THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

COMPLETE.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GILBERT.

LONDON:

JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.
Thomast 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 dunce." 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 Burrowes'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 1795, he proceeded to London, to study law in the Middle Temple, and publish by subscription a Translation of Anacreon. 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 inarticul-
LIFE OF THOMAS MOORE.

Late poetry; and I have always felt, in adopting
to express its allegorical sense. "Part of Man's
words, and the other added into the text of the
words to the senses of the angels Harut and
of accommodation, and, therefore, the Lyrical
informed that an arrangement had been
of his death, and then, by the writer's own
and has been published under the title of "Life
by and his publishers appear to have treated
and his publishers appear to have treated
the Marquis of Lansdowne immediately
transferred its property, and has been
in the hands of a banker till the
is the Journal referred to, and the
of 3,000/. was realized for Moore's widow, The
he was at Venice, with Lord Byron,
and was written in Paris. The poem is founded on
the story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the
the hands of his illustrious friend, Lord
Byron's half-sister, Moore received 2,000/, 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
more than 5,000/.

Moore was next engaged in contributing a
great number of political squibs to the Times
newspaper—wit, sarcastic effusions, for which
he was paid at the rate of about 400/ 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. Beues 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
described by Mr. W. H. Bartlet as
"the perfect model of a literary
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From the foregoing sketch of Moore's life
and works, it will be seen that he was remarkable
for his industry, genius, and acquirements.
His career was one of high honour and success.
No poet was more universally read, or more
esteemed, in society by individuals distinguished for rank,
literature, or public service. His political friends,
when in office, rewarded him with a pension of
300/ per annum; and as his writings were pro-
fitable as well as popular, his latter days might
have been spent in comfort without the anxious
necessities of protracted penury. Moore's
residence was in a cottage in Wilts-
shire, but was too often in London, in
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
biographical 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 23, 1852.

Moore left behind him copious memoirs, jour-
nal, and correspondence, which, by the late's
request, were arranged and published in two
volumes by his publishers in 1859. The
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In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharas, 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 Sarrat, 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 "Tulip Cheek,"—a princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Lalla, Shirin, Dewilde, 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 Bucharas.

The day of Lalla Rookh's departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pagentry 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 straining the most delicious flowers around, as in that Parsi festival called Gul Rosee, or the Scattering of the Roses, till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravanserai music from Khoten had passed through it. The Prince, having taken leave of his 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 Pakeers, who kept up the perpetual lamp in her sister's tomb, weekly ascended the palanquin prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lulilore.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour, the feathers of the elect 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 palanquins—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrits, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were enshrined—the rose-coloured veil 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 maids 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 Fadhddeer, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

Fadhddeer was a judge of everything,—from the paintings of a Cireasian'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 mornaday say, 'It is night,' declare that you behold the moon and stars. And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Juggernaut."
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 secluded skylarks and linnet-birds 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 her scenes, so lovely and so sweet 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 or the company around be indifferent to everything else. But Wild peacocks and turtle-doves, who sung sweetly to the vina, and who, now and then lulled her to sleep 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 Musulman 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 last all their charm, and then 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. The mention of a poet, Fadladeen elevated his critical eyebrows, and having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium, his critical eyebrows, and having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium, his face grew uncommonly fair, and his eyes sparkling with a mysterious light, he was introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gaze in her father's hall, and who, having conceived from that specious but false flattery, a false opinion on the very first appearance of Fera-mor, he was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of woman, Chirishna (the Indian Apollo),—such as he appears to their young imaginings, 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, the yellow and scarlet that adorned 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 every thing 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 maid of the west used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra,—and, having composed, 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, fairer than all husbands in the Murgas, And Moreou'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 Unmerry 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 Mouass'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 dear a death! In hatred to the Caliphs hue of night,* Black Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white; Their weapons various—some equipp'd, for speed, With javellins of the light Kathanian 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, Yield 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 Over all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars that uphold The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold, A loft the Harun's curtained galleries rise, Where, through the silken net-work, shining With javellins of the light Kathanian 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, Yield 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 Over all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

* Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun.
† Moses.
§ Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards.
¶ Pichulik, used ancienly for arrows by the Persians.
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare
To hint that might but Heaven hath placed you there?
Or that the loves of this light world could not
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 maidens,
And crown th' Elect with bliss that never fades!
Well hath the Prophet-chief his bidding done;
And every bounteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at Brahman's burning fonts,
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's mountains;
From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shot glances of Kathay; and
And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker rings,
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 mimickry of God's own power
Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?
Not such the pageant now, though not less broad;
You warrior youth advancing from the crowd
With silver bow, with belt of broder'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,—
Like war's wild planet in a summer sky—
Yon warrior youth advancing from the crowd
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With silver bow, with belt of broder'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
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 Haman’s loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving embroidered scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth—like those the Hauris 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 bower
Shall cast the veil that hides its splendours now,
And gladder! 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 one whose 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 thrilled like Alla’s own!
The young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,
The glittering throne, and Haman’s half-caught glance;
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:—you 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 dwell’d, was thy soul’s fondest prayer!
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
What’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 each 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:—

“Not—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 alluring 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, leading to the Caspian half its strength.
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length:
There, on the banks of that bright river born,
The flowers that hung above its wave at 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.

And there, amidst their youth’s bright event, as it pass’d!
But war disturb’d this vision—far too early.
From her fond eyes, summon’d to join th’ array
Of Persia’s warriors on the hills of Thrace,
The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-place
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
(And here the waves of Zelica’s voice
Became a murmurer, the fit of all her tone
Just ere he dies,)—at length those sounds of dread!
Fell withering on her soul, “Azim 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 smil’d—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 smil’d.
But ’twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild:
And when she sung to her lute’s touching strain,
Twas like the notes, half ecstatic, half pain.
The bubble that 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 Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.
* The nightingale.
When, vanquish'd by some minister's powerful art,  
She clung upon the leaf whose sweetness broke her heart!  

So clear was the mood in which that mission found  
Young Zelica,—that mission, which around  
The Eastern world, in every region blaze  
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 mad-wench zeal she caught  

E' er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever  
Shed the glories of that heaven, her destined sphere,  
Her mind with gloom and easey by time  
In the spirit's light should pass away,  
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay  
For the maiden, doubly crazed by dread.  

Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round  
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,  
Squall—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 air of death hung over them,  
Never, by that all-improving 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 mid—she believed, lost maid—to Heaven;  
Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflamed.  
How proud she stood, when in full Hara'm named  
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eye  
With light, alas! that was not of the skies,  
When round in trances only less than hers,  
She saw the Hara'm 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 bird small wings away!  
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smiled,  
The soul was lost; and bluses, swift and wild  
As are the momentary meteors sent  
Across th' uncalm, but beantous 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 shades of earth—now  
Cross the 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, som e years since, delighted ranged  
The almond grove's that shade Bokhara's side,  
All life and bliss, with Azin by her side!  
So order'd was she now: this festal day;  
When, mid the proud Divans dazzling array,  
The vision of that youth, whom she had loved,  
And went as dead, before her breathed and move'd—  

When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track;  
But half-way trodden, he had wonder'd back  
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—  
Her beantous Azin 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, by which beholders win  
Unhoped-for entrance through some friend  
Within,  
One clear idea, waken'd 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:  


LALLA ROOKH.
Enough to show the maze in which this 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 heart.
But oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone.
And, then, her oath—there readiness lay again,
And shudder'd, back she sunk into her chain
Of mental darkness, as if 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 disguise,
And uttered such unheavenly, monstrous things
As even across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out.
Throw 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 vengeful vision of 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 Azlm's fond, Divine embrace
Should circle her in heaven, no darkening trace
Would o'er that homely lie once loved remain,
But all he bright, be pure, be his again.
These were the wilderings dreams, whose curt deceit
Had chains 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 shape, so prevaileth—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 madly o'er the yawning wave
She now went swiftly to that small kiosk,
That semblance—oh, how terrible, if true!—
As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,
And madly o'er the yawning wave
She now went swiftly to that small kiosk.

And, starting all its wrenches from their sleep,
By one cold impulse hurl's them to the deep;
So came that shock not frenzy self could bear.
And waking up each long-livid image there,
But cheek'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!

Wan and deflected through the evening dusk.
For the fair-branching future's rich success
To lead 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 bound
Came like a spirit o'er the unwaking 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—
Fest brilliant, soft, such lights as love madly,
Look loveliest in shed their glimmering 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.
Lke Zemzem's Spring of Holiness, had power
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!

And still be drank and ponder'd—nor could see
The approach of him, 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 image, forsooth!—such gods as he
Whom India serves, the monkey deity's
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 your neck
Of your foul race, and without fear or check.
Lustcaring in hate, avenge my shame.
My deep-felt, long-nurth loathing of man's name
Soon, at this head of myriads, blind and fierce
As hooded falcons, through the universe
I'll sweep my darkening, desolate way,
Weak man my instrument, cruel man my prey!

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your duli
War on
Ye shall have honourwealth,—yes, sages,
I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothing-
Undazzled it can track ye stary sphere,
But gift stick, a baulble binds it there.

The cities of Koom and Kasmian are full of mosques, mansions, and sepulchres of the descend-
ts of All, the saints of Persia.
† An island in the Persian Gulf celebrated for its white wine.
‡ The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.
§ The good Hmannam.
¶ 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 manufacter.
How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along
In lying speech, and still more lying song.
By these learn slaves, the meanest of the
throng;
Their wisps 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, holier even than Nimrod, think to rise.
By senseless head on senseless, to the skies;
Ye shall have miracles, ay, sound ones too,
Seen, heard, attested, everything—but true,
How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along
They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stult.
Who, bolder even than Nimrod, think to use,
A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!
A lieaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,
(Whose simple yotaries shall on trust receive,
Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it
bought up, their wisdom shrunk so
One grace of meaning for the things they
That heaven of each is but what each desires,
And things as lust or vanity inspires,
That prophet shall sustains his holy call
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of
all:
Honors for boys, omniscience for sages,
And wings and glory for all ranks and ages.
Yon things!—as lust or vanity inspires.
The heaven of each is but what each desires,
And, soul or sense, whatever the object be,
Man would be man to all eternity!

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,
Watching the gems' bright colour as they go,
Nightly my genius 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?—then sawst him
then:
Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like men
Then it 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, shrunk 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—youthf Mizrak's blue
eyes.
Whose glance did like snow on violet lips;
Aroura's cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,
And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
Have magic in their pressure; Zaha's Inte,
And Lilla's dancing feet, as when a spring-day sun,
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violet lies;
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Whose sleepy lid like snow on violet lies;
And Lilla's dancing feet, as when a spring-day sun,
At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream
Seem'd all as he said; nor could her mind, whose state
As yet was weak, penetrate his scheme. But when, at length, he utter'd—"Thou art only
All mask'd at once, and shrieking piteously,
"Oh, not for worlds!" she cried—"Great God! to whom
I once kne'd innocent, is this my doom?
Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss, My pride, my pride, then come to this,—
To live the wanton of a fiend! to be
The pander of his guilt—oh, infamous! And, sunk myself as low as hell can steep
In its hot flood, drag others down as deep?
Others?—ah 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, beware,
Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
Even from thy lips. Go try thy taste, thy voice,
The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
Once more illumining my fair Priestess' 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,
Exce's ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.
Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet!—those eyes were made
For love, not anger—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 nurtur'd too.
Must he too, glorions as he is, be driven
A renegade like me from love and heaven?
Like me, weak wrelter, I wrong him—not like me.
No—he's all truth and strength and purity!
Fill up your madding 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 deft 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 bower
He kissed at parting is dishonour'd now—
Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she
Whom once he loved—once!—still loves dothingly!
Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what!—thou brand
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.
Then hell—'tis nothing, while he knows it not.
For off to some benighted land I'll fly,
Where sunbeam never 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, what'er thou art,
Who foundst this burning plague-spot in my heart,
* The ancient story concerning the Crocodiles, or cunning-bird, entering with impunity into the month of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java.

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

And spread it—oh, so quick!—through soul and frame
With more than demon's art, till I became
A leathern thing, all peltishness, all flame! If, when I'm gone——"

"Hold, fearless maid!—by Heaven not half so bold
The puny bird that dares with teasing him
Within the crocodile's stretched jaws to come!"

And so thou'lt fly, soothsayer?—what!—give up all
Thy chaste dominion in the Haram hall.
Where, now to love and new to Alia given,
Half mistress and half saint, thou hastEast even
As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven
Thou'lt fly?—as easily may reptiles run
The gaunt snake once hath fix'd his eyes upon
As easily, when caught, the prey may be
Pluck'd from his loving folds, as thou from me.
No, no, 'tis fix'd—let good or ill betide.
Thou'lt mine till death—till death Mokanna's bride!

Hast thou forgot thy oath!"

At this dread word,
The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd
Through all its depths, and roused an anger there
That burst and lighten'd even through her despair:
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 wedd.
And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead
(Immortal spirits in their time no doubt)
From reeking shrudings upon the rite look'd out!
That oath thou hast hardest more lips than thine repeat—

That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?
That cup we pledge'd, the charm's choicest wine,
Hath bound thee—ay—body and soul all mine;
Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curt
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 know'st me, knowst me well at last.
Hail! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thoughts all true,
And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—
As victims, love them; as the ser-dog do'ts
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!
That hath been reserved to bless thy favour'd sight:
Those dazzling eyes, before whose shroud'd might
Thou'st seen immortal man kneel down and quake—
Would that they were Heaven's lightnings for
his sake!"
But turn and look—then wonder, if thou wilt,
That I should hate, should take revenge, by
guilt.
Upon the land, whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus minia’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 heh, 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—shrick’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 of Yamchou 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 Zelica 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-
vilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor
artists of Yamchou,—and was followed with
equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain
bewildore’d,—nor can guess
The bands of Greece, still mighty though en-
mired;
By her own mounta.in flowers, as by a spell,—
Upon her long bluck hair, with glussy gleam
Dread bows to ali who seek its c.inopy TT—
Bursts on his sight, houndless and bright a

In broken rainbows, tt fresli fountain playś

Not nng could be morę beantiful than theleaves
Which liiing thousands of silken lanterns,
Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the down-
No IS, fo?u? SSSLfo?

With every line, as Love may chance to raise
His blade for 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 bid,
Like swords half-sheathed, beneath the down-

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 wipe the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O other the warm blushed 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 Circassias vales, so beautiful!
So bright, that in the mirror’s depth they seem
Like lips 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 call
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, blast again to hold
In her till the perfume’s leaves of gold.

Who feels her hrightness, yet defies her thrall
Tart? ® pL rit aSainst beauty-s charms,
A 4 un, vohn, fort the obilous light,

In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays

Lalla

ROOKH.

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Who feels her hrightness, yet defies her thrall
Tart? ® pL rit aSainst beauty-s charms,
High as the enameled cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of zari and flowers,
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's gold:
Like the wet, glittering sheath of every eye
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those far, living things
Of hand and wave, whose fate,—in bondage
Enraptured.

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

Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay living songsters, 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 cinnamón—
Young Azim wander'd, looking sternly round,
And with Heaven's sword for man's enfran-
chisement—
Thou, that surveys this span of earth we press,
Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies;
It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of famę
And daring deed! thy godlike sages taught;
It was not so, land of the generous thought
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow islems twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!—
Waved on the breath, or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name that long shall infall 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
Sanctuary.

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 eaglet gaze
Of my young soul—shine on, will stand the blaze!

So thought the youth;—but even while he de-
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 hunt 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;
So thought the youth, and sent him up 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 heav-

"On, my loved mistress! whose enchantments
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 tears rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile, worth immortality!
How shall I beat the moment when restored
To that young heart where I alone am lord, Thoug-h 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
Day
Leaves on the waters when he sinks from us;
So long the path, its light so tremulous:
He sees a group of female forms advance,
Some chain'd together in the sunny dance
By fetters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers;
And some dispersing round, unlinked and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters slavery.
And round and round them still, in whirling flight
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night:
While others walk'd, as gracefully along.
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song

From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still!
And now they come, now pass before his ear,
Forms such as Nature moulds when she would
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest pictures:
A while they dance before him, then divide.
Breaking, like rosy clouds at eve-tide
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.

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
Upon a musnud's* edge, and, bolder grown,
In the pathetic mode of Isfahun:

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemen'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.

From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood.
Wielding this,—she set about it 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

* Musnud 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 Isfahun, the mode of Irak, &c.
‡ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilmimar.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when lone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bence-
No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the
wane,
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 Ben-
deemer?

"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 knowest the art.
For though thy lip should sweetly counsel
wag
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 letters twine,
Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!

Scarcely had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling
through
The gently-open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Keeping 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 dy apart, and in
From the cool air, mild showers of jessamine
Which those without flung after them in play.
Two lustrous maidens sprang, lightsome as
they
Who live in the air on odours, and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the
ground.

Chase one another, in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquent like love's warm pursuit:—
While she, who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking 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 ear-rings of orient gems, that glanced
More bright than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of coral 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;—
Hung round their steps, at every bound
more
waste
As 'twere the ecstatic language of their feet!

At length the chase was o'er, and they soon
wretched
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 swall'n again at each faint close,
The ear could track through all that maze of
chords
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd
words:

"A Spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air:
Where checks 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-dilies, 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 glancing 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 spark'd like
crystals with which it abounds.—Journey of the
Embassador 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.—Sale.
‡ The blue lotus, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.
Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had
Recall her tears to thee at parting given,
Against a pillar near;—not glittering over
He turns, and sees a female form, close reied,
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone
The song is muted, the laughing nymphs are
Think of her smiles as when thou sawst them
Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, or Saba.
† The wife of Potiphar, thus named by Orientals.
§ Deep blue is their mourning colour.
$ The sorrowful nyctanthes, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

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 falls off—her faint hands clasp his
knees.
'Tis she herself!—'tis Zelica she sees!
But, ah, so pale, so changed—none but a lover
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
Yet in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower,
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,
And spreads its signs like frankincense about!

"Look up, my Zelica,—one moment show
Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know
Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,
But there, at least, shines as if 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,—only thee,
From the whole world's collected treasury—
To have thee here—to hang thus fondly o'er
My own best, purest Zelica 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 shows 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 treasured minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his beloved cares
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.
But, when she heard him call her good and
more,
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 withering
blight
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light—
The 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 light unbrightened place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wiry 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.
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 brightness
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!
Dost 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 woukldst not wonder that, at last,
When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
When I heard frightful voices round me say,
Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glared on me while I spoke that oath,
My oath, my oath, O God! 'tis all too true,
Go—I fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
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 disdain'd web that whiten's 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
To be the blest companion of thy way;—
Till the good angels, when they see me cling
To thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
To blame the stain'd web that whitens in the sun.
All wild—and even this quenchless love within
Tarn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—
That every spark of reason's light must be
Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee.
All the long, long night of hope and fear,
Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear.
O God! thou woukldst not wonder that, at last,
When every hope was all at once o'ercast,
When I heard frightful voices round me say,
Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glared on me while I spoke that oath,
My oath, my oath, O God! 'tis all too true,
Go—I fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
For the sunk heart, 'tis this—day after day
To be the blest companion of thy way;—
Till the good angels, when they see me cling
To thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
To blame the stain'd web that whitens in the sun.
All wild—and even this quenchless love within
Tarn'd to foul fires to light me into sin!
Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—
That every spark of reason's light must be
Quench'd in this brain, ere I could stray from thee.
Hold me not—thou thinkest thon the stonds that sever
Hearts cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—for ever!

With all that strength which madness lends the weak,
She hung 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.
Knew up through that long avenue of light.

Mostly 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 gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively upon Fadladeen. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as worthily to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Iskathar, 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 frequent, they 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 note of Feramorz touched lightly at the door of her pavilion that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up, and, with her heart full of the exquisite pleasure that she heard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a princess, everything was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the way,
Where all was waste and silent yesterday?
This City of War which, in a few short hours
Inthad sprung up here, as if the magic powers
Of him who, in the twinkling of a star,
Built the high-piller'd halls of Chiliminar,]

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

** 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:—**

* 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 fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.
* This trumpet is often called in Abyssinia Nesser Cano, which signifies the Note of the Eagle.
* The Moham medan religion.
* The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Cashin; and when one desires another to assererate a matter, he will ask him if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.
First in the van, the People of the Rock,*
On their light mountain steeds of royal stock;†
Their banner wears the name of Damascus, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marques.‡

Men from the regions near the Yoga's mouth
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South.
And Indian busses, in white turban'd ranks
From the far Sinde, or Attock's sacred banks,
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh,§
And many a peace-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 the Impostor throng'd.

Beside his thousands of Believers,—blind,
Burning, and headlong as the Samiel wind.—Many who felt, and more who feared to feel
The bloody Islamic's conquering steed,
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 feet 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 sternier hate than Iran's outlaw'd men.
Her Worshippers of Fire—**—all paling 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 Badkoo, and those fountains of blue flame
That turn into the Caspian§ fierce they come.
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bleed!

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host
That high in air their motley banners toss'd
Around the Prophet-Chief—all eyes still bent
Upon that glittering steed, wh'er'oer 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 Petrae, called "The People of the Rock."
† Those horses, called by the Arabs Kochlan, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 200 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 chief residence of those ancient natives who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter the have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment above 3,000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ata Qedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire.

¶ Yezdi, the mountain near Bader, was called by Gabriel mounted on his horse Alizzam.

While steams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze
Smoke up to heaven—not 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 band hush check'd the flying Moslem's host,
And now they turn—they rally—at their head
A warrior alike those angels 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 their unhazed in the sky!—
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deeds devilish promiscently 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 slim
The needle tracks the lead-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, hurried even him along:
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
Of flying thousands, he is borne away;—

‡‡ In the mountains of Nishapour and Tons in Khorassan they find turquoises.
** The Ghurees or Guurahs, 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.

†† Yezdi, the mountain near Bader, was called by Gabriel mounted on his horse Alizzam.
And the soul joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight is—murdering, as he goes!
As a grim tiger, when the torrent's might
Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night
Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched flocks
Sweps with him in that snow-flood from the rocks.
And, to the last, devoring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!

"Alla if 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-fects:—

The Swords of God hath triumph'd—on his throne
Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.
Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his 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 woes

By came long use of suffering, tame and slow;
But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee
It broke at once, when all seem'd destesty:
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloom past
Melt into splendour, and bliss dawn 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
Wore check'd—like the fount-drops, frozen as they start!
And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
Each fix'd and chired 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 ruhions blast.
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
Far, far away, after that fatal night.—
Humours of armes, thronging to th' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back.
Fleet as the vulture speeds of flags unfurled,
And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly hurled
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:

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 last sole stubborn fragment, left unfurled.
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 savioir in their down-fallen Chief.
Raised the white banner within Nicksheb'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
Touched with heaven's glory, ere such flames 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 rain,—to behold
As while a page as Virtue o'er unrul'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
This is his triumph:—this the joy accrest,
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 consumes!

But other tasks now wait him—tasks that need
All the deep &uringness of thought and deed
With which the Dives** have gifted him—for mark.
Over ye plains, which night had else made dark,
Those luminors, countless as the winged lights
That sprinkle Indus's fields on showery nights,††
Far as their formidible gleams they shed.
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
Glimmering along th' horizons dusky liile,
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the fonts and groves, o'er which the town.

In all its arniki magnifico looks down,
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
Mokanna views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though enfold'd, be set.
Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;
That friendless, throned, he thus stands at bay,
Even thus a match for myriads such as they!

