded,
Life and love may light them still.

Thus when my soul, with parting sigh,
Hung on thy hand's bewildering touch,
And, timid, ask'd that speaking eye,
If parting pain'd thee half so much:

I thought, and, oh! forgive the thought,
For who, by eyes like thine inspired,
Could e'er resist the flattering fault
Of fancying what his soul desired?

Yes—I *did* think in Cara's mind,
Though yet to Cara's mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
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 a hour beguiled by pleasure,
And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure,
I left within my 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!
O Cara!—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 another year to shed,
The smile we caught from eye to eye
Told us those moments were not hid;
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, my Cara, may the sigh
We give to hours that vanish o'er us
Be follow'd by the smiling eye
That Hope shall shed on scenes before us!

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon
storms;

But I will not believe them—no, science! to
you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu:
Still flying from nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that
they know.

Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confused, or how particles fly,
Through the medium refined of a glance or a
sigh!

Is there one who but once would rot rather
have known it,
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes
upon it?

No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
I will swear you are one of those spirits that
rove
By the bank where at twilight the poet re-
clines,

When the star of the west on his solitude
shines,
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a
tongue!

Oh! whisper 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 unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears!
Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!

'Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs
of cure,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of
the air,
And turn with disgust from the clamorous
crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

“Oh! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet as of old was imagined to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell,
And oft at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weigh'd down and the eyelid
is light,

You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above!
O spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the one upon earth who has twined
With her essence for ever my heart and my
mind!

Though lonely and far from the light of her
smile,
An exile and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment that voice on my
ear,

I will think at that moment my Cara is near,
That she comes with consoling enchantment to
speak,
And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
And tells me the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is
nigh!

Sweet spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And let fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, Fancy, and Cara may smile for me still!

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRE-
SENT WAR.

WHERE is now the smile that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope that brighten'd
Honour'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 a while,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
Wander'd through the 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 the hour of meeting over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Wait her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guest 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 darken,
Shedding Hope's consoling ray!
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
(Glory still will sigh for you!

TO ———, 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to Fancy's power,

When her soft 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 remember'd oft and well
 By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
 By passion led, by youth beguiled,
 Can proudly still aspire to know
 The feeling soul's divinest glow!
 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,
 When passion doth not first betray
 And tinge the thought upon its way!
 In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
 In crowded hall or lonely bower,
 The business of my life shall be,
 For ever 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 something I should long to warm,
 Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
 Is not less dear, is lovely still!
 I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
 The bright cold burthen of my way!
 To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
 My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
 And love shall lend his sweetest care,
 With memory to enbalm it there!

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 imprest:
 Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie
 Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
 Or bloom to make a rival best!

Take back the vows that, night and day
 My heart received, I thought, from thine;
 Yet, no—allow them still to stay,
 They might some other heart betray,
 As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine!

THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

"Ad harmoniam canere mundum."—*Cicero, De Nat. Deor.*, lib. iii.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
 In many a hollow winding wreathed,
 Such as of old
 Echo'd the breath that warbling sea-maids
 breathed;
 This magic shell
 From the white bosom of a siren fell.
 As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
 Sicilia's sands of gold.

* Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

† In the account of Africa which d'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country whose branches, when shaken by the hand, produce very sweet sounds.

‡ Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance, of some of those fixed stars which we are taught to consider as suns attended each by its system.

§ Porphyry says that Pythagoras held the sea to be a ear.

¶ The system of the harmonised orbs was styled by the ancients "The Great Lyre of Orpheus."

¶ Orpheus.

**In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

It bears
 Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
 Of those entrancing airs
 The geni of the deep were wont to swell
 When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight
 music roll'd!
 Oh! seek it wheresoe'er it floats;
 And if the power
 Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
 Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
 And I will fold thee in such downy dreams
 As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere
 When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his
 ear,
 And thou shalt own
 That, through the circle of creation's zone,
 Where matter darkles or where spirit beams;
 From the pellucid tides that whirl
 The planets through their maze of song,
 To the small rill that weeps along,
 Murmur o'er beds of pearl;
 From the rich sigh
 Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,*
 To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
 On Afric's burning fields; †
 Oh! thou shalt own this universe divine
 Is mine!
 That I respire in all and all in me,
 One mighty mingled soul of boundless har-
 mony!

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!
 Many a star has ceased to burn, ‡
 Many a tear has Saturn's urn
 O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept. §
 Since thy aerial spell
 Hath in the waters slept!

I fly
 With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
 Where she, who waked its early swell,
 The syren with a foot of fire,
 Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre. ¶
 Or guides around the burning pole
 The wing'd chariot of some blissful soul!
 While thou,
 O son of earth! what dreams shall rise for thee!
 Beneath Hispania's sun
 Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
 Which I have warm'd with dews of melody;
 Listen!—when the night wind dies
 Down the still current, like a harp it sighs!
 A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
 An airy plectrum every breeze that blows!

There, by that wondrous stream,
 Go, lay the languid brow,
 And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
 Such—mortal! mortal! hast thou heard of
 him. ¶
 Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,
 Sate on the chill Pangean mount,
 And, looking to the orient dim,
 Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
 From which his soul had drunk its fire!
 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 world imprest**
 The various forms of bright divinity!

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber!

When, free
From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of
pain,

His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of nature's fountal number†
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!
Such dreams, so heavenly bright,

I swear
By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there,‡
Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
O mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams!

THE RING.

TO ———, 1801.

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 mystery 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 magic power,
If Heaven can ever bless the tie
Where love entwreathes no genial flower!

Away, away, bewildering look!
Or all the boast of virtue's o'er;
Go—hie thee from 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,
Oh! quite as much, as thou dost mine!

Yet stay, dear love—one effort yet—
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray!

Thou sayst that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal,
O Lady! think how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel!

When o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like day-beams through the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there:

The sympathy I then betray'd
Perhaps was but the child of art;
The guile of one who long hath play'd
With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thou hast not my virgin vow;
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I live till now,
With loveless heart or senses cold?

No—many a throb of bliss and pain,
For many a one my soul hath proved;
With some I sported wild and vain,
While some I truly, dearly 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.

* Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation, and the mysteries of his philosophy.

† The Tetractys, or Sacred Number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called "The Fountain of Perennial Nature."

‡ This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours.

They scorn at once a languid heart,
Which long hath lost its early spring:
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And—keep the ring, oh! keep the ring.

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 is pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliadora's name!
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
On every bowl's voluptuous brim!

Give me the wreath that withers there—
It was but last delicious night
It hung upon her wavy hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light,
Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow:
It breathes of Heliadora now!

The loving rose-bud drops a tear
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer where she used to stay,
To glad my heart and cheer my way!

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,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there!

O NEA! NEA! where art thou?
In pity fly not thus from me;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee,

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 yester-night,
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 on 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 pass 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 gaily 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 th' many sweets they shaded.
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid 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 turning,
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 open'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd 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,
The world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to claim one precious tear
From that beloved eye!

The world!—ah, Fanny! love must shun
The path 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 blessed sphere
Two loving arms entwine?

For me, there's not a lock of jet
Along your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not at once forget
All, all the worthless world!

'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest 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!

* 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.

† 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.

‡ There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to their lunar establishment: some made it an elysium, and others a purgatory; while some supposed it to be a kind of *entrepôt* between heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies, and those that were on their way to join them, were deposited in the valleys of Hecate, and remained till further orders.

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning many an hour
In dalliance met; and Learning smiled
With rapture on the playful child,
Who frequent stole to find his nest
Within a fold of Learning's vest!

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh happy time! when laws of state,
When all that ruled the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snowy arms!
Sweet times! you could not always last—
And yet, oh! yet, you *are* not past;
Though we have lost the sacred mould
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are halm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

Fanny, my love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away;
No—give the universe a soul
Attuned to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will!

THE GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM OF THE
BLESSED ISLANDS.*

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That call'd thee, dearest, from me far away,
For oh, my Theon, what a heavenly dream!
I saw two spirits on the lunar beam,
Two winged boys descending from above,
And gliding to my bower with looks of love,
Like the young genii who repose their wings
All day in Amatha's luxurious springs
And rise at midnight from the tepid rill
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill!

To that dim mansion of my breast they stole,
Where, wreathed in blisses, lay my captive soul.

Swift at their touch dissolved the ties, that
clung
So sweetly round me, and aloft I sprung!
Exulting guides, the little genii flew
Through paths of light refresh'd with starry
dew,

And fann'd by airs of that ambrosial breath,
On which the free soul banquets after death!

Thou knowst, my love, beyond our clouded
skies,
As bards have dream'd, the spirits' kingdom
lies.

Through that fair clime a sea of ether rolls;
Gem'd with bright islands, where the hallow'd
souls

Whom life hath wearied in its race of hours
Repose for ever in unfading bowers!
That very orb, whose solitary light
So often guides thee to thy home at night,
Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
Floating in splendour through those seas above!
Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way,
Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,
While all around, on lily beds of rest,
Reclined the spirits of the immortal Blest! †

Oh! there I met those few congenial maids
Whom love hath warm'd in philosophic shades;
There still Leontium, * on her sage's breast,
Found lore and love, was tutor'd and caress'd;
And there the twine of Pythia's † gentle arms
Repaid the zeal which defied her charms!
The Attic master, in Aspasia's eyes
Forgot the toll of less endearing ties;
While fair Theano, innocently fair,
Play'd with the ringlets of her Samian's hair. ‡
Who, fix'd by love, at length was all her own,
And pass'd his spirit through her lips alone!
O Samian sage! what'er thy glowing thought
Of mystic Numbers divinely wrought,
The One that's form'd of Two who dearly love
Is the best number heaven can boast above!

But think, my Theon, how this soul was
thrill'd,
When near a fount, which o'er the vale distill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
Of lunar race, but so resembling thine,
That, oh!—'twas but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and welcome it for thee!

O my beloved! how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy when kindred spirits meet!
Th' Elean god, § whose faithful waters flow,
With love their only light, through caves be-
low,
Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids
And festal rings with which Olympic maids
Have deck'd their billow, as an offering meet
To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet!
But no; no more—such as to-morrow's ray
O'er soft Illisus shall dissolve away,
I'll fly, my Theon, to thy loving breast,
And there in murmurs tell thee all the rest.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And though your lip be rich with dew,
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.
That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However oft I've raved about it;
And though your heart can beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.
In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not whither
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 flowerets long shall sweetly breathe!
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.
The Chain is of a splendid thread,
Stolen from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting sun had shed
The sober beam of evening there.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
With brilliant tresses of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf cull'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,
Which answers when the tongue is loth,
Thou likest the form of either tie,
And holdst thy playful hands for both.
Ah!—if these were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended off;
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flowerets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, Fanny, so unblest thy 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 flowerets touch,
And all their glow, their tints are faded!

TO —.

AND hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
That many a time obscures my brow,
Amidst the happiness, dear maid,
Which thou canst give, and only thou?

Oh! 'tis not that I then forget
The endearing charms that round me twine—
There never throbb'd a bosom yet
Could feel their witchery like mine!

When bashful on my bosom hid,
And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
Again to close it on my breast!

Oh! these are minutes all thine own,
Thine own to give, and mine to feel,
Yet even in them, my heart has known
The sign 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 murmuring tongue
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
For him that snowy lid hath hung
In ecstacy as purely felt!

For him—yet why the past recall
To wither blooms of present bliss?
Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
And heaven can 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 dearly traced
That thou wert, soul and all, my own!

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Is fair—but oh! how fair
If pity's hand had stolen from Love
One leaf to mingle there!

* The pupil of Epicurus, who called her his "dear little Leontium."
† Pythias was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom, after her death, he paid divine honours, solemnising her memory by the same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the goddess Ceres.

‡ Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair.

§ 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 pretty romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry these offerings and bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa.

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

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

LYING.

I do confess. In many a sigh
My lips have breathed you many a lie,
And who, with 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,
We ought by lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers' swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should 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 yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A 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 the truth!

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill:
The bowl by turns was bright and bland,
'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
Is blushing through the wave at me!
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! 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 eye for ever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
As bathes it in this bowl of mine!

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 mine,
As bitter is the burning tear
With which I now the gift resign!

Yet go—and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore
When her eyes found me wild and free;

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit which my fancy knew—
Yet, ah! '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 shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, O Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing
thee!

No form of beauty soothed 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;
O sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping!

But look what glory through the darkness—
beams!

Celestial airs along the water glide:
What spirit art thou moving o'er the tide
So lovely? Art thou but the child
Of the young godhead's dreams?

'Tis she!

Psyche, the first-born spirit of the air!
To thee, O Love! she turns,
On thee her eye-beam burns:
Blest hour of happy ecstasy!

They meet—

The blooming god—the spirit fair—
Oh! sweet, oh heavenly sweet!
Now, sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of chaos is withdrawn,
And their first union is creation's dawn.

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE DUKE
OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE FORBES.

To catch the thought by painting's spell,
Howe'er remote, howe'er refined,
And o'er the magic tablet 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!

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
Divinest of the powers divine
That light the Muse's flowery dream,
And these, O Prince! are richly thine!

Yet, yet, when friendship sees thee trace,
In emanating soul express,
The sweet 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;

* Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonising impulse from the sympathy between these two powers.

While o'er each line so brightly true,
Her soul with fond attention roves,
Blessing the hand whose various hue
Could imitate the form it loves;

She feels the value of thy art,
And owns it with a purer zeal,
A rapture nearer to her heart
Than critic taste can ever feel!

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS TO A
LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM BY
LAIS.

"Dulcis conscia lectuli Lucerna."—*Martial*, lib.
xiv., epig. 39.

"Oh! love the lamp," (my mistress said),
—The faithful lamp that many a night
Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
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, lighted by its happy ray,
Where'er those darling eyes shall read
Of things sublime, of nature's birth,
Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
Oh! think that she by whom 'twas given
Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes, dearest lamp! by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung;
The neck reclined, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The sever'd lips' delicious sighs,
The fringe that from the snowy hid
Along 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 burning soul behind!
Or o'er thy humbler legend shine,
O man of Ascrea's dreary glades!
To whom the nightly warbling Nine
A wand of inspiration gave
Pluck'd from the greenest tree that shades
The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages' heavenly store,
From science steal her golden clue,
And every mystic path pursue,
Where nature, far from vulgar eyes,
Through labyrinth of wonder flies!

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
The passing world's precarious light,
Where all that meets the morning glow
Is changed before the fall of night!

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift swift the tide of being runs,
And Time who bids thy flame expire,
Will also quench yon heaven of suns!"

Oh then, if earth's united power
Can ever chain one feathery hour;

If every prize we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal 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 guilt to lose?
Who that has eult'd a weeping 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,
On which it dies, and loves to die?

Pleasure! thou only good on earth!*
Our little hour resign'd to thee—
Oh! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth
The sage's immortality!

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
And all the lore whose tame control
Would wither joy with chill delays!
Alas! the fertile fount of sense,
At which the young, the panting soul
Drinks life and love, too soon decays!

Sweet lamp! thou wert not form'd to shed
Thy splendour 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,
Glide to the meeting with my love.

TO MRS. BL.—II.—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

THEY say that Love had once a book
(The urelin 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 sweetly 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 snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again!

But oh! there was a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
As all who read still sigh'd for more!

And Pleasure was this spirit's name
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, when'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book!

And so it chanced, one luckless night
He let his nectar goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
And sullied lines and marge and all!

* Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness, and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced,
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately traced.

At length the urchin Pleasure fled
(For how, alas! could Pleasure stay?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoiled by Pleasure.
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft, they say, she scans its o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long are 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!

ELEGIAC 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!

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowerets 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 by twilight given
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom—
None but the whispering winds of heaven!

TO ———.

WITH all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free:
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one,

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And fountains and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then 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.

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 roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do!

SONG.

SWEETEST love! I'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart,
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art!
Farewell, Bessy!

Yet, oh! yet again we'll meet, love,
And repose our hearts at last:
Oh! sure 'twill then be sweet, love,
Calm to think on sorrows past,
Farewell, Bessy!

Still I feel my heart is breaking.
When I think I stray from thee.
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which I fear is not for me!
Farewell, Bessy!

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
Can it, dearest! must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He for ever loses thee!
Farewell, Bessy!

SONG.

THINK on that look of humid ray,
Which for a moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd so say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love!

Oh! not to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destined still to win,
And was destined to be won!

SONG.

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

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
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 brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou 'till still be young for me.

