THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE

EDITED WITH MEMOIR AND NOTES

By CHARLES KENT

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW

AUTHOR OF "ALETHEIA," "FOOTPRINTS ON THE ROAD," ETC.

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

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THE BLACKFRIARS POETS.

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SHAKSPERE.
Edited by Charles Knight. With 32 full-page Illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

BYRON.
Edited by W. B. Scott. With Portrait and 15 full-page Illustrations.

SCOTT.

BURNS.

MOORE.
Edited by Charles Kent. With 16 full-page Illustrations by George H. Thomas and other Artists.

LONGFELLOW.
"He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sank upon the ground!"—P. 229.
TO
IRELAND
IS INSCRIBED
THIS CENTENNARY EDITION
OF
THE WORKS OF HER NATIONAL POET
THOMAS MOORE,
WHO,
TO THE HARP OF CAROLAN
AND
WITH THE SOUL OF TYRTÆUS,
BLENDING IMMORTAL VERSE WITH HER EXQUISITE MELODIES,
SANG OF HER GRIEFS AND GLORIES
IN WORDS WORTHY OF
THE COMPANION OF EMMET,
THE FRIEND OF BYRON,
THE BIOGRAPHER OF SHERIDAN,
AND
THE CONTEMPORARY OF O'CONNELL;
WORDS EVER ATTESTING
HIS DEVOTION TO THE ANCIENT FAITH,
AND
HIS PASSIONATE LOVE
FOR THE GREEN AND GLORIOUS FATHERLAND.
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Memoir of Thomas Moore.

Within twenty-three years of each other, in the later half of the eighteenth century, there were born, by a curious coincidence, the three greatest National Song-writers the world has ever known—Burns, the son of a poor gardener at Alloway; Béranger, the son of a journeyman tailor at Paris; and Moore, the son of a small shopkeeper at Dublin: these three children of lowly origin being respectively enthroned by common consent, and crowned with the bay garland, as pre-eminently the National Lyrist of Scotland, France, and Ireland.

Thomas Moore, the youngest and sprightliest of the three, first drew breath on Friday, the 28th of May, 1779, at No. 12, Aungier Street, at the corner of Little Longford Street, Dublin; his father, John Moore, carrying on business there at the time, and for years afterwards, in personal attendance behind the counter of his shop, as a grocer and spirit-dealer. The parentage of the future poet, upon both sides, was of an equally commonplace and humble character, his mother, Anastasia Moore née Codd, being the daughter of a general storekeeper at Wexford, a tradesman sometimes spoken of grandiosely as a provision merchant. During the first twenty years of his life, it is somewhat surprising now to reflect—the sequel being, upon the whole, in such startling contrast to this modest commencement—that Moore’s existence, in perfect harmony with such exceedingly humble and almost sordid antecedents, had about it the very homeliest surroundings. Over the grocer’s shop in that corner-house in Aungier Street his home, in fact, was fixed throughout two decades; the child, by a very slight expansion indeed, as it happened, growing up the while into the smallest of striplings. His childhood, there can be no doubt whatever, was in its way one of the happiest imaginable. Being an only son his playfellows were his two sisters, to the elder of whom, Kate, he afterwards addressed those loving lines written during his American wanderings, and dated, in the November of 1803, from Norfolk, in Virginia, through which he evidenced plainly enough his tender remembrance of the old roof-beams and of the dear ones they sheltered. His devoted attachment throughout life to both his parents illustrates in a striking manner one of his most amiable characteristics—the strength and tenacity of his domestic affections. As a rule, whenever away from her and within reasonable postal communication, down to the date of her death in 1832, he wrote twice a week to his mother. His father’s interests, as will be seen, he sedulously cared for immediately he found the opportunity. And although upon the morrow of his first entrance into London society he was floated permanently, so to speak, upon the topmost wave of the via lactea of the gay world—among the very crème de la crème of the exclusives—he never once, to his lasting credit be it said, showed that he was in the smallest degree abashed by the recollection of his lowly progenitors. Rather than that, he seems to have more than
once referred to his origin almost boastfully. "Be sure," he would say to his fashionable acquaintance in Mayfair, if the latter spoke of an intention to visit the Irish capital,—"Be sure you go and see the old shop in Aungier Street, over which I was born, and where I lived so happily."

To the last, among the most treasured recollections of his childhood were the occasions when with Kate and their younger sister, Nell, he took part in the little drawing-room charades they were in the habit of getting up for the amusement of the home-circle of an evening. Moore's earliest instructor was a boozing old fellow named Malone, who gathered a little day-school about him only a few doors off in the very same street, now so notable among the streets of Dublin as comprising among its tenements the poet's birthplace. One peculiarity this pedagogue had, arising out of the drowsiness consequent upon his overnight's potations far into the small hours at the neighbouring taverns, namely, that he pretty generally flogg'd the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers. From this elementary teacher's care he was fortunately removed betimes to the Grammar School, presided over by Samuel Whyte, already remarkable as having had entrusted to his tuition no less celebrated a pupil than Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Private theatricals being just then especially the rage, even in what might have been expected to have proved the uncongenial atmosphere of a grammar school, Master Moore, already regarded at home since the date for him of first articulate speech as a born declamer, soon came to the front, Lilliputian as he was, as Mr. Whyte's show performer. As a manikin of ten he delivered in a high treble, in the midst of a roar of applauding laughter, at the School Exhibition of 1789, a comic epilogue entitled, "A Squeeze at St. Paul's." Prior to that, indeed, he had, while a yet smaller and younger urchin, acted with great apÂ³hamb as Patrick in the "Poor Soldier," and had even—after sedulously practising the incidental leaps at home over a tent-bedstead—appeared effectively as a miniature Harlequin in the pantomime. Upon that occasion (it was at the Christmas of 1788) he had, further still, gone the length of reciting an epilogue of his own composition.

At thirteen, having repeatedly before then tried his 'prentice hand at verse in manuscript, he made his first appearance in print, upon taking courage to send a contribution to a then popular Dublin magazine, called the Anthologia Hibernica. Referring himself to these productions long afterwards, he spoke of them slightingly as mere mock-bird song. Not thus, however, thought the monthly periodical in which they saw the light, which, among its Notices, acknowledged a communication received from "our esteemed correspondent T. M." Under date New Year's Day, 1794, there appeared in the Anthologia a sonnet, signed no longer with initials merely, but with a name then unknown, but soon to become famous—Thomas Moore; the sonneteer, upon this occasion, addressing himself gratefully "To Samuel Whyte, Esq.," his excellent old Schoolmaster. Through the pages of the Anthologia it is worthy of note also that the erotic poet of the hereafter gave to the public his first amatory effusion, addressing himself ostensibly as Romeo to one Hannah Byrne, whom the boy-lover apostrophized under the more euphonious pseudonym of Zelia. As a distinct portent of much that was to follow, it is curious to note that while yet the merest lad he composed a masque in which he ingeniously adapted a quaint little ditty of his own to the Spirit Song of Haydn. In the homely drawing-room immediately above the shop in Aungier Street he and his sisters, with a few friends, enacted this masque with some success, to the amusement of the acquaintance hospitably summoned together to witness the performance. So bright and vivacious a little fellow was this only son of the worthy Dublin grocer, that from a very early period of his life his parents ambitioned for him a career at the Bar, prefaced by a University education. The day-dream thus cherished at home in his regard gave small promise at first of being ever realized. Until his fourteenth year the Bar and the University were effectually
closed against Catholics. At length, however, in 1793, a slight relaxation took place in the rigorous laws which for nearly three hundred years had forbidden the vast majority of the Irish race to dream of their sons being ever allowed to have their names entered upon the books of Trinity College. Though still denied all chance of reaping either honours or emoluments, Catholic students were at last admitted, as though no longer regarded as Pariahs afflicted with the leprosy. It was really as though the prayer had at length been answered which Moore remembered to have heard two years previously, when, as a child of twelve, he had sat upon the chairman’s knee at a public dinner, while there had gone the round as a toast among the company the fantastic sentiment, “May the breezes from France fan the Irish oak into verdure.” The outer barriers hitherto precluding him from admission to the Dublin University fell, as has been said, in 1793, and in the following year, he being then fifteen, Moore entered. At the time there was very much indeed about him of the frolic fun of the schoolboy. As distinctly illustrative of this, it is especially noteworthy that the very year which witnessed his entrance into Trinity College witnessed also his first gargantuan attempt at a political satire. This was entitled, “An Ode to Stephen, King of Dalkey”—the occasion for it arising out of the freaks of a certain comical Dublin club, the members of which annually amused themselves by burlesquing royalty, a mock court being held upon the occasion in the island of Dalkey, some seven or eight miles from Dublin, the king of this mock court at the time referred to being one Stephen Armitage, a pawnbroker. As compared with the effervescence and bouquet of those rarer moselles and champagnes of his wit which came later, and which still seethe and sparkle for us as freshly as ever on our reopening the riper flacons of his humour as a rhyming satirist, such mere preliminary bubblings of fun as this “Ode to Stephen, King of Dalkey,” must rather have partaken of the frothy character of the ginger-pop dear to the lips of the mere schoolboy reveller.

Entering Trinity College on the threshold of his sixteenth year, Moore soon showed by his zeal as a student his determination to respond to the ambition cherished in his regard by his homely and unlettered parents, who, while content themselves with their unpretending position as shopkeepers, aspired to open the way for their only son to a higher and brighter life in one of the learned professions. Perfectly aware though he was that, by reason of his being a Catholic, nothing tangible could come to him from any success he might achieve in competition with his Protestant compeers, he, with an eye solely to the gratification of his mother’s pride, entered and passed an examination for a scholarship. A little later, at one of the quarterly examinations, he tendered in lieu of the customary Greek or Latin, an English poem, and upon its proving to be his own production, as to which the examiners were at first very doubtful, it won for him, contrary to all precedent though it was, the recompense of a handsomely-bound copy of “The Travels of Anacharsis.” At as early a date as in the February of 1794 there had appeared in the Anthologia a paraphrase by T. Moore of the Fifth Ode of Anacreon. The boy of fifteen, encouraged no doubt by seeing in print that purely tentative translation, began seriously to meditate the project of rendering into English the whole series of Odes that have come down to us from the old Greek bacchanal. Emboldened by the hopes that rapidly grew up in his imagination out of this project he submitted his manuscript version of Anacreon, so far as it had proceeded, to the scrutiny of Dr. Kearney, then one of the Senior Fellows, afterwards in 1799 Provost of Trinity, and eventually Bishop of Ossory, requesting his opinion as to whether it should be laid, when completed, before the Board of the University. Being a man at once of refined scholarship and of the soundest judgment he, as well became so rational a mentor, frankly pointed out at once the improbability of so sedate a body as the Board of the University giving their approval by a public reward to writings so pronouncedly amatory and convivial. Commending the
version so far as it had then gone, he advised Moore by all means to persevere in his undertaking. Heartened on by those well-timed words of encouragement, the stripling, with an eye to the notes he intended to give as an appendix to his metrical translation of Anacreon, consulted at every opportunity the stores of learning ranged together on the bookshelves of Archbishop Marsh's old library, adjacent to St. Patrick's Cathedral. During those parts of the year when the ancient building was closed to the public at large, the youth, thanks to the favour of the deputy-librarian, the Rev. W. Cradock, was often locked in there alone for hours together, ravaging the dusty tomes in quest of old-world and forgotten learning. He was preparing thus industriously for that starting point in his life which came a little later on, when, with the finished manuscript of his earliest book in his valise, he was to quit Ireland for the first time, and go on direct to London to try his fortune there with the publishers, while beginning to eat his terms at the Middle Temple with the view to his being eventually called to the Bar.