* The Tehbir, or cry of the Arabs. "Alla Achar!" says Ockley, "means God is most mighty."
† The zirehats is a kind of crowns which the women of the Last sing upon joyful occasions.
‡ The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.
§ The ancient Oxus.
¶ A city of Transoxania.
¶¶ You never can cast your eyes on this tree but you must 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.
"Oh for a sweep of that dark angel's wing,
Who blush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian king!
Beside a moment, that I might
People hell's chambers with you host to-night:
But where may, let who will grasp the thrones,
Caliph or Prophet, man alike shall groan;
Let who will torture him, Priest—Caliph—

Alas this fraughtsome world of his shall ring
With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,

Sounds that a 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
Bear from Heaven, whose light nor blood shall crown
for shadow of earth eclipse; before whose gems
The pale 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 All's beauteous eyes,§
Fades like the stars when morn is in the skies;
Warriors, rejoice—the port, to which we pass'd
Of destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
Victory's own—tis written in that Book
Upon whose leaves none but the angels look.
That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
Of her greatest 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 turned, and, as he spoke,
A sudden splendor 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.†—
Plunging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret,
Ring such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
Round the rich city and the plain for miles.†—
A sudden splendor all around them broke,
Now turn and see!——

\"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 dimmish mountain-tide
Wash'd on to the spot, like bees of Kauzeronn,\*—
And as the clash is heard, new legions soon
Pour to the spot, like bees of Kauzeronn,§
To the shrill timbrels which 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 last of whom, the Silver Veil
Is seen, glittering as thorns, like the white sail
Of some bold vessel, on a stormy night,
Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And bath not this brought th' proud spirit low?
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring?

Though half the wretches whom at night he led
To thrones and victory lie disgraced and dead;
Yet, morning hears him, with unsurprising crest
Still vaunted 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;—alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out.
But Faith, fanatical Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' impostor knew all lures and arts
That Lucifer e'er taught to tangle hearts;
Nor, 'mid these last bold workings of his plot
Against men's souls, is Zelma forgot.
Ill-fated Selena! 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 was 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 though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
Ominous访谈ings 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.
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a soul'd-upathy
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

\* Senachern, called by the Orientals King of Mousail.
† 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 Abba'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 Hall, or the eyes of Ali.
† During two months the Persian forces, by making a luminous body, like a moon, rise up from a well every night, and which shed its light for many miles.
‡ The Shechmah, called Sakinat in the Koran.
\* The parts of the night are made known as well by intruments of music as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums.
\* From the groves of orange trees at Kauzeronn the bees call a celebrated honey.—Morier.
Again, as in Meron, he had her deck’d
Gloriously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her fluttering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice:
Palpit 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 trance,
Should dawn 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 unreaped—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 beligerants pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before.
And horrible as now;†—javelins, that fly
Enwreathed with smoky flames through the dark sky,
And red-hot globes that, opening as they go,
Discharge, as from a kindled naphtlia font,
Showers of consuming fire o’er all below:
Looking, as through thy 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 plain
Shines and doomes and streets of syca-more:
Its lone bazaars, with their bright cloth of gold,
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll’d—
Its beauteous 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, unshadow’d by a prayer;—
O’er each in turn the terrible flame-holts fall,
And death and conflagration through all the desolate city hold high festival!

Mekanna sees the world is his no more;—
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o’er.
‘What! drooping now?’—thus, with unblush’d cheek.
He hailed the few who yet can hear him speak,
Of all those famish’d slaves around him lying,
And by the light of blazing temples dying:—
‘What! drooping now?’—now, when at length you 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.—Cowper.
† The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the Emperors to their allies, and which was fired in arrows and javelins.
‡ At the great festival of fire, called the Shab 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.
§ Their righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine, sealed; the seal whereof shall be musk—Koran.
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 confabulations 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 birth, the bower of revelry?
She enters—Holy Ann, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flame of brands
That round day burning, dropped from lifeless hands.
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich ceasing 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 vivid guests,
With their swoln 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, hardest in the train
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain
Would have met death with transport by his side.
Here mute and helpless gasp'd;—but as they died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes last strain
And clenched 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 mock'ing fiend, whose veil, now raised,
Shew'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,
Not the long-promised light, the brow whose meaning
Was to come forth, all-conquering, all-redeem'd.
But features horribler than hell e'er traced
On its own breed;—no Demon of the Waste,*
No churchyard ghost, caught lingering in the light
Of the blest sun e'er blasted mortal sight
With lineaments so frown, so fierce as those.
The Imposter now, in grinful mockery shows—
'There, ye wise saints, behold your Light, your Star,
Ye would 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' uncouthraces are fled.
Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
If Eblis loves you hail 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 Beelhan, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe by saying they are as wild as the Demon of the Waste.

† 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.
And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
Each by its own part carcase, watching it.
But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the tent, loud the beaumiers.
Their globes of fire (the dread artillery lent
By Greece to conquering Mahd) 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 Islamiotes' intent
To try, again, 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 boa's clasp.
Could match that grape 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 battress falls,
But still no breach—"Once more, one mighty swing
Of all your beams, together thundering!"
There— the wall shakes— the shouting troops exult—
Quick, quick, discharge your weightiest cata-

Right be the shot, and Nekshbab is our own!—
"Tis done, the battlements come crashing down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two,
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
En this blank stillness, checks the troops a while—
Just them 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 steed springs to the ground
"Mine, Holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task
To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask.
Eager he clars to meet the demon foe,
With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
For this the old man breathed his thanks and
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer.
And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,
And sought remembering but her love to thee,
Mak her all thine, all Ilia eternally!
Go to those happy fields where first we twined
Our youthful hearts together—every wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-

The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still—when, by a rustio grave
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
That brightenkl sven death—like the last streak
Of intense elory on the horizon's brim,
That blanches in the sun's first fiery beam.
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And should ye— but alas! my senses fail—
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—
Among the sons of Hell, whose voices raised
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!"
True fletect—years on years had pass'd away
Back to thy soul, and thou must feel again
For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,
And should ye— but alas! my senses fail—
To heaven upon the morning's sunshine rise
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Our youthful hearts together—every wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-

The story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan
being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadla-
deen's criticisms upon it. A series of disappoint-
ments and accidents had occurred to this learned
chamberlain during the journey, in the first place,
those couriers summoned, 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 Chinn, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang,
at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors (about the year 410). — Duff.
lirelincss, shattered the whole set to pieces an
rreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so
loothlely old as to have been used under the
Emperors Yan and Chan, who reigned many ages
before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, sup-
posed to be the identical copy between the leaves
of which Mohammed's favourite pigeon used to
nestle, and been mislaid by his Koran-bearer
three whole days; not without much spiritual
alarm to Fadladeen, who, thongh professing to
have been e5iS ^ii7le l!7lness of lts movements, to
dromedari The n upon tllle
gait o{ a VC1T tUl ed uromeciaiy. The licences, too in which it iu
dulged were unpardonabie ;-for instance th\npoem abounded with such
Like the faint, exquisite musie of a dream.'

"What critic that can count," said Fadladeen
"and has his full complement of fingers to count
within, would operate for an instant such
syllabic superfluities?" He therefore looked round,
and discovered that most of his audience were
asleep; while the glimmering of a few eyes seemed
inclined to follow their example. It became
necessary, therefore, however painful it was
to me, to be forced to continue with the
present, and accordingly concluded, with
an air of dignified candour, thus,—"Notw-
standing 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 interchange of the
Great Chamberlain, before Laloo could
courage to ask for another story. The poet
was still a welcome guest in the pavilion,—to
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 measures,
thus magisterially delivered, evidently made
an impression on them all. The Poet himself,
though criticism was quite a new operation,
and being wholly unknown in that
Paradise of the Indies—Cathay—suffered the shock as it is gene-
rall felt at first, till he had made it more
tolerable to the patient; the ladies began to
suspect that they ought not to be pleased and
inclined to conclude that there must have been
much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from
its having set all so soundly to sleep;
while the self-complete chamberlain was left to
triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred
and fifteenth time in his life, extinguished a poet.
Lala Rooh alone—and Love knew—per-
formed being delighted with all she had heard,
and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible.
Her motive, however, of first returning
to the subject was an art. It was while
they rested during the heat of noon, in a
fountain, on which some had doubtless a
well-known word from the Garden of Sadi.
many, like me, have viewed this fountain,
but they are gone, and their eyes are closed
for ever;”—that look occasion, from the
melancholy beauty of this poem, to pour
down upon the charms of poetry in general." It is true
the said, "few poets can imitate that sublime
bird— which flies always in the air, and never
touches the earth—it is only

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the
matter: it had not even the
contrivances of structure which make up for
the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the matter
not that stately, poetical phrasing by which
smith's apron converted into a banner, are so
easily girt and curiously into consequence.
Then as to the versification, it was no
worse of it, excusable; it had neither the
corréct flow of Pérodi, 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 in-
cluded were unpardonable—wherefore, this
line, and the poem abounded with such
"Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream."

* The reading of these fables so much pleased the Arabs, that when Mohammed read in the
the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the
royal standard of Persia.

† The Buna, 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!" Fadladeen, 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 Paramore, saw plainly by her the lass—wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing fresh upon the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeen of this world can inflict. In the 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 Guiser-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 Càmadà, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that flower-loving nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay, or of one of those Peris,—those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said, hesitatingly, that he remembered a story of a Peri, 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 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 recent race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclam'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;
Those flowers that never shall fade or fail:
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-liay,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yea, 'tis only the best can say
How the waters of heaven out-blooms them all!!

How the waves of heaven out-blooms them all!!

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—
Bloom 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—
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flying at night from angel-hands🚀
At those dark and shady spots
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 expance.

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 Chilminar;||
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 genii 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 Alha'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
Over coar banks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with light and tender team;
Whose rivulet are like rich robes,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandy groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!!

But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the river of death
Came reeking from those spic'd bowers,
And waw, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwashed from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy pagsod and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and glob stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousands thrones?
'Tis he of Gazna++—brave in wrath

* In "Sindbad 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 empowers 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 Isles of Panchaia.
*** The cup of Jamshid, discovered, the Persians say, when digging for the foundations 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.
++ Maimond of Gaza, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.
Hence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grotts, and sepulchres of kings.
The exiled Spirit sighing now
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 Morris 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 bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads
Like youthful maids, when steep descending
Warms them to their silken beds:—
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Dying 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.

Abide 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 Sultan sitting
Upon a column mockless
And glittering, like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, even there,
Abide 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 simoom hath past
At once falls back with withering!
The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then
Is ranking in the pesthouse 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 skene 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 prideful fall:
Some dewdrops 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!

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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 Morris Lake.
Just then, beneath some orange-trees
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wanting together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by whose lake, she heard the moon
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 never were loved,
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch him—none to make
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.
Fresily perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land
Were pure as one whose bow'r they found.
But see, who yonder comes by stealth,
Of Eclen's infant cherubini!
One who in life, where'er he moved,
Was happy, as he knew not why.
Like age at play with infancy—
Bipn throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
Bearing to Heiwen that precious sigh
Who sings at the last his own death lay *
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Of Eden moves not— holier far
But moru is blushing in the sky :
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Ellysian palm she soon shall win.
Like their goud angol, ealmly keeping
Their dim graves, in adamant sleeping—
But moru is blushing in the sky
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' immortar builder closoed— " Not yet."
The Angel said, as, with regret,
He shut from that her glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story.
Written in light o'er Alia's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
That lie around that lucid lake.
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!";
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 thouand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fiftty organ pipes, drops his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.

† On the shores of a quiet lake, or a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal water—Chaldæan land.

‡ Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Sury, a beautiful and delicate species of rose or which that country has been always famous—not, Suriastan, the Land of Roses.
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 inhail’d
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of fearless 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 fair 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—
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!
Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those chambers of the Sun,
Some annulet of gems, anneal’d
In upper airs, some tablet soul’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,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In upper Ares, some tablet scal’d
Some amulet of gems, anneal’d
Yet haply there may lie concealed
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
In which the Peri’s eye could read
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
Though never yet had day-beam burn’d
Now nestling ’mid the roses lay,
And near the boy, who tired with play,
Then swift his haggard brow he turn’d
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
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 ruins mad— the shrine profan’d—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain’d
† The syrinx, or Pan’s pipe, is still a pastoral instrument in Syria.
‡ The Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.
§ The Nuns, 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.
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star.
Upon the tear, that warm and meek,
Drew'd that repentant sinner's cheeks:
To many a tear this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor gleam.
But well the enraptured Peri knew
Twas a bright angel, in thee throw
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—

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 Tooiba 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 ever have blown,
To the lute-tree spring by Alla's throne—
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 filmy manufacture of the brain,
which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of the artist beside the eternal architect of Egypt!" After this gorgeous sentence, which had 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 lux 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 checks were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bardish as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra. They who succeeded in their wild career chastised for their very success;—as warrantably, for they had taken the liberty of grieving it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed?—to those who presumed upon the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the boisterous sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence? who, like them, sung the Jeebedj 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 noise 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 lowest 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." Anderabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

**The tree Tooiba, 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 lute-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, says 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 Abl Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams.

The name of the jélívin 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...
fascination as into hers; if, notwithstanding her rank, and the more honour he was always paid to it, even he should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where she was 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 has been called dangerous by the delirium of love!—it was love! in a voice she but too well knew, singing the following words:

"Tell me not of Houri's eyes;
Far from me their dangerous glow,
If those looks that light the skies
Would look like some that burn below!

"Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood,—all its pain—
Would yield to their Elysian sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?

"Who that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters take away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defance in which those 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 date-trees, under which the moon shone down in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights upon the chambers of its nest with fire-flies. In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood, there was a large, many-cornered fig-tree, and hanging from the boughs were the pears, the dates, the mangosteens, and the mangoes, mingled in rich contrast with the black foliage of the Palmyra. In the midst of all that bloom and loveliness were the few lonely ruins of the ancient fire-temples of the Druses, of whom we have made the city altogether a relic of some of the oriental, 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 Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show how Fadladeen the palace of the chief of the palace was a relic of the ancient fire-temples of the Druses, and how Fadladeen was the temple of some religion no longer known in the all-pretending Fadladeen. The Chahar Mahal had been the scene of so much turbulence and superstition, that it was a great matter how anything should be left of it. Now, these ruins were the remains of a temple which stood on the site of one to which the holy book of the Jews, the Sa'de's Koran, had once been dedicated. The temple was erected on the edge of the bank, and the all-pretending Fadladeen, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, proceeded to show how Fadladeen was the temple of some religion no longer known in the all-pretending Fadladeen. The Chahar Mahal had been the scene of so much turbulence and superstition, that it was a great matter how anything should be left of it. Now, these ruins were the remains of a temple which stood on the site of one to which the holy book of the Jews, the Sa'de's Koran, had once been dedicated.
they had but broken out with fresh flame in another: and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and holy valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, felt a sympathy he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghezerah, 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 Fadadleen, and it may easily be conceived what effect such proceedings must have produced upon that orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors! sympathy with Fire-Worshippers!" while Feramorz, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those 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 him, and he never before looked half so animated, and when he reached the holy valley, his eyes had sparkled, she thought, like those tall, circular characters on the scimitar of Solomon.

Her consent was therefore most readily granted; and while Fadadleen sat in unspoken dismay, carrying treason and abomination in every line, the poet was about to begin his story of the Fire-Worshippers:

THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

"This moonlight over Oman's sea.*

Her banks of pearl and pearly isles

Back in the night-beam bounteously.

And her blue waters sleep in smiles.

This moonlight in Harmonia's halls,

And through her Emir's porphyry walls,

Where, some hours since, was heard the swell

Of trumpet and the clash of zet;‡

Holding the bright-eyed sun farewell:

The peaceful sun, whom better suits

The music of the boldest song:

Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,

To sing him to his golden rest!"
The flower that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sunbeams doth not lie
Hidden in more chase 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 sea some fairy shore,
Whose 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 locks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils:—
And bristles, as delicate and fair
As when the sun's own flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
Who, had I in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.

But never yet hath bride or maid
In Arabia's gay Harums smiled,
Whose boasted brightness would not fade
Before Al Hassan's blooming child.

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yetTiny less
Rich in all women's loveliness:—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark Vice would turn abashed away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze:—
Yet, hid with all youth's sweet desires,
Shining the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds, and all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this!

A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine:—
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere!

Such is the maid, who, at this hour,
Hath risen from her restless sleep,
And sits alone in that high bower,
Watching the still and moonlight deep.
Ah! thus not thus,—with tearful eyes
And burning 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 form
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom wields 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 thoughtfzul sire,
When high, to catch the cool night-air,
After 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.—Ahmed ben Andalaz.
‡ At Qombaroon 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.
§ Some impossibilities.
¶ 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 trophies won with ease:—
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss
Are pluck'd on danger's precipice!
Bolder than they, who dare not dive
For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest water!

Yes—Araby's unrival'd daughter,
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
Would climb th' un trodden solitude.

Of Ararat's tremendous peak,§
And think its steep's, though dark and dread,
Heaven's pathways, it to thee they led:—
Even now thou seest the flashing spray,
That lights his one's impatient way—
Even now thou hear'st the sudden shock
Of his swift bark against the rock,
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,
As if to lift him from below!

Like her to whom, at dead of night,
The 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 clung,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, there, love, there!
And scarce did maimer 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
Of Ararat's tremendous peak,§
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 the undiscover'd seas.

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Some beauteous bird without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in the undiscover'd seas.

She loves—but knows not whom she loves,
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Bewild'd left the glorious skies
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.
Fond girl! nor fond nor angel he,
Who woos thy young simplicity?
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 ardour seems.
And pale his cheek, and sink his brow:
Never before, but in her dreams.
Had she beheld him pale now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep.
Visions that will not be forgot,
But sadness 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,
"Look up that moonlight flood—
How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
To-night upon our fairy 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 shine,
Should come around us, to behold
A Paradise so pure and lonely!

"So, speaker!" said the trembling maid.
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
"Look up that moonlight flood—
How sweetly does the moonbeam smile
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"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,
But when she mark'd how mournfully
That youth exclaim'd—'tliou little knowst
Better to sit and watch that ray,
What he can brave, who, born and nursed
Out it.

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Thou sleepst to-night—Far too,
Nor moved, till in the silent flood
As if he fled from love to death.
Nor looked— but from the lattice drop’d
Fiercely he broke away, nor stop’d,
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if it bore all peace within,
And calms and smooth it seem’d to win
Wafting him fleetly to his bonie,
Oh. I would ask no happier bed'
Now—vengeance I am thine again.
Far—wilt—sweet life! thou clingst in vain—
As if each star that nightly falls,
And fiery darts, at intervals,
Startled her from her trance of woe;
A momentary plunge below
If the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust.
If speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Franklin says, "The dew is of such a pure nature, that the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust."
From Iran's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates.

On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
Far from his benighted land of dates.
Her snowy bowers and sunny fountains,
Yet lingers so than if the trod
His own beloved but blighted sod.
Beneath a despot stranger's rod—
Where Freedom and his God may lead,
Then be the slavest slave at home.

That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
Is Iran's pride then gone for ever?
Quench'd with the flame in Mithras' caves?
No—she has sons that never—never
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light of earth or graves.

Spirits of fire, that broad not long,
But flushy Gauntlet back for wrong:
And hearts where, slow but deep, the see?
Of vengeance riven into deeds.
Till, in some treacherous hour of cahn,
They burst, like Zelam's giant palm,
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!

Yes, Emir! who sealed that tower,
And could he reach thy slumbering breast,
Would teach thee, in a Glæber's power
How safe even tyrants' heads may rest
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loath thy haughty race and thee;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Will shaped to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh restless wore;
And gifted by the hands 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 is the exile's free,—
His only talisman the sword.
Ills only spell-word, Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood;
And Lebanon's small mountain-flood
Is rendered holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks:
'Twas not for him to cough the knee
Tameely to Moslem tyranny:
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
Thou, Arab, darest to call thy own,
Your sacred blood the Moslem's name,
Has sunk beneath thit withering name,
Has sunk beneath thit withering name,
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
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Has sunk beneath thit withering name,
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?
On the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway;
And with his corporeal track of his way
In vain—foe every lance they raised—
Though round the conqueror blazed;
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were waiting o'er,—
A haughty, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose star was fast they bow'd—
As dated beneath the lowest cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
On Harmozia's sunder way,
A rocky mountain, over the sea
Of Oman heathing awfully,
A last and solitary link
Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's ready 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 o'er the sleeping altars* Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air.

Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
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.

But they were Moslem who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Ghebers' 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 't were 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 broke,
That hold were Moslem who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Ghebers' lonely cliff.

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 fled
His little army's last remains—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Ethel's 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 blead, 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,
Though neither priest nor rite wcre there,
Nor charm'd leaf of pure pomegranate;*"
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd plan;—
Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard them, while on that altar's fires
Threw the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts still left to bleed,
Should be, in Iran's injured land,
To die upon that mount of flame—
The last of all her patriot's line,
Before her last unmurtrum'd shrine!
Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one unhearted, base and base,
Whom love first touch'd with others' woes—
Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.
Once, Enair! thy unheeding child,
Mid all the tumult; calm 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, unwav'd, unannoy'd,
While Heaven but spared the sire she loved,
Once 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 confinements, that the damned can hear!
Far other feelings love has brought—
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
Now she has but the one dear thought,
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness
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Hath fallen upon her golden flowers,
Light-hearted maid, unwav'd, unannoy'd,
While Heaven but spared the sire she loved,
Curtain, they offer swords instead! It is dear to thee, madam, and heathen wind that now is blowing over thy Favorish bow: To-day goes, wait thou from the shore; And, ere a drop of this night's gore Rush time to chill in yonder towers! Thou see'st thy own sweet Arab bowers.

His bloody boast was all too true— There lurk'd one wretch among the few Whom Hafed's eagle could not reach. Arouse him on that fiery mount,— One unsavagely 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 our enemies wild and mean. When, sailing from their sacred height, The Ghebers fought hope's farewell light, he lay—but did not with the brave: That sun, which should have girt his grave, Saw him a traitor and a slave.— And, while the few, who there 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 stings them in their hour of night! May life's unblest cup for him 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 light of flame, On the parch'd desert glistening die,— While takes that shone in mockery nigh Are raving oft, untouched, untranslated, Like the once glorious hopes he blasted! And, when from earth his spirit flies, Jusht a shape, let the damn'd one dwell Full in the field 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 Hafed, made her heart more than usually cheerful. She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, Where the sea-gypses, who live for ever on the water, Enjoy a perpetual summer in wandering from island to island, 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.

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

The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music. The Gates of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, called Babelmandeb. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished: which induced them to consider as dead all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopian ocean. I have been told that, whenever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear.

The Empress of Johan-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 fairy rosary
In her own sweet acacia bower.—
Canst thou desire, that she wait thy now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No—sigh, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloon
As a pale angel of the grave.
And o'er the white, tempestuous wave,
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! thon,
So loved, so lost, where art thou now?
Foe—Gleber—Jabel—where is thy heart?
Th' unpaul'd one nate thou'rt doom'd to bear,
Still glorious—still to this fond heart
Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
Yes—Alba, dread Alia! yes—
If there be wrong, be crime in this,
Let the black waves, that round as roll,
Wield me this instant, O 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
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So whose heart was weariest
All thoughts but one, she headed 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 trampli'ed over her head—
Clash'd, clods, and tongues that second to vie
With the rude roar of the sky.