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

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory 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 the bowl of wine, my fair,
 Our loving life shall fleet;
 Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
 The draught will still be sweet!
 Then fill the bowl!—away with gloom!
 Our joys shall always last;
 For hope will brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
 Has long been remember'd with awe and dismay!
 For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its hall,
 And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day!
 Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
 Yet none could the woods of the castle illumine;
 And the lightning which flash'd on the neighbouring stream
 Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!
 "Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?"
 Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave;—
 "It never can dispel," said the wizard of verse,
 "Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the wave!"
 And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
 Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the age?
 For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
 Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.
 For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
 For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
 When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
 It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn!
 Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
 Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
 That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
 Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!
 She flew to the wizard,—“And tell me, oh tell!
 Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes?”—
 “Yes, yes,—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
 Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!”
 Twice, thrice he repeated, “Your Reuben shall rise!”
 And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
 She wiped, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
 And she hoped she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
 When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
 To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
 In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
 Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
 When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls!

And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light—
 There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank;

Two days did she wander, and all the long night,

In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
 And she heard but the breathings of night in the air;

Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
 And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
 As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,

She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
 As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was beginning the sky,
 Poor Rose on the cold dewy margin reclined.

There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
 When,—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep in the wind.

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,

And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold!—

Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;

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

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought

From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah! never;

Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
 And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

THE RING.

A TALE.

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 the 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 featly dance amus'd,
 And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
 Disported through the bowers,
 And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
 With riotly bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friend repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In seat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had
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 was a heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a heathen queen.

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 wearied all,
And messengers announced to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went;
But, oh! how was he shock'd 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!

How sore surpris'd was Rupert's mind,—
As 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 much he wonder'd what could mean
So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He went 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;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasp'd,
And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
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 hands,
The hours of night advance!
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

And here my song should leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
It yet has to unfold!

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcase 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 clasp'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,
Thou criestst to thy 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—
(And oh! while he did hear the words,
What terrors shook his frame!)

"Husband! husband! I've the ring
Thou gav'st to-day to me;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee!"

And all the night the demon lay
Cold, chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died!

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left the affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

At length the second night arriv'd,
Again her couch they press'd:
Poor Rupert hoped that all was o'er,
And look'd for peace 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 for ever 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—

"O Isabel! dost thou not see
A shape of horrors here,
That strains me with a deadly kiss,
And claims me as its dear?"

"No, no, my love, my Rupert, I
No shape of horrors see:
And much I mourn such phantasy
Should e'er be thought by thee!"

This night, just like the night before—
In terrors pass'd away:
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Says 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 went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retired a while to pray;
And having pray'd for half an hour,
Return'd, and thus 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,
Trav'ling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

“And one that's high above the rest,
Terrific tow'ring 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 soon be understood;
Thou needst not fear, but give them straight,
I've scrawled them with my blood!”

The nightfall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
Was by the father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Trav'ling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And as the gloomy train advanced,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
Seated upon 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;
When'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath!

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
Terrific tow'ring 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-scrawled name,
His eyes with fury shine;
“I thought,” cries he, “his time was out,
But he must soon be mine!”

Then darting at the youth a look,
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard,
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took.

And giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that 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 to me;
And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
Nor longer I to thee.”

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

SONG.

Why does azure deck the sky?
'Tis to be like thy looks 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!

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISELE ADDRESSED TO J. ATKINSON,
ESQ., M.R.I.A.

Though long at school and college dozing,
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for forming 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 employ'd,
And so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I only learn'd to doubt at last.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!
'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
The 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 heaven 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 weed the garden of the mind.
They tore away some weeds, 'tis true,
But all the flowers were ravish'd too.

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which on Cyrene's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the courtly sage's* tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung:—

“Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,

* Aristippus.

And Virtue gives her heavenly 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 cloying,
Then most a sage when most enjoying!

Is this morality?—oh, no!
Even I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confined,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's 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,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science:
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsungly blest,
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 woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blamed that tear,
By Heaven approved, to virtue dear!

Oh! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream:
While Nature, wakening from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
I have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explored the doctrine of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left 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 *angels of refraction!*
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wakening his world with looks of love!

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A Dream.

TO ———, THE MORNING OF HER BIRTHDAY.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dream'd 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-case along thy path I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy years;
For yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twined,
And dew'd by sympathetic tears.
Such was the wild and precious boon
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
Bade me to Nona's image pay—
Oh! where I, love, thus doom'd to be
Thy little guardian deity,
How blest around thy steps I'd play!

Thy life should softly steal along.
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
That's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever shade thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be sunshine, peace, and love!

The wing of time should never brush
The dewy lip's luxuriant flush
To bid its roses withering die;
Nor age itself, though dim and dark,
Should ever quench a single spark
That flashes from my Nona's eye!

THE FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.

'Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay,
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light
Within whose orbs the almighty Power,
At nature's dawning hour,
Stored the rich fluid of ethereal soul! *
Around
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their
flight
From eastern isles,
(Where they have bathed them in the orient
ray,
And with fine fragrance all their bosoms fill'd.)
In circles flew, and melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd!
All, all was luxury!

All *must* be luxury where Lyæus smiles!
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
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 blooms of light
Cull'd from the garden of the galaxy!
Upon his bosom, Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the syrens sung
Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstasy!
Now on his arm
In blushes she reposed,
And while he looked entranced on every
charm,
To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance
stole;
And now she raised her rosy mouth to sip
The nectar'd wave
Lyæus gave,
And from her eyelids, gently closed,
Shed a dissolving gleam,
Which fell like sun-dew in the bowl,
While her bright hair, in mazy flow
Of gold descending
Along her cheek's luxuriant glow,
Waved o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal tide,
Like a sweet crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves at evening hour,

* This is a Platonic fancy; the philosopher supposes, in his *Timæus*, that, when the Deity had informed the soul of the world, He proceeded to the composition of other souls; in which process, 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 refined the mixture with a little of His own essence, He distributed it among the stars, which served as reservoirs of the fluid.

With roses of Cyrene blending,
 Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream!
 The Olympian cup
 Burn'd in the hands
 Of dimpled Hebe as she wing'd her feet
 Up
 The empyreal mount
 To drain the soul-drops at their stellar
 fount;*

And still,
 As the resplendent rill
 Flamed o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
 Her graceful care
 Would cool its heavenly fire
 In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd air.
 Such as the children of the pole respire
 In those enchanted lands,†
 Where life is all a spring, and north winds never
 blow;

But oh!
 Sweet Hebe, what a tear
 And what a blush were thine,
 When, as the breath of every grace
 Wafted thy feet career
 Along the studded sphere,
 With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink,
 Some star that glitter'd in the way,
 Raising its amorous head
 To kiss so exquisite a treat,
 Check'd thy impatient pace!
 And all heaven's host of eyes
 Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
 In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies!
 Upon whose starry plain they lay
 Like a young blossom on our meads of gold,
 Shed from a vernal thorn
 Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn!
 Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
 The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
 An image of their rosy idol laid
 Upon a diamond shrine!

Who was the spirit that remember'd man
 In that exciting hour?
 And with a wing of love
 Brush'd off the scatter'd tears,
 As o'er the spangled heaven they ran,
 And sent them floating to our orb below?‡
 Essence of immortality!

The shower
 Fell glowing through the spheres,
 While all around new tints of bliss,
 New perfumes of delight,
 Enrich'd its radiant flow!
 Now, with a humid kiss,
 It thrill'd along the beamy wire
 Of heaven's illumined 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 fann'd
 By all their sighs, meandering stole!
 They, who, from Atlas' height,
 Beheld the rill of flame
 Descending through the waste of night,
 Thought 'twas a planet whose stupendous frame
 Had kindled as it rapidly revolved
 Around its fervid axle, and dissolved
 Into a flood so bright!
 The child of day,

Within his twilight bower,
 Lay sweetly sleeping;
 On the flush'd bosom of a lotus-flower:¶
 When round him, in profusion weeping,
 Dropp'd the celestial shower,
 Steeping
 The rosy clouds that curl'd
 About his infant head,
 Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed!
 But when the waking boy
 Waved his exhaling tresses through the sky,
 O morn of joy!
 The tide divine,
 All glittering with the vermil dye
 It drank beneath his orient eye,
 Distill'd in dew upon the world,
 And every drop was wine, was heavenly wine!

Blest be the sod, the floweret blest,
 That caught upon their hallow'd breast
 The nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial springs;
 Less sweet the floweret, and less sweet the sod,
 O'er which the spirit of the rainbow flings
 The magic mantle of her solar god!¶¶

ANACREONTIC.

"SHE never look'd so kind before—
 Yet why the melting smile recall?
 I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
 'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said, and, sighing, sipp'd
 The wine which she had lately tasted;
 The cup where she had lately dipp'd
 Breath so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
 As if 'twere not of her I sang;
 But still the notes on Lania hung—
 On whom but Lania could they hang?

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
 A world for every kiss I'd give her;
 Those floating eyes that floating shine
 Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
 Of which luxurious Heaven hath cast her,
 Through which her soul did beam as white
 As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
 Were sweet, as if 'twas Lania's hair
 That lay upon my lute for chords,
 And Lania's lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
 And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
 Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
 The chord beneath my finger broke.

And when that thrill is most awake,
 And when you think heaven's joys await you,
 The nymph will change, the chord will break—
 O love! O music! how I hate you!

* Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence.

† The country of the Hyperboreans. They 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. It was imagined that, instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliney, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions.

‡ In the "Geoponica," lib. ii., cap. 17, there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth.

§ The constellation Lyra. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in the ascendant.

¶ The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotus.

¶¶ The ancients esteemed those 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 consecrated.

TO MRS. ———,

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not thy heart a heart refined?
Hast thou not every blameless grace
That man should love or Heaven can trace?
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 harbour'd near
May now repay its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man, be first to wound thee:
Though the whole world may freeze around
thee,

Oh! thou'lt be like that lucid tear*
Which, bright within the crystal's sphere
In liquid purity was found.
Though all had grown congeal'd around;
Floating in frost, it mock'd the chill.
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still!

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh! lost, for ever lost!—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day!
No more to Tempe's distant vale,
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gate,
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! to memory true,
Thy looks, thy words, are still my own—
I see thee rising from the dew.
Some laurel by the wind o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, "This humble bough
Was planted for a doom divine,
And though it weep in languor now,
Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
Thus, in the vale of earthy sense,
Though sunk a while the spirit lies,
A viewless hand shall call it thence,
To bloom immortal in the skies!"

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear!
Fond sharer of my infant joy!
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
Am I not still thy soul's employ?
And oh! us oft, at close of day,
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd the choral lay,
And danced around Cassotis' fount,
As thou, 'twas all my wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green:
So still, each little grace to mould,
Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread!
And when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,

*This alludes to a curious gem—a drop of pure water enclosed within a piece of crystal.—See *Claudian*.

† Upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempe for their laurel. We find, in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the bunches of which the temple was originally constructed; and Pausanias says, in his *Dialogue on Music*, "The youth who brings the Temple laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute."

Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony
Flow, Pliustus, flow, thy murmuring wave
Shall never drop its silvery tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
To memory so divinely dear!

TO MISS SUSAN BECKFORD,

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard at night
A song like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seem'd, like thee, to breathe of heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Oh why should fairy 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 life has loved to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
Upon a rose's bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combined
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pined,
For something softer, lovelier still!

Oh! I have found it all at last
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre
Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
Its harmonising breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
In fancy's hour, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's beam
Are realized at once in thee!

TO MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

ON READING HER "PSYCHE." (1802.)

TELL me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Say, Love! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine,
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine!

Did ever Muse's hand so fair
A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thy altar shed?

One maid there was who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd—
But all her sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd!

Oh! thou that love's celestial dream
In all its purity would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
Too strongly through the vision glow!

Dear psyche! many a charmed hour,
Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower
Thy mazy foot my soul hath traced.

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The . . . enis of the starry brow*
Hath chain'd thee to thy Cupid'd breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along whose verge our spirits stray,
Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
Half brighten'd by the eternal ray†

Thou risest to a cloudless pole!
Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
The twilight walk of many a soul
Through sunny good, and evil dark;

Still be the song to Psyche dear.
The song whose dulcet tide was given
To keep her name as fadeless here
As nectar keeps her soul in heav'n

IMPROMPTU,

UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

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!

Oh! if 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 flame of memory found
Alive within your social glass,
Let that be still the magic round
O'er which oblivion dares not pass!

A WARNING.

Oh! fair as heaven and chaste as light!
Did nature mould thee all so bright.
That thou shouldst ever learn to weep
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?

No, no! a star was born with thee
Which sheds eternal purity!
Thou hast within those sainted eyes
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore!
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose early charms were just array'd
In nature's loveliness like thine,
And wore that clear celestial sign
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
For destiny's peculiar care!
Whose bosom, too, was once a zone
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes were talismans of fire
Against the power of mad desire!
Yet, hapless girl! in one sad hour,
Her charms have shed their radiant flower;
The gem has been beguiled away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind!
Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone,
To memory raised by hands unknown,
Which many a wintry hour has stood
Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,

* Constancy.

† By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

To tell the traveller, as he cross'd,
That there some loved friend was lost!
Oh! 'twas a sigh I wept to see—
Heaven keep the lost one's fate from thee!

WOMAN.

AWAY, away, you're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
Oh! by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long!

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
Before I love such things again!

ODES TO NEA.

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA, 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 even for thee, thou lovely one!
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, their pain,
Or fetter 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 enamouring shone!
How many hours were idly passed,
As if such bliss must ever last,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolved life's dream away!
Oh bloom of time profusely shed!
Oh moments! simply, vainly fled,
Yet sweetly too—for love perfumed
The flame which thas my life consumed;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours!

Say, Nea dear! couldst thou, like her,
When warn to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander,
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till all my 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 'tis I 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.
Oh! thou shalt be all else to me
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not love again,

II.

You read it in my languid 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!

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song.
Bending to earth that beamy 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 heaven 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, I wildly turn'd,
My soul forgot—nor, oh! condemn,
That when such eyes before me burn'd,
My soul forgot all eyes but them!

That moment did the mingled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness view.
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
But you alone—but only you!

III.

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
And traced that happy period over,
When love could warm the proudest sage,
And wisdom grace the tenderest lover!
Before I laid me down to sleep,
Upon the bank a while I stood,
And saw the vernal planet weep
Her tears of light on Ariel's flood

My heart was full of fancy's dream,
And as I watch'd the playful stream,
Entangling in its net of smiles
So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scenery there
Were lighted by a Grecian sky—
As if I breathed the blissful air
That yet was warm with Sappho's sigh!

And now the downy hand of rest
Her signet on my eyes imprest,
And still the bright and balmey spell
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell
I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish Virtue's native brightness.
Just as the beak of playful doves
Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness.*

'Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm, and peace!
And thou wert there, my own beloved!
And dearly by thy side I roved
Through many a temple's reverent gloom,
And many a bower's enticing bloom,
Where beauty learn'd and wisdom taught,
Where lovers sigh'd and sages thought,
Where hearts might feel or heads discern,
And all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love!

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
To lead us through enchanted ground
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around!
Oh! 'twas a bright, bewildering scene
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illumed the bowers,
Seem'd as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appear the countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the weary traveller's way
'Twas light of that mysterious kind
Through which the soul is doom'd to roam
When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home!
And, Nea, thou didst look and move,
Like any blooming soul of bliss,
That wanders to its home above
Through mild and shadowy light like this!

But now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story!
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd
As if with soul and passion fill'd;
Some flew with amber cups around,
Shedding the flowery wines of Crete,
And as they pass'd with youthful bound,
The onyx stone beneath their feet:
While others, waving arms of snow
Entwined by snakes of burnish'd gold,
With fairy form, as loath so shew,
Through many a thin Tarentian fold,
Glided along the festal ring
With vases, all respiring spring,
Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
And the young bee-grape round them wreath-
ing.
Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek!

O Nea! why did morning break
The spell that so divinely bound me?
Why did I wake? how could I wake
With thee my own, and heaven around me!

IV.

WELL, peace to thy heart, though another's it
be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not
for me!
To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves,
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I may
yet
Its allurements forgive and its splendour forget!
Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has
stray'd!
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to
roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy
home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were
done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the
sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the
way
What my heart all the night had been burning
to say—

* This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them a while to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, *De Rerum Varietat*, lib. vii., cap. 34

Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to those
times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes!

V.

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground!

If I were yonder couch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it placed,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embraced!

If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee,
To scent the most imploring air!

Oh! bend not o'er the waters brink,
Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
Upon the billows pour their beam
So warmly, that my soul could seek
Its Nea in the painted stream.

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light!

O my beloved! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,
In every star thy glances burn,
Thy blush on every floweret lies.