Hitherto, in all the biographies of Moore yet published, 1799 has invariably been given as the date when his name was first entered as a law-student upon the books of the Middle Temple. Upon inquiring there, however, with a view to the verification of the date—as to the accuracy of which I must acknowledge that I had but little if any suspicion—I have been led quite unexpectedly to a rather curious discovery. Instead of having had his name entered at the Middle Temple in the November of 1799, Moore, it now turns out, was enrolled there as a law student as many as four years previously. Here, however, is a copy of the exact entry as it appears upon the books of the Middle Temple—a copy obligingly authenticated for me by our under-treasurer, Mr. Charles Shaw, as a faithful transcript from the original:

"Middle Temple. Admission to House, Die Novembris, 1795.

"Mt. Thomas Moore, filius natu maximus Johannis Moore, de civitate Dubliniae, in regno Hiberniae, mercatoris, admissus est in Societatem Medii Templi, Londini, specialiter. Et dat pro fine £4."

Moore's name, it will therefore be seen, was entered betimes in his sixteenth, and not, as heretofore stated, in his twentieth year, as a student at the Middle Temple. He was still at that time the merest boyish alumnus at the Dublin University. There he contrived to win his way from the outset, boy though he was, by his vivacity, his industry, and his accomplishments. His diminutive size, even when he had come to be full grown, preserved to him for an unusual period in early manhood an air of adolescence. It confused people as to his age even in childhood; insomuch that when, as a small creature of seven, he had been going through one of his precocious recitations, "Oh, he's a little old crab!" said a matron half indignantly; "he can't be less than eleven or twelve years at the least." Whereupon a gentleman seated next her, who knew the family a trifle better than she did, won the heart of Tom's mother for ever after by exclaiming with Irish unction, "Then, madam, if that be the case, he must have been four years old before he was born!" Quizzing acquaintance affected to regard him as in league with the "little people," meaning the fairies. Being early discovered to have an agreeable voice and a natural taste for singing, he may be said to have warbled even from his infancy. The rudiments of his knowledge as an instrumental performer he had picked up with almost baby fingers upon an old harpsichord which his father had received as part-payment of a debt from a bankrupt customer. Afterwards, however, when that ramshackle instrument had, with the help of certain savings of his mother's, been exchanged for the long-coveted piano, one of the dominant passions of Moore's life—the love of melody—soon manifested itself to his own rapturous delight and that of his immediate surroundings.

At eighteen Moore, being then in his third year at Trinity, lit by a happy
chance almost simultaneously upon a book and a fellow-student, by the glamour of whom and by a hint from which the whole of his after course was in a very great measure coloured. The book was Edward Bunting's "Ancient Music of Ireland." The fellow-student was that rarely-gifted and ill-fated Robert Emmet, who, though six years afterwards he died upon the scaffold the death of a traitor, bequeathed in perpetuity to the country he idolized, and for which he gladly laid down his life, a memory which, in its freshness, is as green as her native shamrock, as the darling patriot of Ireland. In 1797 Moore and Emmet first came personally into communication. Their acquaintance, begun at the Debating Society, soon ripened into intimacy upon their being more frequently thrown together in the yet more famous Historical Society. Emmet being Moore's constant companion at this period, would often take his seat entranced by the side of the piano on which the younger stripling played the Irish airs from Bunting's collection. The listener upon one of those occasions, as will be found mentioned in the note prefixed to the Melodies, leaping to his feet upon the completion of the heart-stirring tune of "Red Fox," since world-famous as the melody "Let Erin remember the Days of Old," exclaimed, "O that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!" Somewhere about this time it was that Moore, who all through his life dearly loved to mingle fun with his fervour, gave in, as a candidate for the literary prize of the Historical Society just now mentioned, a rhetorical and rhyming sarcasm he had penned in derision of one or two of the more obnoxious Fellows of Trinity. "An Ode upon Nothing," he gravely entitled it, "with Notes by Trismegistus Rustifustius, D.D." The poignant flavour of the wit running through it provoked Homeric roars of laughter upon Moore's reading it aloud, while the medal, at the close of his recital, was awarded by acclamation to Dr. Rustifustius. Scandalized by the incident, however, when it once got wind, the University authorities interposed, and though the friendly associates of the young pasquinader were roused to angry contention in its defence, Moore summarily brought the tumult to an end by withdrawing the manuscript.

The Rebellion of 1798 was already in preparation. Young Ireland, awakened by the thunderclaps which for nine years had been audible from the direction of France, gave utterance at last articulately to its hitherto only muttered aspirations. The oriflamme of revolt had been flung out in the winter of 1797 by the issuing of the celebrated organ started by Arthur O'Connor and by Emmet's elder brother, Thomas, in association with other leaders of the sworn band of conspirators now renowned far and wide throughout the Three Kingdoms as the United Irishmen. Hand-and-glove as he was at this time with several of the more daring chiefs of the movement, Moore was once—but, thanks to his mother, only once—tempted to write sedition in the columns of The Press. Contributed though his rash communication was anonymously to that journal, his identity as the author of it was soon detected by his keenwitted parent, who thereupon elicited from him the solemn pledge that he would thenceforth have nothing whatever to do with the rebellion. Under the ægis of this maternal solicitude he was enabled shortly afterwards, as by a miracle, to pass scatheless through the imminent perils by which he was then immediately encompassed.

Shortly before the memorable explosion of 1798, an inquisitorial visitation was paid to Trinity College by the Irish Chancellor Fitzgibbon, Lord Clare; then also, as it happened, Vice-Chancellor of the University. The avowed object of that bitter of Orangemen in personally presiding over this imperious court of inquiry was to lay bare at once and completely the extent to which the Irish Union had infected the minds of the students. Summoned unexpectedly before that formidable tribunal, and there subjected by Lord Clare himself to a searching cross-examination, Moore, yet under eighteen, acquitted himself so creditably by the combination in his replies of perfect frankness in regard to everything that concerned himself with
resolute loyalty and reticence in whatever related to his college intimates, that he not merely passed unharmed through the ordeal, but won to himself the admiration of his companions and the respect even of his judge, the hostile Chancellor.

In the penultimate year of the century Moore took his degree of B.A. and quitted the University. His translation of Anacreon being by that time ready for press, he, in the early part of 1799, started for London, with the double object of taking the necessary preliminary steps for the keeping of his terms at the Middle Temple, where four years previously, as has been shown, his name had been entered as a law-student, and of arranging if possible at an early date for the publication of his maiden work. Although a stripling of nineteen, he bore the appearance then, and for some time afterwards, of the merest schoolboy. His stay in England upon the occasion of this his first visit to the metropolis was of very brief duration. His apartment was a bedroom that cost him six shillings a week, at 44, George Street, Portman Square. With some little pecuniary difficulty he arranged the forms still requisite for his initiation at the Temple, and took the earliest steps towards the publication of his version of Anacreon in the following year, by John Stockdale, of Piccadilly. Having so far accomplished his purpose satisfactorily, he returned for a few months longer to his home in Dublin, whence his mother at that first venture had sent him forth into the world with his few guineas providently sewed up for safety's sake in the waistband of his pantaloons, and carrying with him, stitched into the lining of his waistcoat (so that it might secretly rest upon his heart), a scapular. Moore's second visit to London, towards the close of 1799, when he was nearly twenty, marked the real turning point in his fortunes. On his way thither, having, fortunately for him, had an introduction from his old Dublin friend, Joseph Atkinson, the secretary of the Ordnance Office, to the Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings, he, in answer to an invitation from that nobleman, paid a visit to his stately country residence at Donnington. Through Lord Moira he was not only introduced, a little later on, to the very choicest society in London, but was personally presented to its leader, then the supreme arbiter of fashion, "the expectancy and rose of this fair state," George Prince of Wales. The Heir Apparent not only gratified the young Irishman by his courtesies, but permitted him to inscribe to His Royal Highness the translation of Anacreon, which in 1800 was at length issued from the press in the then fashionable form of a guinea quarto. The work was published by subscription, as many as 364 being enrolled as subscribers, at the head of the list being the names of two kings in the hereafter—the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence. As a first work it was pre-eminently successful. Its author at once sprang into vogue in the highest circles by the sobriquet of "Anacreon Moore," a name retained by him until his repute had widened into celebrity. Intrinsically the book was of little worth, the translation so-called being the merest paraphrase of what Moore afterwards frankly allowed to be, in his opinion, nothing better than modern fabrications. What chiefly helped to swing into a success not merely the book itself but the author of it, was that rare gift of song as a lyric at the piano, which every one who came within the range of its witchery upon the instant recognized. Personally, from the first to the last, Moore exercised upon all who approached him a marvellous fascination. Lord Byron said of him, that he was not only in a very remarkable way gentlemanly and gentle, but altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom he was acquainted. Speaking of Moore, Sir Walter Scott declared that there was a manly frankness about him, with a perfect ease and good breeding, that was absolutely delightful. With similar emphasis the late Lord Lytton once assured me that, among all the men he had ever known, Moore was beyond any comparison the most brilliant companion he could recall to his recollection. Added, however, to his effervescent and exhilarating vivacity, to his joyous animal spirits, to his exquisite and intense
appreciation of the ridiculous, to a wit ever on the alert, and a humour inter-
mittently at play at every opportunity, he had that incommunicable gift of song
which has been already referred to, and which was for him, beyond any doubt
whatever, his supreme endowment. A fastidious auditor like Dr. Charles Burney,
the historian of music, was so astonished by Moore's capacity as a musician, as a
singer and a song-writer combined, that he could speak of it only as a gift that
was peculiarly his own. Christopher North, again, in his "Recreations," protests
emphatically in so many words, "Of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or
chanted, or sang, the best, in our estimation, is Thomas Moore." From the outset
he won with ease in that first season, which was the very April of his career, the
smiles and tears of his enchanted hearers. It mattered nothing to the exclusives of
Mayfair what was his parentage. He had the pass that gave him admittance
anywhere—that had gained Orpheus access to the throne of Dis and the court of
Rhadamanthus. Never once, however, from the first instant of his entering into
the courtliest circles, did Moore abate one jot of his own perfect independence.
"Tommy dearly loves a lord," are words that have often been quoted against him.
Byron penned them only, however, we may be certain, in a mood of playful
raillery. There was nothing of cringing or of obsequiousness about that alert little
figure, which confronting the Heir Apparent when Moore had first the honour of
being presented to him, upon the Prince's asking if he were the son of Dr. John
Moore, the author of "Zeluco," answered, with a bright smile, "No, sir, I am
the son of John Moore, a small grocer in Dublin." The sprightly air, the erect
attitude, the very nose "tip-tilted," which at the first glance were among Moore's
distinguishing characteristics, were pre-eminently significant in their way as indica-
tive of his irrepressible independence.

A twelvemonth after the appearance of Anacreon, Moore, being then just of
age, published at Carpenter's, in Bond Street, his second literary venture, a small
volume containing a collection of amatory lyrics, which he had at least the left-
handed decency to bring out at first anonymously. They purported to be "The
Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little." Their impurity was such that five
years afterwards, upon their author in some measure repeating his offence in one or
two of his Odes and Epistles, the Edinburgh Review publicly denounced him, in
the July of 1806, as "the most licentious of modern versifiers." So distinctly
personal was the denunciation that Moore felt himself constrained in those duelling
days to challenge the editor, Lord Jeffrey, who had thus vigorously been his
assailant. Their meeting at Chalk Farm, when, at the last moment before the signal
could be given for the exchange of shots, the police interposed to find one at least of
the pistols (that of Jeffrey) unloaded, Byron celebrated soon afterwards in one of
the most laughter-moving passages in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."
Irritated by that sarcasm into another challenge, Moore was spared the risk of any
similar contretemps by the miscarriage of his hostile missive, through the circum-
stance of Lord Byron having just then quitted England for the Continent. Happily
for every one concerned the outcome of each of those baulked duels was a cordial
and lasting friendship. As for Jeffrey's reprehension of Moore on the score of his
flagrant licentiousness as a lyrist, both in many of the poems of Little and in several
of the lighter pieces in his subsequent volume, there cannot be a moment's
question but that it was as richly deserved as it was stingingly severe. Moore
himself practically admitted as much by eliminating the obnoxious productions
from both works when they came to be reprinted; and, more than that, shed tears
of the deepest contrition when talking with Rogers about those sins of his youth as
a song-writer.