But dark—! 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 fearfully
The shadows shudder, and the sea
Over 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 handsmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor
—stir'd—
When dark—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 mingled through the chasm—one wretches in their dying spasm

* The meteor that Pinny calls "Faces."
† The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates. 
‡ See W. Lord's "Essays on the Sacred Isles in the West."
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
Rippling against the vessel's side—
As slow it mounted o'er the tide—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wiled still—is this the bark?
The same, that from Harmony's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks?—no—strange and now
Is all that meets her wondrous view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies—
Bent in 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-clouts, is her homely bed.
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning above her head.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay
A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious 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 that rebel face—this hue—
The Tartar fleche upon their cap—
Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,
And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour,
Abandoned her to Hafed's power:—
Hafed, the Gheber!—at the thought
Her very heart—her blood chills within;
He, with his axe, his soul was hourly taugh
To loathe, as some foul flend of sin,
If he guess'd whose form they sought.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—
The oars are cut, and with light sound
Breaks the bright upther 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 belcaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venous toil.

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 were the flag of destiny.
Hung out to mark where death would be!
Had her bewild'r'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrible hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that godless brow;
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But ever 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 winds pass
Beneath that moun't's volcanic mass—
And loud a voice or 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 port
Through which departed spirits go;—
Not even the glare of brand and torch
Its flickering light could further throw
Than the thick food that boil'd below.
Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
In that dark chasm, where sound seemed
Dark'd, so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave,
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave
As 'twere some secret of the grave!
But soft— they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track
Some mighty, unseen barrier's spurs
The vex'd 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 noorings 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 band, 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 steepy labyrinth led
Through dank and gloom—mid crush of boughs,
And fall of lossen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each Lara a prey.
And all of loosen'd crags that rouse
The jackal's cry—the distant howl
Of the hyaena, fierce and lone—
And that eternal, saddening sound
Of torrents in the glen beneath.
As 'twere the ever-dark profound
That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful—even to see,
To gaze on those terrible things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings!
She ne'er yet was shaped to dread,
But the sounds of horror fed,
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, low, low whispering near—
"Trouble 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 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 ono!
Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,
Or did a voice, all music, then
The sword that once has tasted food
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
Has left their altars cold and dim,
In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind, they leave for those who have not any, or for travellers.
* 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."
† The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "The Searchers of the Grave" in the creed of orthodox Mussulmans.
Many a fair bark that all the day
Had lured in sheltering creek or bay
Now bounded on and gave their hauls
Yet differing, to the evening gales
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wonted wings in the sun.

The beauteous clouds, that in the day-light's star
Had sunk behind the hills of Ilium,
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 wended his flight
Never was scene so lurid 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 cast—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!—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 wretched soul! to me
Thou owest this raving trance of grief.
Lost as I am, thou art my guide—
Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
And nothing lives that enters there! Why were our banks together driven?
Beneath this morning's lurid 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 heir?
Vow'd (though watching yon's o'er
Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
To meet th' unmanning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-haunting vow?
Why weep I, madly meet thee now—
Start not—that nose is but the sheek
Of torrents through you valley 'bust—
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 then—myself, to-night,
And each O'erlooking star that dwells
Near God will he thy sentinels—
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire."—

"To-morrow!—no—"

The maiden scream'd—'tisn't ever see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeling tower,
Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!"

They art betray'd—some wretch who knew
That dreadful scene's mysteries disclose.
Nay, deem not—by you stars, 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeance sire:
This morning with that same so dire
He weeps in joy, he told me all, and
And stam'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 glen—
By all my hopes of heaven tis true—
Oh, coldly as the wind that freezes
Points, 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 though thy heart at ready beat
Good heaven, how little drea i.'d I then
As if the tale had frozen his blood,
Like one who in sudden spells eachaut,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
Of the still halls of Ishmonie!*
Or some mute marble habitant
* Did that high spirit loftier rise;
Loo'd front his brow in all the rays
While bright, serene, determinate,
And his great soul, herself once more,
But soon the paintul chill was o'er,
And though his life has pass'd away
Never, in a moment most elate,
As if the signal-lights of Fate
In Iran's sacred cause is come;
Like lightning on a stormy day,
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track
The suffering brave, shall long look back
To which the brave of after-times.

For yengeance on the oppressors crimes!
And hither bards and heroes oft
Shall come in secret pilgrimage.
This rock, his monument aloft,
Within them—never to forgive
Never—while breath of life shall hye
Of their lost country's ano ent fans,
And swear thom on those lone remans
Blood, blood alone can cleanse agam!

Morę proudly than the youth surveys
Enthrohe themselves on Hafed's brow—
Such are the swelling thoughts that now
That pile, which through the gloom behind
Half lighted by the altar's fire,
Glimmers—his destined funeral prey!
Heap'd by his own, his country's hands,
Of every dress and every breath,
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
Ready to fold in radiant death
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole.

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
Enthron'e themselves on Hafed's brow;
And ne'er did saint of Issaf gaze
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 prey!
Heap'd by his own, his country's hands,
Of every dress and every breath,
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
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For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many
* The Gehers say that when Abraham

of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed.>

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of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed.

§ The shell called Siiankos, 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.
A signal, deep and drear as those
The Storm-Cloud 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 tread of death his steed,
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Has hung his sea-horn—hurt his all
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 Kerman's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
Of Moorish zeal and symphony,
Captivating 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 chief a god!
How fallen, how alter'd now!—how wan
Each scarred face of the lone stone,
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—why had they come?
'Twas silence, and the tyrant's own—
The duties of his soldier-hand;
And each determined brow declares
His faithfull chieftains well knew theirs.

But minutes speed—night germ the skies
And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-flares cold!
Breathless with awe, impatient, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
And each determined brow declares
His faithfull chieftains well knew theirs.

A heart of stone she shriek'd his name
As round the burning shrine they came—
How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paused before the flame
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Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
And each determined brow declares
His faithfull chieftains well knew theirs.
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 lightly serpent, in his keen
Gilds on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell.
The very long battle with the Hung tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay!

There was a deep ravine that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslem's way;
Elf spots to make itander "
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 erags 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 shudder for the Moslem's tread,
So anxiously the carrion bird
Above them flaps his wing unheard!
They came—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
Hath proved 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 over their drowning heads presse
New victims quick and numberless;
Till scarce an arm in Hafed's band,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir
But listless from each crimson band
The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.
Never was horde of tyrants met
But listless from each crimson band

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-drenched, that o'er the flood
Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swims!
Heads, blazing turban, quivering limbs.
Lost swords that, drop'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,
Twist flood and flame, in shrieks expire.—
And some who, grasp'd by those that sue,
Sink wond'rous with them, snuff'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But mainly hundreds, thousands bleed.
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed!—
Comitsuas towards some flame at night
The North's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,
To this terrific spot this pour;
Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous casuay! on they pass.—
They drave, 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
In his still found on by Hafed'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.

Then, hapless Ghebers, then, nuns,
The very long battle with the Hung 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—wide, wide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and cverl labyrinths run.
Scattered' crowd rush blindly on—
"Curse on those tardy lights that wind,"—
The panting cry, "so far behind—"
Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,
To track the file the Gheber went!"

Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong:
Till, worder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights.
Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling deep.
Are dash'd into the deep abyss;—
Or midway hung, impaled on rocks.
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravenging vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in Hafed's ear,—
Now reach'd him, as 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-infusing ampul 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.
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and her gloriou's part;
As 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—"Woe!—What—"
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 enemy's now grown
Even feebler, heavier than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he takes.
Speed them, then God, who heards their vow! They mount—they bleed—oh save them now
The two are equal to the chamber'd o'er,
The rock-wood's dripping with their gore.

Thy blade too, Hafed. false at length.
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength
A calm is the wave—heaven’s brilliant lights.
   Reflect, 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, bark, 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 faith of its sheath;
   All’s o’er—in rush your blades may lie—
He, at whose word they scattered death,
   Even now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to von din tower,
   And ask, and wondering guess what means
   The battle-cry at this dead hour—
   Ah! she could tell you—she, who learns
Unbeended there, pale, sunk, agast,
   With bow against the dawn’s first 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!
   Some signal!—’tis a torch’s light.
What holies its solitary glare?
   In casing 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 ravens sent.
While flamed, like a vision, stood
   Reveald before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
   Shirt its own grand element!
   ’Tis he!”—the shuddering maid exclaim s—
   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!

Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby’s daughter!
   (Thus warbled a Beri hencath 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 breeze
   And hush’d all its music and withered its frame!
But long, upon Araby’s green sunny highlands,
   Shall maid’s and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands.
   With mouch but the sea-star† to light up her tomb.

Haste, haste, the voices of the sea
   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! one spark, warm as a brand 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 snare?
   Nay by yon scatter’d bones—’tis clear.
   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 brand,
   And to the pile, who so lately 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 yon drifting bark,
That just has caught upon her side
   The death-light and again is dark.
It is the hour—why delay’d?
   That bears the wretched Moslem maid;
   Condign to the watchful care
   Of a small veteran band, with whom
   Their generous chief was wont not share
The secret of his final doom:
   But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,
   Wasrender’d to her father’s eyes.
   The reason of so dear a prize
   Unconscious, thus, of Hafed’s fate.
   And proud to guard theheavenly 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—
   Suddenly each ear, upheld and still,
   Hinda dwelling on 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
   From whose hot throb, whose deadly aching
   When, though no more remains to dread,
   Was toward that fatal mountain turn’d,
   Where still she fix’d her dying gaze,
   The corpse upon the pyre lie lens—
   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 ravens sent.
   While flamed, like a vision, stood
   Reveald before the burning pyre,
   Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
   Shirt its own grand element!
   ’Tis he!”—the shuddering maid exclaim s—
   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—
   Theirsprung, 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!

What joy but that to make her blest,
   In its own glad essence bright.
   How different now!—but, bark, 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 faith of its sheath;
   All’s o’er—in rush your blades may lie—
   He, at whose word they scattered death,
   Even now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to von din tower,
   And ask, and wondering guess what means
   The battle-cry at this dead hour—
   Ah! she could tell you—she, who learns
Unbeended there, pale, sunk, agast,
   With bow against the dawn’s first 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!
   Some signal!—’tis a torch’s light.
What holies its solitary glare?
   In casing 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
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Farewell—farewell to thee, Araby’s daughter!
   (Thus warbled a Beri hencath 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 breeze
   And hush’d all its music and withered its frame!
But long, upon Araby’s green sunny highlands,
   Shall maid’s and their lovers remember the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands.
   With mouch but the sea-star† to light up her tomb.

* 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.
And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and old,
The happiest there from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.
The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
Shed ingloriously 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
Embold'n'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell!—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing 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
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that bow.

We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.
And plant all the rosiest stoma at thy hand:
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell!—farewell!—until pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that bow.

The singular placidity with which Fadiadeen had listened, during the latter part of this obnoxious story, surprised the Princess and Feramorz exceedingly; and even inclined towards him the hearts of those unsuspicous young persons, who little knew the source of a complacency so marv'rous. The truth was he had been organising for the last 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 ministrel; 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 Fadiadeen,) there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better for himself and the cause of literature in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused some unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like 

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*Lalla Rookh.*

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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, groves, 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 Its splendour at parting a summer eye throws, Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take A last look of her mirror at night ere she When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming hall shown. And each hollows the hour by some rites of its own. Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells, Here the Mothra 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 ringiding.

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

She was so happily made up by the most exquisite moments of her whole life were passed. One evening when they had been talking of the Sultana Nourmahan,—the Light of the Haram,—who had so often wandered among these flowers, and fed with her own hands, in these 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 a 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 Harum-al-Raschid and his fair mistress, Marinda, 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 Feramorz had unhappily forgotten his own lute, he borrowed the vina of Lalla Roookh's little Persian slave, and thus began:—

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

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, wos like a lover The young aspen trees till they tremble all over! When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes And day with its banner of radiance unfurled, 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 pace spreads her heart undoes, And all is ecstacy—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 Flower of a hundred leaves, Expanding while the dew-fall flows, And every leaf its balm receives. Twice when the hour of evening came Upon the lake, serene and cool, When day had hid his scantly flame Behind the palms of Haram.**

When maids began to lift their heads, Refresh'd from their embroiderer'd beds, Where they had slept the sun away. All were abroad—the busiest hive And walked 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 eye; And there were glancing eyes abroad, And cheeks that would not dare shine out. In open day, but thought they might Look lovely then, because 'twas night!
And what a wilderness of flowers!
And fairest fields of all the year,
And then the sounds of joy — the beat
That never did the summer bring
The top leaves of the orange grove;
Front gardens where the silken swing
The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
And the sounds from the lake — the low whistle
Answered by a ziraleet.
The minaret-cryer's chant of glee
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
The lake, too, like a garden breathes,
The nuptial spires were scatter'd here.
And all were free, and wandering.
Among the tents that line the way,
Through the groves, round the isles, as if all
And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere
Was heard from the lips of some lover, 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 glimpse a saint has of heaven in his dreams.
That charm of all others was born with her face.
And when angry — for even in the tranquildest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometime —
The short, passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye
Is the same word signifies women and flowers.

And all were free, and wandering,
And all exclaimed to all they met
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet —
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which bless'd them there;
The roses 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 spell 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
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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.
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 was 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 all around her was so fair,
She, the fairest, hid her brow,
In melancholy stillness now?

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissensions 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 word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love that tempests never shook.
A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
And tender words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that flowers begin;

And eyes forget the gentle ray,
Like broken clouds.—or like the stream.

That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters never could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods that part for ever.

O you, that have the charge of love,
Keep him in rosy bonds, bound.
As in the Fields of Bliss above.
He sits, with flowerets fatter'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 East's hoary 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 in awful thunder burst
May yet in awful thunder burst
Such cloud that it now hangs over
The heart of the imperial lover.
And far hath banish'd from his sight
His Nourmahal, his Haram's light!
Hence is it, on this happy night,
When pleasure through the fields and groves
Has let loose all her world of loves,
And every heart has found its own—
He wanders, joyless and alone.
And weary as that bird of Thence;
Whose passion knows no resting-place.

In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
This Eden of the earth supplies
Come crowing round—the checks 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 darkey rose is not?
In vain the valley's smiling throng
Worship him as he moves along.
He heads them—not—his eyes, his nose
Is worth a world of worshipers.
They but the star's adorers are,
She is the heaven that lights the star!
Hence is it too that Nourmahal
Aimd the luxuries of this hour.
Far from the jorouls festival.
Sits in her own sequester'd bower.
With no one near to soothe or aid,
But that inspired and wondrous maid
Nanomna, the enchantress—
Or whom his race the golden sun
For unremember'd years has run.
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than 'tis now.

Say, rather, as the west-winds sigh
Fresher the flower it passes by.
Time's wing but seem'd, in shining o'er
To leave her lovelier than before.

Yet on her smile a sadness hung.
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other fields, there came a light
From her dark heart so strangely bright,
That all believed nor man nor earth
Were conscious of Namomna's birth!

All spells and talismans she knew.
From the great Mantra, which around
The air's sublimer spirits drew.
To the gold gems of Afric, bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm.
To keep him from the Sultin'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 is to lose a love so dear.
To find some spell that should recall
Her belov'd with smiles to Nourmahal.

'Twas midnight: through the lattice, wreath'd
With woods and many a perfume breath'd
From plants that wake when others sleep.
From indig alder buds that keep
Their odour to themselves all day.
But, when the sun rose away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about.
When thus Namomna— '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 genial of the sun beheld,
At evening, from their tents of gold

- The capital of Shadukiam.
- Among the birds of Timquin is a species of goldfinch which sings so melodiously that it is called the musical bird. Its wings, when it is perched, appear variegated with beautiful colours, but when it flies they lose all the splendour.
- The birds on the Bosphorus are never known to rest.
- You may place a hundred hundred of fragrance and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wishes not, in this constant heat, for more than the sweet breath of his beloved rose.
- It 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 Jemina, 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.
- The name of Jehan-Guire before his accession to the throne.
Upon the horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away!
Now, too, a chapter might be wreathed
Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
Which, worn by her whose love has staved'd,
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,
Some sprite, whose very soul is made
Of flowers' breaths and lovers' sighs,
And who might tell—

"For me, for me,"
Cried Noninahal impatiently—
"Oh! twice that wreath for me to-night."
Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-rose, out she flew
To enliven each shining leaf that grew
Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
For this enchanted wreath of dreams.
Anemones and seas of gold,*
And new-born lilies of one 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, sequestered and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away.
Amaranthus, 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,
Scentsing her clove-trees in the gloom
In short, all flowerets and all plants,
Is called the Mistress of the Night.J
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The vision that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold
Inhabits the mountains where the sun
Shines red as gold upon his head,
To which the mountaineer's eye is fixed,
And, at the sight, his heart is moved;
For then the vision is unclouded,
And so he finds the hidden mine.
Then the vision is but dim,
And he grows faint and unequal.
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And he grows faint and unequal.

* 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 Mahal," 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.
†† 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.
And then, her voice—"tis more than human—
Never, till now, had it been
To live by 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 how she she renew the lay,
So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
Should ere, the evening fade away.—
For things so heavenly have such strength!
But, far from fading, it but grows
Richer, diviner as it flows;
Till rain 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 mine, by music, and the bowl)
The imperial Selim held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar.
In whose saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The valley's loveliest all assembled
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
Glided through its foliage, and drink beams
Of beauty from its fountains and gardens,
And all those wandering minstrel-nuns.
Who leave—how can they leave?—the shades
Of that dear valley, and are found
Singing in gardens of the South.
Those songs thatnier 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,
Dedicated these roses there.
Daughters of love from Cyprus' rocks,
With Paphian diamonds in their locks:—
Like Peri forms, such as there are
On the gold mounds of Candahar.
And they, before whose sleepy eyes
In their own bright Kathaian towers,
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies
That they might fancy the rich flowers
That round them in the sun hay sighing
Had been by magic all set flying.
Everything young, everything fair
From East and West is blushsing there,
Except—except—O Nourmahal!
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,
In whose saloons, when the first star
To steer his bark for ever by!
There with the most 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,
In whose saloons, when the first star
To steer his bark for ever by!
There with the most dearest of them all.
Whose light, among so many lights,
Was like that star, on starry nights,
In whose saloons, when the first star
To steer his bark for ever by!
They burnished, dearer than 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,
In whose saloons, when the first star
To steer his bark for ever by!
They burnished, dearer than 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,
In whose saloons, when the first star
To steer his bark for ever by!
They burnished, dearer than 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,
In whose saloons, when the first star
To steer his bark for ever by!
But ah! thou went, thou went—and brought
Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.
Mingled unnoticed with a band
Of intanists from many a land.
"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 moro and night I dwell,
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every as 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 breath.
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 mock-wind, over the water blowing.
Ruffles the wave, but sweeter't it too!
"Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delight obey—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound.
And every sigh the heart breathes out
The pomegranate flower that's still in the
Of her lute's whose strings—
And Nourmahal is up, and trying
To steer his bark for ever by!
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 breath.
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.
"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
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
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near!
"Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn
Whose glories are once 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, how now murmur like the sighing
From that ambrosial spirit's wings!
* A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing.
† The pomegranate piper 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 "Soobhi Kazim" and the "Soobi Sadig," the false and the real
day-break.—Warning.
§ 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 Nile, or Garden of the Nile, (attached to the Emperor of Morocco's
palace) are unequaled, and mattresses are made of their leaves for the men of rank to recline
upon.
¶¶ These are butterflies which are called, in the Chinese language, "Flying Leaves."
And tell'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 Caisin's hills:*—pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears
And sunniest apples that Kabul
In all its thousand gardens bears,†
Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaya's nectar'd date,‡
Frames of Bokara, and sweet nutts
From the far groves of Samarcand,
And Basra dates, and apricots,
Seed of the sun,‡ from Iran's land:—
With rich conserve of Visna cherries
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in Erac's rocky dells,
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle**
Sink underneath the Indian flood,
Whence off 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 Great Soa gushing;††
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
Upon a rosy lotus wreath, $$$
That new, enchanted measure stole.
As if that jewel,—large and rare,
Melted within the goblets there!
And shrowd Selim quaffs of each,
And seems resolved the floods shall reach
His inward heart,—shuddering around
A genial deluge as they ran,
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 bard's have seen him in their dreams
When the same measure, sound for sound.
And sweet in their tenr as that rose from the
That with his image shone beneath.
But what are cups without the aid
Of song to cheer them as they flow?
And see—a lovely Georgian maid,
And with all the bloom, the fresh'nd glow
Of her own country maidens' looks.
When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks:¶¶
And within an eye whose restless ray
Full, floating, dark,—oh be, who knows
His heart is weak, of Heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those!—
With a voluptuous wildness stings
Her snowy hand across the strings
Of a syrinda,¶¶ and thus sings—

"Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone:
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away.
Another as sweet and as shining comes on,
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as 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 odor 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,
When the same measure, sound for sound,
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequal'd in bliss;
Another as sweet and as shining comes on,
And the love that is o'er, in expiring gives birth
To a new one as warm, as unequal'd in bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

The Indians feign that Cupid was first seen floating down the Ganges on the Nymphea

* The Arabian women wear black masks with little claps, prettily ordered. Niebuhr mentions
their showing but one eye in conversation.
† The golden grapes of Caisin. Description of Persia.
‡ That city and its 100,000 gardens. Elphilstone.
§ The imagnificent fruit in the world: the pride of the Malay Islands.
¶¶ Mauritga-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 sweet-vine of Kishima.
**** "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. Sale.
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 loves 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, un tasted, up,
As if there'd been no magic there,—
And naming her, so long unmanned,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
"O Nourmehal! O Nourmehal!"
Hast 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 Nourmehal, his Haran's Light!
And would to mention dews, droops,
The charm of every brightness glance,
And dower seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile;
And happier now for all her sighs,
As on her arm his head repose,
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 Madhavan boats, to which the Princess was 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 to mention, dews, gardens, etc., 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 admired with his particular enthusiasm: and, in the poem just recited, one of his most palatable passages was in praise of that "unlighted 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,
there was an end to all their delightful evenings, and Lalā Rōokh saw no more of Feramoiz. She now felt that her heart was touched with sorrow, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the caged eagle across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of a life of which she knew her fate. The blight that had fallen upon her spirit 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 prouder as of their own, was fast wandering away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Buchārā feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalā Rōokh, 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 languid vision upon whose cheek neither her love nor her pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes love had fled—to hide himself in his heart! If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the freshest of the enchanting scenery of that valley which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled. But neither the countenance of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains; neither the splendor of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out along the edges of his woods, nor the groves, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground, neither the countless waterfalls that rush munding the valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the foundation of those houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated periphery—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steal her heart for a moment from those sad thoughts, which had darkened and grew bitterer every step she advanced.

The day pomp and processions that met her upon her entrance into the valley, and the magnificence with which the feast was all decorated, did honour to the taste and galantry of the ruling 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 colours, as well as 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 dazzling lights along the horizon, which the meteor of the north, as often 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 delicate sickly visage, they declined from her taste for illuminations, that the King of Buchārā would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalā Rōokh herself help feeling the kindling beauty and spirituality with which the young bridegroom welcomed her hand, and also feel how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blindishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly coldness which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow onwards 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 presence beyond the lake, all was grandeur and fame. 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 as fast as possible with her 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 soft, melting look—which is worth all the old-world love and longing. 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 Buchārā, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge to kiss, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maiden upon whose nuptials it rose; and as shining, all covered with floats, the monarchs playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with swallows and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animating life as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To Lalā Rōokh 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 Feramoiz. So much was her imagination stirred by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed at which her heart did not flutter with a momentarily 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 Faźladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the spring of joy he delivered to the king the concerning Feramoiz, 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 Shahburgh, and glistened 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 ivory in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various lions, they at length arrived at the most magnificent of all, 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 long flight of steps, which were covered with the gold for her shoes, and went up to the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the cernuus throne of Koochurza, on one of which sat Aliars, the youthful King of Buchārā, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to receive his most beautiful princess in the world. Immediately after the entrance of Lalā Rōokh 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 a surprise, and fainted at his feet. It was Feramoiz himself that stood before her! Feramoiz was,
himself, the sovereign of Bucharia, who, in this disguise, had accompanied his young bride from Delhi; and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a king.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in Courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly: he was seized with an admiration of the king's verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the monarch Alaris, and ready to prescribe his favourite regimen of the chabuk for every man, woman and child that dared, to think otherwise.