I pray thee, on those lips of thine
To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
Since nothing human breathes of thee!

All other charms of thine I meet
In nature, but thy sigh alone;
Then take, oh! take, though not so sweet,
The breath of roses for thine own!

So, while I walk the flowery grove,
The bud that gives, through morning dew
The luster of the lips I love,
May seem to give their perfume too!

VI.

THE SNOW-SPIRIT.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms:
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms!
The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
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
Thy lips for thy cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my
girl,

As a murmur of thine on the soul!
Oh! fly to the clime where he pillows the death
As he cradles the birth of the year:
Bright are your bowers, 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 casts
Is the veil of a vestal severe;
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
Should not melt in the day-beam like him?
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear—
Fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

VII

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending sea-grape* drank
The sea-side
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore!

'Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!
Oh for 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 snowy bird of blandishment
To lead me where my soul should meet—
I knew not what, but something sweet!

Blest be 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
Which, 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 opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird reposed his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
O vision bright! O spirit fair!
What spell, what magic raised her there?
'Twas Nea, slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the diaphanous child,
Whose spirit in Elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps!

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace:
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
In glowing pencillings of light,
All trembling, pour'd its radiance bright!

Her eyelids black and silken fringe
Lay on her cheek of vermilion tinge
Like the first ebon cloud that closes
Dark on evening's heaven of roses!
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through their ivory lid,
And o'er her lip's reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some beloved saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath!

* The sea-side or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

VIII.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
 Within this simple ring of gold!
 'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
 Who lived in classic hours of old.
 Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
 Upon her hand this gem display'd,
 Nor thought that time's eternal lapse
 Should see it grace a lovelier maid!

IX.

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine
 My soul has e'er forgot;
 Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
 Nor given thy locks one graceful twine
 Which I remember not!

There never yet a murmur fell
 From that beguiling tongue,
 Which did not, with a lingering spell,
 Upon my charmed senses dwell.
 Like something heaven had sung.

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
 All, all that haunts me so—
 And yet, thou witching girl!—and yet,
 To die were sweeter than to let
 The loved remembrance go!

No; if this slighted heart must see
 Its faithful pulse decay,
 Oh! let it die, remembering thee,
 And, like the burnt aroma, be
 Consumed in sweets away!

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.,

FROM BERMUDA.

March.

"THE daylight is gone—but before we depart,
 One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart.
 To the kindest, the dearest—oh! judge by the tear,
 That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!"

'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash-tree,
 With a few who could feel and remember like me,
 The charm that to sweeten my goblet I threw,
 Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you!

Oh! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour
 Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower
 And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
 In blossoms of thought ever springing and new!
 Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
 Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him,
 Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
 And would pine in Elysium, if friends were not there!

Last night, when we came from the calabash-tree,
 When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
 The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
 Put the magical springs of my fancy in play,
 And oh!—such a vision as haunted me then
 I could slumber for ages to witness again!

The many I like, and the few I adore,
 The friends who were dear and beloved before,
 But never till now so beloved and dear,
 At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!
 Soon, soon did the flattering spoil of their smile
 To a paradise brighten the blest little isle;
 Serener the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
 And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it,
 glow'd
 Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills

Of the fairest flow, from those pastoral hills,*
 Where the song of the shepherd, primæval and wild,
 Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child)
 Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given
 By the magic of love to this miniature heaven!

Oh magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
 Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue?
 Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art
 Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart?

Alas! that a vision so happy should fade!
 That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,
 The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
 Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
 While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream,
 And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream!

But see, through the harbour, in floating array,
 The bark that must carry these pages away,
 Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
 And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind!
 What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
 Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
 Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,
 And the sound of those gales would be music to me!
 Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
 Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eye dew,
 Were as sweet as the breeze, or as white as the foam
 Of the wave that would carry your wanderer home!

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE, 28TH APRIL.

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
 And under courses sung we fly;
 When lighter 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.

* Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs.

But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stunn-sails waft
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

This morning, when the earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.
But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.
Oh! let me hope that thus for me
When life and love shall loose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light, if not to warn, the gloom!

TO LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their shadowy 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 phoenix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view,
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine
scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dream'd as much
before!
But, tracing as we do, through age and crime,
The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of crime,
The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
When still we see, through every varying
frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died to
make
A space on earth for modern fools to take:
'Tis strange how quickly we the past forget;
That wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
Nor fire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection 'midst the sons of earth!

Oh! nothing but that soul which God has
given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for
heaven;
O'er brass without to shed the flame within,
And dream of virtue while we gaze on sin!

Even here, beside the proud Potomac's
stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at last.
"Here," might they say, "shall power's di-
vided reign
Evince that patriots have not bled in vain,

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!
Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught,
In form no more from cups of state be grafted,
But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
Free as that heaven's tranquil waves reflect,
Around the columns of the public shrine
Shall growing arts their gradual wreath en-
twine,
Nor breathe corruption from their flowering
braid,
Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to
shade.
No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
Or wrong the many while she rights the few;
But take her rage through all the social
frame,
Pure and pervading as that vital flame,
Which warms at once our best and meanest
part,
And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!"

Oh golden dream! what soul that loves to
sean
The brightness rather than the shades of man,
That owns the good, while smarting with the
ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still—
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope with all that heavenly heat,
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth
divine!
Yes, dearest Forbes, I see thee glow to think
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 glorious dream
Borrow from Truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which bids us give such dear delusion scope,
As kills, not reason, while it nurses hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays!
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns in the tabut of empires near their
death.
And, like the nymphs of her own withering
chime,
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, daunting arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken, after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud!
Already as she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear,
Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flowerets of her fruit!

Oh! were these errors but the wanton tide,
Of young luxuriance or unchastend pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much,
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each worm excess;
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 meanest rage
And latest folly of man's sinking age,

* "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit?" Such was the remark of Faucher, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous despatch to his government, which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794.

Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear!
Long has it pained every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land,
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon goad
So loose abroad, that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade!

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world, what high perfection springs
From rabble senators, and merchant kings—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire!
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,*
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,
Have proved at length the mineral's tempting

hue
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.
O Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all,
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence, while they spurn control,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul!
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 whites,
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 rod
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 (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit
The brute made ruler and the man made brute:

But O my Forbes! while thus in flowerless
song,

I feebly paint what yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were

nursed!
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerved,
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne
they served—

Thou gently lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumined and by sages taught,
Paint 'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard had fancied, or that sage hath been!
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 bed,

Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of thy
heart!

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song de-
stroy

One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who
can!

Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open, and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him!
Yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet!

TO ———

Come, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see;
Oh! take the harp and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee!

Sing to me, love!—though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, may, in pity dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet!

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate while thou art high!

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!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'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 virgin bloom
Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; as when we see
The gentle moon and the full radiant sun
Shining in heaven together. When he spoke
'Twas language sweeten'd into song, such hoity
sounds

As of the spirit of the good man hears
Prelude to the harmony of heaven
When death is nigh! and still, as he unclosed
His sacred lips, an odour all as bland
As ocean breezes gather from the flowers
That blossom in Elysium, breathed around!
With silent awe we listen'd while he told
Of the dark veil which many an age had hung
O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of time
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through
it!

Of magic wonders that were known and taught
By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
Who mused, amid the mighty caselystun,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,†

* I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English Government which the Colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

† 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.

Nor let the living star of science sink
Beneath the waters which engulf'd the world!—
Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
To him,* who traced upon his typic lyre
The diapason of man's mingled frame,
And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven!
With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
Which the grave sons of Mochlus many a night
Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant
Of Carmel's sacred mount!—Then, in a flow
Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
Through many a system where the scatter'd
light

Of heavenly truth lay like a broken beam
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 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
Through meads of flowery light and mines of
gold,

When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
But keeps a while the pure and golden ringe,
The balmy freshness of the fields it left!
And here the old man ceased—a winged train
Of nymphs and geni led him from our eyes.
The fair illusion fled! and, as I waked,
I knew my visionary soul had been
Among that people of aerial dreams
Who live upon the burning galaxy!†

TO —.

THE world had just begun to steal
Each hope that fed 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 tongue to call me kind and dear—
'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 beamy smile that cross'd
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling which my heart had lost,
And peace which long had learn'd to roam!

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live
Hope look'd so new and love so kind,
That, though I weep, I still forgive
The ruin which they've left behind!

I could have loved you—oh so well!
The dream that wishing boyhood knows
Is but a bright beguiling spell,
Which only lives while passion glows:

But when this early flush declines,
When the heart's vivid morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets!

* Orpheus.

† Pythagoras is represented in Jamblichus as descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. The Mochlus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phoenicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses.

‡ According to Pythagoras, the people of dreams are souls collected together in the galaxy.

Yes, yes, I could have loved as one
Who, while his youth's enchantment fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all!

TO MRS. —.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear,
Benign, consoling, ever dear!
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Had 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?
Where are the songs she loved so much?
The songs are hush'd, the chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of friendship soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I waked in Anna's breast!
Yet no—the simple notes I play'd
On memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs which Anna loved to hear,
May all be lost on Anna's ear:
But friendship's sweet and fairy strain
Shall ever in her heart remain;
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies which tremble there!

TO LADY H —.

ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

"Tunnebridge est la meime distance de Londres que Fontainebleau l'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 tems des eaux. La compagnie," &c. — See *Memoirs de Grammont*, second part, chap. iii.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, August 1805.

WHEN Grammont graced these happy springs,
And Tunbridge saw upon her paulines
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever ruled these gay, gallant isles;

Like us, by day they rode, they walk'd,
At eve they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,
And lovely Stewart 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 slumber charm'd,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd!

They call'd up all their school-day pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense beneath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks—
And lords shew'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As—"Why are husbands like the mint?"
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is just to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a garden's wilder'd maze
Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
Because it wants some hand to raise
The weeds which "have no business there!"

'Twas one of those factious 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 graced
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then—to you,
O Tunbridge! and your springs ironical,
I swear by Heathcote's eye of blue
To dedicate th' 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,
For ever be these fops abolish'd
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, Heaven knows! not half so polish'd.

But still receive the mild day,
The few, who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
And acting Grammont every night.

TO ———.

NEVER mind how the pedagogue prosés,
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip that 's so scented by roses
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments
Which wiser Corinna has felt.

But for you to be buried in books—
O Fanny! they 're piffling sages
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages*

Astronomy finds in your eye
Better light than she studies above
And music must borrow your sigh
As the melody dearest to love.

In ethics, 'tis you that can check
In a minute their doubts and their quarrels;
Oh! shew but that mole on your neck,
And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your arithmetic only can trip
When to kiss and to count you endeavour;
But eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to go through!

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!

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 hid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not.

AT NIGHT.*

At night, when all its still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footstep, 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 hide delay,
Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
With those we love exchanged at night!

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE "PHAETON" FRIGATE, OFF THE
AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.

SWEET moon! if like Crotona's sage,†
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!

O Strangford! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather!
I little thought that all were fled,
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 youthful days,
Too cool the season's burning rays,
The heart may let its wanton wing
Repose a while in Pleasure's spring,
But if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will dry, 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 hopes could bound along,
Or pant to be a wanderer 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!

* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "At Night" written over him.

† Pythagoras

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 silvery 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,
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heaven of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the melting 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.

Dear Strangford! at this hour, perhaps,
Some faithful lover (not so blest
As they 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 thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own!

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 forget
That far beyond the western sea
Is one whose heart remembers thee!

STANZAS.

A BEAM of tranquillity smiled in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no
more,
And the wave, while it welcomed the moment of
rest,
Still heaved as remembering ills that were
o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hite of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the
dead,

And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their
power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was
fled!

I thought of the days when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh:
When the saddest emotion my bosom had
known,
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt how the pure intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the
flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from
Him.

The thought was ecstasie! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of *oterdity* shown!
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I look'd to the west, and! the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no
more;

"Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd
before!"

TO THE FLYING FISH.

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales of silver white
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies:

Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

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;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, a while, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink!

O Virtue! when thy elixir I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below!
But when I leave the grosser fang,
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every rindling 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 unthorned bed,
And, mild as evening's matron hour
Looks on the faintly-shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose!
Then, haply if a week, a day,
I linger'd from my home away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mine 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 even your seal can reach mine eye;
And oh! even then, that darling seal
(Upon whose print, I used to feel
The breath of home, the cordial air
Of loved lips, still freshly there)
Must come, alas! through every fate
Of time and distance, cold and late.
When the dear hand, whose touches fill'd
The leaf with sweetness, may be chill'd!
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

* Pico is a very high mountain on one of the Azores.

Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dies!
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 hurl'd
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 rights they won
For hearth and altar, sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride!
While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded 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 unnerving 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 long the spell of fancy's touch
Hath painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty!
Oh! ask me not if truth will seal
The reveries of fancy's zeal.
If yet my charmed eyes behold
These features of an age of gold—
No—yet, alas! no gleaming trace!
Never did youth, who loved a face
From portraits rosy, flattering art,
Recoil with more regret of heart,
To find an owl eye of gray,
Where painting pour'd the sapphire's ray,
Than I have felt, indignant felt.
To think the glorious dreams should melt,
Which oft in boyhood's witching time
Have rapt me to this wondrous chime!

But, courage yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meekest part
Till you have traced the fabric o'er.
As yet we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to freedom's fane,
And though a sable drop may stain
The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
To doubt there's holiness within
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
Can claim more interest in my soul
Than all the powers from pole to pole)
One word at parting: in th' tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simple notes I send you here,*
Though rude and wild would still be dear,
If you but knew the trance of thought
In which my mind the murmurs caught.
'Twas one of those enchanting dreams
That lul me oft, when music seems

To pour the soul in sound along,
And turn its every sigh to song!
I thought of home, the according lays
Respired the breath of happier days;
Warily in every rising note
I felt some dear remembrance float,
Till, led by music's fairy chain,
I wander'd back to home again!
Oh! love the song, and let it off
Live on your lip, in warble soft!
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its murmurs tell,
Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
The tinge of joy when joy is fled,
And all the heart's illusive hoard
Of love renew'd and friends restored!
Now, sweet, adieu!—this artless air
And 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 destined isle,
You shall have many a cowslip bell
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell
In which the 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 frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Anon.*

La poesie a ses monstres comme la nature.
—*D'Alembert.*

"THEY made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal
Swamp
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.
"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the 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 feeds,
And man never trod before!
And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!
And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"
He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid!

* A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this epistle.

† *Hermann*

‡ 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.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But off, 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 BERMUDA, JANUARY 1804.

LADY! where'er you roam, whatever beam
Of bright creation warms your mimic dream;
Whether you trace the valley's golden meads,
Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;*
Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep
At eve on Meillerie's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine,†
Where many a night, the soul of Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the tablet that creative eye,
And let its splendour, like the morning ray
Upon a shepherd's harp, illumine my lay!

Yet, Lady! no—for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your dream divine:
Still, radiant eye! upon the tablet dwell;
Still, rosy finger! weave your pictured spell;
And, while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
Oh! might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul to see its humble thought
On painting's mirror so divinely caught.
And wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they
throw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you!

Have you not oft, in nightly vision, stray'd
To the pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
Which bards of old, with kindly magic, placed
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?
There as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
Breathed from Elysium through each shadowy
form,

In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours
along!

Nor yet in song that mortal ear may suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies!
Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
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 gave
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave
Could wake a dream more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime!

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.‡
Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
Through plantain shades, that like an awning
twined

And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
White, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way!
Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave; in every myrtle grove
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
And while the foliage interposing play'd,
Wreathing the structure into various grace,
Fancy would love, in many a form, to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
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 umbrage of some Naxos's fount.

Sweet airy being! who, in brighter hours,
Lived on the perfume of these honey'd bowers,
In velvet buds, at evening loved to lie,
And win with music every rose's sigh!
Though weak the magic of my humble strain,
To charn your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, oh! for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and relume its dye)
A moment wander from your starry sphere,
And if the lime-tree grove that once was dear
The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
The sparkling grotto can delight you still,
Oh! take their fairest tint, their softest light,
Weave all their beauty into dreams of night,
And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes
Borrow for sleep her own creative spells,
And brightly shew what song but faintly tells!

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ., OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

From Bermuda, January, 1804.

Oh what a tempest whirl'd us hither!
Winds whose savage breath could wither
All the light and languid flowers
That bloom in Epicurus' bowers!
Yet think not, George, that fancy's charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm,
When close they reef'd the timid sail.
When, every plank complaining loud,
We labour'd in the midnight gale,
And even our haughty mainmast bow'd!