Thanks to Lord Moira's influence, Moore, in 1803, received the appointment
of Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda. His chief inducement to accept that incon-
gruous office, though its acceptance involved his banishment indefinitely from the
scene of his recent triumphs in the very pick of London society, was that it promised to afford him the means of providing better than he could otherwise then have hoped to do for the four dearest beings to him upon earth—his parents and his sisters. Sailing from Portsmouth for his destination on the 25th of September, he bade them adieu thus tenderly, "God bless you all, dears of my heart! Sweet mother, father, Kate, and Nell, good-bye!" Tarrying awhile at Norfolk, in Virginia, he reached Bermuda in the January of 1804. Lovely though the scenery and climate of the Somers Islands incontestably were, they in no way compensated Moore for his banishment and isolation. A brief sojourn sufficed to disillussion him of the notion that he had found a halcyon resting-place for the remainder of his days under the shadow of the calabash tree his dreamy muse so lovingly celebrated. Bored to death by a seclusion that at last became intolerable, he at the end of three months gladly committed to the care of a deputy the discharge of the uncongenial duties devolved upon him in his capacity as Admiralty Registrar, and, as though he had got cramped by his temporary confinement, sought at once relief and restoration before his return home, by extending his travels through the United States and Canada.

The fruits of his journey, upon his return home in the November of 1804, after an absence from England of fourteen months altogether, were visible two years afterwards in another quarto volume of poems, "Odes and Epistles," for the most part, in which Moore not only still continued to outrage public opinion by his licentiousness as a lyrist, but while doing so contrived also very effectually to alienate many of his admirers upon the other side of the Atlantic by the almost malignant bitterness of his attacks upon the American Republic. So pithless was this onslaught that years afterwards even the gentle-hearted Washington Irving, upon first meeting Moore in Paris, felt constrained to express his regret that some of the poet's best verses should have been devoted to the abuse of his country. "Put you in his best pickle," said Luttrell, with a comical relish, the timely mot pour rire of the wit scattering the disagreeable upon the instant in a burst of laughter. Apart from these harsh misjudgments of the young republic, which America has not only completely lived down but rendered ridiculous, and apart from the impurities which have been shredded off and scattered to the winds, like so many cankered rose-leaves unworthy of preservation, the "Odes and Epistles," which were gratefully inscribed to the Earl of Moira, tended largely to enhance the young poet's reputation. The "Canadian Boat Song" and the "Woodpecker," among the more peerless lyrics in the collection, struck each a chord so true that it thrilled at once not merely upon the hearing but to the very heartstrings of all who listened. The year (1806) in which Lord Moira received the grateful tribute of Moore's dedication, he gave additional reason for its presentation by lifting the poet's homely father from behind the counter of the grocer's shop in Aungier Street to the position of a barrack-master. That position, thanks to Lord Moira's influence, John Moore retained from 1806 to 1815, when, in the midst of the retrenchments consequent upon the general peace, the ex-grocer, turned barrack-master, was reduced to half-pay. When, immediately between those two last-mentioned dates, Lord Moira, by that time Marquis of Hastings, was nominated Governor-General of India, Moore's hopes as to his own advancement, after soaring high for a few moments, fell quickly enough to the dust, realizing that, as he said, "for him it would be either India or Nothing." As the sequel proved, it really did mean as he had surmised—Nothing; and happy would it have been for Moore, could he only have been similarly guarded betimes from having his fortunes all but shipwrecked a little later on upon the rocky reef of the Bermudas.

Luckily, in 1807, a project was submitted to his consideration by Mr. James Power, then at the head of his profession as a musical publisher, the realization of which by them, in co-operation with Sir John Stevenson the composer,
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enabled Moore to make good his claim to be regarded thenceforth as the National Poet of Ireland, and while doing so gradually to perfect in the lapse of seven-and-twenty years his now admitted masterpiece. This, needless to say, was the incomparable series of lyrics issued at uncertain intervals, in ten 15s. numbers, each number containing twelve songs, with the exception of the last, which comprised fourteen, known and loved and sung and played all the world over by their generic name as the "Irish Melodies."

Even when only a few had been issued, Byron said emphatically of that mere foretaste that they were worth all the epics that had ever been composed. Their production, to begin with, yielded Moore himself the keenest enjoyment as a preliminary to the delight they have ever since afforded to a perpetually increasing multitude. They secured him fame by incalculably widening and popularizing a reputation which at the outset was chiefly one of the boudoir and the drawing-room; and in addition to this they proved for him, in a pecuniary point of view, nothing less than splendidly remunerative. They brought him as nearly as possible 100 guineas a piece, or—at the rate of £500 a year for twenty-seven years—a lump sum of £13,500. Moore had only a few months previously begun their publication when, in 1808, he produced in pamphlet-form his two political satires, entitled respectively, "Corruption" and "Intolerance;" serious, and indeed rather dull performances, which failed completely to win even a semblance of public approbation. Akin to them was another satire, philosophical rather than political, which he brought out in 1809 under the title of "The Sceptic." All three would long ago have sunk into oblivion but for their being integral parts of a whole, which gives promise of floating buoyantly and joyously enough down the stream of time without much risk of ever foundering.

At the age of thirty-two Moore was married, on the 25th of March, 1811, at St. Martin's in the Fields, to Miss Elizabeth Dyke, whose acquaintance he had first made when, in the preceding year, she was taking part as a beautiful and accomplished young actress in the famous Kilkenny theatricals. Although in a worldly sense she came to him dowerless, she brought him a treasure which for forty-one years knew no diminution—that of a domestic happiness which to the last moment of their wedded life was perfectly reciprocated. Speaking of her, Lord Russell has said that she received from her husband the homage of a lover from the hour of their nuptials to that of his dissolution. Beginning his married life in London, Moore soon found that if he hoped to pursue, without risk of perpetual interruption, the literary labours from which his income was alone derived, it became essential that he should escape from the countless allurements around him, by removing his home at once to a reasonable distance from the social maelstrom of the metropolis. To the end that he might thus have the opportunity of working in tranquillity, he gave up his apartments in York Terrace, Queen's Elm, Brompton, resolved upon ensuring seclusion thenceforth by narrowing his home to a cottage in a village. To that determination he was ever afterwards faithful. Holding at the period of his marriage the most intimate relations with Lord Moira, Moore, with a view to being within easy reach of Donnington Park, first took up his abode with his young wife at a very homely little tenement indeed at Kegworth, in Leicestershire. A couple of years afterwards, in the summer of 1813, he removed thence to a yet humbler dwelling, which had nothing pretty about it but its name—Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. He was, there can be little doubt of it, induced to adventure upon this change of locality by the circumstance of Lord Moira having taken his departure a few months previously to the East, as Governor-General of India.

During his residence at Mayfield Cottage, Moore wrote under its lowly roof-beams not only by far the best among his Melodies, but incomparably the most important of his poems—meaning, of course, his Oriental romance of "Lalla
Rookh." Within the very year of his taking up his abode in Wiltshire, he
brought out one of the merriest of all his effusions, entitled "Intercepted Letters;
or, The Twopenny Postbag," writing then for the first time, but by no means the
last, under the pseudonym of Thomas Brown the Younger. Revelling in the fun
of this whimsical production, Byron exclaimed upon the morrow of its publication,
with a gusto which is even now comprehensible, "What humour, what everything
there is] in the Postbag!" Anstey's "Bath Guide" probably suggested the first
notion of it, but its intrinsic drollery was so intensely Moore's own that the
thought, if borrowed, assumed to itself all the effect of originality. Within a year
from the date of its first appearance thirteen editions had been exhausted.

As far back as in 1812 an Eastern theme had been suggested to Moore by some
of his friends as peculiarly suited to his capacities. Entertaining the idea at the
outset rather reluctantly, he after a while began to find his thoughts falling in with
the proposal. The whole project, however, was still the merest château en Espagne,
when, in the December of 1814, through the cordial intervention as a negotiator of
Mr. James Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, the Messrs. Longman agreed to pay
3,000 guineas to Moore for a poem as yet but partially written, and of which they
had not seen one syllable—the money to be placed in his hands immediately upon
his giving in the manuscript. It is hardly surprising, under the circumstances,
that two years had run out before the poet was enabled to hold them to their princely
bargain. His fastidious taste was not until then satisfied as to his performance.
As a mere preparation for his enterprise he had, by a slow and laborious accumula-
tion of minute details in regard to the far East, virtually transformed himself for
the time being into an Asiatic. Reading up assiduously so as to qualify himself
for the adequate achievement of the novel task upon which he had adventured, he acquired an accuracy in the arrangement and application of his facts which struck
even experts with astonishment. His evidence of antiquarian and topographical
knowledge, his familiarity with the manners and customs of races existing at the
opposite extremity of the hemisphere, filled with amazement and even with
incredulity, as to his never having been in their midst, some of the most keen-
witted and experienced of Oriental travellers. Exquisitely elaborated in the mere
manner of its production, "Lalla Rookh" was at length published in the May of
1817 in a splendid quarto, which ran through seven editions within a year from the
date of its first appearance. In it Moore, employing alternately Scott's favourite
octosyllabic verse and Dryden's heroic measure, recounted four romantic tales
strung together upon the seemingly incongruous thread of a prose narrative. The
argument of the poem is as simple as it is ingenious. The Princess Lalla Rookh,
betrothed to the King of Bucharia, is represented at the outset as on her way with
a suitable cavalcade to meet her unknown bridegroom in the Valley of Cashmere.
Disguised as the minstrel Feramorz, the young king, who has hastened thus to
anticipate the appointed time for their introduction to each other, beguiles the
tedium of the journey by relating to the princess the four rhythmical romances already
referred to. Adverse criticism was disarmed by being anticipated in the extravagant
carings of Lalla Rookh's Magnificent Grand Chamberlain, the Polonius-like and
preposterous Fadladeen. The tales told by Feramorz may be readily summarized.
D'Herbelot's ghastly account of a religious impostor who, being a veritable monster
in human form, concealed his loathsome visage behind a silver tissue, under the
pretex of shading the ineffable glory radiating from his countenance, was celebrated
in the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. Upon the other hand there was tenderly
recounted, in Paradise and the Peri, the threefold trial of one of those sylph-like
beings sent forth in quest of the most precious offering in the sight of Omnipo-
tence, with which to gain the forfeited privilege of admission within the gates of
Heaven—the last drop of the heart's blood of a patriot and the expiring sigh
of a life sacrificed to love and duty, being alike immeasurably surpassed by the
first tear of a repentant soul mingling its prayer with that of childhood. The Fire-worshippers, which, under an Eastern allegory, sang with impassioned fervour of the wrongs endured by the Catholics of Ireland far rather than of the persecution of the Gheber by the Moslem, assumes to itself, doubtless for that very reason, the right to be regarded as by far the noblest poem in the whole collection. The last and daintiest of them all, The Light of the Harem—meaning the young Sultana Nourmahal—describes The Feast of Roses in the Valley of Cashmere with a melodic sweetness so cloying and all but overpowering in its way, that the world therein revealed seems to breathe only of a garden bathed in perpetual moonlight, dripping with a dew like attar-of-roses, peopled with hours, garlanded with blossoms, and musical from end to end with the intermingled tinkling of fountains and warbling of nightingales.

Translated into all the more civilized languages, "Lalla Rookh" soon made the tour of Europe, and, rapidly passing through Asia Minor, penetrated far into the great Asiatic continent. Luttrell stated the merest matter of fact when he wrote, in exquisite compliment to his friend—

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

Satiated with the praise lavished upon him immediately upon the publication of his delicate masterpiece, Moore rewarded himself for that crowning success in a career that was made up, it must be said, almost entirely of successes, by taking a holiday trip to Paris with Rogers, journeying through France in the latter's traveling carriage. As the result of that delightful excursion, Thomas Brown the Younger dashed off "The Fudge Family in Paris," a bit of fun which, as he himself notes, "prospered amazingly," running into no less than five editions within a single fortnight, while within the same interval pouring £350 into his valise.