Of the happiness of the King and Queen of Bucharia, after such a beginning, there can be but little doubt; and, among the lesser symptoms, it is recorded of Lalía Hookh, 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 often felt, that our music is the truerst 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 wait 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 to worship their God in eyes, 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 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 disgraceful 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, "decutare 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 fifteenth, I am persuaded that there are few of them 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 Avars, 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 (1666). Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.\[1\] Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.\[2\]

† See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

‡ O'Halloran, vol. i., part i., chap. vi.

§ See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

‖ Id. ib., chap. vi.

¶ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the ðèssis, 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 Mersenne, 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 Frangier 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 ancient airs may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit the "emblem 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 modern Irish harp was enlarged by the addition of extra 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 its refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the moderns, and from them derived his powers of 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. Observe, the heartless flow of our music is often a greater sin than the powers 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, "aur per manus aura refugis," 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 retracing 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 the region of ornament, and is restrained by the difficulty to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means venture to declare that 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, "aur per manus aura refugis," 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 retracing 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.

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 would be. I can, indeed, affect to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through weakness of mind or fancy if I unfortunately disgust 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 these touches of political feeling—those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathises with the music—would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been so long a federal custom to publish in this country, without a licence, works which touch on political subjects, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous, and that I have chosen those 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, who, nurtured in the tradition of prelature, and who have been led to believe that religious sects are, in all cases, characterised by the quality that threatens to disturb their darkness, like that Doniphon of old, who, when the sun shines upon him, is afraid of being seen, and dares not—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 repress all the danger of not repressing 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 my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

* 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 me that I have herself gener of praise to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering by pedantry to this rule? I have been told that the precepts of Guido and other masters, 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, "aur per manus aura refugis," 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 retracing 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.

† 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 Brunton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of harps; the one greatly built and quick, the other soft and pleasing." How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the fact is unsatisfactory.

§ Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception, perhaps, of the air called "Mamilla, Mamilla," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that profuse mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c., which disgrace 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.
GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame clave thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise then quietest
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.

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 Munster, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kincora 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 one 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 bieed 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 Borombe, or Boru, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontar,-
In the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

The palace of Brien.

This is alluded to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of
Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontar- by the}${align}}
Prince de Osory. The wounded men were

"Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, till he is supported by
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, enfeebled, and supported in this manner,
appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops—never was such another sight exhibited. —

History of Ireland, book xii., chap. 1.
Oh! think not my spirits are always as light.

Air—"John O'Reilly, the active."

Out! 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'r's,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!

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 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, how'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! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live,
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

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 eyes of vulgar light,
Begin's to bloom for sons of mind,
And maidens who love the moon:
Twas but to bless these hours of shade,
That beauty and the moon were made:
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing,
Set the tides and goblets flowing:
Oh! stay—Oh! stay—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! his pain
To break its links so soon!

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Amnon's shade;
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth began,
To burn when night was near:
And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle, till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay—Oh! stay—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

O! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Air—"The brown maid."

O! 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 they night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, thro' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

† Seeks 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 intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind;
But they who have loved, the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;

And the heart, that has 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.

*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 Coulins (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.

THROUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Air—"Coulin."

Though 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 Coulín, and think the rough wind

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 behind.
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,
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

Air—"The summer is coming."

Erin 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 show-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: Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the tide runs in darkness and coldness.

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 thatdwells 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 bough 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 Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value: and such an impression had the laws and government of 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. — War-ner's History of Ireland, vol. 1. book 19.

† "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.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue.
But while they are full from the same bright bowl,
The soul that would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed over the soul.
Shall I ask the brave soldier who sings by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
To bind with 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, over the ways 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 Oiiye of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDURING YOUNG CHARMs.

BElike me, if all these enduring 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,
Then wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art.
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear rain each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unp-refaced by a tear.
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will not but make thee more dear:
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look as she turn'd when he rose.

ERIN! OH ERIN!

Llke the bright lamps that shown in Kildare's holy face*
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrowst have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.
The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
And 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!
Unchill'd by the rain, and unrav'd by the wind,
The lady 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.

DRINK TO HER.

Drink to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could ne'er buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone,
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tune.
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.

A pretty 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:
The woman keeps it there.
Then drink to her who long,
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
Tho' girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

OBLAME NOT THE BARD.†
Air—"Kitty Tyrrel."
Out! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies, carressly 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 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
her,
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
be false;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not
their sires;
And the torch, that would light them thro' dig-

tivity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their
country expires!

* 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
corneliness unto them, the which it is a great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and
vice, which with such usage would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."
† It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from Fr., with which word, as
good usage, the ancients added the termination of the Runes for a bow.
In the mean while, the moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.
Air—"Oonghi."
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 warmer flame;
Much more dear,
That mild sphere,
Which near out planet smiling came;
Thus, Mary, be but thine own;
While brighter eyes unheed'd play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my way.
The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illum'd all the pale bowers,
Like hope on 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 ran,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but one,
One Mary in the world for me.

[Further text follows including references to literature and history]
ILL OMENS.

Air—"Paddy's resource."

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow.

The last time she o'er was to press it alone,
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
Had promised 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,
Flow'd over the mirror and shaded her view.

Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)  
"That love is scarce worth the reposè 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,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears
Happy is he, o'er whose declining
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years—
When they seek to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foman's cheek turns white,
And when his heart that held remembrances,
Where we tam'd his tyrant might!
Nor let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then—
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Nor the golden evening falls.

**"The Irish Curna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed mead out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."**

† It is Marmontel who says "Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime il faut craindre ce que l'on a."

There are so many matter-of-fact people who take such jeux d'esprit as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to 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.
THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.*

Air—"I once had a true love."

Through grief and through danger thy smile
bath cheered 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 briers, while gold her brows
adorn'd;
She wou'd me to temples, whilst thou hayest hid
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas!
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather
be,
Than weal what I love not, or turn one thought
from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are
true,
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had
look'd less pale;
They say too, so long thou hast worn those
lingerings chains,
That deep in thy heart, they have printed their
servile stains—
Oh! tell 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 used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear.
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain
Wakening thoughts that long have slept!
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fili'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 halting words may fail,
Love's are e'en 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
ried,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
"Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them.
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more
bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love
them.
And, as freshener flowers the sad perfume,
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetning 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
To meet on the green shore, a youth whom she
lov'd.
But she lov'd him in vain, for she left him 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 it 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 diest 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."

On! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom, and days may come
Of bolder, 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 liard to purer fame may soar,
When wild yonlds past;
Tho' lie w in the wise, who frowned 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 halow'd form is never forgot
Which first love trac'd!
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.

'Twas odum'd to shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that never can shine again
On life's dull stream!

THE PRINCE'S DAY.  *  
Air—"St. Patrick's day."

Tis 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 ceased to pain,
And hope has unreath'd it round with
flow'r's,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink!

Oh! the joy of such hearts, like the light of the
poles,
Is a flush 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 sincere 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
rewarded.

And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet;
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last;

* This song was written for a fete 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.

And thus Erin, my country! though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit that beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at its 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 flame 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 move;
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 beameth.

Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid, that seldom rises:
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 plac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty is mould
Presum'd 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!

Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress
Of loveliness,
That dress you wear, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia hath a wist'ning soul,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they are design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?

Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposeth,
Red of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumbling of the roses!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!

NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright waves yet.
Nor ever hath a beam
Been lost in the stream,
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs,
The spell of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!

When fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like fountains that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

She is far from the land.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awakening—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her stains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him,—
Kor soon shall the tears of his country be shed,
Kor long will his love stay behind him:
Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west.

From her own lov'd island of sorrow!

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone—"Heu quam contemptus esto religiosis versari quam in meminisse!"* 
† The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Minstrel," the original of which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. 1, p. 1 of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is against these sanguine claims to antiquity which Mr. O'Flanagan and others have made for the literature of Ireland; it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality if the productions of these gentlemen did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

§ Ulster.

IONE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Air—"Dennmlln."

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away.
And life nor look'd more purely bright
Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
With modest marmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, MARY!
So well'd beneath a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shine.
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY.

If souls could always dwell above,
Cr could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, MARY!

AVENGING AND BRIGHT FELL THE SWIFT SWORD OF ERIN.

Air—"Croghan a Venee."
IRISH MELODIES.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Theo' sweet are 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 embower it,
That, my love, shall 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—"Ceann Dubh Delish."

"Here we dwell, in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend,
Where sighs 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 listened,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint:
His laughing blue eyes soon with pity glist'ned.
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought, the arching e'rees,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
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 censer's flame with his sighs!
Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest.
If he came to them cloth'd in piety's vest.

*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!

*Tis the last rose of summer.

Air—"The bunch of green bushes."

This life is all chequ'ëd with pleasures and woes.
Each billow as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whins 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-necked stream of folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup, if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise.
Be ours the light Grief that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant folly that flashes and dies!

When Hyllas 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 weeping, 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 consent to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in thy sky.
Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture 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 roll'd.
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls†
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

† "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."
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,  
O! who would inhabit  
This blank world alone?  

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.  
Air—"Moll Roe 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 spur's the gay hours—  
Ah! never does Time travel faster,  
Than when his way lies among flowers.  
But come, may our life's happy measure  
Be all of such moments made up:  
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,  
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

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 'midst the tears of the cup!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.  
Air—"The brown thorn."  
ST. SENANUS.*  
"Out haste and leave this sacred isle,  
Unholy bark, ere morning smile;  

* In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae, we are told of 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. Cancona), 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;

Cael praest!, quid feminis  
Commune est cum monarchis,  
Neque ullam alienum  
Admittendum in insulam.  
See the Acta Sancta Hib. 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.
IRISH MELODIES.

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,
0 hear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her, it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while li lingering here
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To guilty a heart so brilliant and light;
But banish 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.
When weary travellers love to call. *
Then if some bards, who roam as forsaken
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master awaken
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 united
Bright links that Glo;-.love,
Sweet bonds, entwined by Love!
Peace to each faithful eye that weeps;
Rest to each faithful eye that weeps;
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 valor shineeth,
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 dully in the west,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;

But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our native isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudence, 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 westward 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,
Eveleen's bower.
On! 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 keep 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 yestral fame:
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left open Eveleen's shame.

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.

* "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 mortality, 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'Grieve, 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 Romororum."
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 Evelyn's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Air—"The Red Fox."

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons bereav'd her:
When Malachi wore a collar of gold;*
When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
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 stays,
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,
When Malachi wore a collar of gold;*
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

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 sadder'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which told me
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd;
But though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worn lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove Through Hugh Mac Murchad'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 Dunes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I, Book 3.
† "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 the Curaldas of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emnagh, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called Teach na Cronba na Roadh, or the Academy of the Red Branch, and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called Bron-bhear, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'Halloran's Introduction, &c. Part I, Chap. 5.
§ "Steal silently to Morna's Grove." See a translation from the Irish, in Moore's Poetical Works.

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Air—"The dandy O."

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§ "Steal silently to Morna's Grove." See a translation from the Irish, in Moore's Poetical Works.
I flew to her chamber—twas lonely
As if the loved tenant lay dead!—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often,
Now throbbed to my proud rival’s kiss.

There was a time, fairest of women!
When Beverley’s good sword would have sought
That man through a million of foesmen,
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.
On our side is

And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour.
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On our side is Virtue and Erin.
On their’s is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN!

Air—“Sheel 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 bow’rs;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil over 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 bow’rs;
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 Roone.”
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 welcomed it too,
And forgot his own grief to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain.
But he ne’er will forget his short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.
And still on that evening, when pleasure lifts up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where at 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 I were here!”
Let fate do her worst, there are relics of Joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy:
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy 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! DOUT 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 fairest 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 hate 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 courtesies o’er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o’er, when folly made me rove,
And now the vestal Reason
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.

Oh! would it were death, and death only!
But he ne’er will forget his short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.
And still on that evening, when pleasure lifts up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where at 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 I were here!”
Let fate do her worst, there are relics of Joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy:
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy 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.

* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.
The rover's song and weary way,  
And the light of miss in these lordly groves,  
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves

When now, at the close of one stormy day,  
She believ'd him wild, but his words were  
"Now welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—  
So he blew the horn with a chiefain's air,  
"naóifight," said the youth, "we'll shelter  

They roam'd a long and weary way,  
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,  
When now, at the close of one stormy day,  
They see a broad castle among the trees,  
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter  
The wind blows cold, the hour is late!"  
So he blew the horn with a chiefain's air,  
And the porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.  
"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclam'd the youth,—  
This castle is thine, and those dark woods  
She believ'd him wild, but his words were  
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna hail!  
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves  
What William the stranger would and wed;  
And the light of miss in those 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 over 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—"Cuishilhinn 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 grievances.

Cuishilhinn ma chree,  
Did you but see  
Blow, the rogue, he did serve me:—Bis.  
He broke my pitcher, spilt my water,  
He kiss'd my wife, and married my daughter!  
O Cuishilhinn 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 tellisman 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 Kummar at Zammam and the Princess of China.
WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE THE MEMORIAL WAS KEEPING.

Air—"Paddy Whack."

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping,
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping.
For 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 Wellington's name!

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as burst from her own dewy skies;
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unshower'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 remaining,
The grandest, the purest, ere thou hast yet known;
Thou proud was thy task, other nations unclaiming,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the feet 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!"
But, while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned 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—nay, alas! th'endeavour,
Front bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Oh! where's the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slow;

Less dear the laurel growing,
All untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to slide
The brows with victory glowing!

Tis gone, and for ever.

Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead.
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled!

*"The sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal brazier.
Irish Melodies.

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!

The Farewell to My Harp.

Air—"New Langolee."

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 gladness,
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 throb'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 Suppression of Vice, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that Institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and, accordingly, like the Cupids of the 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 chiefly lay 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. Hetchball'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 those Twopenny-Post Epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for the 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 might remedy the thinness of my ranks by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemeronas 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 a 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 "tandatur 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 TWO PENNY POST-BAG.

LETTER I.
FROM THE PR-NC-SS CH—E OF W——S TO THE LADY B—B——-A SHEL-T.*

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, . . .)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Iwo 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 advise.
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite As in no case whatever to advise him too right— "Pretty doings are here, Sir," he angrily cries.
"Tis a scheme of the Romanists,—To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod.
"Tis a scheme of the Romanists,—To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod.
"Tis a scheme of the Romanists,—To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod.
"Tis a scheme of the Romanists,—To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod.

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 stapling, 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-no-t—, now laying their saint-heads together, Declare that these skittish young e-bominations Are clearly forstold in chap. vi. Revelations— Nay, they verily think they could point out the one Which the Doctor's friend Death was to cantor upon!

Lord Herr—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 objection, 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 proposes The new Veto snaffle to bind down their noses—
A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains, Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains; 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 reconciled Even Eld-n himself to a measure so mild; So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to next can.

I shall drive to your door in these Veto's 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 repeater.

LETTER II.
FROM COLONEL M-M—H—N TO G—LD FR-N-SC-L-CK1—E SQ.

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 intrench 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 sheif, 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 trump and drum,
The best-wrigg'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 but say,
Whip me those soundrels C-sti—g—h!
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:
Compiled and chosen, as best you can,
In Turkey or at Isphahan,
And quite upturning, branch and root.
Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot!

But, pray, whate'er you may impart, write
Somewhat more brief than Major C-twrigg-
Else, though the P——e be long in rigging,
'Twoud take at least a fortnight's wigging—
Two wigs to every paragraph—
Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it also speedily—
As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
His Highness, heated by your work.
Already thinks himself Grand Turk!
And you'd have laugh'd had you seen how
He scared the Ch'-nc-ll-or just now,
When (on his Lordship's entering puff'd) he
Slapp'd his back, and call'd him "Mufti!"
The tailors too have got commands
To put directly into hands
All sorts of dulligans and pouches,
With sashes, turbans, and paboutches,
(While Y—mr—who's sketching out a plan
Of new moustaches to t' Ottomane)
And all things fitting and expedient
To turk'fy our gracious R-gnant!

You therefore have no time to waste—
So send your system.—
Yours, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrap 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.
Yet, for instance—in seraglio matters—
Your Turk, whom British fondness flatters,
Would fill his harem (tasteless food)!—
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
For instance—in the "History
Of Abdallah, Son of Hanif," where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place:

This rule's for frivolous—nothing more—
For, as to turk'fy 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 "hearty old sinner's,"
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite prime—
His pâtés superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E———g—.
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)—never keep a she-cook.
'Tis a sound Sisic law—(a small bit of that
toast)—
Which ordains that a female shall never 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——it's condemnation!
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
today
Travell'd round, till our heads travell'd just the
same way:
And we cared not for Juries or Libels—no—
not.
Even for the threats of last Sunday's Ex-
aminer!

More good things were eaten than said—but Tom
T----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.

* 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——.
LETTER IV.


Dublin.

Last week, dear N-ch-I, making merry.

At dinner with our Secretary,

When all were drunk, or pretty near,

The time for doing business here,

That wishes Papists at the devil!

Thou, who, like me, is dubbed Right Hon.:

To take my place, 'tis

If there among our ranks be one

Thou, who, like me, art a lawyer civil

That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then, but to thee, my friend,

Should Patrick! his portfolio send?

To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

The following article was found in one of the mail-coach copies of "Rokeby."

Farewell!—I send with this, dear N-ch-I,

A red or two I've had in pickles.

Wherewith to trim old Or-tyt-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 baptism.

(Vide Lactantianum ap. Galenus—

If 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'Tagans, Connors, and Tooles—all downright Pagans! This fact's enough—to let no one tell us To incite such sad, saffron follows—

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 snug little tour---

(By the site by, you've seen Rokeby?—this moment 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,

A propos—between you and I)

Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,

One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—

As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat.

But, my dear Lady----! can't you hint on some notion

At least for one night to set London in motion?

As to having the R-gnt---that show is gone by—

Besides, I've remarried (between you and I)

The Marchessa and he, inconvenient in more ways,

Have taken much lately to whispering in doorways,

Which—considering, you know, dear, the size of the two—

Makes a block that one's company cannot get through,

And a house such as mine, with doorways so small,

Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all.

(Apropos, if love-work,—you've heard it, I hope)

That Napoleon's old mother's to marry the Pope—

* * * * *

* 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--gar-ri is worse.

§ "Lustralium animi salus est"—P. T. B. and Satires.

H. I have taken the trouble of examining the doctor's reference, Galenus—"Asserens non verum sacram baptismum a Papistis profanari, et spuit usum in peccatorum expiatione. A Papistam non habendam"

Christians' Magazine.

See Mr. Murray's advertisement about the mail-coach copies of "Rokeby."

* * * * *
Before our king—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders—
Through London streets with usurpation fair,
And calms' floating to the air,
I saunter on the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sowed-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-pants fatter,
(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 plous Shiite sniffs,
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 canonc places,
'Pls to thee, 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 instigations, screws, or such—
To wear the established pea-green slippers
Then only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes—they comb their chins
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the chapter of the blanket!
Yet, spite of tanets so flagitious,
(Which must, at bottom, be seditions,
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views,
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overthrow the Government!)
Such is our miki and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a any
(According to a form that's set,)
And, far from torturing only lot
All orthodox believers bent 'em,
And I twitch their beards wherever they meet 'em.
As to the rest, they're free to do
Whatever their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Towards rank or honour, power or profit;
* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin advertisement of a *hamsatâmer* in the newspapers lately.
† I have made many enquiries about this Persian gentleman, and 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 Ishpaan 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 the Rayter, "c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Christien.
§ Sunnites and Shiiites 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 and twenty years. The Sunnites are the established sect in Turkey, and the Shiites in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of "libre ascendance, respecte,"..."—D'Herbelot.
†† "Les Sunnites, qui étaient comme les Catholiques dans les désordres des Musulmanismes," —P. Chardin.
‡‡ "Les Tures ne destinent pas l'All reciprocement; au contraire, ils le reconnaissent," —P. Chardin.

**LETTER VI.**

FROM ABDALLAH,† IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPANIAN.

Whilst thou, Mohassan (happy thou!)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our king—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure!—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses—
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders—
Through London streets with usurpation fair,
And calms' floating to the air,
I saunter on the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sowed-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-pants fatter,
(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 plous Shiite sniffs,
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 canonc places,
'Pls to thee, 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.)
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 Sunnies 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.

Rememberest thou the hour we past, That hour, the happiest and the last!— Oh! not so sweet the Siah 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. LOCK-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. Clover work, Sir—would get up prodigiously well! Its only defect is—it would never 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 publish pass, in their stead, Rises higher each day, and (tis frightful to think it!) Not even such names as F-tzg-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 plan'd, A mouth 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 sell— And a lick at the Papists is sure to sell well. 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 dinners—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. Scott, you must know, (Who we're sorry to say it now works for the Row,) Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown Is coming, by long quarto stages, to town; And beginning with Rokeby (the Job's sure to pay) Means to do all the gentlemen's seats on the way. Now, the scheme is (though none of our hack-neys can beat him) To start a fresh Post through Highgate to meet him: Who—by means of quick proofs—no revises— long coaches— May do a few villas before Scott approaches— Indeed, if our Pegasus be not very shabby, He'll reach, without finding, 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 Muses.

The manuscript, which I found in the bookseller's letter, is a melodrama, in two acts, entitled "The Book," of which the theatres, of course, had had the refusal before it was presented to Messrs. Lock-ing-n & Co. This rejected drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my readers. The first act opens in a very awful manner Time, three o'clock in the morning—Scene, the London town at number in C-t-l-i's House. Enter the Poet—a R-g-t-soldier. After a few broken sentences, he thus explains:—

Thou hast my fancy so, thou devilish Book! I meet thee, trace thee, where soever I look. I see thy—ink in Eld'n's brow— I see thy foolscap upon H-rf—t's—spouse— V-h-t—t's head calls thy leather case, And all thy blank-leaves stare from R-d—r's face! While, running here (laying his hand on his heart) I find, an wretched elf! Thy list of dire errant in myself. (Walks the stage in considerable agitation.)

O Roman Punch! O potent Curacoa! O Mareschino! Mareschino, oh! Delicious draught! why have you not the art To kill this gnawing Bookworm in my heart? He is here interrupted in his soliloquy by per—

* 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 Jufcek, 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-m-s-e, 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.
ceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and "by the light of two magnificent candelabras" discovers the following unconnected words: "Wifomenected" — "the Book" — "Wrong Measures" — "the Queen" — "Mr Lambert" — "the R-g-t!"

He! treason in my house!—Curst words that whether My princely soul—(shaking the papers violently)—what demon brought you liither?—"My Wife!"—"the Book" too!—stay—a nearer look.

( Holding the fragments closer to the candelabras.)

Aha! 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 Lord Chancellor, the Duke of C—b—l—d, &c., &c.—The intermediate time is filled up by another soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the afore-mentioned personalities rush on alarmed—the Duke with his stays only half-laced, and the Lord Chancellor with his whisker 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 Lord Chancellor breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream:

"His scarcely two hours since I had a fearful dream of thee, my P—e! Mathemagist I heard thee, midst a crowded troupe, Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud, "Worship my whiskers!"—(weeps)—not a knee was there But bent and worship'd the illustrous pair, That curl'd in conscious majesty!—(pulls out his handkerchief)—while cries Of "Whiskers, whiskers!" shook the ceiling— 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 beauty that nature and affection held! 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 verbal 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 blazes!—I'd ask no leveller 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 takes and hints their random sparks fly. And his'd and cracked, like an old maid's tongue.