The muse, in that unlovely hour,
Benignly brought her soothing power,
And, midst the war of waves and wind,
In song's elysian lapp'd my mind!
She open'd, with her golden key,
The casket where my memory lays
Those little gems of poesy,
Which time has saved from ancient days!
Take one of these, to Lais sung,
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon "suspended animation!"

"Sweetly you kiss, my Lais dear!
But while you kiss I feel a tear,
Bitter as those when lovers part,
In mystery from your eye-lid start!

* Lady D., I supposed, was at this time still in Switzerland.

† The chapel of William Tell, on the Lake of Lucerne.

‡ The little harbour of St. George's.

§ Among the many charms which Bermuda has for a poetic eye, we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakspeare's "Tempest," and that here he conjured up the "delicate Ariel," who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.

Sadly you lean your head to mine,
 And round my neck in silence twine,
 Your hair along my bosom spread,
 All humid with the tears you shed!
 Have I not kiss'd those lids of snow?
 Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
 Bathing our cheeks, whene'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 and me!
 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 dewy morning hills
 Serenely o'er its fragrant smile
 And felt the pure, elastic flow
 Of airs that round this Eden blow
 With honey freshness, caught by stealth
 Warm from the very lips of health!

Oh! could you view the scenery dear
 That now beneath my window lies,
 You'd think that nature lavish'd here
 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 grassy calm the waters sleep,
 And to the sunbeam proudly show
 The coral rocks they love to steep!

The fainting breeze of morning fails,
 The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
 And I can almost touch its sails
 That languish idly round the mast.
 The sun has now so raptly given
 The flashes of a noontide heaven,
 And, as the wave reflects his beams,
 Another heaven its surface seems!
 Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
 So pictured o'er the waters lie,
 That every languid bark appears
 To float along a burning sky!

Oh for the boat the angel gave
 To him who in his heavenward flight
 Sail'd, o'er the sun's ethereal wave,
 To planet-isles of odoriferous light!
 Sweet Venus, what a cline he found
 Within thy orb's ambrosial round!
 There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
 That pant around thy twilight car;
 There angels dwell, so pure of form,
 That each appears a living star!

These are the sprites, O radiant queen!
 Thou sendst so often to the bed
 Of her I love, with spell unseen,
 Thy planet's bright'ning balm to shed;
 To make the eye's enchantment clearer,
 To give the cheek one rosebud more,
 And bid that flushing lip be dearer,
 Which had been, oh, so dear before!

But whither means the Muse to roam?
 'Tis time to call the wanderer home,
 Who could have ever thought to search her
 Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?

So, health and love to all your mansion!
 Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
 The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
 Mirth and song your board illumine!
 Fare you well!—remember too,
 When cups are flowing 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.

Oh! there's a holy calm profound
 In awe like this, that ne'er was given
 To rapture'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 throbs or tears of sorrow
 No more shall wake the heart or eye,
 But all must sleep!

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
 To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
 Oh! most to him
 Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
 Nor left one honey drop to shed
 Round misery'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.

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

Now the vapour 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 ague's shivering chill!
 Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
 As he winds the woods along!
 Christian! 'tis the song of fear;
 Wolves are round thee, night is near,
 And the wild thou darest to roam—
 Oh! 'was once the Indian's home!
 Hither, sprites who love to harm,
 Whereso'er you work your charm,
 By the creeks, or by the brakes,
 Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
 And the cayman loves to creep,
 Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
 Where the bird of carrion flits,
 And the shuddering 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 you, turn you hither,
 Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
 Cross the wandering Christian's way,
 Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
 Many a mile of maddening error,
 Through the maze of night and terror,

* "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 four thousand 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."—*Horse'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.

Till the morn behold him lying
 O'er 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 foul and famish'd brood
 Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood!
 Or, unto the dangerous pass
 O'er the deep and dark morass,
 Where the trembling Indian brings
 Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
 Tributes to be hung in war
 To the fiend presiding there!
 Then, when night's long labour past,
 Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
 Sinking where the causeway's edge
 Moulders in the slimy sedge,
 There let every noxious thing
 Trail its filth and fix its sting;
 Let the bull-toad taint him over,
 Round him let mosquitoes hover,
 In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
 With his blood their poison mingling.
 Till, beneath the solar fires,
 Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Thou oft hast told me of the fairy hours
 Thy heart has number'd in those classic bowers
 Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
 'Mid crows and cardinals profanely flit,
 And pagan spirits, by the Pope unaid,
 Haunt every stream and sing through every
 shade!
 There still the bard, who (if his numbers be
 His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like
 thee,
 The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has
 caught
 Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
 In which the basking soul reclines and glows,
 Warm without toil and brilliant in repose.
 There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
 How modern monks with ancient rakes agree;
 There, too, are all those wandering souls of
 song,
 With whom thy spirit hath communed so long,
 Whose rarest gems are, every instant, hung
 By memory's magic on thy sparkling tongue.
 But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
 As far from thee my lonely course I take,
 No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
 No classic dream, no star of other days
 Has left that visionary glory here,
 That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
 Which glids and hallows even the rudest scene,
 The humblest shed, where genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
 Of grand or lovely here aspires and blooms:
 Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
 Bright lakes expand and conquering* rivers
 flow;
 Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
 Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows!
 Take Christians, Mohawks, Democrats, and all
 From the rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,
 From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
 To man the civilised, less tame than he!
 'Tis one dull chaos, one unfruitful strife
 Retwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
 Where every ill the ancient world can brew
 Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
 Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
 And nothing's known of luxury but vice!

Is this the region, then, is this the clime
 For golden fancy? for those dreams sublime,
 Which all their miracles of light reveal
 To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
 No, no—the muse of inspiration plays
 O'er every scene: she walks the forest-maze,
 And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
 Burns with her step, yet man regards it not!
 She whispers round, her words are in the air,
 But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
 Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
 One ray of heart to thaw them into song!

Yet, yet forgive me, O you sacred few!
 Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew:
 Whom, known and loved through many a social
 eve,

'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to
 leave!

Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore
 The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
 When his lone heart but faintly hoped to find
 One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind!
 Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
 The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
 The manly polish and the illumined taste,
 Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless wate
 My foot has wander'd, O you sacred few!
 I found by Delaware's green banks with you,
 Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
 O'er your fair country and corrupts its sons;
 Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
 Those fields of freedom where your sires were
 born.

Oh! if America can yet be great,
 If neither chain'd by choice nor damn'd by fate
 To the mob-mania which imbrates her now,
 She yet can raise the bright but temperate
 brow,

Of single majesty, and grandly place
 An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
 Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
 For the fair capital that flowers above!—
 If yet, released from all that vulgar throng,
 So vain of dulness and so pleased with wrong,
 Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
 Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
 She yet can rise, can wreath the Attic charms
 Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
 And see her poets flash the fires of song,
 To light her warriors' thunderbolts along!
 It is to you, to souls that favouring Heaven
 Has made like yours, the glorious task is
 given—

Oh! but for such, Columbia's days were done;
 Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
 Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
 Her fruits would fall before her spring was
 o'er!

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the
 hours
 Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of
 flowers,

Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind they
 flew,

That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
 And rested there, as in a dream of home!
 And looks I met, like looks I loved before,
 And voices too, which as they trembled o'er
 The chord of memory, found full many a tone
 Of kindness there in concord with their own!
 Oh! we had nights of that communion free,
 That flush of heart, which I have known with
 thee

So oft, so warmly: nights of mirth and mind,
 Of whims that taught and follies that refined!
 When shall we both renew them? when, re-
 stored

To the pure feast and intellectual board,

* This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Mis-
 souri with the Mississippi.

Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?

Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for England—oh! these wreathe feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet!

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd
around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I ex-
claim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to
eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep
if I blamed,
How best could I live, and how calm could I
die!"

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry
dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to re-
cline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but
mine!"

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep time and our oars keep time.
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 day-light'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 favouring 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 evening ray

* Anburey, in his *Travels*, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence.—Vol. I., p. 20.

† The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

‡ "The departed spirit goes into the country of souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove."

§ "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians 'manetoe aseniah,' or spirit-stones."—*Mackenzie's Journal*.

|| "Manataulin" signifies a place of spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

We rest our boat among these Indian isles)
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father, or of chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf!
There listening, Lady! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every melow'd number! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to
steal,

As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his Sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note
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 own!
I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous
world,

See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed!—
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, through islets flowering
fair,

Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful
pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God!
O Lady! these are miracles which man,
Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of—which his eye must see
To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies, like a half-breathed whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming 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 yon rough rapids sparkle through the
night!

Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake† gliding o'er my
way,
Shews the dim moonlight through his scaly
form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
Some Indian spirit warble words like these:—

"From the clime of sacred doves,‡
Where the blessed Indian roves
Through the air on wing as white
As the spirit-stones of light,§
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Apalachian mounts!
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air!
Then, when I have stray'd a while
Through the Manataulin isle,||

Breathing all its hotly bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my wakon-bird* I fly,
Where, beneath aburning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water-snake,
Basking in the web of leaves
Which the weeping lily weaves,†
Then I chase the floweret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering 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,
Cull from thence 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 blest,
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!

Off when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the gray moose 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-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below.
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,
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
streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls without a dip of our

* The wakon-bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of paradise, receives 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.—*Morse*.

† The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

‡ 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 handiuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow.

§ L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes: il tire sa subsistence des fleurs comme les abeilles: son nid est fait d'un coton très fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre.—*Voyages aux Indes Occidentales, par M. Bossu, second part, let. xx.*

¶ Dante, *Purgator*, cant. ii.

Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,‖
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And with his wings of living light unfur'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet oh! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charin to charin, where every floweret's
hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf is new!
I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Or breeze or echo or some wild-flower's smell
(For who can say what small and fairy ties,
The memory flings o'er pleasure, as it flies!)
Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights!

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
With him the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turning to the living hero while it read,
For pure and brightening 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 sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Glorious but mild, all softness yet all fire!—
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret, the very pain they wake
Is dear and exquisite!—but oh! no more—
Lady! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
These vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Streams, banks, and bowers, have faded on my
eyes!

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. —, OF MONTREAL.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour:
Her eye had a glow like the sun of her clime,
Which waked every feeling at once into
flower!

Oh! could we have spent but one rapturous day
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till
then!

What we had not the leisure or language to
 speak.
 We should find some ethereal mode of re-
 vealing.
 And between us should feel just as much in a
 week
 As others would take a millennium in feeling!

TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M.D.
 FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

'Tis evening now; the heats and cares of day
 In twilight dews are calmly wept away.
 The lover now, beneath the western star,
 Sighs through the medium of his sweet cigar,
 And fills the ears of some consenting she
 With puffs and vows, with smoke and con-
 stancy!

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
 Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome!
 Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
 And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now!
 This famed metropolis, where fancy sees
 Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
 Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
 With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn.

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
 The dying sun prepares his golden grave!
 O great Potomac! O you banks of shade!
 You mighty scenes, in nature's morning made,
 While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
 She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
 Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler care,
 From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!
 Say where your towering hills, your boundless
 floods,

Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
 Where birds should meditate and heroes rove,
 And woman charm and man deserve her love!
 Oh! was a world so bright but born to grace
 Its own half-organised, half-minded race?
 Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
 Like vermin, gender'd on the lion's crest?
 Where none but brutes to call that soil their
 home,

Where none but demigods should dare to roam?
 Or worse, thou mighty world! oh, doubly worse,
 Did Heaven design the lordly land to nurse
 The motley dregs of every distant clime,
 Each blast of anarchy and faint of crime,
 Which Europe shakes from her perturbed
 sphere

In full malignity to rankle here?
 But hush!—observe that little mount of pines,
 Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly
 shines,

There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
 The sculptured image of that veteran chief,
 Who lost a rebel's in the hero's name,
 And stepp'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 sage!
 Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's part,
 Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art,
 Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
 But, ere she cast thee, let the staff grow cold.

While warmer souls command, nay, make
 their fate,
 Thy fate made thee and forced thee to be great,

* 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 capitol now stands was called Rome.

† A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.

‡ The picture which Buffon 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.

§ On a small hill, near the capitol, there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

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, scornful to be more;
 Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
 Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
 All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
 Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight
 falls

On yonder dome—and in these princely halls,
 If thou canst hate, as, oh! that soul must hate,
 Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
 If thou canst loath and execrate with me
 That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
 That nauseous slaver of these frigid times,
 With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
 If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast,
 One pulse that beats more proudly than the
 rest,

With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
 Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's con-
 trol,

Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
 And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
 There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, for-
 bear!

Rank must be revered, even the rank that's
 there;

So here I pause—and now, my Hume! we part;
 But oh! full oft, in magic dreams of heart,
 Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
 By Thames at home, or by Potomac here!
 O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through
 fogs,

Midst bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs,
 Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
 With me shall wonder, and with me despise!
 While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
 To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
 Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
 Her freedom spreads, unfev'rd and serene;
 Where sovereign man can condescend to see
 The throne and laws more sovereign still than
 he!

LINES,

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
 And bright were its flowery banks to his eye,
 But far, very far were the friends that he loved,
 And he gazed on his flowery banks with a
 sigh!

O Nature! though blessed and bright are thy
 rays,
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly
 thrown,
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
 In a smile from the heart that is dearly our
 own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
 Unlless by the smile he had languish'd to
 meet;
 Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him
 again,
 Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by
 his feet!

But the lays of his boyhood had stolen to their ear.

And they loved what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,

That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame.

Nor did woman—O woman; whose form and whose soul

Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;

Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole.

If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye.
Like them did it soften and weep at his song!

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!

Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,

To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALL OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.

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 unfired and wild
Through shades that frown'd and flowers that
smil'd,

Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!

Oh! I have thought, and thinking sigh'd—
How like to thee, thou heartless tide!

May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe,
And flowers of joy my path may go!
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,

While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!

But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the lost current cease to run!
May heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

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 noontide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley's stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
As passion's riper dream.
Thus love expands—warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'er shading
The glorie- of the sky,
Like faith and fondness fading
From passion's alter'd eye.
Thus love declines—cold eve of love!

THE SONG OF WAR.

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, O 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-horn ray,
To gild your vines and light your fountains."
Oh, never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
Or hear, O Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

The young rose which I gave thee, so dewy and
bright,
Was the floweret most dear to the sweet bird of
night,
Who oft by the moon o'er her blushes hath
hung,
And thrill'd every leaf with the wild lay he
sung.

Oh, take thou this young rose, and let her life
be
Prolong'd by the breath she will borrow from
thee;
For while o'er her bosom thy soft notes shall
thrill,
She'll think the sweet night-bird is courting her
still.

WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

When midst the gay I meet
That blessed 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 with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then, the smile is warm'd away,
And, molting, 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 dewa 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,
Ah, dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever-here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven?

There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven.

FANNY, DEAREST.

Ou! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh:
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears when thou art nigh.
But between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies;
But oh, the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'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.

SIGH NOT THUS.

Sigh not thus, oh, simple boy,
Nor for woman languish;
Loving cannot boast a joy
Worth one hour of anguish.
Moons have faded fast away,
Stars have ceased their shining
Woman's love, as bright as they,
Feels as quick declining.
Then, love, vanish hence,
Eye, boy, banish hence
Melancholy thoughts of Cupid's lore;
Hours soon fly away,
Charms soon die away,
Then the silly dream of the heart is o'er.

'TIS LOVE THAT MURMURS.

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

Oh bird of love, with song so drear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain!
Oh, let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!

YOUNG ELLA.

Young Ella was the happiest maid
That ever had'd the infant spring.
Her carol charm'd the blissful shade,
Love taught his favourite nymph to sing.

But, ah! that sorrow's preying worm
Should nip the tender buds of peace;
Now wan with woe is Ella's form,
And all her notes of rapture cease.
Alas, poor Ella!

Oh! she was like the silver rose
That drinks the early tears of heaven,
Bright as the dewy star that glows
Upon the blushing brow of even!
How couldst thou, faithless Edmund, leave
A nymph so true, so brightly fair,
In horror's darkling cell to weave
The gloomy cypress of despair?
Alas, poor Ella!

No longer now the hamlet train
Her beauty, life, and sense admire,
Bewilder'd is her aching brain,
And quench'd is all that lively fire.
Where shadows veil the mountain height,
And fends of darkness murmur low,
On every sobbing breeze of night
Is heard the maniac's plaint of woe.
Alas, poor Ella!

Fond maid, when from these ills severe
Death steals thee to his lonely bower,
Fity shall drop her angel tear,
And twine thy grave with many a flower.
The story of thy hapless doom
Shall deck the rustic poet's lay;
And as they pass thy simple tomb,
The village hinds shall weeping say,
Alas, poor Ella!

THE PILGRIM.