Upon his return home from this agreeable and remunerative ramble beyond Channel, Moore ventured upon another—as it happened, the last—removal of his household gods, his home thenceforth being for four-and-thirty years at Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, in Wiltshire. As he had settled in 1811 at Kegworth to be near Lord Moira's estate of Donnington Park, so now again, in the November of 1817, he settled down permanently, to his own delight and that of his principal neighbour, at Sloperton, his cottage residence there being within easy walking distance of Bowood, the estate of his intimate friend the Marquis of Lansdowne. "It would be a delightful addition to life," wrote Sir Walter Scott a few years later on at Abbotsford, "if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me." So thought Lord Moira. So thought Lord Lansdowne. Moore's new home was a little rural cottage, primitively thatched. Its rental of £40 a year furnished, and afterwards of £18 a year unfurnished, indicates at once its modest dimensions. Surrounded by a pretty garden, it had two porches upon its garden-front, the trellis-work at these porches being luxuriantly trailed over by creeping plants, the rose, the jasmine, and the clematis—as was, indeed, the whole tenement, from gable-peaks to basement; the only gaps in the profusion of greenery being formed by the latticed casements. On the poet's favourite terrace-walk in this little garden most of his subsequent verses were composed, his footsteps beating out the rhythm as he sauntered to and fro—pausing every now and then to jot down his imaginings upon a small deal table; painted green, still preserved as a treasured relic by his old and attached friends, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in the conservatory adjoining the pretty drawing-room of their house in Kensington.

Precisely at the moment when he was rejoicing in the thought of having found near Bowood a more than ever enviable haven of rest in Wiltshire, Moore received
the startling intimation that his long-trusted Deputy at Bermuda had proved faithless—being, in fact, to so heavy an extent a defaulter that there impended over the poet the imminent probability of his finding himself, when all the facts came out, involved to the extent of £6,000 by this wretched agent's embezzlements.

In the midst of the qualms and terrors excited by this painful revelation, Moore published in the early spring of 1819, through the hands of the Messrs. Longman, his flash satire entitled "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, with a Preface, Notes, and an Appendix by One of the Fancy." Before the summer of that year had very far advanced, however, a scare abruptly dissipated the satirist's enjoyment. This arose out of the circumstance of the Bermuda case having one July day been summarily decided in court, an attachment being at once issued against the person of Moore, who was soon afterwards, when safely upon the other side of the Channel, provoking the laughter of his friends by ridiculously referring to himself as the victim of an unfortunate attachment. Recommended by some of his intimates to seek safety in flight, either to Ireland or Scotland, he preferred yielding to the temptation, then opportunistly held out to him, of crossing over to France in company with Lord John Russell. Arriving in Paris on the 8th of September, the two friends, who were almost as well matched in wit as in stature, started upon the 18th together upon a delightful journey through Switzerland, across the Alps into Northern Italy. So overwhelmed was Moore by the magnificence of the mountain scenery they were traversing, that on one occasion Lord John, upon overtaking him at an unexpected turn in the road, at which there had been suddenly revealed to him an exceptionally sublime panorama, found him speechless, actually gasping with emotion, and in tears.

At Milan the congenial intimates parted, Lord John branching off to Genoa, while Moore, having passed through Vicenza and Padua, on the 7th of October visited Lord Byron, then resident at La Mira, near Fusina. Thence the two poets crossed over on that same day to the Dream-City of Venice. In the midst of their confidential intercourse at this period Moore had given to him by Lord Byron what was, certainly, everything considered, the most precious souvenir the latter could possibly have bestowed upon any intimate—his recollections jotted down in the form of a MS. autobiography. "Look here," said he one day to his friend at Venice, holding up as he spoke a mysterious white leather bag, "this would be worth something to Murray, though you, I dare say, would not give sixpence for it." "What is it?" was the natural inquiry. "My Life and Adventures," replied Byron: whereupon Moore lifted up his hands in amazement. "It is not a thing," added Byron, "that can be published during my lifetime, but you may have it if you like. There"—tossing it to him—"do whatever you please with it." Having cordially thanked Lord Byron for his whole-hearted gift, "This," said Moore, with the white leather bag still in his hands, "will make a nice legacy for my little Tom, who shall astonish the latter days of the nineteenth century with it." After passing but little more than a week together in joyous companionship, the friends parted never again to meet, Byron already in the Sybarite thrall of the Guiccioli, and little dreaming that death awaited him in less than five years at Missolonghi. Moore himself, having extended his tour to Rome, where he fell in with a rare cluster of English artists, among them being Jackson and Chantrey, returned at his leisure through the South of France to Paris, where in the January of 1820 he was rejoined from England by his wife and children. His "Rhymes on the Road" were at once the fruit and the record of these pleasant holiday excursions among the Switzers and Italians. Between two and three years altogether Moore remained thus for safety's sake in compulsory expatriation. His residence at that time was chiefly at a pied-a-terre, first of all in the Allée des Veuves in the Champs Elysées, and afterwards at No. 17 in the Rue d'Anjou, though he often sojourned as a welcome guest at La Butte Coaslin (a beautiful place
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overhanging Sevres) with a wealthy and hospitable family named Villamil. During
prolonged stay in the French capital or its immediate neighbourhood, Moore
eked out his income by not merely keeping up his stipulated supply of Melodies
to Power, but by occasionally reviewing for Jeffrey in the Edinburgh.
This he
could do with perfect consistency as a politician, seeing that he had long previously,
after the sowing of his democratic wild oats, settled down so thoroughly into a
Constitutional Whig that there was the most complete accord upon administrative
questions between himself and his three intimate friends, Lord John Russell, Lord
Holland, and Lord Lansdowne.
At length, in the September of 1822, the glad news came to Moore at Paris that
he might with perfect safety return to England. The Bermuda claims had been
reduced from six to one thousand pounds sterling ; and of that ^1,000 there was
contributed, no matter how reluctantly, a sum of ^300 by an uncle of the defaulting
Deputy Sheddon.
Realizing this to be the position of things, the Marquis of
Lansdowne at once deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining ^700, to
be in readiness for an instant settlement whenever it might be required. This
generous arrangement Moore at last fell in with, but immediately after the
payment of the deposit reimbursed the Marquis by a draft upon his publisher. In
this

the five years' ghostly misery of his home was exorcised
the skeleton
from the cupboard and decently interred.
Upon the morrow of his return to England "The Loves of the Angels," for
which Moore received ^"1,000 sterling, was published by the Messrs. Longman. Its
completion was precipitated by the announcement, as immediately forthcoming, of the
" Heaven and Earth "drama of Lord
Byron, built upon the like rabbinical lines, and
all but ready for launching.
During the same year (1823) were published Moore's
"
" Fables of the
for
which
the author received
$oo from the Messrs.
Holy Alliance,
Longman. Another, but, as it remained to the last, purely fragmentary poem, had
been begun by him during his stay in Paris. This was his Egyptian day-dream of
"
Alciphron," eventually given to the world in its incomplete and inchoate form in
1839, but which a dozen years previously had been anticipated by its author's prose
version of the root idea of the plot, as set forth in 1827 in his exquisitely elaborated
tale of "The Epicurean."
It is chiefly remarkable for the scene of the narrative
being alternately at Athens and in Egypt, the time of the incidents recounted in it
being in the early days of Christianity.
Moore's Prose Works, it may here be said at once, were inaugurated by the publication, in his forty-fifth year, of his "Memoirs of Captain Rock," an animated and
thoroughly readable epitome of the history of Ireland. During that same year
(1824) he issued from the press his "Sacred Songs," the elevating and intensely
devotional character of which go far to atone for the licentious effusions of his
His
youth, by that time looked back to by him with the keenest remorse.
" Memoirs of
Sheridan," which were published in 1828 in quarto, vindicated in a
to
be
measure
the
of
that
erratic
whom
showed
it
great
beyond
reputation
genius,
all question more sinned
Nine years before that work's
against than sinning.
Moore
had
to
Chronicle
of
the
contributed
the
appearance
5th August, 1816,
Morning
his noble monody on the death of his friend
one of the few things, as he afterwards
declared, of which he was proud.
Among the other startling facts realized to the
public by his "Life of Sheridan," not the least surprising was this that the sum total
of the debts of that so-called profligate spendthrift was actually less than
5,000
but very little more than the aggregate of the unliquidated liabilities of Oliver Goldsmith.
In the autumn of the year in which he became Sheridan's biographer,
Moore for the first time visited Scotland, where he was hospitably entertained by
this

way

being at

last extricated

:

and by Scott at Abbotsford. Not until five years afterwards was published, in two quarto volumes, what will always be regarded as
incomparably Moore's finest prose work, the "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron,

Jeffrey at Craigcrook,


with Notices of his Life.” Its composition, or, more strictly speaking, its compilation—for Byron’s letters and journals are the jewels thickly strung together upon the attenuated thread of Moore’s narrative—was preceded by what must certainly be regarded as the least defensible act of the Irish poet’s whole career in literature. As already mentioned, the autobiography of Lord Byron had been given to Moore as a signal evidence of his friend’s attachment and confidence. The only understanding between them was that after Byron’s death it was to be published, the money value of it all along being Moore’s. Acting in this sense, Moore, in 1824, sold the precious MS. to Mr. Murray for two thousand guineas. Immediately afterwards, upon the morrow of Lord Byron’s sudden and lamented death, the work in the natural course of things should have been forthwith announced as preparing for immediate publication. A little cluster of the friends of the deceased, however, dreading, as they protested, the exposure of facts which, according to them, it would be better should remain concealed, got round the MS., and, worse than that, got round Moore so effectually that, as the result of their secret confabulation, the manuscript, nothing could ever replace, was committed to the flames and utterly destroyed. According to the unimpeachable authority of Lord John Russell, there were absolutely no more than three or four pages of the MS. at the very outside which were in any way objectionable. These might surely have been eliminated and burnt as worthless, while the rest might have been carefully preserved. Instead of this, without any selection or discrimination whatever, the whole of it, with Moore’s consent, was reduced to ashes. Mr. Wilmot Horton, acting for Lady Byron, Mr. Luttrell for Moore, Colonel Doyle for Mrs. Leigh, and Mr. Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton) for the dead poet, met in consultation and the deed was done. By their action, if Moore’s honour was not in some measure compromised, his dead friend’s confidence in him was hardly justified. It matters comparatively nothing that Moore himself paid back the two thousand guineas which he had just before received for the manuscript, and that he paid that sum back with interest. His doing so in no way whatever compensates for the absolute destruction of the autobiography. And even his apparent Quixotism in insisting upon making the disbursement is seen vanishing into thin air half a dozen years afterwards when, upon the publication of his “Life of Byron” in 1830, £4,000 were paid over to him by Mr. Murray. To that Life, such as it is, Macaulay has accorded the highest possible commendation, speaking of it in so many words as “among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced.” With the publication of that obviously difficult and no doubt masterly performance, the more blithe and radiant part of Moore’s career as a man of letters may be said thus signaliy to have been brought to a conclusion. For it is a matter of really secondary interest that in the following year he produced a poetical bagatelle and reappeared in his character as a biographer. The bagatelle, which was entitled “The Summer Fête,” commemorated a holiday gathering at Boyle Farm, on the banks of the Thames. The memoirs were those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Thirty-four years previously (in 1797) Moore remembered perfectly well passing Lord Edward in Grafton Street, Dublin, Lord Edward being then thirty-four, and his future biographer a strippling of eighteen, the light, elastic step of the former, his peculiar dress, his fresh, healthful complexion, and even the soft expression of the glance that beamed from under his long dark eyelashes, living to the last vividly in the poet’s recollection.