While the Post and Courier, faithful to their fame: Made up in stink for what they lack'd in flame! When, lo, ye gods! the fire, ascending brisker, Now shuses one, now lights the other whisker— Ah! where was then the Syphilid that unfurls Her fairy standard in defence of curls?

Three—four whiskers, wig soon vanish'd into smoke. The watchman cried "Past one," and—I awoke!

* "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 renown.
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——t—y—of S——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 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 rapidity with 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 submittence purely professional, and the corresponding tickets (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skillfully laid aside 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 wouldn't go half round the
R—

So hope you'll excuse yours, till death, most obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—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 show again
That pen-green coat, thou pink of men!
Which charmed all eyes that last surveyed it;
When Br——m—l's self inquired "Who made
When ets came wond'ring, from the East,
And thought the poet Pye at least!
Oh! come—(if happily 'tis thy week
For looking pale)—with paly check;
Though more we love thy roseate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze
Full 'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips even thy whisker-tops with red—

That sparkles in the lustre's ray,

Like nymphs along the Milky Way!

But hang this long digression!—time is not chalk, yet chalk is gone!
And hours are not feet, yet feet are gone;

And every floor that night shall tell
Of glory past and gone;

Thou'rt heard of glory past and gone
With "Molly put the kettle on!"

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so must be brief.

This festive 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—, are thy glorious works!)

You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Hearing good taste some deadly malice
Had clubb'd to raise a piquant palace;

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—s't self alone!

Who—by particular desire—
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from Romeo C——es, Esquire—

Somebody between (‘twere sin to hack it)
The Romeo robe and hobby jacket,

Hail, first of actors!—best of,R——ts!

Born for each other's fond allegiance!

Both say Lotarians—both good dressers—
Of serious farce both learn'd professors—
Both circled round, for use or show
With coxcombs where'er they go!

Thou knowst the time, thou man of lore
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou knowst the time too, well-a-day!
It takes to dance that chalk away.

The ball-room opens—far and near
Comets and suns beneath us lie:
O'er snowly mouns 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
Shall haste to chalk the ball-room floor—

That sparkle in the insite'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 Scot would write,
When young; when young; "Quem tu, Melpomena, semel
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Nasce nemo, placido lume. vide ris," &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

"Quem tu, Melpomena, semel
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Nasce nemo, placido lume. vide ris," &c.—Horat.)

The Romeo robe and hobby jacket,

Hail, first of actors!—best of,R——ts!

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Both circled round, for use or show
With coxcombs where'er they go!

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Let them say what they will, that's the man for

"Quem tu, Melpomena, semel
Thou great Tragic Muse! at the hour of his birth—
Nasce nemo, placido lume. vide ris," &c.—Horat.)

The Romeo robe and hobby jacket,
And each, to make the olio pleasant,
Had sent a state-room as a present!—
The same fauteuils and girandoles—
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—all! not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!—
So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones

*The salt-cellars on the P——'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 McMahon's appointment.

Last night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep— at length I said,
"I think of Viscount Castleragh,
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— what a frightful dream!
 Fuseli has no such theme;

Never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror half so horrid!
Methought the papers, in whiskered state,
Before me at their breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread petitions,
On the other hints from five physicians;
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
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 many different capers,
Advanced, O jacobin papers!
As though they said, "On our sole design
To suffocate his Royal Highness!"
The leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic petition.
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.

Then Commons' Hall addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the King'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 overthrows 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-y-I's leave, I may throw my chains by;

And as time now is precious, the first thing I do
Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.
I meant before now to have sent you this letter,
But Y-rn—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 digestion—
For though H-nt—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 straw waistcoat on him, and restrictions on
m e,
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 disaster
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 puzzling;
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 irnprovement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
That R-se was grown honest, or W-stm-rel-nd wiser—
That R-¸l-r was, even by one twinkling 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 curacoa;+
That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
And my Y-rn—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

* The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, sconce.
+ The letter writer's favourite luncheon.
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
shelf.
We'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-
cover it.
New villas, new fetes (which even Waltham
attends).
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not new
friends?
I repeat "new friends"—for I cannot de-
scribe
The delight I am in with this F-re-c-l tribe
Such capping!—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
Algeri.

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
breeches!
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
shambles his brother!
For Papists the one, and with Papists the other
One crushing Napoleon by taking a city.
While other lays waste a whole Catholic com-
mitees.
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 scattered
affections
Are just danced about for a moment or two.
And the 'other they are, the more sure to run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish there
should come ill
To mortal's—except (now I think on't) Benn
Bramhill.
Who threatened, 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 pres-
ent.
When such is my temper, so neutral, so plea-
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-
ation
Of a candid, enlightened, and liberal nation."

By the by, are I close this magnificent
Letter.
(No man, except Pole, could have writ you a
'Twould please me if those whom I've hum-
begged a 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-ml-u an Eld-n to fly to for
shade;
Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much
harm.
While there's W-sm-rel-nd near him to
weaken the charm.
As for Mora's high spirit, if iught can subdue
it.
Sure joining with H-rf-nd and Y-rn—th will
between K-d-r and Wirt-t-n let Sheridan sit,
And the fog's will soon quench even Sheridan's
wit;
And against all the pure public feeling that
of a candid, enlightened, and liberal nation.
By the by, ere I close this magnificent
P.S.—A copy of this is to P-re-l going,
Good lack! how St Stephen's will ring with his
crowing!

ANACREONTIC
TO A PLUMASISTER.

First and feathery artisan!
Best of plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a F-—e's plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a F-—e to wea-i.
First, thou downiest of men i
Seek me out a fine pea-lien;
Such a hen, so tall and grand,
As by Tuno's side might stand
If there were no cocks at ban-
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on F----e's arown;
Ask the way of Prior's Cup-ul.
I hang these in order due,
Black me next an old cuckoo,
Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy, kind, conversed mates
Pluck nie well—be sure you do—
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a R-y-1 crest.
Bravo, plumist!—now what bird
Shall we find for plume the third?
You must get a learned owl,
Blackest of black-letter fowl—
Biggest bird, that hates the light,
Fee 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” venous sleep—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;
Still now—as alas how much!
Only fit for Y-rm-th’s touch.
There—enough—thy task is done;
Present worthy G-----gc’s son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
With a silken tie whose hue
Once was brilliant buff and blue;
Still now—as alas how much!
Only fit for Y-rm-th’s touch.
There—enough—thy task is done;
Present worthy G-----gc’s son!
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Present worthy G-----gc’s son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
With a silken tie whose hue
Once was brilliant buff and blue;
Still now—as alas how much!
Only fit for Y-rm-th’s touch.
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 than abode)
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-fi-rd can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old Eld-n's wig!
Find me next a poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, duli, and cool
For the head of L-y-r-p—li—
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs
Which they sufferM (what a pity!)
On the road to Paris city.

Next, our C-stl-r—gh to crown.
Bring me, from the county Down,
Wither'd shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er to hide the green—
(Such as Hattep brought away
From Pull Mall last Patrick's-day!)—
Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads of every hue—
And as, goddess!—entrenous—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little torturę, 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— o—
How the Doctor's brow should smile
Crownd with wreaths of camomilc!
But time presses—to thy taste
I leave the rest, so, prithee, hastę!

---

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!"

---

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. II.
FREELY TRANSLATED BY G. R

COME, Y-rm—th, my boy, never trouble your brains
About what your old crony,
The Emperor Boney,
Is doing or brewing on Muscovy's plains;

Nor tremble, my lad, at the state of our granaries;
Should there come famine, and infirm—
You always shall have, my dear lord of the Stanmaries!

Brisk let us revel, while revel we may,
For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes away,
And then people get fat, and—
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
A man object?
Your mind about matters you don't understand?
Or why should you write yourself down for an idiot,
Because "you," forsooth, have the pen in your 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-r-l'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
Romantio dotli flow?—
Or who will repair
Unto M—cli—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 flou-
ing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of—Ackermann's dresses for May!
TRIFLES.

And such helmets, oh, bless you! as never
deed'd any
Male creature before, except Signor Giovanni—
"Let's see," said the R-g-t, (like Titus perplex'd
With the duties of empire,) "whom shall I dress
next?"
The 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 are, like ministers, strange as the case
is.
The fuller they are, the more firm in their
places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could
doubt?
For his Y-rn—th's own Frenchified hand cut it
out;
Every picker 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 Em-peror's Duke, with some kickshaw
or other?
And kindly invent him more Christian-like
shapes
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory 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 pulu
Twould be fearful hard work to unpack him aga
in
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-rf—d her
thimble;
While Y-rn—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 be
drest;
While Y-rn—th, with snip-like and brisk expedi-
tion,
Cuts up, all at once, a large CathTic petition

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

*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—"Ibore tunsors," says Laundridus.
The dissonant Ellis Venus, too, was equally attentive to the decoration of his wig. Indeed, this was
not the only princely trait in the character of Venus, as he had likewise a most hearty and dignified
contempt for his wife.
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 worn 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 black!

What tool is there job after job will not lack?
Their edge is but dulish, it must be confess'd,
And their temper, like Eil·nb'r—h's, none of the best,
But they'll find them good hard-working tools when a try.

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 Chancellor,
Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller—
Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note to this 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 Papist;
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 random,) A heavy drag-chain for some lawyer's old tenant!
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 datt 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 tender, black 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 Ten.
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 hand 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 timbering work there must be, Where a tool such as this is ('ll leave you to judge it) Is placed by ill luck at the top of the Budget!
SONG

SUSAN.

YOUNG Love lived once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing
And woodbine wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourished,
For young Hope nourished
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 ever 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 now
This is Love, careless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.
To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchilled, unmoved,
To love in wintry age the same
As first in youth we loved;
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.

SPRIT 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 Leila touch'd the lute,
Not then alone 'twas felt,
But when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwell.
Sweet lute! in nightly slumber
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
When Leila touch'd the lute,
Not then alone 'twas felt,
But when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwell.
Sweet lute! thy chord she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!

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
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way;
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

Oh, think, when a hero is sighing.
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman 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 seemed to forsake him,
Even then, one sord-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of glory would wake him.
MOORE’S POETICAL WORKS.

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 new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
For he who won
The eyes of fun
Was sure to have the kisses in
A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid’s court went merrily,
And Cupid play’d
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery;
For hearts were told
In shares he sold
To many 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 entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
O thou who wast 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.

Farwell to the land where in childhood I wander’d!
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave!
Unbless’d is the blood that for tyrants is squander’d.
And fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meetest the commotion
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 unsubdu’d.
He sung, as if sorrow had placed him above her—
“Forlorn, fate, forlorn! 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 approving.
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 frame?
’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 speaking thus, and the other down so.
In each sentence he utter’d he gave you your choice,
For one was I? 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 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.
“Sink the Fund,” the last words as his noodle 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 spurned,
A maid gave her heart, as she would her grove.
To be teased by a top, 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 snub’d 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 sleeping,
Some gay-colour'd bark moving gracefully by:

No damp on her deck but the even-tide's weeping,
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 his 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 burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any 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—ch to seek for a moment the purity of that glorious era 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 Molynex 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 H—ksey 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 unyielding 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 skilfully veiled from their sight the only obstructive 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 Whiggisli 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, lurks under all its forms, and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

"Ilam, qui quid agit, quoquv vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque 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 misadventures would attempt to criticise the measures of that 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 misadventures would attempt to criticise the measures of that
CORRUPTION:
AN EPISTLE.

Boast on, my friend—though stript of all beside,
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 unstung,
Outlives even Whetelcke's sword and Hwkesby'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 hatchies lie,
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
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 Ward's gase—
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of "Church and State," and "William's matchless laws,"
And "Acts and rights of glorious Eighty-eight,"
Things which, though now a century out of date,
Still serve to baffle, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speaking lords:
Tum, 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 prevail'd,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assail'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 claimed a right from God to trample man!
But Luther's light had too much warm'd mankind
For Hampden's truth to linger long behind;
Nay 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 tellusman 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 chains
That wakening Freedom cal'd almost in vain.

O England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-star'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 heaven.

While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,
The time was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping over 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 fling,
Though loos'd and broke so often, still have clung.

Hence all the ruins you suffer,—hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,
Whose links, around you by the Norman fling,
Though loos'd and broke so often, still have clung.

"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 sharpest cog their own.

Hence the rich oil, that from the treasury steals
And drips over all the Constitution's wheels,
Giving the old machine such plant play, *
That Court and Commons jog one jointless way,
While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools as far.

And the duped populace, busy how'd to pay
The sums that drive their liberties away—
Like a young eagle, who has lost his plume,
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom.

Which rank corruption destines for their heart!
But honest friends, 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,
Who for a hundred—by—quotes and savoury R—ch
admires,
Be blander thus? Shall honest St—le agree
With virtuous R—se to call us pure and true,
Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair,
Of wise state-poets was'to their words in air,
And P—c unheeded breath his prosperous strain,
And C—ening 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 Caesar's heights
And his ruffian spies, and domineering
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 their country equal laws of 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 eb'd—.for ever eb'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 thickets,
With treachery 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 claims of man,
As doth that fitter'd mob, that tree divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves—
That party-colour'd mass, which ought can warm
But quick Corruption's heat—whose ready

* "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 impetuousness of the drivers, than to the want of that supply of 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 "hominis libertatis incassum disserere." Ferguson says, Cæsar'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 1.

‡ The following artless speech of Sir Francis Winnington, in the reign of Charles II., will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection we have attained in that system of government we have humbly beginnings so much astonished the worthy baronet. "I did observe," says he, "that all those who had offices, 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.

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 minucry of bloom
Upon its lifeless checks, 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,
To 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!" §
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 blusters 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.

CORRUPTION: AN EPISTLE.

All that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made friends and friends made foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despised remnants
Of that unpitying 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 artisan of mischief, F—t,
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 it 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 creditible 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 dishemearing name of treason, and their oppressed countrymen were 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
Trovav portria strane avventure e noiole
Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,
Che non so n' ha notizi le piu 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 the language of sorrow, however, is in general best suited to our music; and with themes of this nature the poet may be 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 alia est quaedam virtus musice."

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 inpatient 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, Plautianus, 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 Manichæans 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."
START not, my friend, nor think the Muse will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of balls, deeces, 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 Litipland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
Let sallow P-re-v-i snuff up the gale
Which Wizard D-gen-n’s gather’d sweets exhale;
Enough for me, whose heart has learnt’d to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who bathe the worm that winces over 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’s prose, 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’d dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this ranking mock
Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in vain,
While G-o-r-t’s tongue and M-s-g-r’s pen remain—
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shield 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 reighns
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,
Embalm’d in hate and canonised by scorn.
When C-st-r— gh, in sleep still more profound
Are carried round him sects and nations raise
And fiird with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew;
So smooth, so godly—yet so devilish too;
Which, when run at once with prayer-books and with whips,
Blood on their hands, and Scripture on their lips,
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make this life hell, in honour of the nest!
Your Royal-iss, P-re-v-i-ss— 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 more 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 raining pity 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 escape hereafter, racks him here!
But no—for other faith, far milder beams
Of heavenly Justice warm the Christian’s fire!!

His creed is writ on Mercy’s page above
By the pure hands of all-atonning love;
He weeps to see his soul’s religion twine
The tyrant’s sceptre with her wreath divine;
And he, whose mind is made of purest stone,
To the one God their varying notes of praise
Emblazon’d on the walls of heaven above,
Whips, tears, and triumphs, that consecrate the brow.

The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
That soars, O Fox! thy peaceful soul with light,
That smiles, blandly speeding, like that orb of air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,
The native mind’s transparent orb,
To the one God their varying notes of praise,
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To the one God their varying notes of praise,
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Whips, tears, and triumphs, that consecrate the brow.
THOU ART, O GOD.

Air—Unknown.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—Psalm lxxiv. 10, 17.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night.
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the op'ning clouds of even,
And we can almost wish we gazè
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those luies that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, 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 sky.
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,
No stop to earth her winged flight,
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay.
Where nothing earthy 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!

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 dew's that fed thee
On Ethan'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
The long-loved olive-tree; &—
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Soloma—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath in the wilderness[||
The wild wind whirls away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reigned as God.

"Go"— said the Lord— "Ye conquerors
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,*f
For they are not the Lord's.
Till Zior's mournful daughter
Cer kindred bones shall trend.
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 seekes.
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.

* 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. xi. 16.
|| "For he shall be like the heath in the desert."—Jer. xvii. 6.
|* "Take away her battlements: for they are not the Lord's."—Jer. v. 10.
** "Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet, nor the Valley of the Son of Hinnom, but the Valley of Slaughter; for they shall 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.
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broi d' e r' s veil;
And she who comes in g l i t t e r' s 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,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy instre wastes away.

O THOU WHO D R Y ' S T T H E M O U R N E R ' 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 life is but a tear 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 shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

* 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 sang several hymns in a voice even clearer and sweeter than usual; and among them were some from the present collection (particularly "There's Nothing Bright but Heaven"), which this very interesting girl had often heard during the summer.

SACRED SONGS.

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 murmuring 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;
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 our soul can see
Some features of Thy Deity;
There's nothing dark, below, above,  
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,  
And weep till that moment when  
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

_SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL._  
MIRIAM'S SONG.  
(Air—Avison.)

And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances.—Exod. xv. 20.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free!  
Sing—for the 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!

_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?

_We're Not the Sinful Mary's Tears._  
(Air—Haydn.)

COME NOT, O LOR D.  
(Air—Haydn.)

Come not, O Lord, in the dread robe of splendour  
Thou wrorest on the mount, in the day of Thine ire;

* 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. 47.
SACRED SONGS.

O FAIR! O PUREST!
SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.‡‡

Air—Mozart.

O FAIR! O purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
In peace by all who come;
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.

"And God shall take away all tears from their eyes:... neither shall there be any more mourning."—Rev. xxI. 4.

"And he shall wipe away all tears from their eyes:... neither shall there be any more mourning."—Rev. xxI. 4.

"And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new."—Rev. xxI. 5.

"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. Tytche.

** "And he made all the walls of the house round about with carved figured of cherubims, and p£lm-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 Jehovah 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.
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 call 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 inolence or slyren 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."—Juvi.
Mark those proud boastors of a splendid line, Like gilded ruins, monldering while they shine, How heavy sits that weight of alien show, Like martial lichn 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 radiant 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 plura armis quibus nulla nisi in armis reliquitur ipsa."—Livy.
Is there no call, no consecrating cause, Approved by Heaven, ordained 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, Then the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim should meet 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 sumns him in thy lucient eyes, And faints upon thy sighing lips. I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep That used to shade thy looks of liglit; 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!

ELEGIAE 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 flit a number,
And through a round of dangers run,
Because your heart’s insipid 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 slumber 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 untouch’d 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 the purest of odours would yield.

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses so flowing and bright;
And would surely be sweeter to me!
And the purest of odours would yield.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embellish with many a sigh;
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.
And the purest of odours would yield.

TO MRS. —,
ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE’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 distest 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 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,—alas!—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?

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeams slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor’s tomb!

A warm tear gush’d, the wintry air
Congeald 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.

HOBST thou not seen the timid tear
Steen trembling from mine eye?
HOBST thou not mark'd the finish 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 rend, 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.
Long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
It 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 heaven,
And sang a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a squalid 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 shrieking fiend that hung in the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helder—but 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!

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

Pitty me, love! I'll pity thee.
If thou indeed hast felt like me,
All, all my bosom's peace is o'er!
At night, which was my hour of calm,
When from the page of classic lore,
From the pure fountain of ancient joy,
My soul has drawn the placid balm,
Which charmed its little griefs away:
Alas! there I find that balm no more.

Those spells which made us off forget
The fleeting troubles of the day,
In deeper sorrows only were
The strings 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 harbinged to 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 sorrow 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 hope—for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So like the star which usher'd 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 you bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!
'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

SONG.*

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in this believing
But now I mourn that ever 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 o'er deceived like thee,
Alas! deceived me too severely!
Fare thee well!  

* To the Scotch air, "Gala Water."
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO A LADY.

SONG.

Oh! man, what shall I do while
This longing heart is driven o'er,
And all the world but thee to love,
And all the world but thee adore?

My life was once as bright as sun,
As happy as the birds on high,
But now my bosom bleeds to doubt the
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And live with thee than live without thee!

Farwell! Farwell! think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token,
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken,
Farwell! Farwell! I

SONG.

O N THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. ------.

Written in Ireland.

Of 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, whate'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 roving,
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over!

Then oh! my friends, &c.

Oh! banish every thought to-night
Which could disturb our soul's communion.
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We'll for once forget the Union.
And tremble o'er the rights they died for.

Nor would it be without delight
To weep, as I wave the handkerchief,
That first so other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear—
Oh! banish every thought to-night
Which could disturb our soul's communion.
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We'll for once forget the Union.
And tremble o'er the rights they died for.

But oh! my friends, &c.

For me, whate'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 roving,
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over!

Then oh! my friends, &c.
For, trust me, 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—oh, if, gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest:
Ah! where do all affections thrill
And they will frown at all I've felt,
For, trust me, who never met
That Glory oft would claim the lay.

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
But, if, perhaps, some gentler mind.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY

Tell him—or, oh! if, gentler still,
But how comes it that you, such a
She vows to be true, and while she lies
O woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;

But, oh! while he's blest, let him die on the
The heart will seek its kindred heart,

And does not Julia's bosom bleed
By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can
And reason and thinking were out of your

The argument most apt and ample
As learned dialectics say,
Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
A maid remember'd now with pain,

INCONSISTENCY

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 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.

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 part, and lisp, 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.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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 she,
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
is dearer far than passion's bland deceit.

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare!
'Yon's heart was only mine, I once believed.
'sh ill I say that all your vows were false?
In 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.
'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,
Woo's 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 o'er!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

Our hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The twin sisters 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 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 widowwood 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,
And thought thou wert not form'd to die!

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Here is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free:
And here my simple song may 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,
0! 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.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

The wisest soul by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shriving casquet'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
Dissoles the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the murmuring 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 over each star that roll'd,
And tracked it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt pass through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, divinely shed,
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 sons to them!

No!—when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free,
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we meet,
And mingle to eternity!
ANACREONTIC.

"In laudrynum verterat omne morum."—Thic.

lib. 1. 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 call'd at noon;
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!

For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when 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 while
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 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 soothings it awakond 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 shone 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 other sighs unanswer'd stole,
Nor changed the sweet, the treasured toncs.

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;
But, ah! how soon came some pitying Power,
And took the Lyre and thee to heav'n!

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

CONCEALED within the shady wood
A mother left her sleeping child,
And sliwld to call her rustic food.
The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her pathway rise,
The mother roams, astray and weeping;
Far from the weak appealing cries
Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears; a light is seen,
And 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 eye,
And, timid, ask'd that speaking face
If parting pain'd thee half so much;

I thought, and oh! forgive the thought,
For who, by eyes like thine inspired
Could ever resist the flattering fume
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 nursling I had cradled there.

And many a tear beguiled by pleasure,
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure,
Perhaps indifference has not chilled it,
To shield and strengthen in thy breast.

Yet, Oh blest! though but in fancy blest,
Timt vou are not a daughter of ether and light,
That dance upon rainbows and shine upon earth,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms.

You forget how supernal, toi mortals dwell,
And dulling delight by exploring earth's low
Than with Harvey, whose volumes
No no— but for you, my invisible love,
You are not a daughter of ether and light,
That dance upon rainbows and shine upon earth,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms.

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 shine upon earth.
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 still, my Cara, may the sigh
Wax to hours that vanish o'er us
Be follow'd by the smiling eye.