HOLY be the pilgrim's sleep,
From the dreams of terror free;
And may all who wake to weep,
Rest to-night as sweet as he.
"Hark! hark, did I hear a vesper swell?
It is, my love, some pilgrim's prayer!"
"No, no, 'tis but the convent bell,
That toll'd upon the midnight air!"
"Now, now again, the voice I hear,
Some holy man is wandering near:
O pilgrim, where hast thou been roaming?
"Dark is the way, and midnight's coming!"
"Stranger, I've been o'er moor and mountain,
To tell my beads at Agnes' fountain!"

"And, pilgrim, say where art thou going?
Dark is the way, the winds are blowing!"
"Weary with wandering, weak, I fatter,
To breathe my vows at Agnes' altar!"
Strew then, oh strew his bed of rushes,
Here he shall rest till morning blushes!

(Dirge heard from the convent within.)

Peace to them whose days are done,
Death their eyelids closing;
Hark! the burial rite's begun,
'Tis time for our reposing.

(Pilgrim throwing off his disguise.)

"Here then, my pilgrim's course is o'er."
" 'Tis my master, 'tis my master,
Welcome! welcome home once more!"

WILT THOU SAY FAREWELL, LOVE?

"WILT thou say farewell, love,
And from Zelinda part?
Zelinda's tears will tell, love,
The anguish of her heart."

"I'll still be thine, and thou'lt be mine,
I'll love thee though we sever;
Oh! say, can I e'er cease to sigh,
Or cease to love?—oh never."

"Wilt thou think of me, love,
When thou art far away?"

"Oh! I'll think of thee, love,
Never, never stray!"

"Let not other wiles, love,
Thy ardent heart betray;
Remember Zelinda's smile, love,
Zelinda, far away!"

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEAD-MAN'S
ISLAND.*

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE
EVENING, SEPT. 1804.

SEE you, beneath you cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Oh! 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 pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew!

To Dead-Man's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Dead-Man's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are fur'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,

COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN J. E. DOUGLAS, ON
LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1804.

WITH triumph, this morning, O Boston! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail.
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well, peace to the land! may the people, at
length,

Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is
strength;

That though man have the wings of the fetter-
less wind,

Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet if health do not sweeten the blast with her
bloom,

Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume,
Unblest is the freedom and dreary the flight,
That but wanders to ruin and wantons to
blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with regret,
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot for-
get,

That communion of heart and that parley of
soul

Which has lengthen'd our nights and illumined
our bow!

When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind,
or the mien,

Of some bard I had known or some chief I had
seen

Whose glory, though distant, they long had
adored,

Whose name often hallow'd the juice of their
board!

And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I told them each luminous trait that I knew,
They have listen'd and sigh'd that the power-
ful stream

Of America's empire should pass like a dream,
Without leaving one fragment of genius to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd
away!

Farewell to the few—though we never may
meet

On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the
same.

I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful,
and blest,
Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow depress'd!

But, Douglas! while thus I endear to my
mind

The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine
eye,

As it follows the rack fitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our
flight,

And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night,
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my
side,

With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage
to guide,

There is not a bleak isle in those summerless
seas,

Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but
to freeze,

Not a track of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure
explore!

Oh! think, then, how happy I follow thee now,
When hope smoothes the billowy path of our
proW

And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing
wind

Takes me nearer the home where my heart is
enshrined:

Where the smile of a father shall meet me
again,

And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my
heart,

And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part!

But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to
swell—

To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia fare-
well!

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em!
Dear Fanny!
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 me!"

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost ship, I think, "The Flying Dutchman."

But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid—
"I love, and am yours, if you love me!"
Dear Fanny!
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid—
"I love, and am yours, if you love me!"
Then tell me, oh, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
Or why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?
Dear Fanny!
Oh, why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said "No" to a lover?

DEAR FANNY

"SHE has beauty, but still you must keep your
heart cool!
She has wit, but you mustn't be caught so:"
Thus Reason advises, but Reason's a fool.
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so;
Dear Fanny,
'Tis not the first time I have thought so.
"She is lovely; then love her, nor let the bliss
fly;
'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:"
Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason?
Dear Fanny,
Love reasons much better than Reason.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

FROM life without freedom, oh, who would not
fly?
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not
die?
Hark! hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the
brave,
The death-song of tyrants, and dirge of the
slave.
Our country lies bleeding—oh, fly to her aid;
One arm that defends is worth hosts that in-
vade.
In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no
chains.
On, on to the combat; the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh, even if freedom from *this* world be
driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in
heaven.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

HERE's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted:
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh;
Where's the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie;
Where's the lip to breathe them?
Here's the bower, &c,
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 her;
Heaven 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 rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
But quick he bounded forth;
For well my rein-deer knew
I've but one path on earth—
That 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;
And chasing every pain,
Then summer sun more true,
'Twill never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL

YOUNG Love found a Dial once in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sun-beam
play'd;
"Why thus in darkness lie," whisper'd young
Love;
"Thou whose gay hours in sunshine should
move?"
"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm
sun,
So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are
one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And placed her where heaven's beam warmly
play'd.
There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
While all mark'd with sunshine, her hours flew
by.
"Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid
That's born to be shone upon, rest in the
shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's
o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
Then cold and neglected, while bleak rain and
winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she
finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny
hours,
And left the remainder to darkness and
showers!

LOVE AND TIME.

'Tis said—but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full well 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 away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had its flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And t'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh, how he flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.
So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em
This is Time's holiday :
Oh, how he flies away !

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
Youth may wither, but feeling will last :
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.
Oh, if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er—
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,

Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal ;
Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain
thee,

Tears of rapture alone shalt 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.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last :
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast

LOVE WANDERING THROUGH THE
GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there,
And soon he found 'twere vain to fly ;
His heart was close confined,
And every curl was a tie—
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh !
Where the song of freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh !

There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour ;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender ;

Every joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh ! merrily, oh !

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh !
Where the bond of slavery twineth
Wearily, oh !

There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness ;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—

Every flower 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.

Oh, remember the time, in La Mancha's shade,
When our moments so blissfully flew :
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian
maids,

And I blushed to be called so by you ;
When I taught you to warble the gay segna-
dille,
And to dance to the light castanet ;
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you
will,

The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
Every hour a new passion can feel,
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier
smile,

You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you
are,

Or they never could think you would rove ;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war
That is fondest and truest in love.

OH, SOON RETURN!

The white sail caught the evening ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all my weeping love could say
Was, " Oh, soon return ! "

Through many a clime our ship was driven
O'er many a billow rudely thrown ;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd by summer's zone :
Yet still, where'er our course we lay,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I thought I heard her faintly say,
" Oh, soon return ! "

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
'Twas when the combat rag'd around,
And brave men look'd to me,
But though 'mid battle's wild alarm
Love's gentle power might not appear,
He gave to glory's bow the charm
Which made even danger dear.
And then, when victory's calm came o'er
The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,
I heard that farewell voice once more,
" Oh, soon return ! "

LOVE THEE.

Oh, yes!—so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Were worthless without thee.
Though brimm'd with blessings pure and rare,
Life's cup before me lay,
Unless thy love were mingled there,
I'd spurn the draught away.
Love thee?—so well, so tenderly
Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,
Are worthless without thee.
Without thy smile, how joylessly

All glory's needs I see,
And even the wreath of victory
Must owe its bloom to thee.
Those words for which the conqueror sighs.

For me have now no charms :
 My only world those radiant eyes—
 My throne those circling arius!
 Oh, yes!—so well, so tenderly
 Thou'rt loved, adored by me,
 Whole realms of light and liberty
 Were worthless without thee.

ONE DEAR SMILE.

COULDEST thou look as dear as when
 First I sigh'd for thee;
 Couldst thou make me feel again
 Every wish I breathed thee then,
 Oh, how blissful life would be!
 Hopes that now beguiling leave me,
 Joys that lie in slumber cold—
 All would wake, couldst thou but give me
 One dear smile like those of old.

Oh, 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—
 Life itself looks dark and cold:
 Oh, thou never more canst give me
 One dear smile like those of old.

CEASE, OH CEASE TO TEMPT.

CEASE, oh cease to tempt
 My tender heart to love,
 It never, never can
 So wild a flame approve.

All its joys and pains
 To others I resign;
 But be the vacant heart,
 The careless bosom mine.

Say, oh say no more,
 That lovers' pains are sweet;
 I never, never can
 Believe the fond deceit.

Weeping day and night,
 Consuming life in sighs;
 This is the lover's lot,
 And this I ne'er could prize.

JOYS THAT PASS AWAY.

JOYS that pass away like this,
 Alas! are purchased dear,
 If every beam of bliss
 Is follow'd by a tear.

Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well!
 Soon, too soon, thou hast broke the spell;
 Oh! I ne'er can love again
 The girl whose faithless art
 Could break so dear a chain,
 And with it break my heart!

Once when truth was in those eyes,
 How beautiful they shone;
 But now that lustre flies,
 For truth, alas, is gone!

Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well;
 How I've loved my hate shall tell.
 Oh, how soon, how lost, would prove
 Thy wretched victim's fate,
 If, when deceived in love,
 He could not fly to hate!

MY MARY.

LOVE, my Mary, dwells with thee,
 On thy cheek his bed I see;
 No, that cheek is pale with care,
 Love can find no roses there.

'Tis not on the cheek of rose
 Love can find the best repose:
 In my heart his home thou'lt see,
 There he lives, and lives for thee!

Love, my Mary, ne'er can roam,
 While he makes that eye his home;
 No, the eye with sorrow dim
 Ne'er can be a home for him.

Yet, 'tis not in beaming eyes
 Love for ever warmest lies;
 In my heart his home thou'lt see,
 Here he lives, and lives for thee!

NOW LET THE WARRIOR.

Now let the warrior wave his sword afar,
 For the men of the East this day shall bleed,
 And the sun shall blush with war.

Victory sits on the Christian's helm,
 To guide her holy band;
 The Knight of the Cross this day shall whelm
 The men of the Pagan land.

Oh, blest who in the battle dies!
 God will enshrine him in the skies!

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is
 over.

When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom;
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the
 lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's
 plume.

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, by thousand trumpets
 sung.

Oh, then comes the harp, when the combat is
 over;

When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom;
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the
 lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's
 plume.

Light went the harp when the War-God, reclin-
 ing,

Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest,
 When round his rich armour the myrtle hung
 twining,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet
 their nest.

But when the battle came,
 The hero's eyes breathed flame:
 Soon from his neck the white arm was flung;
 While, to his wakening ear,
 No other sounds were dear

But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets
 sung.

But then came the light heart when danger was
 ended,
 And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to
 rest;

When tresses of gold with his laurels lay
 blended,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet
 their nest.

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 labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I 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 regard 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.

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC.

THERE breathes a language known and felt
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
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 tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet
power,
That, when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away,
To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his reindeer fly,
And sings along the length'ning waste of snow
As blithe as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phœbus burn'd upon his brow;
O 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 presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

GREEK AIR.

LIST! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While from Iliuss' silvery springs
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful
urn,
And by her side in music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past re-
volving,
Dreams of bright days that never can re-
turn,
When Athens nursed her olive bough,
With hands by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstatn'd;
When heroes trod each classic field
Where coward feet now faintly falter;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar,

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

HARK, 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears!
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she
hears;
And, though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.
See, from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gust'd for ever!

O Music, here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, wild career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous
power!
There is an air which oft, among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipo
their flocks,
Oh, every note of it would thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts—would bring around
his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like
these.
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar;
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he
hears;
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in
tears.

SWISS AIR—"RANZ DES VACHES."

BUT wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!

O War, when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring
storm,

'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form.
And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly de-
stroys.

Nor Music, through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fetters break-
ing,

And the first hymn that man, awaking
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 ruined streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while *one* Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory

SPANISH AIR—"YA DESPERTO."

BUT ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's
right—

What song shall then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes remember'd well,
Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathies
brave,

In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
O Erin thine!

THE ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.

I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'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 die,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue:
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.
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.
O Bacchas! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash 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,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the happy heaven of love,
These elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV.

VULCAN! hear your glorious task:
I do not from your labours 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 let not o'er its simple frame
Your mimic constellations flame;

Nor grave upon the swelling side
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glittering vain,
Nor yet for the weeping sister train;
But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
Their bushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lip'd bacchant maid
Is curling clusters in their shade;
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes;
And fights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
Flit around on golden winglets;
While Venus, to her mystic bower,
Beckons the rosy vintage Power.

ODE V.

GRAVE me a cup with brilliant grace,
Deep as the rich and holy vase,
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,
When shepherds hail that hour of roses.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Form'd for a heavenly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites,
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate,
Which history trembles to relate!
No, cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy.

ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bower,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urelin Cupid sleeping;
I caught the boy—a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side.
I caught him by his downy wing,
And when'd him in the racy spring.
Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul!
Yes, 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 creatures cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh!
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care!
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That 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!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;

Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
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 dimmed their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
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!"
Alemæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell!
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountain-head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy play'd.
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I rave in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night."
The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy;
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet yet can sing with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.

TELL me how to punish thee
For the mischief done to me!
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Terens did of old,
(So the fabled tale is told.)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been;
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
Love was the delicious theme!
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin 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 my way:
"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style.)
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
Think not yet that I could make it;
Pray, believe it was not I:
No—it 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!"
Little Love! thou now art mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine.

ODE XII.

THEY tell how Atys's wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove:
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too by Claro's hallow'd spring,
The votaries of the laurel'd King,
Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
And rave in wild prophetic dream;
But frenzied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity!
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While waves of perfume round me swim,
While flavour'd 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 I've repell'd the tender lure,
And hoped my heart should sleep secure,
But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slaug his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too;
Assumed the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear,
Then (hear it, all you powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed—
And I had just in terrors fled—
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!
My heart—alas the luckless day!
Received the god, and died away!
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forced to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
My foe's within, and triumphs there.

ODE XIV.

TELL me why, my sweetest dove,
Thou your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmy flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove,
Curious stranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian song:
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that 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 bard away.
See me now his faithful minion;
Thus with softly-gliding pinion
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,
 O'er the plains or in the dell,
 On the mountain's savage swell;
 Seeking in the desert wood
 Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
 Now I lead a life of ease
 Far from such retreats as those.
 From Anacreon's hand I eat
 Food delicious, viands sweet;
 Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
 Slip the foamy wine with him.
 Then I dance and wanton round
 To the lyre's beguiling sound!
 Or with gently-fanning wings
 Shade the minstrel while he sings:
 On his harp then sink in slumbers
 Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
 'Tis all—away—away—
 You have made me waste the day.
 How I've chatter'd! prating crew
 Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XV.

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 straying,
 Silky twine in tendrils playing;
 And, if painting hath the skill
 To make the spicy balm distill,
 Let every little lock exhale
 A sigh of perfume on the gale.
 Where her tresses' curly flow
 Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
 Let her forehead beam to light,
 Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
 Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
 In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
 Gently in a crescent gliding,
 Just commingling, just dividing.
 But hast thou any sparkles warm
 The lightning of her eyes to form?
 Let them effuse the azure ray
 With which Minerva's glances play,
 And give them all that liquid fire
 That Venus' languid eyes respire.
 O'er her nose and cheek be shed
 Flushing white and mellow'd red:
 Gradual tints, as when there glows
 In snowy milk the bashful rose.
 Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
 Sweet petitioner for kisses!
 Then beneath her velvet chin,
 Whose dimple shades a love within,
 A charm may peep, a hue may beam
 And leave the rest to fancy's dream.
 Enough—'tis she; 'tis all I seek;
 It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ODE XVI.

AND now with all thy pencil's truth,
 Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
 Let his hair, in lapses bright,
 Fall like streaming rays of light:
 And there the raven's die confuse
 With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
 Let not the braid, with artful twine,
 The flowing of his locks confine;
 But loosen every golden ring,
 To float upon the breeze's wing.
 Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
 Front as fair as mountain snow,

And guileless as the dews of dawn,
 Let the majestic brows be dawn
 Of ebon dyes enrich'd by gold,
 Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
 Mingle in his jetty glances
 Power that awes and love that trances;
 Steal from Venus bland desire,
 Steal from Mars the look 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 let Beauty's rosy ray
 In flying blushes richly play;
 Blushes of that celestial flame
 Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
 Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
 But let thy mind imagine them!
 Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
 Persuasion sleeping upon roses;
 And give his lip that speaking air,
 As if a word was hovering there!
 His neck of ivory splendour trace,
 Moulded with soft but manly grace;
 Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
 Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
 Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
 With which he waves his snaky wand;
 Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
 And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
 Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
 Is envious of the eye's delight,
 Or its enamour'd touch would show
 His shoulder fair as sunless snow,
 Which now in velling shadow lies,
 Removed from all but fancy's eyes.
 Now for his feet—but hold!—forbear!—
 I see a godlike portrait there;
 So like Bathyllus!—sure there's none
 So like Bathyllus but the sun!
 Oh! let this pictured god be mine,
 And keep the boy for Samos' shrine;
 Phoebus shall then Bathyllus be,
 Bathyllus then the deity!