A couple of years after the two last-mentioned publications Moore issued from the press, in 1833, a book which has made his name ever since then very dear indeed to the heart of every Catholic in the three kingdoms. This was his wonderfully comprehensive polemical work, remarkable in many ways, but not least of all for the evidence it affords of the author’s deep patristic learning, entitled, enticingly enough, “Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion.” Speaking of it, Dr. Doyle, the great Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, has averred, with no little
emphasis, that—"If St. Augustine were more orthodox and Scratchinbach less plausible, it is a book of which any one of us might be proud." It is bewildering to remember, however, of a man who could write thus convincingly and convincingly upon the truths of Catholicism, that through a laxity of purpose his theory and practice were brought so lightly into harmony. Addressing himself as a Catholic to one who had been striving to convert him to Protestantism, Moore remarked, "I was born and bred in the faith of my fathers, and in that faith I intend to die." When quoting those words in his Preface, Lord John Russell observes, "in that intention he persevered to the end." Yet at the same time the fact is undeniable that Moore indifferently attended both Protestant and Catholic churches. He not only married a Protestant, but had all his five children baptized and, the three of them who lived sufficiently long, brought up as Protestants.

It is true, no doubt, that whenever he happened to be in London upon a Sunday, he went to high mass at the then Warwick Street Chapel, now known as the Church of the Assumption. And perfectly well do I remember, upon one of the very last of these occasions, standing beside him after mass upon the pavement in front of the main entrance when one of his poorer compatriots, evidently in answer to some chance inquiry as to Moore's identity, exclaimed, with exultation in his brogue no less than in his emphasis, and in a stage whisper that must have been perfectly audible to the miniature poet, upon whom most of the bystanders were gazing down with the keenest interest, "Yis, sorr, that's the great Mr. Moore!"

Although he attended Catholic devotions thus whenever he could do so conveniently, Moore, nevertheless, upon his sister once consulting him as to whether she should turn Protestant (admitting as she spoke that she was half inclined to do so) contented himself with advising her to remain quietly as she was—observing, while he uttered that lukewarm recommendation, that through the circumstance of his having married a Protestant the opportunity had been afforded him of at least choosing a religion for his children, and adding that he considered that an advantage for which he had reason to be grateful. An exceptional guardianship for his faith during his early years it has recently been said he enjoyed in the possession of the most devoted of Catholic mothers. Yet the Dublin Reviewer, who thus pronounced what seems to me an extravagant panegyrical upon that no doubt excellent parent, must, in employing the words alluded to, have been utterly oblivious of the fact that with the ready assent of that most devoted Catholic mother, Moore, simply because it was inconvenient to him, from about his seventeenth year abandoned for once and for all what is certainly the crucial test of every Catholic's devotion—the Confessional. Twice a year for half a dozen years, from the time when he was an ingenuous little fellow of eleven, he went to the sacrament of penance, at the Townshend Street Chapel, a venerable priest named O'Halloran being his confessor. His breakfasting afterwards, upon these occasions, at the house of an old relative of his mother, one Mrs. Devereux, the widow of a West India captain, when he luxuriated in unlimited supplies of buttered toast, eggs, and beefsteaks, he long afterwards pleasantly remembered. So "irksome," however (this being Moore's own word), did the practice at length become, that somewhere about the age of seventeen "I ventured," he says, "to signify to my mother a wish that I should no longer go to confession, and after a slight remonstrance she sensibly acceded to my wish." Upon the same principle (believing, as she did, in her capacity as a most devoted Catholic mother) she might, after a slight remonstrance, just as sensibly have acceded to a wish on his part that from his seventeenth year he might have been allowed to refrain from any further ablutions—Moore in that case running the risk of emulating the man of whom he somewhere in his Journal laughingly records that he died of a cold caught from washing his face!

logically in all his convictions, theoretically in all his sentiments, Moore throughout life was in heart and soul, but not in practice, a Catholic. That he
clung to the last with joy to the designation as a badge of honour is evidenced by the cordiality with which in one of his latest letters he reciprocated, in writing to myself, the frank and heartfelt greeting of a co-religionist.

Another work, the last and most laborious Moore ever penned, was his "History of Ireland," in four volumes, contributed to Lardner’s Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Originally intended to be a compact epitome in one volume, its slow, gradual in the lapse of eleven years, between 1835 and 1846, came at last to be quadrupled. One of Moore’s latest flashes of fun was apropos to Dr. Lardner’s pressing him for copy long delayed and toilsomely produced, the worried historian avenging himself by an allusion to Dionysius the Tyrant. In 1841 and 1842 he had the gratification of watching through the press a collected edition in ten volumes of his Poetical Works, the Messrs. Longman being the publishers, and each volume being introduced with a Preface distinctly autobiographic in its character.

During his active literary career, Moore was frequently tempted, but always in vain, to undertake the editorship of some, more or less, distinguished periodical. In 1818, for example, he was offered the editorial chair of a magazine akin to the once famous Critical Review of the last century. About the same time he was invited to assume the editorship of the Times, in succession to Thomas Barnes. In 1823 Constable proposed that he should succeed Lord Jeffrey as Editor of the Edinburgh. Upon another occasion the Messrs. Longman, and with them Charles Heath, the engraver, endeavoured, quite ineffectually, to induce him to edit one of those then numerous ephemerae in the world of letters, the Annuals, holding out to him, to no purpose, the lure of a splendid honorarium. The nearest approach in those negotiations to anything like a settlement was that attained by Captain Marryat, when he tendered to Moore, with a salary of a thousand a year, the editorship of the Metropolitan. Immediately, however, upon Moore realizing that his closing with the offer would have involved the outing of Campbell from the post he had not yet vacated, the former peremptorily declined what he had otherwise-regarded as a rather tempting proposition.

A passport to the House of Commons, or, at any rate, an exceedingly fair chance of obtaining one, was just as resolutely declined by Moore in 1832, when he was waited upon, at Sloperton Cottage, by Gerald Griffin, the novelist, and his brother, as a deputation from Limerick earnestly but vainly sent thither by that constituency, in the hope of inducing the Irish Poet to allow himself to be put in nomination as a candidate for its representation in Parliament. Of his popularity in Ireland he had, more than once before, had startling illustration. Fourteen years previously (in 1818) he had been entertained in Dublin at a public banquet given in his honour, Lord Charlemont, as Chairman, having, as a matter of course, the Guest of the Evening upon his right hand, and having upon his left the Poet’s old father. Twenty years afterwards Moore was again (in 1838) publicly feasted and cheered to the echo in his native city, with every token of unaffected and heartfelt enthusiasm. During the autumn of that year, on the evening of the 15th of September, he received a welcome in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, such as must have realized to him in nothing less than an astounding manner the hold he had gained upon the affections and the admiration of his fellow-countrymen. The probability of his appearance there having been publicly notified—the night’s entertainment having in fact been announced upon the playbills as under his immediate patronage—the house, shortly after the doors were opened, was densely thronged from floor to ceiling. It may be interesting to note here, incidentally, that the pieces performed upon this occasion were, The Man about Town, Charles the Twelfth, and Robert Macaire. Not until about half-past eight o’clock in the evening was Moore known to have arrived. His appearance then, in one of the lower tier of boxes in the dress circle, upon the right hand looking towards the proscenium, was signalled
to the audience by the Overture of "Life in Dublin" being played by the orchestra. Interwoven with that Overture, by the way, were several of the most striking of the Irish Melodies—airs very dear, indeed, to the hearts of all, and matchless in their popularity. Conspicuous among these were "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Minstrel Boy," "Oft in the Stilly Night," and "All that's Bright must Fade." The exquisite music, the familiar words, the sight of the author himself before them, roused the impressionable Irish, there assembled to welcome him, to an outburst of extraordinary enthusiasm. To employ Edmund Kean's expression, "the House rose at him." The rapturous applause was such, was so ringing and so prolonged, that Moore had no alternative but to speak—to utter some words of unpremeditated acknowledgment. Unusual as it was, he said, to address a multitude from the boxes of a theatre, he could no longer remain silent under such repeated demonstrations of cordiality and affection. Therefore, he continued, he had nothing for it but to say with Mr. Muddlework, in the farce they had just been listening to, "Now for the oration!" "It would require," said Moore, "the voice of Stentor himself, combined with the eloquence of Demosthenes, or of your own O'Connell, to convey a hundredth part of what I feel at this great, this overpowering kindness." Having continued for some time speaking thus from the depths of his own heart to the hearts of his hearers, he closed his address by averring "There exists no title of honour or distinction in all ambition's proud catalogue to which I could attach half so much value, or feel half so anxious to retain unforfeited through life, as that of being called your Poet—the Poet of the People of Ireland." Tremendous applause greeted these words as Moore resumed his seat, the whole audience rising to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs.

As the National Poet of Ireland there had been accorded to Thomas Moore, three years previously (in 1835), by the then Prime Minister, Viscount Melbourne, the well-deserved tribute from the Crown of a pension of £300 a year. Fifteen years afterwards (in 1850) an additional pension of £100 a year was settled upon his devoted wife, in consideration, as the award ran, of the literary merits of her husband, and of his, by that time, infirm state of health. Prior to the enrolling of his name upon the Civil List, a sinecure post had been proffered to him as Head Clerk in the State Paper Office. This, however, Moore had, upon the instant, unhesitatingly declined, and a little while afterwards the pension, pure and simple (which all must allow to have been his, indeed, of right), was awarded. His sterling probity and highmindedness, from first to last, were recognized, upon all hands, as among his most distinctive characteristics. Dr. Parr's bequest to him gave eloquent expression, one feels certain, to the thoughts of the vast majority of Moore's more intimate acquaintance, where, in the course of that great scholar's Last Will and Testament, it was written, "I give and bequeath a ring to Thomas Moore, of Sloperton, Wilts, who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit and his incorruptible integrity." The ordinary troubles of life he bore with the sweetest endurance. Mere pecuniary anxieties, as has been shown, he could, even when feeling them the most poignantly, turn to account as suggestive only of innocent pleasantry. When jesting thus, for example, under the weight of his Bermuda difficulties, it was wittily said by Kenny that it was well he was a poet and not a philosopher, as, otherwise, he never could have borne up so bravely. The anguish that mastered him completely was that which was awakened when death tore from his arms those who were bound to him by the tenderest ties of affection. One after another, in this way, he was bereft of his nearest and dearest, until his faithful wife at last remained beside him as the sole survivor. The first gap in Moore's old home group was caused by the death of his father in 1825, a loss so keenly felt by the Poet that on his return, shortly after the funeral, from Dublin to Sloperton, upon the first occasion of his attempting to sing, he broke down at the piano, sobbing convulsively, after a very
few bars of "There's a Song of the Olden Time." A similar incident occurred again upon his endeavouring to sing the very same melody one evening at Bowood, in 1838. Scarcely were the first notes audible when, bursting into a hysterial passion of tears, he sprang up from the piano and ran into the adjoining room, followed by Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who, after a while, were enabled very gradually to soothe him back to tranquillity by kindly words and the administration of a restorative. The death of his beloved mother, in 1832, was another supreme heart-grief to Moore, who spoke of her, on the morrow, in so many words as "one of the noblest-minded, as well as one of the most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures." His sisters, Kate and Nell, whom he had tenderly loved in life, he, in death, as tenderly lamented.

What conduced, most of all, however, in his declining years to sadden his very soul, was the loss, one after another, of all his children. Two had died in infancy—namely, the first-born child, Anne Jane Barbara, an engaging little creature, aged five, of whom Moore relates, in one of his letters (No. 261), that she calls him Tom, because she hears her mother do so, and that he tries in vain to break her of it, while, in another (No. 248), he describes how he has just been rolling about with her in a hayfield opposite his door one sunny Monday in the summer of 1813, until he is more hot and tired than his little playfellow; and, later on, at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, a little baby-girl, Olivia Byron. A sharper blow than losing either of those tiny morsels of humanity, however, was brought to Moore, in the spring of 1829, by the death of his only remaining daughter, Anastasia Mary, who had gradually faded away under a wasting consumption. How exquisitely bitter a grief it was to him he has thus touchingly indicated upon the last leaf of his Diary for that year of woe. "Here, most gladly," he writes, "do I take leave of this most melancholy book, which I have never opened without a fear of lighting upon those pages that record the event, to me the most saddening of my whole life—the only event that I can look back upon as a real irreparable misfortune, the loss of my sweet Anastasia."