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

To the bank where at twilight the poet tells
How rays are confused, or how particles fly,
And often 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.

Sweet spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of many an hour.

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

Peace and Glory.

Written at the commencement of the present war.

Where is now the smile that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope that lighten'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, set 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 here 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 sauntering way.

Through the field where horrors stalk,
Shedding Hope's consoling ray.
Long the smile his heart will cherish.
To its absent idol true.
While around him myriads perish.

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,
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 sing the thought upon its way!
In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or loveliest 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 bourn of my way!
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And love shall lend its sweetest care,
With memory to embalm 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.

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh,
Eclips'd the breath that warbling sea-maidens
They might some other heart betray,
Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs.

When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight
Music roll'd,
Oh! seek it whereso'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 pellicud tides that whirl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill that weeps along,
Murmur'd by beds of pearl;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,
To the faint breath the musical 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 harmony!

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!
Many a star has ceased to burn,
Many a star has Saturn's urn
O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,
Since thy aerial spell
Hath in the waters slept!
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
The genii of the deep were wont to swell
Of those entrancing airs
Through the circle of creation's zone,
Whose seal upon this world imprest*
Stole o'er his musing breast!
Stole o'er his musing breast!
What pions easeasy
What placid ecstasy
Wafted his prayer to that eternal power,
Whose seal upon this world imprest*
The various forms of bright divinity!

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 pions easeasy
Wafted his prayer to that eternal power,
Whose seal upon this world imprest*
The various forms of bright divinity!

* 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.
§ Pormby says that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear.
The system of the harmonised orbs was styled by the ancients "The Great Lyre of Orpheus."
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonus of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of nature's fontal balm.
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move,
By the great diadem that twines my brow,
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
We—lady! Lady! keep the ring;
Of placid smile and downy wing.
Ho not disturb their tranquil dream,
Yet Heaven will shed a soothing beam.
And caught her eyes reflected light,
She art my life, my essence now.
Tuesdays, 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 Heliodora'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 Heliodora now!
The loving rose-bud drops a tear
To see the nymph no longer here,
To glad my heart and cheer my way!

I found her not—the chamber seemed
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 fleu,
It felt as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her ere she fleu,
And — keep the ring, oh! keep the ring.

THE RING.
TO ———, 1801.
No — Lady! Lady! keep the ring;
Oh! think how many a future year
Or placid smile and downy wing,
May sleep within its holy sphere!
Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Thou sayst that we were born to meet,
Oh Lady! think how man's deceit
With all these wily nets of heart.
Though few the years I yet have told,
And from her portly figure threw
To theirs hath been as warmly sani.
To theirs hath been as warmly sani.

LORD AND REASON.
"Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir."—J. J. Rousseau.
"T'as en 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.

* 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.
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 found 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 hid the portly nymph adieu!
Now gaily roves the laughing boy
On many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He call'd the many sweets they shaded.
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odor fad'd:

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains;
And love expired on Reason's breast!

Oh, take me to thy bosom cold,
In murmurs at her feet he said;
And Reason oped her garment's fold,
And hung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it fall'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 cannot claim one precious tear
From that beloved eye!

The world! oh, Fanny! love must shine
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,
With whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not at once forget
All, all the worthless world!

"Is in your eyes, my sweetest love!
My only world I see;
Let but their orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above,
May crown 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.

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 in spirits on the beam,
Two winged boys descending from above,
And gilding to my hour with looks of love,
Like the young genii who repose their wings
All day in Amatha's luxuriant springs
And rise at midnight from the tepid rill
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill!

To such a 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!
Exciting guides, the little genii flew
Through paths of light refresh'd with starry dew,
And fann'd by airs of that ambirosial breath,
On which the free soul banishes after death!

Thou know'st, my love, beyond our clouded skies,
As bards have dream'd, the spirits' kingdom lies
Through that fair clime a sea of ether roll'd
Gemm'd with bright islands, where the favour'd sons
Whom life hath wearied in its race of hours
Repose for ever in unfading bowers!
That very orb, whose solitary light
So often guid'd thee to thy home at night,
Is no chill planet, but an isle of lore!
Placed in splendour through those seas above!
Thus, thus! 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,
Reclin'd the spirits of the immortal Blest!

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 plac'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,
Women, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are calm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!
Fanny, my love, they never shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away;
No—the universe a soul
Attain'd to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will!

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,
With whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not at once forget
All, all the worthless world!

"Is in your eyes, my sweetest love!
My only world I see;
Let but their orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above,
May crown or smile for me!

* MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

† THE GREECIAN GIRL'S DREAM OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.

‡ ASPASIA.
Oh! there I met those few congenial maids
Whom love hath warmed in philosophic shades;
There still Leontium, * on her sage’s breast,
Found love and love, was tutor’d and caress’d;
And there the twine of Pythias’ † gentle arms
Rein’d the zeal which defied her charms!
The Attic master, in Aspasia’s eyes
Forgot the veil of less endearing ties;
While play’d the ringlets of her Samian’s hair,†
Who, fix’d by love, at length did all was her own.
And pass’d his spirit through her lips alone.
O Samian sage! whate’er thy glowing thought
Of mystic Numbers divinely wrought,
There I met those few congenial maids
Is the best number heav’n can boast above.
There still Leontium, on her sage’s breast,
IV hom love hath warm’d in philosophic shades;
The One that’s form’d of Two who dearly love
O Samian sage! whate’er thy glowing thought
While fair Theano, innocently fair.
And there the twine of Pythia’s gentle arms
To fly, to clasp, and welcome it for thee!
That, oh!—’twas but fidelity in me,
My fancy’s eye beheld a form recline,
When near a fount, which o’er the vale distil’d,
That, oh!—’twas but fidelity in me,
My fancy’s eye beheld a form recline,
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When near a fount, which o’er the vale distil’d,
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When near a fount, which o’er the vale distil’d,
That, oh!—’twas but fidelity in me,
My fancy’s eye beheld a form recline,
When near a fount, which o’er the vale distil’d,
That, oh!—’twas but fidelity in me,
My fancy’s eye beheld a form recline,
When near a fount, which o’er the vale distil’d,
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 sought 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,
Yet tell her it has cost this heart
For 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!

To whom I quaff'd my nectar up,
As bat'ries it in this bowl of mine!
To catch the thought by painting's spell,
Thou wert alone, O Love!

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!
To catch the thought by painting's spell,
Thou wert alone, O Love!

The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
When Nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
And may that eye for ever shine
In emanating soul exprest,
The veil of chaos is withdrawn,
And these, O Prince! are richly thine!

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 these, O Prince! are richly thine!

Yet, oh! her 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 learned to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career.
Glancing the beauty shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Then went along, O Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee!

No form of beauty soothing thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wandered wide:
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died!
Untold the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping;
Oh sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping!

But look what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide:
What spirit art thou moving o'er the tide
So lovely? Art thou but the child
Of the young godhead's dreams?

To him—

To HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER.

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE FORBES.

To catch the thought by painting's spell,
How'er remote, how'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 mimick light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
Her evening blushes, ere they fade!

These are the penful'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 harmonizing 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 capture nearer to her heart.
Than critic taste can ever feel.

---

**The Philosopher Aristippus to a Lamp, Which Was Given Him by Lais.**


"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
Of which thy midnight beam has hung;
The neck reclined, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory hung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The savor'd lips' delicious sighs,
The fringe that from the snowy lid
The faithful lamp that many a night
Has kept its little watch of light!
"Full often has it seen her weep,
And fix her eye upon its flame,
Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep.
Repeating her beloved's name!

The faithful lamp that many a night
Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
Has kept its little watch of light!
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The neck reclined, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory hung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The savor'd lips' delicious sighs,
The fringe that from the snowy lid

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**To Mrs. B.** — II.-D.

Written in Her Album.

They say that Love had once a book
(Of which she liked to copy you)
Where all who came the pencil took
And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine.
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallowed line
Or thought profane should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond devotion and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas! as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had drop'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would now and then
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 then was this spirit's name
And thus 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 ebb and fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
And sigh'd and hung 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 twilit 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 rosy cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one,

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, boncath the moonbeam's smile,
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams 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.

O! 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,
If only 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,
'Gainst this I swear thy heart, enow,
In my dear bosom gently doth lie,
O! surely 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!

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.

O! 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,
If only all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair.
Oh! 'Tis the utmost Heaven can do!

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!

O! 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,
Then 'tis still young for me.

And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find.
So hope shall steal 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!
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

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 neighboring 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 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!

Mist 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 did he repeat, "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!

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 maid 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
Disport'd through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
With white and bridal flowers.

HER HERO COULD SMILE AT THE TERRORS OF DEATH,
When he felt that he died for the sake 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 surging wave glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was beginning the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margin reclined,
When,—bark!—'twas the bell that came deep in the wind.
She started, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her lover, 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 fleeter 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 matrons all in rich attire,  
Within the castle walls.  
Soft listening to the choral strains  
That echoed through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friend repair'd  
Into a spacious court,  
To strike the bounding tennis-ball  
In eat and maul sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had  
The wedding-ring so bright,  
Which was to grace the lily hand  
Of Isahel 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 surprised 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 wond'red 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 bewildefd 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 nun'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 carease found;  
He saw it not, but thought it felt  
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,  
But found the phantom still;  
In vain he shrunk, it clasped him round  
With damp and deadly chill!

And when he bent, the earthly lips  
A kiss of horror gave;  
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,  
Or from the mouldering grave!

Ill-fated Rupert, wild and loud,  
Then criedst 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 bad 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 arrived,  
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 bewildefd wife  
The trembling Rupert said—

"O Isabel! dost thou not see  
A shape of horrors here,  
That strains me with a deadly lass,  
And claims me as its dear?"

"No, no, my love, my Rupert, I  
No shape of horrors see;  
And much I mourn such phantasm  
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 main.  
Whom all the country round believed  
A devil or a sain't!
To father Austin's holy cave
The ring that Rupert lost,
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
To remedy his fate.

The very ring that Rupert lost,
The female flend no sooner heard,
Then darting at the youth a look,
Then slow he went, and to this fiend
She said, in that tremendous voice
And giving it, unto the youth,
And when he saw the blood-scrawled name,
"I thought," cries he, "his time was out,
Who look'd and read them with a yell,
He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
When'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
Travel'd by torchlight through the roads,
To where the cross-roads met, and he
And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Trav'ling by torchlight through the roads,
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
He look the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home returned 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' line.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!
Why is falling snow so white?
Blest 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 EPISTLE ADDRESSED TO J. ATKINSON,
ESQ., M.B.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 searchings 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;
Not passion's pride 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 bosom'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 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 Love!
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love!
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mistresses of dreams and fancies 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.

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 skye,
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 flash.
To bid its roses withering die,
Nor age itself, though dian 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,
In circles flew, and melting as they flew
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distilk'd
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distilk'd!
All, all was luxury!

All must be luxury where Lyceus smiles!
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes.
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd
While m'd the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clastering blooms of light
Call'd from the gardeis 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 bod.
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bod.

To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance
In chains of ecstasy!
Now on his arua
In blushes she repos'd,
And while he look'd entranced on every charm.

Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstasy!
Now on his arua
In blushes she repos'd,
And while he look'd 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
Lyceus 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 tresses,
Waved o'er the goblet's side.
And was reflect'd by its crystal tide,
Like a sweet crocus flower.
Whose sunny leaves at evening hour,
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 gentle waves of snowy-feather'd air.
Such as the children of the pole inspire
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
Waited thy fleet 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 tread,
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 lying
Upon a diamond shrine!
Who was the spirit that remember'd man
In that exciting hour?
And with a wing of love
Brush'd of 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 throb'd along the burny wire
Of heaven's illumin'd lyre,
Steeping the soul of music in its light!
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fanning
By all their sighs, meandering stole!
They, who, from Atlas' height,
Bareth the roll of flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet whose stupendous frame
Had kindled as it rapidly revolved
Around its servile axle, and dissolved
Into a flood so bright!
The child of day,

* 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 Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions.
‡ In the "Geoponika," 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.

Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping;
On the finishing bosom of a flower:
When round him, in devotion weeping,
Dropt the celestial shower,
Sleeping
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 ruddy dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd in dews upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly wine;

Blest be the sod, the floweret best,
That caught upon their hallow'd breast
The nectar's spray of Jove's perennial springs;
Less precious the floweret, and less sweet the soil,
O'er which the spirit of the rainbow sings
The magic mantle of her solar god;"
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 Cissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day?
No more to Tempe's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Though youth and love and будет, and day
To bear the mystic chaplets home!
Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By nature warind, 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 Doona divine,
And though it weep in languor now,
Yet in the vale of earthly sense,
Thou gav'st me thoughts, and every sense
Gave images of thee for ever dear,
These wand'rest, and o'er every scene
Of nature's purest beauty steer:
So pure, so soft, so brilliant still!

TO MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

ON READING HER "PSYCHÉ." (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 embrosial 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 breathed!

Oh! you that love a celestial dream
In all its purity would know,
Let not the senseless poet beam
Too strongly through the vision glow!

Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And warms them into harmony
Flow, Plutus, 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 know that once have heard at night
A song like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light.
Who seemed, like thee, to breathe of heaven!
But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shine,
"Oh why should fairy Fancy keep
These wond'rous 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!

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 silver or beauty's beam
Are realis'd at once in thee!

*This alludes to a curious gem—a drop of pure water enclosed within a piece of crystal.—See Chauvin.
† Upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempe for their laurel. We find, in Pausanias, that a valley supplied the branches of which the temple was originally constructed: and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, "The youth who brings the Temple laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute."
Dear psyche! many a charmed hour,  
Through many a wild and magic waste,  
To the fair fount and blissful bower  
Thy many foot my soul hath traced.

Where'er thy joys are numbered now,  
Beneath whatever shades of rest,  
The element of the starry brow  
Hasclaim'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 title was given  
To keep her name as faceless here  
As nectar keeps her soul in heaven.

IMPROPTU,  
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 would then all so bright,  
That thou shouldst ever learn to weep  
No, no! a star was born with thee

Which sheds eternal purity!  
Thou hast within those vernal eyes  
So fair a transcript of the skies  
Where'er thy charms were just arrayed

In lines of fire such heavenly lore,  
That man should read them and adore!  
Yet have I known a gentle maid  
Yet must not, dare not love again,

Whose early charms were just array'd  
In nature's loveliness like thine,  
And wore that clear celestial sign  
Whose screen to mark the brow that's fair

For destiny's peculiar care!  
Which was, o'er thou, 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;  
Her gems have been beguiled away.

Great 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  
Behind the fount of Tyra's flood,

* Constancy.

† By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.
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 beauteous glance,
As if to light your steps along!

Oh! how could others dare to touch
That rapture'd hand with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
To part for all but heaven and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How in love were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me like a spirit, flew.

Neathless 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!

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 vestal planet weep
Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

My heart was full of fancy's dream,
And as I watch'd the playfull stream,
Entwining in its net of smiles
So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scene were there
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 impress'd,
And still the bright and balmy spell
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell
I thought that, all enrap't, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade
Where Epieicus taught the Loves
To polish Virtue's native brightness,
Just as the beak of playfull doves
Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness.

'Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of classic Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balmy, and peace!
And then yon there, my own beloved!
And dearly by thy side I roved
Through many a temple's brighten gloom,
And many a lover's enticing beam.
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 move 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 anddammed 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 wanes 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 lived in Asian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story!
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhal'e in sighs;
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd
As if with soul and passion fill'd;
Some flowed with amber cups around,
Shedding the flowery wines of Creta,
And as they pass'd with youthful bound,
The onyx silone beneath their feet;
While others, waving arms of snow
Entwined by snakes of burnish'd gold,
With fairy form, as loath to show,
Through many a thin Tarentian fold,
Glistened along the festal ring
With vases, all respiring spring,
Where roses lay, in langnor breathing,
And the young bee-grape round them wreathing
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!

WELL, peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And heath 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 allurement forgive and its splendour forget!
Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its vallies perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd;
And thus alone should love be said.
And thus alone should love be read;
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and 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 men-
tioned by the antique Cardamus, "De Rerum Varietat," lib. vii., cap. 31.
Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of times!

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And then the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground!

If I were yonder conch of gold,
And then 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 then the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee.
To scent the most imploiring air!

Oh! bend not o'er the waters drink,
Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
With this snowy bird of blandishment
To lead me where my soul should meet—
A little dove of milky hue.

Before me from a plantain flew,
The blossoms of the waters madé
A vista from the waters madé
Which, like the aloc's lingering flowers,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
While many a bending sea-grape drank
The lamp of some beside salut.

My bird reposed his silver plume
Along a flowery bank.
The bud that gives, through morning dew
To shade me in that glowing hour!

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
Should the Snow-Spirit come ever here?
"Twas Nea, slumbering calm and mild,
Upon a rich banana's bloom.

What spell, what magic raised her there?
Whose spirit in Elysium keeps
The play of its sabbath, while he sleeps!

But the Snow-Spirit never comes here!
The leaves to let it wander in,
And to clothe over all her charms,
The luster of the lips I love.

May seem to give their perfume too!
Yet think not the veil he so chillingly casts
Is the veil of a vestal severe.

No, no, thou art wise, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here?

I stole along the flowery bank.
While many a bending sea-grape drank
The sea-side.

The sprinkles of the featherly ear
That wing'd me round this fairy shore!

Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Painted in the balsam's bloom.

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 all the wave that rosy sigh,
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 aloc'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
A little dove of milky hue.

Upon a rich banana's bloom,
A vision bright! O spirit fair!
What spell, what magic raised her there?
"Twas Nea, slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dishevel child,
Whose spirit in Elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps!

The sea-side.

The sprinkles of the featherly ear
That wing'd me round this fairy shore!

Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Painted in the balsam's bloom.

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Upon a rich banana's bloom,
A vision bright! O spirit fair!
What spell, what magic raised her there?
"Twas Nea, slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dishevel 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 vermil tinge
Like the first ebon cloud that closes
Dark on evening's heavenly cases:
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seemed glowing through their ivory lid,
And o'er her lips reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw.
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some belov'd saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which plouts hands have hung beneath!

* The sea-side or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.


MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

VIII.

Behold, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold!
'Tis bellow'd by the touch of them
Who lived in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem displayed;
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 never hast a ringlet shine,
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine
Which I remember not!

There never yet a murmur fail
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,
Consumed in sweets away!

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.,
FROM BERMUDA.

March.

"This 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 Baccus's dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new?

Do you sometimes remember, and hollow 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!

* Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs.

The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends who were dear and believed before;
But never till now so beloved and dear.
At the call of my fancy surrounded me here!
Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
To a paradise brighten the blest little isle:
Serenity, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd.

Not the valleys Icern (though water'd by rills)
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,*
Where the song of the shepherd, primaval 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 herbages a hue?
Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art
Like the vistes that shine's through the eye to the heart?

Ah! 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 proceed,
And that a vision so happy should fade!

Thus, the shadie 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 Baccus's dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new?

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* Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs.
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 graceful wing.
But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too:
To light, if not to warm, the gloom.

TO LORD VISCONT 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;
It even in new unknown heave and space
Rose, like a phoenix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone.

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 warm, the gloom.

Here, might 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 blemish'd draught,
In form no more than from cup of wine dried,
But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.

Around the columns of the public shrine
Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid.

Nor may 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 range 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 scan
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 Godlike 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 nurtures hope?

No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even now,

While yet upon Columbia's rising brow

The showy smile of young presumption plays,

With grateful hope with all that heavenly heat,

Burns with the twin of empire near their birth.

And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,

She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime!

Already has the child of Gallic's school,

The soul philosophy that sins by rule,

With all her train of reasoning, damming arts,

Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,

Like things that quench, utter Nilus' flood,

The venomed 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 title,

Of young luxuriance or manchild's 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 warm excess;

But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,

All youth's transgression will at last decay.

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 Panader, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous despatch to his government, which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794.
To shew the world what high perfection springs
Their private perquisites from public act,
Even here already patriots learn to steal
From rabble senators, and merchant kings
Which Freemen tell us, was ordained by fate.
Who could think march in their pili side for
Have proved at length the mineral's tempting
Of purpled madmen were they unmerry all,
Whom makes a patriot can unmake him too.
From Roman fate down to Russian fame,
Upon this free, this virtuous state
Those rebel leaders, that rack the world,
The ills, the vices of the land, when
Where treason's arm by royalty was named,
Those rebel friends, that rack the world, were
Where treason's arm by royalty was named,
And Freemen learnt to crush the throne
They served—
Thou gentil held in dreams of classic thought,
By harps illumined and sages taught,
That fast to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That hurt had fancied, or that sage hath been!
What 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 destroy
One generous hope, one thrill 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 pray study all her lights in him!
Yes, yes in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet!

TO—

Come, take the harp—its 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, nay, in pity dry that tear.
All may be well, be happy yet.
Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate while thou art nigh!

Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
We used to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas! they blest to know!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then
Now wither'd, lost—oh! pray thee, cause,
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 sweetened into song, such holy sounds
As oft the spirit of the good man bears
Prelusive 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 made a man an ace
Of Nature's form, till by the touch of time
The mystic shroud grew thin and immunous,
And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through it!

Of magic wonders that were known and taught
By him (for Chan or Zoroaster he named)
Who mused, amid the mighty cascadus,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,
And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven!
Beneath the waters which engulf the world!
Korlet the living star of science sink
With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
The diapason of man's mingled frame.
Told to the young and bright-haired visitant
Throngli many a system where the scattered
Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Of carmin converse, he beguiled us on
Of Carmel's sacred mount—Then, in a flow
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,
Of heavenly truth lay like a broken beam
Which the grave sons of Moclius many a night
From flint high fount of spirit, through the
The lone, eternal Ono, who dwells above,
Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Through meads of flowery light and mines of
As some bright river, which has roiled along
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still!
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
When poured into the dusky deep,
And here the old man ceased—a winged train
The balmy freshness of the fields it left!
The fair illusion fled! and, as I woke,
Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes.
I knew my visionary soul had been
Among that people of aerial dreams
Who live upon the burning galaxy!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO——

The world had just begun to steal
Each hope that led me lightly on,
I felt not as I used to feel,
And life grew dark and love was gone!
No eye to mingle sorrow's tear
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath.
No tongue to call me kind and dear—
'Twas gloomy, and I wished for death!
But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seemed to tell me then
That I was yet too young to die.
And hope and bliss might bloom again!
With every heamy smile that cross'd,
You bidding cheek, you lightened home
Some feeling which my heart had lost,
And peace which long had lrned 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 Jamblicus as descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. The Mochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phœnicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses.

TO MRS.——

TO LADY H——

ON AN OLD KING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Tunbridge est a la meme 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 lieu des ouux. 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 pantiles
The merriest sight 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 use
The woods which "have no business there!"

Yes, yes, I could have loved you
Who, while his youth was yet unspent, full
Finds something dear to receive a boon,
Which pays him for the loss of all!

TO——

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear,
Regain, 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 calmed—
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 hush'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 symphonies which tremble 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 inimitable to your modern fighters, And Charles's lovers in Heathcote live, And Charles's bards revive in Rogers!
Let not 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 the gay, The few, who know the rare delight Of reading Grammont every day, And acting Grammont every night.

TO——
Never mind how the pedagogue proses, 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 kisses, May fly to the blisses of science!
Young Sappho, for want of employments, Alone over her Ovid may melt, Condemned but to read of enjoyments When wisr Corinna has felt.
But for you to be buried in books— O Fanny! they're pitiful 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 But eloquence glows on your lip Who could not in this first time I dared so much, And yet she chid not!
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow, "Oh! do you doubt I love you now?" Sweet soul! I did not.