ODE XVII.

Now the star of day is high,
 Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
 Bring me wine in brimming urns,
 Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
 Sunn'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 for you, my burning mind!
 Oh! what shelter shall I find?
 Can the bowl, or floweret's dew,
 Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XVIII.

HERE recline you, gentle maid,
 Sweet is this imbowering shade;
 Sweet the young, the modest trees,
 Ruffled by the kissing breeze!
 Sweet the little founts that weep,
 Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
 Hark! they whisper as they roil,
 Calm persuasion to the soul!
 Tell me, tell me, is not this
 All a stilly scene of bliss?
 Who, my girl, would pass it by?
 Surely neither you nor I!

ODE XIX.

ONE day the Muses twined the hands
Of baby Love with flowery bands,
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.
His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;
His mother sues, but all in vain,
He ne'er will leave his chains again
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay;
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Who could wish for liberty?"

ODE XX.

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

ODE XXI.

THE Phrygian rock that braves the storm
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Proгна, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And like my heart I then should be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
I wish I were the zone that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels thy sighs!
Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow,
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh anything that touches thee,
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
This to be press'd by thee were sweet!

ODE XXII.

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 sighs 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 Heracles I wake the lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That madest me follow Glory's theme;
For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And thou the flame shalt feel as well
As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell!

ODE XXIII.

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreathed horn.
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of heaven—a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure
For thee, O woman! child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outfiles!
She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee!
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

ODE XXIV.

ONCE in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When nature wears her summer vest,
Thou comest to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seekst the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly:
While in the shell, impreg'n'd with fires,
Clusters a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping,
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One urehin imps the other's feather,
Then twin desires they wing together.
But is there then no kindly art
To chase these Cupids from my heart?
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXV.

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
Which drank the current of my heart,
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No—from an eye of liquid blue
A host of quiver'd Cupid's flew;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

ODE XXVI.

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

ODE XXVII.

As in the Lemnian caves of fire
The mate of her who nursed Desire
Moulded the glowing steel to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
While Venus every barb imbues
With droppings of her honey'd dews;
And Love (alas the victim-heart!)
Tinges with gall the burning dart;
Once to this Lemnian cave of flame
The crested lord of battles came;
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd!
He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
Derision on the archer-child.
"And dost thou smile?" said little Love;
"Take this dart, and thou mayst prove
That though they pass the breezes' flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."
He took the shaft—and oh! thy look,
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took,
He sigh'd and felt the urchin's art;
He sigh'd in agony of heart;
"It is not light—I die with pain!
Take—take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be;
That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXVIII.

YES—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But surely 'tis the worst of pain
To love and not be loved again!
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring 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 devoted thirst began
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!
War too has sullied nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms!
And oh! the worst of all is art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

ODE XXIX.

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied that I wing'd my flight
On pinions fleetier than the wind,
While little Love, whose feet were twined
(I know not why) with chains of lead,
Pursued me as I trembling fled;
Pursued and—could I e'er have thought?
Swift as the moment I was caught!
What does the wanton fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene;
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, my girl, have stolen my rest;
That though my fancy for a while
Has hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolved the passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by love till now.

ODE XXX.

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 the wild torrent, rude and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,

With weary foot I panting flew,
My brow was chill with drops of 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 plume,
Recall'd me from my languid gloom;
'Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXI.

STREW me a breathing bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy,
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the 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.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death?
No, 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 blush of fire,
Upon my brow its scent expire.

ODE XXXII.

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away;
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air!
"And who art thou?" I waking cry,
"That bidst my blissful visions fly?"
"O gentle sir!" 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 hear the baby's tale of woe;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow;
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and oped the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering spirit
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly 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 ceaseless shower
Has injured its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew:
Swift from the string the arrow flew;

Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
 And to my very soul it came!
 "Fare thee well!" I heard him say,
 As laughing wild he wing'd away;
 "Fare thee well! for now I know
 The rain has not relax'd my bow;
 It still can send a maddening dart,
 As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ODE XXXIII.

O THOU, of all creation blest.
 Sweet insect! that delight'st to rest
 Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
 To drink the dew that morning drops,
 And chirp thy song with such a glee,
 That happiest king may envy thee!
 Whatever decks the velvet field,
 Whate'er the circling seasons 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 hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
 Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
 And bless the notes and thee reverse!
 The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
 Apollo calls thee all his own;
 'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
 'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
 Unworn by age's din decline,
 The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
 Melodious insect! child of earth!
 In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
 Exempt 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 seem'st—a little deity!

ODE XXXIV.

CUPID once upon a bed
 Of roses laid his weary head
 Luckless urchin, not to see
 Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
 The bee awaked—with anger wild
 The bee awaked—and stung the child
 Loud and piteous are his cries:
 To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
 "O 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 she the 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 XXXV.

If hoarded gold possess'd a 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 day should swell my store:
 That when the Fates would send their minion,
 To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
 I might some hours of life obtain,
 And drive him back to hell again.

But since we ne'er can charm away
 The mandate of that awful day,
 Why do we vainly weep at fate,
 And sigh for life's uncertain date?
 The light of gold can ne'er illumine
 The dreary midnight of the tomb!
 And why should I then pant for treasures,
 Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
 The goblet rich, the board of friends,
 Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!

ODE XXXVI.

'Twas night, and many a circling bow!
 Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul:
 As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
 Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd;
 With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
 I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
 Light on tiptoe, bathed in dew
 We flew and sported as we flew!
 Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
 With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
 Saw me trip the flowery wild
 With dimpled girls, and silly smiled;
 Smiled indeed with wanton glee,
 But ah! 'twas plain they envied me.

ODE XXXVII.

LET us drain the nectar'd bowl,
 Let us raise the song of soul,
 To him, the god who loves so well
 The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!
 Him who instructs the sons of earth
 To thrice the tangled dance of mirth;
 Him, who was nursed with infant Love,
 And cradled in the Paphian grove:
 Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
 Has fowled in her twinning arms.
 From him that dream of transport flows,
 Which sweet intoxication knows:
 With him, the brow forgets to darken,
 And brilliant graces learn to sparkle,
 Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
 Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
 Where are now the tear, the sigh?
 To the winds they fly, they fly!
 Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking
 Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
 Oh, can the tears we lend to thought
 In life's account avail us aught?
 Can we discern, with all our lore,
 The path we're yet to journey o'er,
 No, no! the walk of life is dark;
 'Tis wine alone can strike a spark;
 Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
 And through the dance meandering glide;
 Let me imbibe the spicy breath
 Of odours chafed to fragrant death:
 To souls that court the phantom glare,
 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 XXXVIII.

How I love the festive boy,
 Tripping wild 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,
 Age is on his temples hung,
 But his heart—his heart is young!

ODE XXXIX.

I know that Heaven ordains me here,
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journey'd o'er,
Return no more—alas! no more:
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine:
No, no! the heart that feels with me
Can never 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!

And little has it learn'd to dread
The gull that envy's tongue can shed
Away! I hate the slanderous dart
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,
And oh! I hate with all my soul
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along;
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head



[See page 155.]

ODE XL.

WHEN Spring begets the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine:
Where the impowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet!

ODE XLI.

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;

With many a cup and many a smile
The festival moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneless rapture on the strings,
Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses 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 then what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lips the murmurs die!
Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the stary sphere
To wave his golden tresses here.

Oh yes! and Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The genius of festivity!

ODE XLIII.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep!
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
Even the gods who walk the sky
Are amorous of thy scented sigh,
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
And shed them round me while I sing.

ODE XLIV.

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 seal'd in sleep;
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
Oh! let us quaff the rosy wave
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet rich and deep
Cradle our crying woes to sleep!

ODE XLV.

SEE the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled 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:
And mark the sitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes 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 sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells:
Gemming 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 XLVI.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet I can quaff the brimming wine
As deep as any stripling fair
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the merry crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold 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 the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honey'd wave!
For though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll mingle 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again.

ODE XLVII.

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;
Gives me wealthy Cræsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
Let me, O my budding vine,
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me.
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

ODE XLVIII.

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Wad, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul;
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet!
'Tis surely something sweet, I think,
Nay, something heavenly sweet, to drink!

ODE XLIX.

WHEN I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal!
Warm with the goblet's freshening dews,
My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.
When I drink, my 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, the jesting boy
Bacchus himself partakes my joy:
And while we dance through breathing bowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!
When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers, begett'd with tears of wine;
And while with festive hand I spread
The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest!
When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers, round the bowl,
Dilating, mingle soul with soul!
When I drink, the bliss is mine;
There's bliss in every drop of wine!

All other joys that I have known
I've scarcely dared to call my own ;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy!

ODE L.

FLY not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely woman! fly not so,
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,
Still I'm doom'd 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 LI.

AWAY, AWAY, you 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;
Age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now.
Fly and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gellid 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 grassy grave;
And there's an end—for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!

ODE LII.

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 thy brow of snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh, you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age
Forget his locks, forget his age
He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim.

ODE LIII.

METHINKS the pictured bull we see
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to hear
That fairest of Phœnician fair!
How proud he breathes the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast of vulgar vein
Undaunted thus defy the main?
No; he descends from climes above,
He looks the god, he breathes of Jove!

ODE LIV.

WHILE we invoke the wreathed Spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;

Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The Graces love to twine the rose;
The rose his warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd 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 cull the timid floweret thence,
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 invade the spely sights
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!
Oh! there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold burned 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 odour even in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—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 nymp of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures 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
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LV.

He who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He who inspires the youth to glance
In winged circlets through the dance;
Each-his, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year!
The blushing year with rapture teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,
Which sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!
And when the ripe and vernal wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heavenly stream shall mantling flow
To balsam every mortal woe!

No youth shall then be wan or weak,
 For dimpling health shall light the cheek !
 No heart shall then desponding sigh,
 For wine shall bid despondence fly !
 Thus—till another autumn's glow
 Shall bid another vintage flow !

ODE LVI.

AND whose immortal hand could shed
 Upon this disk the ocean's soul ?
 And in a frenzied flight of bod
 Sublime as heaven's eternal pole,
 Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
 The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
 Floating along the silvery sea
 In beauty's glorious majesty !
 Light as the leaf that summer's breeze
 Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
 She floats upon the ocean's breast,
 Which undulates in sleepy rest,
 And stealing on, she gently pillows
 Her bosom on the dancing billows,
 Her bosom, like the humid rose,
 Her deck like dewy-sparkling snows,
 Illumine the liquid path she traces.
 And burn within the stream's embraces !
 In languid luxury soft she glides,
 Encircled by the azure tides,
 Like some fair lily faint with weeping,
 Upon a bed of violets sleeping !
 Beneath their queen's inspiring glance
 The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
 While, sparkling on the silver waves,
 The tenants of the briny caves
 Around the pomp in eddies play.
 And gleam along the watery way.

ODE LVII.

WHEN gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
 Escapes like any faithless minion,
 And flies me, (as he flies me for ever,)
 Do I pursue him ? never, never !
 No, let the false deserter go,
 For whom would court his direst foe ?
 But when I feel my lighten'd mind
 No more by ties of gold confined,
 I loosen all my clinging cares
 And cast them to the vagrant airs,
 Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
 And wake to life the dulcet shell ;
 The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
 And love dissolves along the strings !
 Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
 How little gold deserves a thought,
 The winged slave returns once more,
 And with him wafts delicious store
 Of racy wine, whose balmy art
 In slumber seals the anxious heart !
 Again he tries my soul to sever
 From love and song, perhaps for ever ;
 Away, deceiver ! why pursuing
 Censeless thus my heart's undoing ?
 Sweet is the song of loving fire :
 Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre ;
 Oh sweeter far than all the gold
 The waftage of thy wings can hold.
 I well remember all thy wiles :
 Thy wither'd Cupid's favourite smiles,
 And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
 I thought its angel breath was fled !
 They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
 His bland desires and hallow'd kisses,
 Oh ! fly to haunts of sordid men,
 But rove 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,
 And with thy gay, fallacious blaze
 Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

ODE LVIII.

SABLED by the solar beam,
 Now the fiery clusters teem,
 In osler 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 preganut 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 cloy'd and panting air.
 Mark how they drink, with all their eyes,
 The orient tide that sparkling flies ;
 The infant balm of all their fears,
 The infant Bacchus born in tears !
 When he whose verging years decline
 As deep into the vale as mine,
 When he inhales the vintage-spring,
 His heart is fire, his foot's a wing ;
 And as he flies, his hoary hair
 Plays truant with the wanton air !

ODE LIX.

AWAKE to life, my dulcet shell,
 To Phœbus all thy sighs shall 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 magic slumber's,
 Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
 Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
 Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.
 The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
 As down Cayster's tide he floats,
 Plays with his snowy plumage fair
 Upon the wanton murmuring air,
 Which amorously lingers round,
 And sighs responsive sound for sound !
 Muse of the Lyre ! illumine my dream,
 Thy Phœbus is my fancy's dream ;
 And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
 And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
 Hallow'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 youth of light ;
 And how the tender, timid maid
 Flew panting to the kindly shade,
 Resign'd a form too tempting fair,
 And grew a verdant laurel there
 Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill
 In terror seem'd to tremble still !
 The god pursued, with wing'd desire ;
 And when his hopes were all on fire,
 He only heard the pensive air
 Whispering amid her leafy hair !
 But, O my soul ! no more ! no more !
 Enthusiast, whither do I soar ?
 This sweetly-mad'ning dream of soul
 Has hurried me beyond the goal.
 Why should I sing the mighty darts
 Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
 When sure the lay with sweeter tone,
 Can tell the darts that wound my own ?
 Still be Anacreon, still inspire
 The descent of the Teian lyre :
 Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
 Distilling love in every note !

And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
Whom he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

ODE LX.

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled;
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 awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
— And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

ODE LXI.

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight!
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreath,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song!

ODE LXII.

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

ODE LXIII.

HASTE thee, nymph, whose winged spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn to Lethe's river, turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
There thy people's peace restore.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Dian! must they—must they pine?

ODE LXIV.

RICH in bliss, I proudly scorn,
The stream of Amalthea'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 years.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

ODE LXV.

Now Neptune's sullen mouth appears,
The angry night-cloud swells with tears;
And savage storms, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illumine:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We'll hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXVI.

THEY wove the iotus band to deck
And fan with pensile wreath their neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread;
And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief!
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,
Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape!

ODE LXVII.

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

ODE LXVIII.

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin, 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 LXIX.

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

ODE LXV.

I BLOOM'D a while a happy flower,
Till love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then, I feel, like some poor willow,
That tosses on the wintry billow!

ODE LXXI.

MONARCH Love! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs that glance ethereal blue
Disporting tread the mountain dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise.
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love, thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well!

ODE LXXII.

SPIRIT of Love, whose tresses shine
 Along the breeze, in golden twine;
 Come, within a fragrant cloud,
 Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
 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 pretty Lesbia, mocks my woe;
 Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
 Which tinge upon my forehead strews.

ODE LXXIII.

HITHER, gentle Muses of mine,
 Come and teach thy votary old.
 Many a golden hymn divine,
 For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
 Fair thy silky locks unfold;
 Listen to a hoary sage,
 Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

ODE LXXIV.

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

Would that I were a golden vase,
 And then some nymph should hold
 My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
 Herself as pure as gold!

ODE LXXV.

WHEN Cupid sees my beard of snow,
 Which blanching time has taught to flow,
 Upon his wing of golden light
 He passes with an eagle's flight,
 And fitting on he seems to say,
 "Fare the well, thou'st had thy day."

ODE LXXVI.

CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray
 Which lightens our meandering way,
 Cupid within my bosom stealing,
 Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
 Which pleases, though severely teasing,
 And teases, though divinely pleasing!

ODE LXXVII.

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

ODE LXXVIII.

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

ODE LXXIX.

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
 Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
 I think there's madness in my breast,
 Yet cannot find that madness there.

ODE LXXX.

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
 I'll plunge into the whitening deep;
 And there I'll float to waves resign'd,
 For love intoxicates my mind!

ODE LXXXI.