Besides his three daughters, both his sons preceded him to the grave, his heart being wrung, at the last, more even by anguish than by sorrow. This arose from the fact that one of his sons, the elder of the two, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, took to wild courses, his improvidence so seriously embarrassing the Poet, who was himself, as all his life had shown, the very soul of probity, that both parents were plunged into the profoundest affliction. The second son, John Russell, godson of the statesman, died in the November of 1842, at the age of nineteen. Having, through the influence of Mr. Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, obtained a cadetship for him in the East India Company's service, Moore had him removed from the Charterhouse, where his earlier education had been cared for, to Dr. Firminger's preparatory school at Edmonton, as a preliminary to his admission among the military students at Addiscombe. Having in due course despatched him to Calcutta, the Poet had the affliction, in the December of 1848, of receiving at Sloperton Cottage tidings of the stripling's prostration, very soon after his arrival in India, by a dangerous illness. The intelligence was transmitted to the Poet in a sympathetic letter from his friend, the then Governor-General, Lord Auckland, who incidentally mentioned that he had taken the youth into Government House, so as to ensure his receiving the utmost possible care and attention. Eventually, however, the climate of Bengal so seriously affected the always delicate constitution of poor Russell, that his return home was necessitated, his frail existence being prematurely terminated on the 23rd of November, 1842. His unhappy elder brother, who was four years and a half his senior, then remained the only child, but in no way whatever, can it be added, the hope of his honoured parents in their cottage home at Sloperton. Born in the October of 1818, he died in his twenty-eighth year, in the March of 1846, in Algeria. An ensignacy and a
lieutenancy had been vainly purchased for him by his indulgent father. While serving with his regiment in Hindostan, he so undermined his constitution by his dissipation that he was incapacitated from continuing his career in India as a soldier. His affairs by that time, also, had become so complicated by his extravagance that, after his father had paid off his debts to the extent of fifteen hundred pounds, the ill-starred scapegrace did his best to perfect his ruin by precipitately selling his commission. As affording him the opportunity, even then, of possibly redeeming his shattered fortunes, Moore obtained for him an opening in the French service among the cosmopolitan troops quartered in Algeria. Physically weak and morally unstable, the unfortunate ne'er-do-weel, after his utter failure in Bengal, went, betimes, from bad to worse in Africa, death by rapid decline closing his miseries at last in the hospital at Mostorganem. The wretchedness brought to the heart of Moore by this crowning sorrow told, with terrible effect, even upon his appearance. His joyous spirits, dying out, gave place to the profoundest despondency. Very gradually and intermittently at first, but, after a little while, only too rapidly and persistently, his memory failed him. There were painful indications at length that softening of the brain, in his instance—as had previously been noticed in the instances of Swift, of Scott, and of Southey—had commenced. His existence, towards the close of his career, was one of extreme infirmity and almost of childishness. About the last occasion upon which he was remembered to have spoken, not only rationally but most agreeably, was upon the afternoon of the 20th of December, 1849, when, in the presence of the Marquis of Lansdowne and Mrs. Moore, he had, what proved to be, his farewell interview with his attached friend (and literary executor that was to be) Lord John Russell. All three agreed, when the conversation was afterwards referred to, that for a long time they had not seen him so well or to so much advantage. That very evening he was seized with a fit, from the evil effects of which he never afterwards recovered. Thenceforth his memory was more than ever treacherous. The disc of his bright intelligence, so to speak, was blurred and darkened, yet its light, though thus distressingly dimmed, there is some consolation in knowing, was never quite extinguished. Among his last utterances were the words addressed to his tender and devoted wife, "Lean upon God, Bessy, lean upon God." Having lingered in an enfeebled condition for upwards of two years, he quietly breathed his last at Sloperton Cottage on the 25th of February, 1852, in his seventy-third year. The physician in attendance upon him was Dr. Brabant. The clergyman who occasionally came to his bedside was the neighbouring parson, the Rev. H. Drury. He died, as every Catholic heart must grieve to remember, without receiving even one of the last consolations of his own religion. As he passed away without the anointing, the absolution, and the Viaticum, consistently to the last with the Protestant surroundings of the Catholic Poet's death-bed, his remains were conveyed to a Protestant burial-ground in the immediate neighbourhood of Sloperton. There they have ever since remained in a vault upon the north side of the churchyard at Bromham, a village situated about four miles from Devizes, and half a mile to the left of the turnpike road leading from that town to Chippenham. Engraved upon the tombstone are the simple but sufficient words—"THOMAS MOORE, THE POET AND PATRIOT OF IRELAND."

Faithful to his trust, as Moore's literary executor, Lord John Russell edited, with some little care, the Poet's Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence, which were gradually issued from the press between 1853 and 1856, in eight volumes. They comprise, besides the Poet's Autobiography from his birth to the close of the last century, and his Journals from 1818 to 1847, as many as four hundred letters, the majority of which were addressed to his mother. For this work the Messrs. Longman readily paid down three thousand pounds, which were at once invested, for the benefit of the widow, in the purchase of an annuity, Mrs. Moore retaining, of
course at the same time, her pension of £100 a year upon the Civil List. Among the literary projects meditated by her husband, there is one which it is impossible not to think of wistfully as unaccomplished, meaning his design of writing the Life of the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the most sterling of all the good men of that generation, and surely the most delightful parson who ever breathed.

Moore’s own life has been repeatedly sketched, almost always genially, but for the most part in the merest outlines. About the earliest life of the Irish poet was that prefixed to the edition of his works published in 1827 at Paris in six volumes, J. W. Lake being the writer of that miniature biography. Eleven years afterwards, that is in 1838, H. F. Chorley included Moore among the select few commemorated in his now almost forgotten quarto of “The Authors of England.” Immediately after Moore’s death Mr. James Burke, the Irish barrister, gave to the public, in the May of 1852, a Memoir of Thomas Moore, which rapidly obtained, as it well deserved, a wide popularity. In 1860 Moore’s life was again described, that time by Henry R. Montgomery. In 1867 Dr. J. F. Waller lightly pencilled off the memoir anew as an introduction to a showy quarto which comprised within it a mere selection from the poet’s writings. Finally, in 1872, both D. Herbert at Edinburgh, and W. M. Rossetti in London, undertook to record in brief the particulars of the Irish Poet’s rise into celebrity, the last mentioned in a Critical Memoir the tone of which jars upon our remembrance as almost ludicrously supercilious.

Town-bred poet though Moore was, it is pleasant to remember in his regard that his verses were composed, almost all of them, in his garden or in the adjacent meadows. His mornings, as a rule, were passed in his book-room. His evenings were devoted to society, and that almost exclusively among the noble and fashionable intimates by whom his rare gifts were so thoroughly appreciated. Countless testimonies have been afforded by competent observers that he captivated the refined world, in the midst of which he moved, with the spell of an almost magnetic fascination. Leigh Hunt, at whom, in a moment of extreme exacerbation, he shot one of his most poisoned shafts of ridicule, has said of him, with some emphasis, “I thought Thomas Moore, when I first knew him, as delightful a person as one could imagine,”—an impression all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the occasion of their being brought together had arisen out of the circumstance of Leigh Hunt having just then cut up rather smartly “M.P.; or, The Blue Stocking.” Lord Jeffrey, who had begun by denouncing him in language so fierce as to be almost scurrilous, spoke of him, when he had come to know him personally, “as the sweetest-blooded, warmest-hearted, happiest, hopefulest creature that ever set fortune at defiance.” What Sir Walter Scott admired Moore for most was a manly frankness, with a perfect ease and good-breeding, which he declared to be, in one word, delightful. Regarding him with the like clairvoyance, Sheridan, with his usual felicitas verborum, said that there was no man who put so much of his heart into his fancy as Tom Moore. What manner of man he was, even those who never had the advantage of seeing him, may readily learn from the numerous effigies of him produced by some of the most eminent sculptors and painters who were his contemporaries. According to his own modest estimate of his lineaments, he had nothing upon his round potato-face but what artists could not catch—mobility of character. Not so, evidently thought the artists themselves, judging from their handiwork. Wonderfully animated portraits of him were painted by two Presidents of the Royal Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Martin Archer Shee, and by no less than four other distinguished Academicians, Thomas Stothard, Gilbert Stuart Newton, Daniel Maclise, and George Richmond. Mulvany also portrayed him cleverly enough on canvas. A characteristic engraving by Meyer, from an original miniature, appeared in the August number for 1818 of the New Monthly Magazine. Another sketch of him, published in 1806, representing him with his hair down to his eyebrows, has Plimer pinxit in one corner and Scriven sculpis in
the other. Besides these there is, preserved at the British Museum, a whimsical Deighton-like coloured profile full-length portraiture of Moore, showing him in the rather odd costume of a brown frock-coat and white trousers strapped down over tye-shoes, and with a white hat tilted back on his head, having anything but the jaunty cock with which he usually donned his silk or beaver. The busts of the Irish Poet are almost as numerous as the paintings, half a dozen sculptors of eminence producing his _vera effigies_ in marble. These were, besides his namesake Moore, Sir Francis Chantrey, Kirk, Mossop, Pietro Tenerani, and Lorenzo Bartolini. Somewhere, also, probably, lies littered away on a dusty studio shelf or in a forgotten cupboard, the mask mentioned by Moore himself as having been taken from his face in 1821 by Philip Crampton, and of the taking of which he speaks with an evident sense of discomfort, as a "disagreeable operation." The only masks he wore with satisfaction to himself were the masks of literary pseudonyms, and those he always, so to speak, put on awry, so that he was readily detected underneath An Irishman, An Irish Gentleman, Tom Crib, Thomas Little, Thomas Brown the Younger, One of the Fancy, Trismegistus Rustifustius.

Another and rather notable effigy of Moore has yet to be named, a statue in bronze, erected five years after his demise, upon an open space in front of Trinity College. Publicly unveiled on the 14th of October, 1857, by an illustrious Catholic, and one of the most gifted orators of our age, Baron O'Hagan, sometime Lord Chancellor of Ireland, it is a work so entirely artless, that only in a spirit of irony can it be spoken of as in any way a work of art. Yet, utterly unworthy though it is alike of the nation in whose name it was raised and of the Poet it was presumably designed to honour, it is in one particular, at least, truly remarkable, being actually the very first statue ever erected in Dublin of any Irishman. "It is the sorrow and the shame of Ireland—proverbially _incuriosu suorum_"—said Baron O'Hagan in the course of the noble address he delivered upon that most interesting occasion, "that she has been heretofore too much in this respect an exception among the civilized kingdoms of the earth. And the sorrow and the shame has not been less because she has been the parent of many famous men—of thinkers, and poets, and patriots, and warriors, and statesmen—whose memory should be to her a precious heritage, and of many of whom she might speak in the language of the Florentine of old, _Tanto nomini nullum par eulogium._"

Thomas Moore's genial and animated countenance, depreciated though it was by himself, pronounced plain though it was by Sir Walter Scott, had always an exhilarating effect wherever it appeared. His sprightly little figure seemed ever in motion; his upturned nose appeared always, as it were, on the alert for a witticism; his clear dark eyes alternately sparkled with fun and beamed with kindliness; the carriage of his head was not merely erect, but, probably from the smallness of his stature, uplifted; his forehead had bumps of wit upon it so conspicuously pronounced that, as Leigh Hunt remarked, they would have transported a phrenologist; his mouth, generous, dimpled, and radiant with good humour, had the very lips, you would have said, for pouring forth, with no great volume of sound but with infinite tenderness, one after another of his own delicious Melodies. To realize the effect they had upon an appreciative listener, it is only necessary to recall to mind for a moment Sydney Smith's memorable asseverations in a letter addressed to Moore himself:—"By the beard of the prelate of Canterbury, by the cassock of the prelate of York, by the breakfasts of Rogers, by Luttrell's love of side-dishes, I swear that I would rather hear you sing than any other person I ever heard in my life, male or female. For what is your singing but beautiful poetry, floating in fine music and guided by exquisite feeling?" Very early in the century Lucy Aikin thus wrote of the young Poet, whom she had with delight seen overnight seated at the pianoforte:—"He sang us some of his own sweet little songs, set to his own music, and rendered doubly touching by a voice
the most dulcet, an utterance the most articulate, and expression the most deep and varied I have ever witnessed.” It should be borne in mind, particularly, that, just as Charles Dickens read only his own writings, Thomas Moore sang only his own Melodies.