AT NIGHT*

At night, when all is still around, How sweet to hear the distant sound Of footstep, coming soft and light! What pleasure in the anxious beat With which the bosom flies to meet That foot that comes so soft at night!
And then, at night, how sweet to say "Tis late, my love!" and chide delay, Though still the western clouds are bright; Oh! happy, too, the silent press, The eloquence of mute cares, With these we love exalted 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 A now wanders for that starry sky Should smile upon thy orb to meet The recollection, kind and sweet, Which wiser Corinna has felt.

O Strangford! when we parted last, I little thought the times were past, And Charles's loves in Heathcote live, Our only use for knowledge then To turn to rapture all we knew! Delicious days of sigh and soul! When, unerring love and truth for her, We read'd the book on Pleasure's bow, And turn'd the leaf with Polly's feather! I little thought that all were fled, That, ere that summer's bloom was shed, My eye should see the sail unfurled That waits me to the western world!

And yet 'twas time—in youthful days, Too cool the season's burning rays, The heart may let its passion wing Repose a while in Pleasure's shrine; 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, But smiling, as with soothed delight, And gave my soul such tempting scope For all its dearest, fondest schemes, That 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 curulous lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "At Night" written over him.
† Tythogoras
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-light scenery here!
The sea is like a silver lake.
And over its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The stunner of the silent tides!
The only envious island that lowers
Gently, as if it fear'd to walk
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he toweis,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round its giant form!
Now, could I range those verdant isles,
And see the looks, tho melting smiles,
O! I should have told many a tale
Dear Strangford! at this hour perhaps,
As they who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Which Camoens' harp from rapturie stole
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Oh! could I learn from thee,
Buch dear, beguiling minstrelsy
"This time to bid my dream farewell.
But, hark!— the boatswain's piping tell
Eight helis:— the middle watch is
That far beyond the western sea
Good night, my Strangford!— ne'er to visit
Is one whose heart remembers thee.
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
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Good night, my Strangford!— ne'er to visit
Is one whose heart remembers thee.
Walfes o'er the free, unlorded soil,
Kindled by Heaven's avenging ire,
Thou couldst a Clandestine's bloom in
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Thrice happy land! where he who lives
The drops that war had sprinkled there;
While peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
For hearth and altar, sire and son.
The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
Effacing with her splendid share
And glorying in the rights they won
Far from the shocks of Europe; far
Where man looks up, and proud toolan.
May shelter him in proud repose
From the dark ills of other skies,
Himself its centro, sun and soul!

But, when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destined isle;
In which the gentle spirit dwelt.
From honey flowers the morning dew!

A BALLAD.
THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.
WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

They tell of a young man who lost his mind
Upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, sud-

Deeplv disappearing from his friends, was never
Afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said,
In his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but
Some 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 dread
Falms.

"O! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell
Shall light me to my destined isle;

And the white canoe of my dear
Shall light me to my destined isle:

The name of the death-cold maid;

To pour the soul in sound along.
And turn its every sigh to song!
I thought of home, the according lays
Respir'd the breath of happier days;
Warmly in every rising note
I felt some dear remembrance float,
Till, lost by music's fairy chain,
I wandered back to home again!
O! love the song, and let it oft
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 insinuated heard
Of love renewed and friends restored!

Now, sweet, adieu!—this artless line
Shall light me to my destined isle.
You shall have many a cowslip beli
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell

And the white canoe of my dear
Shall light me to my destined isle;

The name of the death-cold maid.

And in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but
died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dread
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died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dread
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And in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but
died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dread
Falms.
Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
For happy spirits in the Atlantic waste,
And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.

And far he follow'd the meteor spark,
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
For happy spirits in the Atlantic waste,
And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient mythology.

The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.
But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGALL.

FROM BERMONDA, JANUARY 1804.

LADY! where'er you roam, whatever beam
Of bright creation warms your mimic dream;
Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's climax!
Which bards of old, with kindly magic, placed
Might love my numbers for the spark they gave
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 charm your spirit from its orb again,
For song so rude as mine,
Oh! might the song awake some bright design,
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
For song so rude as mine,
Oh! might the song awake some bright design,
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
For song so rude as mine,
SADLY YOU CLEAV HEAD TO ROSE.
And round my neck in silence twin
Your hair along my bosom spread.
All humbled with the tears you shed!
Have I not kissed those lips of snow?
Yet still, my love, like fountains they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, where'er we meet—
Why is it thus? do tell me, sweet!
Ah, Laire! are my huddyings 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, Morzante 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 play among the listenning hills.
Sereneely o'er its fragrant smile
And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs that round this Eden blow.
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 fryly round the mast.
The sun has now so famously given
The colors of a Guidance 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! 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!

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

Ald the vaper hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp.
Through the misty ether spreads
Every in the white man's dreads;
Fiey fever's thirsty thrill.
Fifal ague's silvering 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.
Where'er you work your charm.
By the creeks, or by the brakes.
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes.
And the canebrake loves to creep
Torpid, to his wintry sleep.
Where the bird of carrion flies.
And the slumbering 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 daw.
Hither bend you, turn you hither.
Eyes that blast and wings that wittter.
Cross the wandering Christian's way.
Lead him, ove 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. — Morse's American Geography.

† A willow, 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.
TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Thou oft hast told me of the fairy hours
And vagrant spirits, by the Pono inilaid,
Where sickness sees the ghost of ancient Wit
'Mid cowls and cardinals profanely flit,
There still the bard, who (if his number be
Those playful, sunny holiday of thought,
His tongue's light echo must have talked like
This, the country bard, from whom thy mind has
caught
Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
In which the basking soul reclines and glows,
Whose vision to the planets and bright glows,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong.
There, too, are all those wandering souls of
Whom, known and loved through many a social love
Long love the arts, the graces which adorn
Those fields of freedom where your sites were born.
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither charm'd by choice nor damn'd by fate
To the nob-inanity which imbrutes her now,
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 her warriors' thunderbolts alight!
And see her vict'ry's lines etch'd on the sky.
Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuykill 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 on
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kinship, was there in concord with their own.
Oh! we had nights of that communion free.
That flash of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly: nights of mirth and mind.
Of whins that taught and follies that refined.
When shall we both renew them? when, restored
To the pure feast and intellectual board,
Is this the region, then, is this the clime
For golden fancy? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal.
'Tis this that meditates 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 soul
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not.
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, wild, fang 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 illuminated taste.
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has wander'd, O you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
Long may you hate the Gallic dress that runs
O'er your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the graces which adorn
Those fields of freedom where your sites were born.

Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither charm'd by choice nor damn'd by fate
To the nob-inanity which imbrutes her now,
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 aloft!
And see her vict'ry's lines etch'd on the sky.
Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuykill 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 on
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kinship, was there in concord with their own.
Oh! we had nights of that communion free.
That flash of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly: nights of mirth and mind.
Of whins that taught and follies that refined.
When shall we both renew them? when, restored
To the pure feast and intellectual board,

Till the morn behold him lying
Over the earth, pale and dying! mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug
Tending him to the door that's in the sun.
For the soul that swells and unties brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood!
Or, unto the dangerous pass
Of the deep and dark noons.
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
To the pure feast and intellectual board,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.  137

This epitaph was suggested by Charlevil's striking description of the confines of the Mississippi with the Missouri.
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

We rest our boat among these Indian isles
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenebly 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 swallow'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 wondered, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his Sabbath strains of joy.
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note
Back to the hear on softer echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!
I dreamed not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
Inousse ease; should treat 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!—
And I can trace him, like a watery star,
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
Along the reeds, in which our idle boat
Dies, like a half-breathed whispering of flutes;
And the smooth glass-snake gliding o'er my
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night!
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake glide with o'er my
Shews the dim moonlight through his scaly form.
Faney, 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 Appalachian mounts!
Hither o'er 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 Manatarlin isle.‖

* Anburey, in his Travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence.—Vol. i., p. 29.
† 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 glittered in the sun, and were called by the Indians 'minnetoe aseniah,' or spirit-stones."—Mackenzie's Journal.
‖ "Manatarlin" signifies a place of spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green clump, 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 languis'd
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound.
And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'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 recollect,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never 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.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave can curl!
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.

As tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep time and our oars keep time.

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

"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 glittered in the sun, and were called by the Indians 'minnetoe aseniah,' or spirit-stones."—Mackenzie's Journal.
"Manatarlin" signifies a place of spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plains
Of my wakon-bird I fly,
Where, beneath an aborning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Summers many a water-snake,
Basking in the web of leaves
Which the weeping lily weaves;
Then I chase the flowered-fish
Through his tempest-wild of spring;
See him now, while diamond hales
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
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 the leaf a tangled wreath
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
Over the sleeping fly-bird's head.
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy rest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
De wy buds and fragrant bells,
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!

Oft when hear and slivery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes:
When the gray moose shears 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 plucks
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-ledge,
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
To the land where spirits rest?

Thus have I charmed, 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 oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divine and dark.
Borne, with sails, alone on the dusky flood,
While on its deck a pilot angel stood.
And with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet oh! believe me, in this blooming maze
Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, 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
(The memory furs o'er pleasure, as it flies!)
Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
I once indulged 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 pelish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride.
When the last read of heroes triumpht high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turning to the living here 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 vanished times, till all that round me lies.
Streams, banks, and bowers, have faded on my eyes!

IMPROPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. —, OF MONTREAL.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowd'd the impressions of many an hour.
Her eye had a glow like the sun of her prime,
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!

* The wakon-bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of paradise, receives its name from 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 marshes, and are easily drawn out by hands. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow.

§ L'oiseau mouche, gros commun le henneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changantes: il tire sa subsistance des fleurs de toutes les abeilles: son nid est fait d'un coton très fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre. — Voyages aux Indes Occidentales, par M. D'Orsay, second part, let. xx.

& Dante. Purgat. cant. ii.
What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some ethereal mode of revealing,
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 swept away.
The lower world, beneath the western star,
Signs through the medium of his sweet cigar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy!

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee over this modern Rome,
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Dayl 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 wonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave!
O great Potomac! O you banks of shade!
You might scenes, in nature's morning made,
While still, in rich magnificence, marine,
She pour'd her wonders, invisibly sublime,
Nor yet had learnt to stoop, with humble care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!

Say where your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bears should meditate and heroes rove,
From heaven design the lordly land to nurse
In full malignity to rankle here?
Which Europe shakes from hor perturbed
Ench blasts of anarchy and taint of crime,
Or worse, thou mighty world! oh, doubly worse,
Where none but brutes to call that soil their
Like vermin, gender'd on the lion's crest?
And woman dianu and man deserve her love!
Where tribunes nile, where dusky David roved,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
Whence pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
O great Potomac! O you banks of shade!

Yet fortune, who so oft, so blindely sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found thee undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scornning to be more;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
Renow'd she need, 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 excurate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
If thou hast get, within thy free-born breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which croops and winds beneath a mob's control,
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, forbear!

Rank must be reverenced, 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 Potomae here!
Our lake and marsh, through favers and through fogs,
Midst bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall folio w me, thy heart and eyes
To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
Where sovereign man can condescend to see
His own half-organised, half-minded race,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!

Where none but brutes to call that soil their
Like vermin, gender'd on the lion's crest?
And woman dianu and man deserve her love!
Where tribunes nile, where dusky David roved,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!
Whence pour'd her wonders, lavishy sublime,
O great Potomac! O you banks of shade!

LINES,
WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

Alone by the Schuykill 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 its 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
Unblest by the smile he had languished to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet!

* 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 affection, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.
‡ The picture which Woff and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very illuminating, 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.
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 noon tide ray ascended,
And o'er the valley's stream
Diffused a glow as splendid
As passion's ripened dream.
Thus love expands—warm noon of love!

But evening came, o'er shading
And the glory 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 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-born 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 will those smiles 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 see'rt it seem.
But when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then, the smile is warmth away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free:
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.
WHEN TWILIGHT DEWS.

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou too, on that orb so dear,
Ah, dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost for evermore,
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 were forgiven,
The pains, the trials we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven.

FANNY, DEAREST.

O, had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest, for thee I 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,
That o'er hail doth infant spring
In pity waft thee hence again!
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies;
But oh, the mirror would cease to shine.
If dum'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.

Sign 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,
Fly, boy, banish hence,
Mournful 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 dear, Make not my soul the rest 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 half the infant spring; Her carol charm'd the blissful shade, Love taught his favourite hymn to sing.

But, ah! that sorrow's preying worm Should nip the tender buds of peace; Now wan with wo 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 blossoming brow of even!
How couldst thou, faithless Edmund, leave A nymph so true, so bright, so 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 sence admire, Bewilder'd is her arching brain, And quench'd is all that lively fire.

FOND MARG, when from these ills severe Death steals thee to his lonely bower, Pity shall drop her angel tear, And twine thy grave with many a flower.

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 vespers swell?"
"It is, my love, some pilgrim's prayer!"

"No, no, but the convent bell
That tol'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!"

Strang'er, 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 falter,
To breathe my vows at Agnes' altar!
Strew then, oh strew his bed of rushes,
Here he shall rest till morning blushes!

(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!"
And there blows not a breath till sails to nil!
Past gliding along, a gloomy bark?

The silent calm of the grave is there,
Dotli play on as pale and livid a crew
Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
Where, under the moon, upon monts of frost,
There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
And the flap of the sails, with night-fog lung!
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
S
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
By skeleton shapes her sails are fuiTd,
Oh! what doli that vessel of darkness bear!
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew!
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Nor let morning look on so folii a siglit
Thou terrible bark! ero the night be gone,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!
To Dead-MaiTs Isle, she speeds ber fast;
To Dead-Man's Isle, in the eyc of the tolast,
Is the last I shall t.read of American land.
Weil, peace to the land! may the people, at
Which bas lengthen'd our nlglits andillummted
That commnnion of heart and that parlcy of
Of some bard I had known or some clnof I had
When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind,'
Zelinda, far away!"

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEAD-MAN'S ISLAND.*

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE EVENING, SEP. 1804.

See you, beneath yon 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 nil!
Oh! what doli 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 lung!

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Nor let morning look on so folii a siglit
Thou terrible bark! ero the night be gone,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!
To Dead-Man's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Dead-Man's Isle, she speeds ber fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are fuiTd,
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 foui 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 waititd, in thee.
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
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 linę, not a barbarous shore,
That I coukl not with patience, with pleasure explore!
Oh! I think, then, how happy I follow thee now,
When hope smoothes the billowy path of our prow
And each prosperous sigh of the west-sprinling 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
And ask it, in siglis, how we ever could part!
But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia farewell!

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."

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 listend and sigh'd that the powerful 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
Should 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 endure 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 flitting over the sky.
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! then 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! I 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
And ask it, in siglis, how we ever could part!
But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia farewell!

* 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."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
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 this is 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;"
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 invade.
In death’s kindly bosom our last hope remains—
The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
On. on to the combat; the heroes that bleed
For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
And oh, even if freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.

HER’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.

Here’s the bower she loved so much;
Spring may bloom, but she loved
No’er shall feel its sweetness;
Time, that once so gently moved,
Now hast lost its festness;
Years were days when here she strayed;
Days were moments near her:
Heaven never 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 wished 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 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 time sun more true,
’Twill never set again.

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 fully 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 ’other takes to flying.
Then is Love’s hour to stray;
Oh, how he flies away!
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Remember the Time.

The Castilian Maid.

On, remember the time, in La Mancha's shade,
When our moments so blissfully flew:
When you could me the flower of Castilian maid;
And I blushed to be called so by you:
When I taught you to warble the gay seguidile,
And to dance to the light castanet;
Oh, never, dear youth, let your room where you will,
The delight of those moments forgot.
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 seemed to burn,
When all my weeping love could say,
"Oh, soon return!"
Through many a clime our ship was driven
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd, as a northern heaven,
Now warmed by summer's zone:
Yet still, wherever 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 raged around,
And brave men look'd to me.
But though 'mid battle's wild alarm
Love's gentle power remain'd not appear,
He gave to glories 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 worlds for which the conqueror sighs.
For me liave now no charms;  
My only world those radiant eyes—  
Thou’rt loved, adored by me,
Whole realms of light and liberty
Were worthless without thee.

ONE DEAR SMILE.
Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sigh’d for thee;
Couldst thou make me feel again
Every wish I breathed thee then,
Oh, how blissful life would be!

Oh, there’s nothing left us now
But to mourn the past!
Yain was every ardent vow—
Never yet did heaven allow
Love so warm, so wild, to last. 

Say, oh say no more,
That lovers’ pains are sweet;
I never, never can
Believe the fond deceit.

CEASE, OH CEASE TO TEMPT.
Cease, oh cease to tempt
My tender heart to love,
It never, never can
So wild a flame approve.

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!

Fare thee well! oh, fare thee well;
How I’ve loved my hate shall tell.
Oh, how lorn, how lost, would prove
The 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 rosea there.

Tis not on the cheek of rose
Love can find the best repose;
In my heart his home thou’rt 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’rt 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 band once more;
The clang of mingling arms
Is then the sound that charms,
And brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.

But then come the light that danger was ended,
And beauty once more lull’d the War-God to rest;
When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And wings 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 love can rouse or pity melt;
That language of the soul is felt and known
From those meridian plains
Where oft, at oft, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian poured his midnight strains,
And called 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 lengthening waste of snow
As the sun as if the blessed light
Ofernal Phoebus 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 region presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

GREEK AIR.

List! ’tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While from Ilissus’ 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 reviving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return,
When Athens nursed her olive bough,
With hands by tyrant power unchained,
And braidéd for the Muse’s brow
A wreath by tyrant touch untaught;
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 waking 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 there were like his mountain rill,
And gush’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 pipe 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—"VANZ DES VACHES."

But wake the trumpet’s blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warring-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 destroys.
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 breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

SPANISH CHORUS.

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, 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 breathes 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 light
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,
Ile came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant of the Cyprian band,
Guided Mn on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows lic drew
His braid, of many a wanton sight;
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And a h !  I feel its magic nowi
I feel that even his garland's toucih
Can make the bosom love too much!

ODE II.

Give me the harp of epic song
Which Homer's Angor thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
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 troubles to relate!
No, call thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Hastil the grape in drops of joy.

ODE III.

Listen to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's sire:
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,
Bacchus straying o'er the plain;
Piping as they rove 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 never a sport of mine.
No,—let me have a slave so
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 Wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train:
But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
Their blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipt bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade:
Let sylvan gods, in antique shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes:
And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
Filt 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 troubles to relate!
No, call thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love.
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Hastil the grape in drops of joy.

ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bower,
To curt a wreath of matin flowers.
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping;
I caught the boy—a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side.
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelinM 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 passe'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 declining has thinned thy 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 shine;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying;
To-day I'LL haste to quaff my wine.
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
Kor time has dimmed their bloomy light,
And thus while all our days are bright,
1 Hastę to quaif my winę again.
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
As if to-morrow ne'er woula shine;
To-day I ' J 1  hastę to quaff my wino.
Amidst my lioary tresses flying.
Be minę tlie odours, rielily slghlng,
Cft he blandly whispers me, 
"Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him still 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
Glossy flakes of burnished gold;
Let his hair, in lapses bright,
To float upon the breeze's wing.
A
Let not the braid, with artful twine,
But loosen every golden ring,
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth,
Front as fair as mountain snow,
Beneath the front of polished dew,
Always every golden ring,
Conceal'd—I'll bid you fly—
And let me light upon your brow,
With Bathyllus' sweetest bower.
With love's sweetest bower!
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ODE XXI.

The Phrygian rock that braves the storm
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Praga, 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 of snow
Warmed to thy breast, and feels its sighs;
Or like those envious pearls that show
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,
And like my heart I then should be,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And Progna, 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 of snow
Warmed to thy breast, and feels its sighs;
Or like those envious pearls that show
Or like those envious pearls that show
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Or like those envious pearls that show
Or like those envious pearls that show
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Like them to hang, to fade like them,
And like my heart I then should be,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And Progna, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
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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 of snow
Warmed to thy breast, and feels its sighs;
Or like those envious pearls that show
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,
And like my heart I then should be,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
ODE XXVII.

As in the Lemnian caves of fire
The naiad who nursed Desire
Moulded the glowing steel to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
While Venus every balm imbues
With droppings of her honey dew;
And Love (alas the victim heart)
Tinges with gali the burning dart;
Tinges with gali 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 blus'd.
He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
'That though they pass the brozes' flight,
His spear with many a life-drop blus'd.
He smil'd and felt the urchin's art,
While little Love, whose feet were twined
By such a strange, illusire scene;
'Tis noon of night, when round the polo
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
An infant, at that dreary hour,
To save him from the midnight air!
'O gentle sir!' the infant said,
'What does the wanton fancy mean
That though my fancy for a while
And ne'er was caught by love till now.

With weary foot I panting flow,
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 dreams;
Then said, in accents half-reproving;

"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXI.

Stray 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 Maechus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy,
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurring to the goal;
A scanty dust, to seed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold incense tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the shivering chill of death?
No, no; I ask no balm to sleep
While the heart bears 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 XXIX.

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied that I wing'd my flight
On pinions fleeter than the wind,
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
Illniss the drear and misty way!' And sighing for his piteous fate,
'Twas Love! the little wandoring sprite
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
Oh! why should I ever be forsworn—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!
I wander o'er the gloomy world;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
Illniss the drear and misty way!' And sighing for his piteous fate,
'Twas Love! the little wandoring sprite
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
Oh! why should I ever be forsworn—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!
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Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began
His pinion sparkled through the night!
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
Oh! why should I ever be forsworn—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!

ODE XXX.

Arms with hyacinthine rod,
(Arms though for such a god)
Cupid made me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent step,

With weary foot I panting flow,
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 dreams;
Then said, in accents half-reproving;

"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"
And every day should swell my store
And purchase front the hand of death
To waft me off on shadowy pinion
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour.

I might some hours of life obtain
How I would love the precious ore!
A little span, a moment's breath,
If hoarded gold possess'd a power

But since we never 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 never illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb
And why should I then part for treasures
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!

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,
Whatever 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
Begin to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
"Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Mollious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
To you the gods have done the most,
To him the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the chorall swell!

ODE XXXIV.

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head
Lackless urn in, not to be所得
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 Yenus 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 rustle out 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 front 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.

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 sily 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 chorall swell!
Hon who instructs the sons of earth
To thrill the tangle dance of mirth;
Hon, who was nursed with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove:
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arras.
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 the tears we lend to thought
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking
Where are the tears we lend to thought
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the chorall swell.

ODE XXXVIII.

How I love the festive boy,
Hopping wild the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow song
Smiling through the well of age;
And wheres'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—hearts is young!
ODE XXXIX.

I knew that Heaven ordained 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, Cid, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round my 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 gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours.
Stern shall bid my Winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb.

ODE XLII.

When Spring begins 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 overpowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

O DE XLIII.

While our rosy fillets shed
Blisses o'er each fervid head

With many a cup and many a smile
The festival moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, sings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,
Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving in her snowy band,
The leafy Bacchamanian wand,
Which as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs.
A youth while 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 sighs,
As o'er his lips the murmurs die!
Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene!
Has Cupid left the starry sphere
To wave his golden tresses here.
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 null'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 Cæsars' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?

On my velvet coach reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow adorning,
While my soul dilates with glee;
What are kings and crowned to me?
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!

Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Haste 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,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul;
When to my utmost core he glides,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
In bowls he makes my senses sway.

When I drink, the jesting boy
Bacchus himself partakes my joy;
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
I think of doubts and fears no more;
Fancies makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Cæsars' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?

On my velvet coach reclining,
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Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me.
Oh! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war!

ODE XLIX.

When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetical zest! I
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;
Bacchus himself partakes my joy;
Each gloomy phantom of the mind!
I think of doubts and fears no more;
Fancies makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Cæsars' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?