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
 Crystal water, ruby wine:
 Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
 O'er my wintry temples blushing.
 Mix the brimmer—Love and I
 Shall no more the gauntlet try.
 Here—upon this holy bowl,
 I surrender all my soul!

EPIGRAMS OF THE ANTHOLOGIA.

[AMONG the Epigrams of the Anthologia there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to the work; but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety; a frequent recurrence of the same thought, within the limits of an epitaph, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius.]

ON ANACREON.

I.

AROUND the tomb, O bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer pour her waste of roses!

And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him whom nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou mayst from odours round thee streaming
A pulse of past enjoyment steal
And live again in blissful dreaming!

II.

HERE sleeps Anacreon in this ivied shade;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
And yet, O bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious breath;
And still thy songs of soft Bathylia bloom,
Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb!

Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love.
Still, still it lights thee through th' Elysian
grove!
And dreams are thine that bless th' elect alone,
And Venus calls thee even in death her own!

III.

O STRANGER! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In exquisite libation here!
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still,
I cannot even in death resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When harmony pursued my ways,
And Bacchus listen'd to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed!
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

IV.

AT length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

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

Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart
That Love could scatter from his quiver;
And every woman found in thee a heart,
Which thou with all thy soul couldst give her!

NOTES TO LALLA ROOKH.

PAGE 1.

THESE particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in Dow's "History of Hindostan," vol. iii. p. 322.

Leika.—The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many Romances, in all the languages of the East, are founded.

Shrine.—For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, v. *D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oriental Collections, &c.*

Dewilde.—The history of the loves of Dewilde and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written, in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero.—*Persha.*

Those insigña of the Emperor's favour, &c.—"One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettledrum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen for that end."—Fryer's "Travels."

"Those whom the King had 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."—Elphinstone's "Account of Cabul."

Kedar Khan, &c.—"Kedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Jurquestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad, was preceded by seven hundred horsemen 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 him, to distribute among the poets who excelled."—Richardson's Dissertation, prefixed to his Dictionary.

The gilt pine-apples, &c.—"The Kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the canopy over the litter or palanquin."—Scott's notes on the "Bahardanush."

The rose-coloured veils of the Princess's litter.—In the Poem of Zohair, in the Moallakat, 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-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andemwood.

"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 yon blue-gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

A young female slave sat fanning her. &c.—See "Bernier's" description of the attendants on Rauchanara-Begum, on her progress to Cashmere."

Religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector.—This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain

Holy Leagues.—"He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakcer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations."—"History of Hindostan," vol. iii. p. 355. See the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the "Oriental Collections," vol. i. p. 320.

The diamond eyes of the idol, &c.—"The idol at Jagherat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stolen one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the idol."—*Tavernier.*

Gardens of Shalimar.—See a description of these royal gardens in "An Account of the present State of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Franklin," *Astiat. Research*, vol. iv. p. 417.

PAGE 2.

Lake of Pearl.—"In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water."—Pennant's "Hindostan."

Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoor, 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."—Wilks's "South of India."

Described by one from the Isles of the West.—Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador from James I to Jehanguire.

Loves of Wamak and Ezra.—"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 in the Oriental Tales."

Of the fair-haired Zal, and his Mistress Rodahver.—"Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Namch of Fedousi; 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.

The combat of Rustam with the terrible white Demon.—Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sapeed Deev, or White Demon, v. "Oriental Collections," vol. ii. p. 45.—Near the City of Shiraz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Keclaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gazo philacium Persicum*, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—v. Ouseley's "Persian Miscellanies."

Their golden anklets.—"The women of the idol, and dancing-girls of the Pagoda, have little

golden bells fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the exquisite melody of their voices.—Maurice's "Indian Antiquities."

"The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian Princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them.—v. "Calmet's Dictionary, art. Bells."

That delicious opium, &c.—"Abou-Tigre, ville de la Thebaïde, ou il étoit beaucoup de pavot noir dont se fait le meilleur opium.—*D'Herbelot.*

That idol of women, Krishna.—"He and the three Raamas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Bindustan were all passionately in love with Krishna, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women."—Sir W. Jones, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.

The shawl-goat of Tibet.—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.

The veiled Prophet of Khorassan.—For the real history of this impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and was called Maccanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, v. *E'Herbelot.*

Flow'rets and fruits blush over every stream.—"The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces, with groves and streams and gardens."—Ebn Haukal's "Geography."

For far less numerous, &c.—"Ses disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas oblour ceux qui l'approchoit par l'éclat de son visage, comme Moÿse."—*D'Herbelot.*

In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night.—"Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des coëffures et des étendards des Khalifes Abbassides étant la noire, chef de Rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une, qui lui fut plus opposée."—*D'Herbelot.*

Javelins of the light Kathian reed.—"Our dark javelins exquisitely wrought of Kathian reeds, slender and delicate."—*Poem of Amru.*

Filled with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers. The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft 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 the rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias."—Sir W. Jones, "Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants."

Like a chenar-tree grove.—"The Oriental plane. The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green."—Morier's "Travels."

PAGE 3.

With turban'd heads of every hue and race,
Bowling before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds

"The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction, and given to the flower on account of its resemblance to a turban."—Beckmann's "History of Invention."

With belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnets of Bucharian shape.
The inhabitants of Bucharia wear a round

cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie 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.*

Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying-throne of star-taught Solomon.

This wonderful Throne was called the Star of the great Genii. 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 Soliman travelled, the western writers say, "He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun."—Sale's "Koran," p. 214. note

and thence descending flow'd
Through many a prophet's breast.

This is according to D'Herbelot's account of the doctrines of Mokanna:—"Sa doctrine étoit, que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine; depuis qu'il eut commandé aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu'après la mort d'Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophetes, et autres grands hommes qu'il avoit chosis, jusqu'à ce qu'il prit celle d'Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professeur l'erreur de la Teismakiah ou Metempsychose; et qu'après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne."

PAGE 4.

Such Gods as he,
Whom India serves, the monkey Deity.

"Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hanuman, a deity partaking of the form of that race."—Pennant's "Hindustan."

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 Jafanapatun.

—proud things of clay,
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refus'd, though at the forfeit of heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right.

This resolution of Eblis 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 meantime, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God's presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest; but he, no satisfied 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 resolu-

tion never to acknowledge him as such."—Sale, on the "Koran."

PAGE 7.

Where none but priests are privileged to trade
In that blest marble of which Gods are made.

The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) is made is held sacred. "Birmans may not purchase marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity made ready."—*Symes's Ara*, vol. ii. p. 370.

PAGE 8.

The puny bird that dotes, with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come.—

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 Lapwing, as a fact to which he was a witness, by "Paul" Lucas, Voyage fait en 1714.

PAGE 9.

Some artists of Yamtheou having been sent on previously.—"The feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtheou with more magnificence than anywhere else; and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trance. He made them by night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at Court perceiving his absence."—*The Present State of China*, p. 156.

Artificial sceneries of bamboo-work.—See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the "Asiatic Annual Register," of 1804.

The origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.—"The vulgar 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: the afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year; every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom."—*The Present State of China*.

The Kohol's jetty dye.

"None of these ladies," says Shaw, "take themselves to be completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges of their eyelids with the power of lead ore. Now, as this operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, 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. 30.) may be supposed to mean by rending 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 (2 Kings, iv. 50.) to have painted her face, the original words are, she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead ore."—*Shaw's Travels*.

About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food,

Tavernier adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emnets come and eat off their legs; and hence it is they are said to have no feet.

PAGE 11.

As they were captives to the King of Flowers.

"They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage."—*The Benhordanush*

But a light golden chain-work round her hair,
 &c.

"One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear."—*Hanway's Travels*.

The maids of Yezd.

"Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy, a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz."—*Tavernier*.

PAGE 12.

And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies . . .

"Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies agitated by the breeze."—*Jugadeva*.

I perceive there is a false rhyme in this song, which, often as I have read it over, never struck me till this moment.

To muse upon the picture that hung round.

It has generally been supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but Tadevini 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.

With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright
 eyes

He read, that to be bless'd, is to be wise.

"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 over running water in which fish were swimming." This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. "It was said unto her, Enter the palace. And when she saw it, she imagined it to be a great water, she discovered her legs by lifting up her robe to pass through it. Whereupon, Solomon said to her, Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass."—*Chap. 27*.

Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest.

This is not quite astronomically true. "Dr. Hadley (says Keil) 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 lucid disk is to be seen from the earth."

Zuleika.

"Such was the name of Potiphar's wife, ac-

ording to the Sura, or the chapter of the Alcoran, which contains the history of Joseph, and which for elegance of style surpasses every other of the Prophet's books; some Arabian writers also call her Rail. 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 'Yusef van Zulkahra,' by Nouredin Janai; the manuscript copy of which, in the Bodleian Library, of Oxford, is supposed to be the finest in the whole world." — Note upon Nott's "Translation of Hafez."

PAGE 15.

The apples of Istkahar.

"In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour." — *Ebn Haukel*.

They saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank.

For an account of this ceremony, v. Grandore's "Voyage in the Indian Ocean."

The Otontala or Sea of Stars.

"The place where the Whangho, a river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotumoor—that is, the Sea of Stars."—Description of Tibet, in Pinkerton.

And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen shells.

"A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells."—*Ali Bey*.

This City of War, which in a few short hours Has sprung up here.

"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 to the Court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents."—Dow's "Hindustan."

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 coloured calico, surrounding superb suites of tents; by ragged clothes or blankets stretched over sticks or branches; palm-leaves hastily spread over similar supports; handsome tents and splendid canopies; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels—all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets 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 tinkling throngs
Of laden camels, and their drivers' songs.

"Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses'

necks, which, together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot), singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully."—Pitt's "Account of the Mahometans."

"The camel-driver follows the camels, singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music."—*Tavernier*.

PAGE 16.

Hot as that crimson haze
By which the prostrate caravan is aw'd.

Savary says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from 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 enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it."

PAGE 18.

—The pillar'd Throne
Of Parviz.

There were said to be under this Throne, or Palace of Khosro Parviz, a hundred vaults filled with treasure so immense, that some Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou."—*Universal History*.

And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well.

We are not told more of this trick of the impostor than that it was "one machine, qu'il disoit être la Lune." According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Nakshab,—"Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiana, where they say there is a well in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day."

On for the lamps that light you lofty screen.

The tents of princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Gerge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it.—v. Harmer's "Observations on Job."

PAGE 19.

Engines of Havoc in, unknown before.

That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans, early in the eleventh century, appears from Dow's "Account of Mahmood I." "When he arrived at Moultan, finding 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 by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched his fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with tire-balls, to burn the craft of Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The Agnee aster, too, in Indian poems, the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek fire.—v. Wilks's "South of India," vol. 1. p. 471.

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by Ebn Fadhl, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with

nitrous 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 Abulhalid, in the year of the Hégira 712, says, "A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel."—v. the extracts from Casiri's "Biblioth. Arab. Hispan." in the Appendix to Berrington's "Literary History of the Middle Ages."

Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount.

See Hanway's "Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku" (which is called by Lieutenant Pottinger, Joola, Mookee, or the Flaming Mouth), taking fire and running into the sea. Dr. Cooke, in his Journal, mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. "Though the weather," he adds, "was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring."

Major Scott Waring says that naphtha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell, for lamps.

many a row

Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

PAGE 20.

Thou seest yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
With burning drugs for this last hour distill'd.

"Il donna du poison dans le vin a tous ses gens, et se jeta lui-meme 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 restolent de sa secte pussent croire qu'il étoit monte au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver."—*D'Herbriet*.

PAGE 21.

To eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong
was, of course, impossible.

"The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit season by a guard of sepoy; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table."—Mrs. Grant's "Journal of a Residence in India."

His fine antique porcelain.

This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan 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.)—Dum's "Collections of Curious Observations," &c.—a bad translation of some parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* of the Missionary Jesuits.

PAGE 22.

That sublime bird, which flies always in the air.

"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 omen; and that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown."—*Richardson*.

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, 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."—Wilks's "South of India." He adds in a note: "The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be encircled with a crown. The splendid little bird, suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultan, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy."

Whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever.

"To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c., on these 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 Sinai, who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts.—*Niebuhr*.

From the dark hyacinth to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair.—*Vide Nott's Hafez*, Ode v.

To the Càmalata, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.

"The Càmalata (called by Linnaeus, *Ipomœa*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in colour and form of leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue, and have justly procured it the name of Càmalata or Love's Creeper."—*Sir W. Jones*.

"Càmalata may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of India: and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming *Ipomœa*."—*Id.*

The Flower-loving Nymph, whom they worship in the temples of Kathay.

Kathay, I ought to have mentioned before, is a name for China. "According to Father Premare, 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.*

PAGE 23.

That blue flower which, Bramins say, Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise."—*Sir W. Jones*. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. This the Sultan, who keeps the flower of Champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere.—Marsden's "Sumatra."

I know where Isles of Perfume are.

Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchai, to the

south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says Grandpre) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean.*

Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds, &c.

"It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of 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 civet are collected upon the lands."—*Travels of Two Mahomedans.*

The pillar'd shades,
in the ground

The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade,
High over-arch'd and echoing walks between.—
MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the
Banyan-tree, v. Cordiner's "Ceylon."

Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones.

"With this immense treasure, Mamood returned to Ghizni; and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni."—*Ferishta.*

PAGE 24.

... blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is.

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 freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist, and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

Afric's Lunar Mountains.

"Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbel Kunrie, or the white or lunar-coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

Only the fierce hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks.

"Gondar was full of hyænas from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people exposed in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety."—*Bruce.*

PAGE 25.

But see who yonder comes,

This circumstance has often been introduced into poetry:—by Vicentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and, lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

PAGE 26.

And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales

"The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together."
—*Thevenot.*

On the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount.

Imaret, "hospice on an ledge of nourrit, gratis, les pèlerins pendant trois jours."—*Toderini*, translated by the Abbe de Cournaud.—v. also Castellani's "Mœurs des Othomans," Tom. 5, p. 145.

The boy was started from his bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels.

"Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the Mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice 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 a while; 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 leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of 'ghell gohunn ghell,' or, Come, dear, follow me."—*Aaron Hill's "Travels."*

The wild bees of Palestine.

"Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm 81), "honey out of the stony rock."—*Burder's "Oriental Customs."*

PAGE 27.

The Banyan Hospital.

"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 presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects."—*Parsons.*

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.—v. *Grandpre.*

Whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth,
like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges,
by crushing and trampling upon them.

"A very fragrant grass upon the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses when crushed a strong odour."—*Sir W. Jones "On the Spikenard of the Ancients."*

Artisans in chariots.

Oriental Tales.

Waved plates of gold and silver flowers over
their heads.

"Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, "small coin, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace."

His delectable alley of trees.

This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or tarrets," says Bernier, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

On the clear, cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus.

"Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water 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 nymphæas I have seen."—Mrs. Grant's "Journal of a Residence in India."

Who many hundred years since had fled hither from their Arab conquerors.

"On les voit persécutés par les Khalifes se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman: plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi."—M. Aquetil, "Mémoires de l'Académie," tom. xxxi. p. 346.

As a native of Cashmere, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers.

"Cashmere (says its historians) had its own princes 4,000 years before its conquest by Akbar, in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this Paradise of the Indies, situated as it is, within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs."—*Pennant*.

His story of the Fire-worshippers.

Voltaire tells us, that, in his tragedy, "Les Guebres," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists: and I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

Who lull'd in cool kiosk or bower.

"In the midst of the garden is the kiosk—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: large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures."—*Lady M. W. Montagu*.

Before their mirrors count the time.

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 pitecher 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 Lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents.

"He, with salute of deference due,
A lotus to his forehead prest;
She rais'd her mirror to his view,
Then turn'd it inward to her breast."

"Asiatic Miscellany," vol. ii.

th' untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak.

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 middle most part very cold and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm."—"It was on this mountain that the Ark is 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 the 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."—v. Carreri's "Travels," where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

The Gheber belt that round him clung.

"Pour se distinguer des Idolâtres de l'Inde les Guebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chameau."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

Who morn and even

Hail their creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of Heaven.

"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 reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its industrial 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 luminary, all glorious as it is, more than the second rank amongst his works, reserving the first to 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 remark, "that calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

That tree which grows over the tomb of the musician Tan-Sein.

"Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gwalior) 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 over-shadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice."—"Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Onzein," by W. Hunter, Esq.

The awful signal of the bamboo-staff.

"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 spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy not perhaps altogether void of apprehension."—"Oriental Field Sports," vol. ii.