Nearly thirty years after Lucy Aikin spoke of him in the words above quoted, Moore in 1835 was by the skilled hand of N. P. Willis thus Pencilled by the Way: “His eyes sparkle like a champagne bubble; there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek; his lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; the slightly tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression; and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, and radiates.” Leigh Hunt said of his eyes that they were as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves, his manner being as bright as his talk, full of the wish to please, and to be pleased: the same genial observer adding that Moore’s voice, which was a little hoarse in speaking, softened into a breath like that of a flute when singing. It is characteristic of him in every way—of his geniality, of his love of drollery, of his regard for the unsophisticated (as typified literally in this instance by the Man in the Street), that Moore declared he had never derived so much pleasure from any public applause as he had when confronted one day upon one of the quays of Dublin by a tatterdemalion com-patriot, who, adapting to his own purpose the words of my Lord Byron, yelled out, “Three cheers for Tommy Moore, the pot of all circles and the darling of his own!” Whatever fame he had acquired, he himself attributed principally to the verses he had adapted to the delicious strains of Irish melody. Those verses in themselves he modestly insisted could boast of little merit, but, like flies in amber, were esteemed for the precious material in which they were embedded. According to his view, the vitality of the Melodies depended upon the music and poetry, being, as in the union of soul and body, indistinguishable in their combination. Separated from the music, the words, in Moore’s estimation, at once became inanimate. Yet Jeffrey had a wiser sense of the intrinsic value of his friend’s poetry per se when he compared it to the thornless rose, its touch velvet, its hue vermillion. Sung out musically, as it was, like sweet bells never jangled out of tune, it intermittently showered down upon Moore himself, in between whistles, at uncertain intervals, in golden coin of the realm, lumps of largess of varying bulk—£3,000, £1,000, £500, what not—amounting in the aggregate to upwards of £30,000 sterling. His political squibs and satires, contributed just as the whim or fancy of the moment prompted him, now to the Times, now to the Morning Chronicle, brought him in from £400 to £500 a year for several years together. In the midst of all his dazzling sword-play in the lists of satire, the forked lightnings of his sarcasm, the poignant lunges of his irony, the bewildering cut-and-thrust of his ever ready ridicule, his assaults were always so chivalrous as those, according to his own showing, of his friend and compeer, Richard Brinsley Sheridan—

Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,
Play’d round every object, and shone as it play’d—
Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne’er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

Living so much in the brilliant throng as Moore did, that to superficial observers he was apparently only happy when in its midst, he preserved throughout his whole life, on the contrary, the most tender devotion to his own homely hearth. Five years before his marriage, and when, therefore, as a bachelor, separated from his family by the distance between the two capitals, and by the intermediate waters of St. George’s Channel, he might have been excused for yielding himself up a little more readily to the distractions of the radiant society by which he was so cordially welcom ed, a keen-witted observer like Miss Godfrey could write to him even then, under
date the 2nd of October, 1806, "You have contrived, God knows how! amidst all the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you: and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all." If Moore was neither, he at least passed almost entirely scathless, through temptations which would have intoxicated or enervated most other men. As son, as husband, father, brother, friend, he was heart-whole and unmarred even to the very last. He is accused of having had a predilection for the aristocratic salons, the portals of which at his approach not merely stood ajar but were flung wide open for his reception. Yet the fact remains indisputable all through his brilliant career, that a labourer's cottage with a thatched roof, and latticed windows, and trellised porches, sufficed for his own home, and that to the shelter of that homeliest of homes it was the paramount delight and solace of his life to fly at any and every opportunity.

Surrounded at the very outset of his career by the courtliest throngs, he was as true as the magnet is to the north in his devotion to his unlettered and unsophisticated belongings—proud of the old shop in the little back street in Dublin from which he had taken his flight, as a skylark might be which, on soaring into the empyrean, looks back in the midst of its rapturous singing to the parent nest, dwindled by distance to a mere speck in the far-off furrow. Remembering how Moore at the dawn of this century first burst into song as—very literally indeed—the Harbinger of Catholic Emancipation, his advent as a lyricist, or rather it should be said by right of pre-eminence as the Great National Song-writer of Ireland, is like the realization of one of the most auëricious of all the snatches of melody in Shakspere:

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' guns arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.

His songs came to his beloved Ireland in exquisite consolation. But they came not merely laden with solace—they came weighted with a heartening influence that rose at moments into accents of distinct prophecy. The day arrived for him when, in the midst of the thundering applause of a vast concourse of his fellow-countrymen, he could remind them, while even yet in his mid career (it was on the 15th of August, 1835), that he had once ventured in one of his Melodies upon a prediction which had already been fulfilled:

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep,

Moore's genius, as the venerable Archbishop MacHale said in the Preface to his translation of the Melodies into Irish, must ever command the admiration—I hesitate not to interpolate here the grateful admiration—of his compatriots from generation to generation. "Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo," wrote that illustrious prelate, "he essayed the instrument of every Muse, and became master of them all; sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetic feeling, he turns to the East and listens with rapture to its poetical melodies; subdued by the strain he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and Erin at once, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of patriotism." Thomas Moore, it is no extravagance whatever to say, is the Laureate in perpetuity of Ireland. And every leaf of his umbrageous bay-garland bears indelibly emblazoned upon it the title of one or another of his
matchless Melodies. Those Melodies which, as the rainbow is born from sunshine and dew-drops, embody within them all that is joyous and pathetic in the most intensely patriotic and devotedly Catholic race upon the face of the earth, rose from the first like the harbinger of hope for Erin upon the dark background of her most sorrowful history, as the deluge was subsiding of three terrible centuries of persecution. That bow of mingled consolation and promise has been shining ever since over Ireland, and will shine there perennially. It is the aureole created by the genius of this peerless and patriotic lyrist, and suspended by his hand as one of her most enduring glories over his beloved Hibernia.
THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE.

Odes of Anacreon.

[As the Poetical Works of Moore are, in this Centenary Edition, arranged chronologically in the order of their publication, they lead off, by necessity, with his maiden work, the Odes translated into English verse from the Greek of Anacreon. The volume appeared in 1800, in the form of a handsome guinea quarto, printed for John Stockdale of Piccadilly. It was published by subscription, the list of 364 subscribers, which extended to sixteen full quarto pages, being headed by the names of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Clarence. The notion of attempting to give a metrical version of the lyrical chants or odes of Anacreon had been among the earliest day-dreams of Moore, when he first began to wear the cap and gown as a student at Trinity College. Six years before that day-dream was realized he, in the February of 1794, contributed to the Dublin magazine called the Anthologia, a tentative paraphrase of the Fifth Ode, by way of preening his wings for the higher and more sustained flight he was even then meditating. At that time he was not quite fifteen. Already, even then, boy though he was, he had attracted the attention of the University authorities by giving in, contrary to all precedent, a copy of English verses which won for him a handsomely bound volume of the "Travels of Anacharsis," accompanied by a Latin certificate intimating that the recompense had been accorded propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum. Heartened on by the ambition to wrest, despite his being a Catholic, some higher and more substantial honour than this from the Protestant University, Moore, later on, submitted a selection from such of the Odes of Anacreon as he had by that time translated to Dr. Kearney, subsequently Provost of Trinity, and eventually Bishop of Ossory. That refined scholar, while realizing to the stripling's common sense the obvious fact that writings so erotic and convivial were scarcely of a kind to win recompense from the austere Board of the University, encouraged the young aspirant to persevere in the labour upon which he had adventured, with a view to its publication when completed. While engaged upon this, to him congenial task, Moore, with an eye to an elaborate scholarly annotation of the text, ran-sacked, in the course of his researches, a mass of almost forgotten lore in the ancient library of Archbishop Marsh, familiarly spoken of as Marsh's Library, adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral. Having fairly accomplished his purpose, though but still in his nineteenth year, he, in the early days of 1799, quitted Ireland for the first time in his life, and made his way across St. George's Channel in a sailing vessel, and so on by stage-coach to London, bent upon eating his terms there as a law student at the Middle Temple, and upon publishing, at as early a date as possible, by subscription, his translation of Anacreon. Winning his way rapidly in the highest circles of the metropolis by the glamour of his radiant face, his brilliant talk, his animated manner, and his seductive gift of song, he found no difficulty in arriving at the required quotient in the sum of his]
subscribers. Introduced to the Earl of Moira shortly after his advent to Mayfair, he was by that
nobleman presented before long to his Royal Highness the Heir Apparent, to whom Anacreon
Moore, as the young Irishman presently got to be called by the fashionable world, soon offered the
courtly tribute of his first Dedication.

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,
In allowing me to dedicate this Work to your Royal Highness you have conferred upon me an
honour which I feel very sensibly: and I have only to regret that the pages which you have thus
distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, SIR, with every sentiment of respect,
Your Royal Highness's
Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ODE I.
I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'Twas in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight;
I heard his voice, and warmly press'd
The dear enthusiast to my breast,
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhaled, when'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breathed of him, and blush'd with wine!
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now!
I feel that e'en his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much!

ODE II.
GIVE me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th'elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
O Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash around such sparks of thought
As Bacchus could alone have taught!
Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!

ODE III.
LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the happy heaven of love
These elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV.
VULCAN! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,  
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.  
No—let me have a silver bowl,  
Where I may cradle all my soul:  
But let not o'er its simple frame  
Your mimic constellations flame;  
Nor grave upon the swelling side  
Orion scowling o'er the tide.  
I care not for the glitt'ring wain,  
Nor yet the weeping sister train.  
But oh! let vines luxuriant roll  
Their blushing tendrils round the bowl,  
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid  
Is culling clusters in their shade.  
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,  
Wildly press the gushing grapes;  
And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,  
Flit around on golden winglets;  
While Venus, to her mystic bower,  
Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

ODE V.

GRAVE me a cup with brilliant grace,  
Deep as the rich and holy vase  
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,  
When shepherds hail that hour of roses.  
Grave it with themes of chaste design,  
Form'd for a heavenly bowl like mine.  
Display not there the barbarous rites,  
In which religious zeal delights;  
Nor any tale of tragic fate,  
Which history trembles to relate!  
No—cull thy fancies from above,  
Themes of heaven and themes of love.  
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,  
Distil the grape in drops of joy,  
And while he smiles at every tear,  
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,  
With spirits of the genial bed,  
The dewy herbage deftly tread.  
Let Love be there, without his arms,  
In timid nakedness of charms;  
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,  
Blushing through the shadowy grove;  
While rosy boys disporting round,  
In circlets trip the velvet ground;  
But ah! if there Apollo toys,  
I tremble for my rosy boys!

ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,  
To cull a wreath of matrium 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 whelm'd him in the racy spring.  
Oh! then I drank the poison'd bowl,  
And Love now nestles in my soul!  
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,  
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.

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

ODE VIII.

I care not for the idle state  
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!  
I envy not the monarch's throne,  
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.  
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,  
The fervour of my brows to shade;  
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,  
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.  
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,  
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;  
But if to-morrow comes, why then—  
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.  
And thus while all our days are bright,  
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,  
Let us the festal hours beguile  
With mantling cup and cordial smile;  
And shed from every bowl of wine  
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!  
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,  
May come, when least we wish him present,  
And beckon to the sable shore,  
And grimly bid us—drink no more!
ODE IX.

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

Alcmeon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountain head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy play'd.
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I rave in wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
"I will—I will be mad to-night!"

ODE X.

Tell me how to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me!
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
Love was the delicious theme!
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

ODE XI.

"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way:

"Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
Think not yet that I could make
Pray, believe it was not I;
No—it cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)"Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"
Little Love! thou now art mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt:
I must burn in warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

ODE XII.