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I would spurn them all away!

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Haste 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!
All other joys that I have known
I've scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fate can never 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 depart,
Still more doth sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Call'd for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the sky's snowy white,
Mark how sweet their tints agree,
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy.
Just my girl, like thee and me!
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
They'd make me learn, they'd make me sing,
Fve time for nought but pleasure now.
But would they make me love and drink.
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
And there's an end—for all you know
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!

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, Cybebe, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
But the blush of orient 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.
Bitter taste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh, you will see this hoary sage
Forget his looks, forget his age
He still can kiss the goblet's brim.

ODE LIII.

Methinks the picture'd bull we see
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phoenician fair!
And when the ripe and vermil wine,
Which springing in the cup of mirth,
Which sprang, with blushing tinctures dress'd,
And wanted o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hailed the Rose, the bount of earth;
With nectar in mellow clusters swells,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming wine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their beauteous to the lovely

ODE LIV.

When 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 chaste'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 Diane's kiss,
And blushes like Diane's kiss.
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly muses,
Have reigned it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of dawn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To call the timid floweret thence.
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blush'd lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems.
And fresh intune the slyẹ sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rose-fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh! there is sought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers dappled with rosy dyes;
The nymphs display the rose's churl,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms:
Through Cythera's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm.
The beat of pulse of pain to calm;
Her fingers burn with roseate dies;
In winged circlets through the lanu;
He who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, mellify'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He who inspires the youth to grace
In winged circles through the dance;
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads the blushing nymphs in train,
The blush of orient buds they dyed,
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their beauteous to the lovely

ODE LV.

He who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, mellify'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
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In winged circles through the dance;
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Expand their beauteous to the lovely

THE ODES OF ANACREON.
No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dumplmg health shall light the cheek!
No heart shall then desponding sigh,
For love shall bid despair hence fly!
Thus—till aher autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

ODE LV.

AND whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this dish the ocean's bed?
And in a fonder flight of sight,
Sublime as heaven's eternal pole.
Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating on the silver son
In beauty thrilling on my soul.
Light as the leaf that summer's breeze
 Haiti 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,
Embrace by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violet sleeping.
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance.
The winged slave returns once more,
And love dissolves along the strings!
And wake to life the dulcet shell;
Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
For whom would court his direst foe?
And flies me, as he flies me for ever,
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance
And burn within the stream's embraces!
In languid luxury soft she glides,
Embrace by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violet sleeping.
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance.
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Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
For whom would court his direst foe?
And flies me, as he flies me for ever,
THE ODES OF

And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
Whose 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 haes 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;
Dread is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
A h! we can return no more!

ODE LXI.

FILL me, boy, as deep a drought
As e'er was filled, 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 wrenthe,
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,
Itouch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the baby of Cyprian bowers,
The boy who breathe's 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 wavy shore,
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 phe?

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 ilumine;
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their faceless foliage round our head,
We'd hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXVI.

They wove the lotus band to deck
And fan with pensile wrath 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 proud,
Disport'st in airy levity.
The nursling fawn that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

ODE LXIX.

Take thee well, perfidious maid:
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Is now on wing for liberty,
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceased to love me here!

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 softest behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'st own I've learned 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,
Wait, oh! wait 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 Lesbian, mocks my woe;
Smiles at the hour and silver'd lines
Which time upon my forehead strews.

Ode LXXIII.

Hither, gentle Muse 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 flitting on he seems to say,
"Fear the well, thou hast 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 glass
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 Lycia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep:
And there I'll float to wave-3 resu'd,
For love intoxicates my mind!

Ode LXXXI.

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
Over 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!
ANTHOLOGIA.

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 Consolus 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 summ'ry pour her waste of roses!
And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers:
But wine shall rush 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 mine 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 Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round the mouldering tomb.

Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of love,
Still, still it lights thee through the Elysian grove:
And dreams are thine that bless the 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 high,
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 woe,
Divinity itself divine!

IV.

AT length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that ever slept;
Thy harp that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mute 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 Anacreon slumbers!

Farewell! thou hast 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 Bucharah to Aurungzebe, are found in Dow's "History of Hindostan," vol. iii. p. 322.

Leila.—The mistress of Mejnoum, 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 Chusera ("Peraksha.")

Those insignia of the Emperor's favour, &c.—"One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles, which if laid 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 Jurkistan beyond the Ghoun (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 knoll, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the canopy over the litter or palanquin."—Scott's notes on the "Baburnameh."

The rose-coloured veils of the Princess 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 line of crimson Anderwood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety. "Now, when they have reached the brink of you blue-gushing riviets, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mission."

A young female slave sat fanning her. &c.—See Bernier's "description of the attendants on Rauchahara-Rahbanin, 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 humbly thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he wasngaiving 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 Fakher. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, &c., with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations."—History of Hindostan," vol. iii. p. 335. See the curious letter of Aurungzebe given in the "Oriental Collections," vol. i. p. 230.

The diamond eyes of the idol, &c.—"The idol at Jaghurnat 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."


PAGE 2.

Lake of Pearl.—In the neighborhood is Nette Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellicund water."—Penman's "Hindustan."—"Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Toona, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Mottee Tahlah, "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 Jehangure. Loves of Wamak and Ezra.—"The romance Wamaikwezara, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamax and Ezara, 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 Shahnameh of Fedonsi; 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 Devee, or White Demon, v. "Oriental Collections," vol. ii. p. 45.—Near the City of Chiraz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Keelah-i-Deev Sapeed, or Castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his Gazo philaticum Persicum, p. 127, declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia.—v. Onseley'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 little bells, 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, which little bells are so conveniently tied, as well as in flow'rets and fruits blush over every stream.

"The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian

OAHM. "Oalmefs Dietionary, art.Bells.

Ho and the three Rames are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the Princesses of Hindustan were all passionately in love with Cristin, who continues to this hour, the darling God of the Indian women."—Sir W. Jones, on the Gods of Greece, Greece, Italy, and India.

The shawl-goat of Tibet.—See Turner's Embassies for a description of this animal, "for no more beautiful among the whole tribe of goats." The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

Yieli.—"Aboii-ligre. Yieu

"The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extension, and given to the flower on account of its resemblance to a turban."—Beckmann's "History of invention."

Poem of Amru.

"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.

Hindostan."..." Hindostan.

"The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extension, and given to the flower on account of its resemblance to a turban."—Beckmann's "History of invention."

With belt of broder'd crape.

And fur-bandome of Buchanan shew.

The inhabitants of Buchara wear a round cloth bonnet, shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large front border. They tie their hair about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body.

Account of Independent Tartar in Parkinson's Collection.

Way'd, like the wings of the white birds that fun The flying-throne of star-taught Solomon.

This wonderful Throne was called the Star of the great Geni. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian Ms., entitled "The History of Jerusalem" (Oxford Collections), vol. I. p. 256.

When Solomon travelled, the westerlies 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 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 estoit, que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humane; depuis qu'il eut commande aux Anges d'adorer Adam, le premeir des hommes. Qu'apres la mort d'Adam, Dieu apparoit sous la forme d'un homme, et qu'apres la mort de ce Prince, l'apologie de l'erreur de la Tenassukhu ou Metempsychose: et qu'apres la mort de ce Prince, la milic choissoit, et descendoit en sa personne."
Where none but priests are privileged to tread.

In that blest marble of which God is made.

The material of which images of Gaouda (the
Brahman Deity) is made is held sacred. "Brahmus
may not purchase marble in mass, but are suf-
fered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of
the Deity made ready."—

The puny bird that dores, 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.

Some artists of Yantcheou having been sent
on previously.—"The feast of Lanterns is cele-
brated at Yantcheou with more magnificence
than at any place I have ever seen. 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 trans-
port them thither in a trance. He made them by
night to ascend magnificent towers that were
borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived
at Yantcheou. 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 scenery of bamboo-work.—See a
description of the bazaars of Vizier Alee in the
"Asiatic Annual Register," of 1804.

The original of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.—"The vulgar ascribe it to an accident
that happened in the family of a famous man-
darin, whose daughter, walking one evening
on the shore of a lake, fell in, and was
drowned; the afflicted father, with his family,
rather than perish, caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted.

All the inhabitants of the place thronged after
her with torches. The year ensuing they made
fires upon the shores the same day; they con-
tinued 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 jetyy 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 opera-
tion is performed by dipping first into the
powder a small wooden boodkin 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
(Ser. iv. 50.) may be supposed to mean by rending
the eyes with painting. This practice is as
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 power of lead ore."—Shaw's
"Travels"
cording to the Sura, or the chapter of the Ace-
aran, 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 Rain. The passion which this frail
Hebrew slave has given rise to is a much esteemed
poem in the Persian language, entitled "Yusef
van Zelikha." by Nonreddin Jamit; the manus-
script 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 Haies."

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 Hanfel.

They saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank.

For an account of this ceremony, v. Grandure's
"Voyage in the Indian Ocean."

The Ontanta 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 Hoturnor—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 forms one
of the most agreeable prospects on the world.
Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited
plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchant-
ment. Even those who leave their houses in
cities to follow the Prince in his progress are
frequently so charmed with the Lescar, w
situated in a beautiful and convenient place,
that they cannot prevail with themselves to re-
move. To prevent this inconvenience to the
Court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is al-
lowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to
be burnt out of their tents."—Dow's "Hindo-
stan."

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an
Eastern encampment.—"His camp, like that of
most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collec-
tion of covers from the searching sun and dew
of the night, variegated, according to the taste
or means of each individual, by extensive en-
closures of coloured calico, surrounding superb
suites of tents; by ragged clothes or blankets
stretched over sticks or branches; palm-leaves
lastily spread over similar supports; hea
tones, trees, and other objects would give place to
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 congregation of these masses: the
only regular part of which would be 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, which, together with the servants (who
belong to the camels, and travel on foot), shig-
ning all night, make a pleasant noise, and the
journey passes away delightfully."—Pitt's "Ac-
count of the Mahometaus."

"The camel-driver follows the camels, sing-
ing, dancing, and playing pipes; the faster the
leader he sings and pipes, the faster the camels
go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives
over his music."—Fadier.

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 February to May, "sometimes
it appears only in the shape of a petuous
whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is
fatal to the traveller, surprised in the middle
of the deserts. Torrrents 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 Khosron Parviz, a hundred vaults
filled with "treasure so immense, that some
Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to en-
courage his disciples, carried them to a rock,
which at his command opened, and gave them a
prospect through it of the treasures of Khos-
ron. — 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 "une machine, qu'il
doisit être la Lune." According to Richardson,
the mirr'or, which was perpetuated in Nekschab,
"Naksheh, the name of a city in Transoxianna,
where they say there is a well in which the ap-
ppearance 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 illumi-
nated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey
of Girge 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 Ma-
mond." "When he arrived at Mount, finding
the country of the Jifs was defended by great
engines of Havoc in, unknown before. When
he had launched his fleet, he ordered twenty
archers into each boat, and five others with
two-balls, to burn the craft of Jifs, and maimly
to set the whole river on fire.

The Argus aster, too, in Indian poems, the
Instrument of Fire, whose name cannot be ex-
tinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek
fire—v. Wilks's "South of India," vol. i. p. 4.r.

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the
Arabsians, long before its supposed discovery in
Europe, is introduced by Ebn Fadil, the
Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thir-
teenth century. "Bodics," he says, "in the
form of scorpions, bound round and filled with

nitrurous 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 vomit up flames, burst, burn and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." The historian Ben Abdurrah, in speaking of Abdullah, in the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and strikes the citadel—v. the extracts from Casiri’s “Bibliothèque Arab. Hisp.,” 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, Joana, Mockoe, or the Flaming Mouth), taking fire and running into the sea. Dr. Cooke, in his Journal, mentions some wells in Circeopolis, 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 crescents, led
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

PAGE 20.

Then seest thou citemen in the shade—'ris fill’d
With burning drugs for this last hour distill’d.
"Il donna du poison dans le vin a tous ses
gens, et se fatta lui-méme ensuite dans une
cave pleine de droégues brillantes et consom-
mates, adore qu’il ne restat rien de tous les
membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restolent
de sa secte poussant croire qu’il etoit monte au
ceil, ce qui ne manqua pas d’arriver."—D’Herbe-
lot.

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
these species have been grafted, is honoured
during the fruit season by a guard of sepoys;  and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, cour-
iers 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 be-
cause 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 Han
Dynasty, at which time porcelain began to be
used by the Emperors," (about the year 442).—
Dampier’s “Collections of Curious Observations,”
"a perfect translation of some parts of the
Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuxes of the Mission-
ary Jesuits.

PAGE 22.

That sublime bird, which flies always in the
air.

"The Humna, a bird peculiar to the East. It
is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never
happily on the ground: it is looked upon as a bird
of happy omen; and the very head it overshades
will in time wear a crown."—Richardson.

In the terms of alliance made by Fussul Oola
Khan with Hyde in 1760, one of the stipulations
was "that he should have the distinction of two
honorary attendants standing behind him, hold-
ing 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
Humna is a fabulous bird. The head over which
these fans are passed will assuredly be encircled
with a crown. The splendid little bird, suspended
on the throne of Tippecoo Sultaun, 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 at-
tribute 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
pain to attach significant and important meaning to these
inscriptions; but Volney, as well as Volney,
thinks that they must have been executed at
idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai.

From the dark hyacinth to which Hatez com-
pares his mistress’s hair,—Vide Nott’s Hatz,
Ole v.

To the Camalata, by whose rosy blossoms the
heaven of Indra is scented.

"The Camalata (called by Linnaeus, Ipomeaa)
is the most beautiful of its order, both in colour
and form of leaves and flowers; its elegant blo-
soms are 'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,'
and have justly procured it the name of Cama-
lata or Love’s Creeper.—Sir W. Jones.

Camalata may also mean a mythological
plant, by which all desires are grant ed to such
as inhabit the heaven of India: and if ever flower
was worthy of paradise, it is our charming Ipo-
mea."—J.

The Flower-loving Nymp, whom they worship
in the temples of Kathay.

Kathay, I ought to have mentioned before, is
a name for China. "According to Father Pre-
inus, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the
mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, sur-
named 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 her-
self."—Asiat. Res.

PAGE 23.

That blue flower which, Bramins say, Bloom
nowhere but in Paradise.

"The Brahmans of this province insist that
the blue Campae flowers only in Paradise."—
Sir W. Jones. "It is also to be seen, in a
curious letter of the Sultan of Menangcabow,
given by Marsden, that one place on earth may
lay claim to the possession of it. This the Sul-
tan, who keeps the flower of Champak that
does not grow, and to be found in no other country
but his, being yellow elsewhere."—Marsden’s "Simn-
tra."

I know where Isles of Perfume are.

Diodorus mentions the Isle of Panchal, to the
south of Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says Grandpré) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations."—*Voyage to the Indian Ocean."

Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
Over 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 gulls breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of hairan, shoes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices, and aromatics: where parrots and penceocks 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. Cordine'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.

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 Hindus and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

Africa's Lunar Mountains.

"Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbel Knurra, or the white or lunar-coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

Only the fierce hyena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks.

"Gondar was full of hyenas from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and uncivil people exposed in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falasha from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety."—*Bruce.*

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But see who yonder comes.

This circumstance has often been introduced into poetry,—by Vitceius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

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."—*Theocrit.*

On the brink
Of a small inaret's rustic fount.


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 fall, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour allocates them, whatever they are about. In that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a jannissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice given him from the steepies, 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 refreshes his journey with the mild expression of "ghel ghelum 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 (Psl. 81), "honey out of the stony rock."—*Burder's "Oriental Customs."*

The Banyn 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."—*Persson.*

It is said that all animals know the Banyns, that the most timid approach them, and such birds will fly nearer to them than to other people.—v. *Grandpré.*

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."—Mr W. Jones "On the Spikenard of the Ancients."
Or rather," says Scott, upon the passage of Perista, from which it is taken, "small coins, 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."

"In Larbary," says Bliauw, "the day they are obliged to water."

"Travel." The Gheber belt that round him clung.

"Pour se distinguer des Idolaters de l'Inde les Ghebers so célèbrent d'un chiffon de lin, ou de poil de chameau," —ENCYCLOPÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

D'Herbelot says this belt was generally of leather.

Who mourn 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 Mythus, or Akhir, to which they pay the highest reverence. In gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive, blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that 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 addicted to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

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Voltaire tells us, that, in his tragedy, "Les Ghebers," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the dervishes; and should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubling of application.

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Who liald in cool kiosk or bower.

"In the midst of the garden is the chiosk—that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and enclosed with glazed lattices, round which vines, tessamines, and honey-suckles make a sort of green wall: large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures."—Lady M. W. MOUNTAGU.

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 looking-glasses which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water. —'Travels.'

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the 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 press; She rais'd her mirror to his view, Then turn'd it inward to her breast."


... th' un trodden 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 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, as 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 without being rotten." —v. Carrier's "Travels," where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

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That tree which grows over the tomb 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 addicted to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it."

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THAT TREE WHICH GROWS OVER THE TOMB OF THE MUSICIAN TAN-SENI.

"Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gwalior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Seni, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the Court of Akbar. The tomb is over-shadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstition not uncommon, prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice. —’Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzain,' 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 wagon-load is collected. The sight of these stacks 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 Ficus Indica is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first from the Idaho placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its bough 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.”—Permut.

The nightingale now bends her flight. “The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night.”—Russell’s “Aleppo.”

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Before whose sabre’s dazzling light, &c. “When the bright chinsars make eyes of our heroes wink.”—“The Moolakat,” Poem of Anira.

As Lebnns’s small mountain-flood is rendered holy by the 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 recluse, who had chosen these retreats as the only witness upon earth of the severity of their penance.”

As pigeon-pools are silica of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River.”—“Chatenbrand’s Beauties of Christianity.”

PAGE 31.

A rocky mountain o’er the sea. Of Oman heeding awfully. This mountain is my own creation, as the “stupendous cliff,” 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 Hamaouen (Harmozia), seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman and allowing an easterly course through the centre of Meckran and Beloochistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde.”—Kinnert’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 Karo Gulr, or the Gheber’s mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Amin Kudur, or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deives, or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recanted to the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it.”—Pottinger’s “Beloochistan.”

Still did the mighty flame burn on.
At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darfud Amin, or Seat of Religion, the Ghebers are permitted to have an Amin Kudur, 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 not to the avarice, but the tolerances, of the Persian Government, which taxes them at twenty-five rupees each man.”—Pottinger’s “Beloochistan.”

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while on that altar’s fires
They swore.

“Non diero eux oserot se parjurer, quand Ra pris a temoin cet element terrible a venger.”—Encyclopedia Francaise.

The Persian lily shines and towers.

“A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the polished fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour.”—Russell’s “Aleppo.”

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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.”—Theophil. “The same is asserted of the oranges there; v. Vitmain’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.”

January, 1813. Hasselquist, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are fish 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 ever he has ever written.

While lakes that shone in mockery high.

“The submers 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 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 plume, 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-glipsies, who live for ever on the water.

“The Blajus are of two races: the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike
and industrialisation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-ipsises, or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leisurely from wind to land, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs, this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldive islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gum, 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 Bajius 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 sherberts.

“...The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in sorbet, which they make of violet sugar.”—Hasselblad.

“...The sherbert 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.

PAGE 38.

Her ruby rosary.

“...Le Tesiph, qui est un chapelet, compose de 99 petites boules d’agathe, de jaspe, d’ambre, de corail, ou d’autre matiere precieuse. Fais en vu un roideur au Seigneur Jépie; il est de belles et grosses perles parfaites et egales, estime trente mille pistres.”—Todérini.

PAGE 39.

A silk dyed with the blossom of the sorrowful tree Nilen.

“...Blossoms of the sorrowful Nyctanthes give a durable color to silk.”—“...Remarks on the Handbary of Bengali,” p. 200. Nilen is one of the Indian names of this flower.—Sir W. Jones.—The Persians call it Gut.—Carreri.

PAGE 41.

When pitying heavan to roses turn’d

The death-throne that beauteth him bär’d.

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in “Dion Prusseus,” 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 burn, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him.—V. Patrick on Exodus, ill. 2.

PAGE 45.

They were now not far from that Forbidden River

Ahkhr on his way ordered a fort to be built upon the Nilbe, which he called Atock, which means in the Indian language Forbidden; for, by the superstition of the Hindoos, it was held unlawful to cross that river.”—Dow’s “Hindoostan.”

Resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge.

“The inhabitants of this country (Zinge) are never afflicted with sainess or melancholy; on this subject, the Sheikh Abu-al-Kheir-Azhur has the following distich:

“Who is the man without care or sorrow (tell)

that I may rub my hand to him,

(Behold) the Bajius, without care or sorrow,

fulfills some with his kindness 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 georgian Persian Manuscript called “Hebt Akin, or the Seven Climates,” translated by W. Ousely, Esq.

About two miles from Hassun Aboul were the Royal Gardens.

I am indebted for these particulars of Hassun Aboul 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 Stellio. The Arabs call it Hardun. The Turks kill it, for they imagine that by defining the head, it mingles them when they say their prayers.”—Hassedquist.

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 steep face covered 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 Isane 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, cinquifeme Khalife des Abassides, s’étant un jour bronné avec une de ses maîtresses nommée Maridah, qu’il aimoit cependant jusqu’à Fexceus, et ce cette mesmelligence ayant déjà duré quelque temps commence à s’augmenter. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s’en apperçut, commanda a Abbas hen Ahnaf, a s’ennuyer. Giafar Barmaki, son favori, qui s’en apperçut, commanda a Abbas ben Ahnaf, excellent Poete de ce temps-là de composer quelques vers sur le sujet de cette brouillerie, ce Poete executa l’ordre de Giafar, qui fit chanter ces vers au Monnali, qu’il trouva Maridah, et fit sa paix avec elle.”—D’Herbodot.

PAGE 47.

Where the silken swing.

“The swing is a favorite pastime in the East as promoting a circulation of air, extremely refreshing in those sultry climates.”—Richardson.

“The swing is adorned with festoons. This pastime is accompanied with music of voices and of instruments, hired by the master of the swing.”—Thevenot.

PAGE 49.

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
The mountain-herb that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
Niebuhr thinks this may be the herb which the Eastern alchemists look to as a means of making gold. "Most of those alchemists and anthropomaniasts, who think themselves secure of success, if they could but find out the herb, which gilds 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 Haschischah od-dawr."—Niebuhr.

Father Jerom Dandini, however, asserts that the teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus are of a yellow colour to the flesh of the sheep which I had observed in Candia, to wit, the yellowish teeth of the goats at Mount Libanus."—Dandini, "Voyage to Mount Libanus.

Tis dawn, at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn.
"The Persians have two mornings, the Soobhi Kazini 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 Qai (Mount Caucasus) it passes a hole performed through that mountain, and that darting the rays through it, it is the cause of the Kazini, or this temporary appearance of daybreak. As it advances, 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 blazing Eastern scowl,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabinet 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 they account for this phenomenon in a most whimsical manner. They say that as the sun rises from behind the Kohi Qai (Mount Caucasus) it passes through that mountain, and that darting the rays through it, it is the cause of Kazini, or this temporary appearance of daybreak. As it advances, 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:

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Ere the blazing Eastern scowl,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabinet loop-hole peep.
for triple-coloured tortoises for the King's Vivary. 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 Damascena, is, according to the Mahometans, one of the signs of the Last Day's approach.

The Cerulean 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 Cerulean. I have heard some old persons, who saw the throne of Firozeh in the reign of Sultan Mahmood 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 remove some of the jewels to be set in vases and cups, the jewellers valued it at one corone of coins (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." —Perisita.
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