Beneath the shade some pious hands had erected, &c.

"The Fiens Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of 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 nightingale now bends her flight.

"The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night."—"Russel's Aleppo."

PAGE 33.

Before whose sabre's dazzling light, &c.

"When the bright chitars make eyes of our heroes wink."—"The Moolakat," Poem of Amru.

As Lebanon's small mountain-flood
Is rendered holy by its ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks.

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 recluses, 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."—"Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity."

PAGE 34.

A rocky mountain o'er the sea
Of Oman beetling awfully.

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 Gomberoon (Harmozia), seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde."—"Kinneir's Persian Empire."

That bold were Moslem, who would dare
At twilight hour to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

"There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Koh-e Gubr, or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves, or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted to the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to

ascend or explore it."—"Beloochistan."

Still did the mighty flame burn on.

At the city of Yezi, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darûb Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu, or Fire Temple (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 indulgence 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."

PAGE 35.

while on that altar's fires
They swore.

"Nul d'entr'eux oseroit se parjurer, quand ila pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur."—"Encyclopedie Francaise."

The Persian lily shines and towers.

"A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour."—"Russel's Aleppo."

PAGE 36.

Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.

"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; v. 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 Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea." Annual's Philosophy, January, 1813. Hasselquist, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shells to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea in that wonderful display of genius, his Third Canto of Childe Harold, magnificent beyond anything, perhaps, that even he has ever written.

While lakes that shone in mockery nigh.

"The salsab, or Water of the Desert, is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake."—"Pottinger."

"As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing."—"Koran, chap. 24."

A flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over.

"A wind which prevails in February, called Bid-musk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name."—"The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month."—"Le Bruyn."

Where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water.

"The Biajus are of two races; the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike

and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gypsies, or itinerant 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 mousson. In some of their customs, this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians 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 Biajus perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy 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 violet sherbets.

"The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar."—*Hasselquist*.

"The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drank by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar."—*Tavernier*.

The pathetic measure of Nava.

"Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers."—*Persian Tales*.

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Her ruby rosary.

"Le Tesiph, qui est un chapelet, compose de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, on d'autre matiere precieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos; il etoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et egales, estime trente mille piastres."—*Toderini*.

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A silk dyed with the blossom of the sorrowful tree Nilica.

"Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthus give a durable colour to silk."—*Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower.—*Sir W. Jones*.—The Persians call it *Gul*.—*Carreri*.

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When pitying heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flame that beneath him burn'd.

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in "Dion Prusæus," 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.—v. Patrick on Exodus, iii. 2.

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They were now not far from that Forbidden River

"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 superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river."—Dow's "Hindustan."

Resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge.

"The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are

never afflicted with sadness or melancholy: on this subject, the Sheikh Abu-al-Kheir-Azhar has the following distich:

"Who is the man without care or sorrow (tell) that I may rub my hand to him,
(Behold) 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 Soheil or Canopus, which rises over them every night."—Extract from a geographical Persian Manuscript called "Heft Akim, or the Seven Climates," translated by W. Ouseley, Esq.

About two miles from Hussan Abdaul were the Royal Gardens.

I am indebted for these particulars of Hussan Abdaul to the very interesting Introduction of Mr. Elphinstone's work upon Canbul.

PAGE 46.

Putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate lizards.

"The lizard Stello. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by defacing the head, it mimics them when they say their prayers."—*Hasselquist*.

As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it was too delicious."

"As you enter at that Bazaar without the gate of Damascus, you see the Green Mosque, so called because it hath a steeple 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 the mosque was made in that place, because Mahomet, being come so far, would not enter the town, saying it was too delicious."—*Thevenot*. This reminds one of the following passage in Isaac Walton:—"When I sat last on this primrose 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."

Would remind the Princess of that difference, &c.

"Haroun Al Raschid, cinquième Khalife des Abbassides, s'étant un jour bronillé avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu'il amoît cependant jusqu'à l'exces, et cette mesintelligence ayant déjà dure quelque tems commença à s'ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s'en aperçut, commanda à Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent Poete de ce tems-là de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette broüillerie. Ce Poete executa l'ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers par Moussali en presence du Khalife, et ce Prince fut tellement touche de la tendresse des vers du poëte et de la douceur de la voix du musicien qu'il alla aussitôt trouver Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle."—*D'Herbelot*.

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Where the silken swing.

"The swing is a favourite pastime in the East, as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates."—*Richardson*.

"The swings are adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the master of the swings."—*Thevenot*.

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The tuft basil that waves
Its fragrant blossoms over graves.

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

rihan, and which is our sweet basil.—*Mauilet*,
Lett. 10.

The mountain-herb that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.

Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchymists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchymical enthusiasts think themselves secure of success, if they could but find out the herb, which glides the teeth and gives a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep that eat it. Even the oil of this plant must be of a golden colour. It is called *Hashischat ed dah*."

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a silver colour; and adds, "this confirms me that which I had observed in Caudia, to wit, that the animals that live on Mount Ida eat a certain herb, which renders their teeth of a golden colour; which, according to my judgment, cannot otherwise proceed than from the mines which are under ground."—Dandini, "Voyage to Mount Libanus."

PAGE 50.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present and future of pleasure.

"Whenever our pleasure arises from succession of sounds, it is a perception of a complicated nature, made up of a *sensation* of the present sound or note, and an *idea* or remembrance of the foregoing, while their mixture and concurrence produce such a mysterious delight, as neither could have produced alone. And it is often heightened by an anticipation of the succeeding notes. Thus Sense, Memory, and Imagination are conjunctively employed."—Gerrard
"On Taste."

'Tis dawn, at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn.

"The Persians have two mornings, the *Soobhi Kazim* and the *Soobhi Sadig*, the false and the real day-break. They account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the *Kohi Qaf* (Mount Caucasus) it passes a hole perforated through that 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—

Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

—————held a feast
In his magnificent *Shalimar*.

"In the centre of the plain, as it approaches the Lake, one of the Delhi Emperors, I believe Shah Jehan, constructed a spacious garden called *Shalimar*, which is abundantly stored with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Some of the rivulets which intersect the plain are led into a canal at the back of the garden, and, flowing through its centre, or occasionally thrown into a variety of 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 Mahl*, made *Kashmere* his usual residence during the summer months. On arches thrown over the canal are erected, at equal distances, four or five suites of apartments 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 colour, 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*.

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And oh! if there be, &c.

"Around the exterior of the *Dewan Kass* (a building of *Shah Ahun*'), 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*.

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Like that painted porcelain.

"The Chinese had formerly the art of painting on the sides of porcelain vessels, fish, and other animals, which were only perceptible when the vessel was full of some liquor. They call these species *Kia-tsin*; that is, 'azure is put in press,' on account of the manner in which the azure is put on."—"They are every now and then trying to recover the art of this magical painting, but to no purpose."—*Dunn*.

More perfect than the divinest images in the
House of Azor.

An eminent carver of idols, said in the *Koran*, to be father to Abraham. "I have such a lovely idol as is not to be met with in the House of Azor."—*Hafiz*.

The grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains.

"The pardonable superstition of the sequestered inhabitants has multiplied the places of worship of Mahadeo, of *Beschan*, and of *Brama*. All *Cashmere* is holy land, and miraculous fountains abound."—Major *Kennell's* "Memoirs of a *Map of Hindostan*."

Jehangire mentions a "fountain in *Cashmere* called *Tiragh*, which signifies a snake; probably because some large snake had formerly been seen there."—"During the lifetime of my father, I went twice to this fountain, which is about twenty coss from the city of *Cashmere*. The vestiges of places of worship and sanctity are to be traced without number amongst the ruins and the caves, which are interspersed in its neighbourhood."—*Toozek Jehangire*.—*Asiat. Misc.* vol. 2.

There is another account of *Cashmere* by *Abul-Fazil*, the author of the *Ayih-Acharee*, "who" says Major *Kennel*, "appears to have caught some of the enthusiasm of the Valley, by his descriptions of the holy places in it."

Whose houses roof'd with flowers.

"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*.

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Lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of
Pegu.

"Two hundred slaves there are, who have no other office than to hunt the woods and marshes

for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vi-
vary. Of the shells of these also lanterns are
made."—Vincent le Blanc's "Travels."

The meteors of the north, as they are seen by
those hunters.

For a description of the Aurora Borealis as it
appears to these hunters, v. "Encyclopædia."

The cold, odoriferous wind.

This wind, which is to blow from Syria Damas-
cena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of
the signs of the Last Day's approach.

The Cernlean Throne of Koolburga.

"On Mahommed Shah's return to Koolburga
the capital of Dekkan, he made a great festival,

and mounted his throne with much pomp and
magnificence, calling it Firozeh or Cernlean. I
have heard some old persons, who saw the
throne of Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mah-
mood Bhamenee, 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 Mahmood it was taken to pieces to re-
move some of the jewels to be set in vases and
cups, the jewellers valued it at one corore of
oons (nearly four millions sterling). I learned
also that it was called Firozeh from being partly
enamelled of a sky-blue colour, which was in
time totally concealed by the number of jewels."
—*Perishta*.

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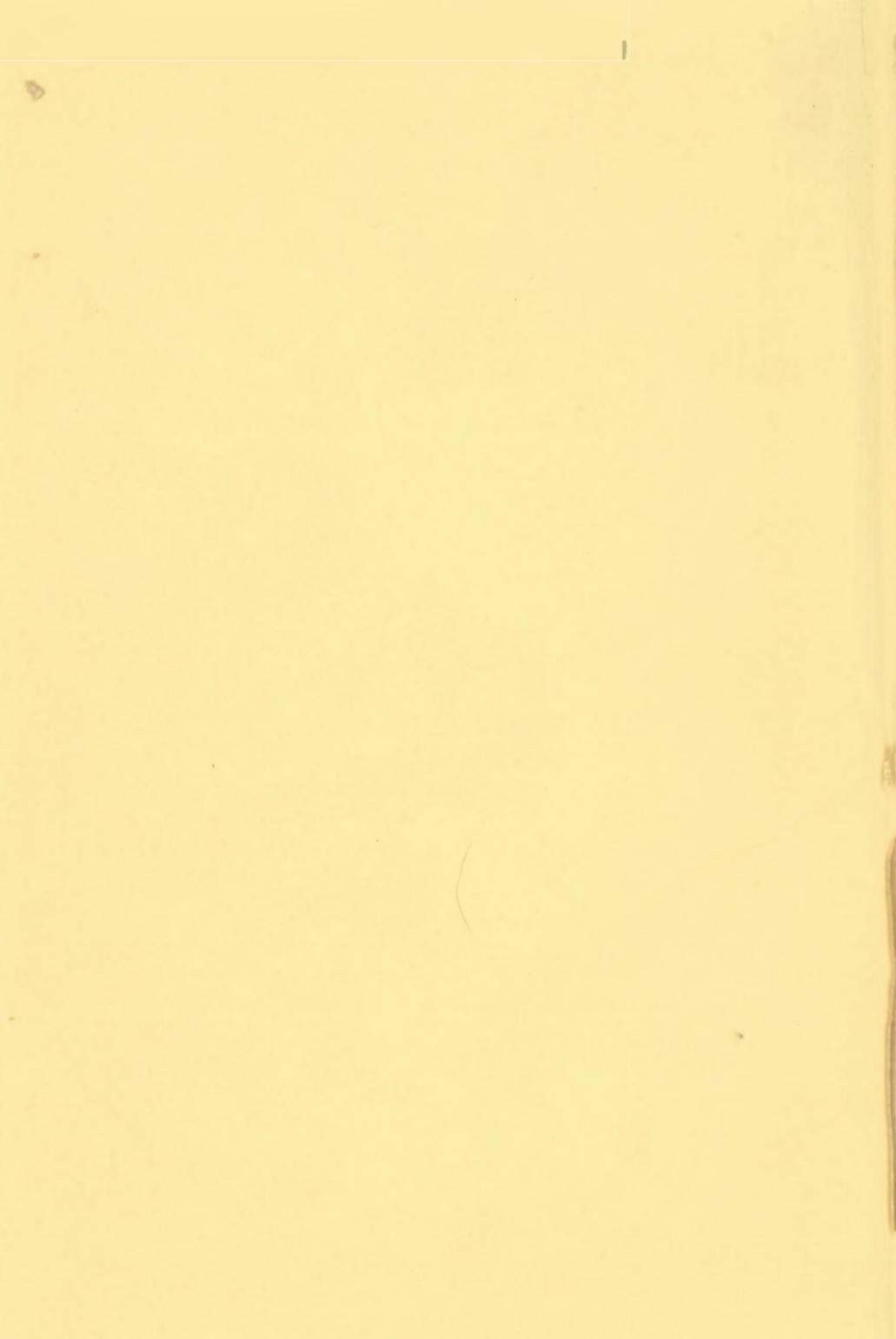
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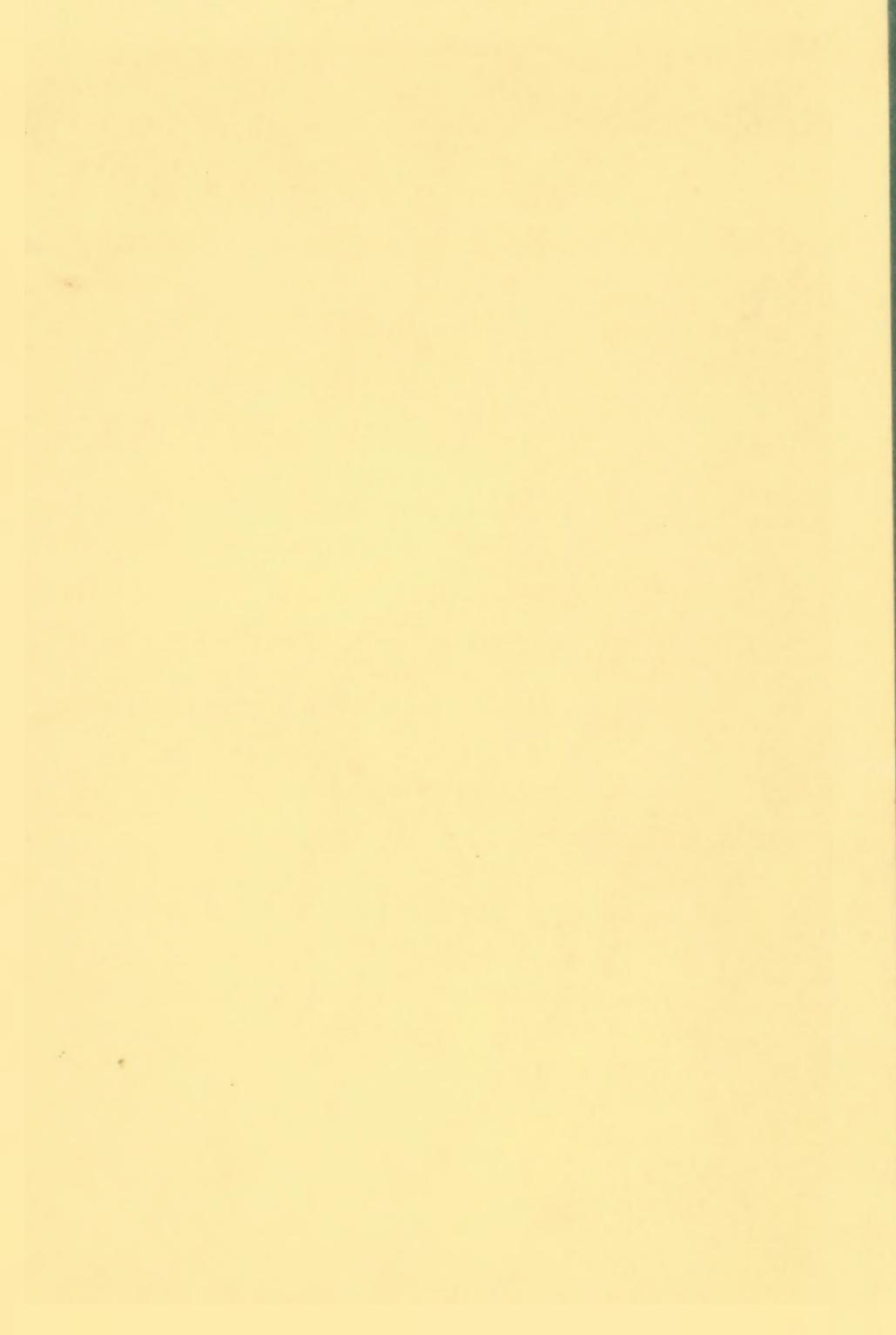
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