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

ODE XIII.

I will; I will; the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd;
And I've repell'd the tender lure,
And hoped my heart should sleep secure.
But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too;
Assumed the corselet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
Then (hear it, all you powers above!) I fought with Love! I fought with Love!
And now his arrows were all shed—
And I had just in terror fled—
When, having an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And having no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!
My heart! alas, the luckless day!
Received the god, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forced to yield.
Vain, vain is every outward care,
My foe's within, and triumphs there.

ODE XIV.

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;
Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
In the sweet Corinthian grove,
Where the glowing wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound,
There indeed are girls divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum these all—of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there!
What, you gaze! I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I number'd every one
Glowing under Egypt's sun?

Or the nymphs who, blushing sweet,
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
Where the god, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm, desiring train;
Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far removed,
Are all loving—all are loved!

ODE XV.

TELL me, why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?
Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove.—
Curious stranger! I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,
('Twas in sooth a gentle lay,) Gave me to the Bard away.
See me now his faithful minion,
Thus with softly-gliming pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
"Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently-fanning wings
Shade the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.

THOU, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come, portray
The lovely maid that's far away.
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distill,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright,
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray
With which Minerva's glances play,
And give them all that liquid fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and mellow'd red:
Gradual tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
Then her lip, so rich in blisses!
Sweet petitioner for kisses!
Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
Ripely singing Love's invasion.
Then beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a love within,
Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While airy charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter on its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.

Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

ODE XVII.

And now with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in lapses bright,
Fall like streaming rays of light;
And there the raven's dye confuse
With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
Let not the braid, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;
But loosen every golden ring,
To float upon the breeze's wing.
Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
Front, as fair as mountain-snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon dyes, enrich'd by gold,
Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
Mingle in his jetty glances,
Power that awes, and love that trances;
Steal from Venus bland desire,
Steal from Mars the look of fire,
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!
Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
And there let Beauty's rosy ray
In flying blushes richly play;
Blushes, of that celestial flame
Which lights the cheek of virgin shame,
Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
But let thy mind imagine them!
Paint, where the ruby cell unclose,
Persuasion sleeping upon roses;
And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!
His neck of ivory splendour trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the wing'd Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his snaky wand;
Let Bacchus then the breast supply
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh,
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire,
Which kindles, when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour’d touch would show
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Removed from all but Fancy’s eyes.
Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
I see a godlike portrait there;
So like Bathyllus! sure there’s none
So like Bathyllus but the sun!
Oh! let this pictured god be mine,
And keep the boy for Samos’ shrine;
Phoebus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then the deity!

ODE XVIII.
Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip—it burns, it burns!
Sunn’d by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid, I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o’er my brow in showers.
Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.
But for you, my burning mind!
Oh! what shelter shall I find?
Can the bowl, or flowret’s dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX.
Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze!
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep:
Hark! they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul!
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!

ODE XX.
One day, the Muses twined the hands
Of baby Love with flowery bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.

His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;
His mother sues, but all in vain!
He ne’er will leave his chains again,
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Who could wish for liberty!"

ODE XXI.
Observe, when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean’s misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature’s holy law is drinking:
I’ll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

ODE XXII.*
The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron’s form;
And Progne, 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!
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O’er every charm that secret glows,
In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb!
Oh, could I, as the streamlet’s wave,
Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave!
Or float as perfume on thy hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there!
I wish I were the zone, that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs!
Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow.
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh, anything that touches thee!
Nay, sandals for those airy feet—
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!

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**ODE XXIII.**

I often wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
"Our sighs are given to love alone!"
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
"The tale of love alone is sweet!"
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow glory's theme;
For thou, my lyre, and thou, my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part,
And thou the flame shall feel as well
As thou the flame shall sweetly tell!

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**ODE XXIV.**

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreathed horn.
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of heaven—a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure,
For thee, O woman, child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!
She gave thee beauty—flush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

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**ODE XXV.**

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves;
Alas! unlike the plumèd loves
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While, in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One urchin imp's the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together;
And still, as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these cupids from my heart?
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
They will for ever nestle here!

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**ODE XXVI.**

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

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**ODE XXVII.**

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

ODE XXVIII.
As in the Lemnian caves of fire,  
The mate of her who nursed Desire  
Moulded the glowing steel, to form  
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;  
While Venus every borb imbues  
With droppings of her honey'd dews;  
And Love (alas the victim-heart!)  
Tinges with gall the burning dart;  
Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,  
The crested Lord of battles came;  
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd,  
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd!  
He saw the mystic darts, and smiled  
Derision on the archer-child.  
"And dost thou smile?" said little Love;  
"Take this dart, and thou may'st prove,  
That though they pass the breeze's flight,  
My bolts are not so feathery light."  
He took the shaft—and oh! thy look,  
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he took—  
He sigh'd, and felt the urchin's art;  
He sigh'd, in agony of heart,—  
"It is not light—I die with pain!  
Take—take thy arrow back again."  
"No," said the child, "it must not be,  
That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.
Yes—loving is a painful thrill,  
And not to love more painful still;  
But surely 'tis the worst of pain,  
To love, and not be loved again!  
Affection now has fled from earth,  
Nor fire of genius, light of birth,  
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile  
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.  
Gold is the woman's only theme,  
Gold is the woman's only dream.  
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—  
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!  
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,  
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.

Since that devoted thirst began,  
Man has forgot to feel for man;  
The pulse of social life is dead,  
And all its fonder feelings fled!  
War too has sullied Nature's charms,  
For gold provokes the world to arms;  
And oh! the worst of all its art,  
I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

ODE XXX.
'Twas in an airy dream of night,  
I fancied that I wing'd my flight  
On pinions fleeter than the wind,  
While little Love, whose feet were twined  
(I know not why) with chains of lead,  
Pursued me as I trembling fled;  
Pursued—and could I e'er have thought?—  
Swift as the moment I was caught!  
What does the wanton fancy mean  
By such a strange, illusive scene?  
I fear she whispers to my breast,  
That you, my girl, have stol'n my rest;  
That though my fancy, for a while,  
Has hung on many a woman's smile,  
I soon dissolved the passing vow,  
And ne'er was caught by love till now!

ODE XXXI.
ARM'D with hyacinthine rod,  
(Arms enough for such a god,)  
Cupid bade me wing my pace,  
And try with him the rapid race.  
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,  
By tangled brake and pendent steep,  
With weary foot I panting flew,  
My brow was chill with drops of dew.  
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,  
To my lip was faintly flying;  
And now I thought the spark had fled,  
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,  
And fanning light his breezy plume,  
Recall'd me from my languid gloom;  
Then said, in accents half-reproving,  
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"

ODE XXXII.
STREW me a breathing bed of leaves,  
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy,
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With circlets, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death?
No, no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;
Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow its scent expire;
And bring the nymph with floating eye,
Oh! she will teach me how to die!
Yes, Cupid! ere my soul retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own elysium here!

ODE XXXIII.
'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air!
"And who art thou," I waking cry,
"That bidd'st my blissful visions fly?"
"O gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child,
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"
I hear the baby's tale of woe;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and oped the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night!

I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart!
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
"I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smiled,) 
"I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wander'd so,
That much I fear, the ceaseless shower
Has injur'd its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew;
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
Oh! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came!
"Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
"Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow;
It still can send a maddening dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ODE XXXIV.
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 kings may envy thee!
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear,
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophectic strain;
Thy sweet, prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes, and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrill'ly 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.
ODES OF ANACREON.

Melodious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st—a little deity!

ODE XXXV.

CUPID once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
"O mother!—I am wounded through—
I die with pain—in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!"

ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possess'd a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every day should swell my store;
That when the Fates would send their minion
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illumine
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for treasures?
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!
Mine be the nymph, whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

ODE XXXVII.

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
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 slyly smiled;
Smiled indeed with wanton glee,
But, ah! 'twas plain they envied me.
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone! "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for th' illusions fled,
"Sleep! again my joys restore,
Oh, let me dream them o'er and o'er!"

ODE XXXVIII.

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!
Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nursed with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.
From him that dream of transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him, the brow forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air,
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no! the walk of life is dark;
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chafed to fragrant death;
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale;
To souls that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

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

ODE XL.
I know that Heaven ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journey'd o'er
Return no more—alas! no more;
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
No, no! the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!
And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

ODE XLI.
When Spring begems 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;
And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entwined to lie
Where the embowering branches meet—
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

ODE XLII.
Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;
And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that envy's tongue can shed.
Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart;
And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along;
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love:
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.
While our rosy fillets shed
Flushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile,
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,
Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs!
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas! his own;
And then what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip 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?
Oh yes! and Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The genius of festivity!

ODE XLIV.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep!
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!
E'en the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them round me while I sing;
Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs,
I'll bill and twine in airy dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

ODE XLV.

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

ODE XLVI.

See the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way!
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultured field, and winding stream,
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet festoon the vine,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury!

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet I can quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear.
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm called to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!
Let those who pant for Glory's charms,  
Embrace her in the field of arms;  
While my inglorious, placid soul  
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.  
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,  
And bathe me in its honey'd wave!  
For though my fading years decay,  
And though my bloom has pass'd away,  
Like old Silenus, sire divine,  
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,  
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,  
And live my follies all again!  

ODE XLVIII.

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

ODO XLIX.

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,  
The rosy harbinger of joy,  
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,  
Thaws the winter of our soul;  
When to my inmost core he glides,  
And bathes it with his ruby tides,  
A flow of joy, a lively heat,  
Fires my brain, and wings my feet;  
'Tis surely something sweet, I think,  
Nay, something heavenly sweet, to drink?  
Sing, sing of love, let music's breath  
Softly beguile our rapturous death,  
While, my young Venus, thou and I  
To the voluptuous cadence die!  
Then waking from our languid trance,  
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODO LI.

FLY not thus my brow of snow,  
Lovely wanton! fly not so.  
Though the wane of age is mine,  
Though the brilliant flush is thine,
Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

ODE LII.

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

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

ODE LIII.

WHEN I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.

Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my brow of snows,
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.

Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Give my lips the brimming bowl;
Oh! you will see this hoary sage
Forget his locks, forget his age.
He still can chant the festive hymn;
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
He still can act the mellow raver,
And play the fool as sweet as ever!

ODE LIV.

METHINKS, the pictured bull we see
Is amorous Jove—it must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phoenician fair!
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast of vulgar vein,
Undaunted thus defy the main?
No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the god, he breathes of Jove!

ODE LV.

WHILE we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose wreath perfumes Olympus' bowers,
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's bloomy season grows,
The Graces love to twine the rose;
The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the flower's breast,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flowret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh! there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dies:
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurnèd clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung.
When humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, unclay'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses!
He, who inspires the youth to glance
In wingèd circlets through the dance;
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with rapture teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!
And when the ripe and vermil wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heavenly stream shall mantling flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!
No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dimpling health shall light the cheek;

No heart shall then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly,
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow!

ODE LVII.

And whose immortal hand could shed
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a frenzied flight of soul
Sublime as heaven's eternal pole,
Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating along the silvery sea
In beauty's naked majesty?
Oh! he has given the captured sight
A witching banquet of delight;
And all those sacred scenes of love,
Where only hallow'd eyes may rove,
Lie, faintly glowing, half conceal'd,
Within the lucid billows veil'd.

Light as the leaf, that summer's breeze
Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
She floats upon the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest,
And stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the amorous billows.
Her bosom, like the humid rose,
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces!

In languid luxury soft she glides,
Encircled by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily, faint with weeping,
Upon a bed of violets sleeping!
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And baby Love with smiles of fire!

While, sparkling on the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp in eddies play,
And gleam along the watery way.

ODE LVIII.

When gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him? never, never!
No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
Odes of Anacreon.

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But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by ties of gold confined,
I loosen all my clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell;
The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
And love dissolves along the strings!
Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
How little gold deserves a thought,
The winged slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose balmy art
In slumber seals the anxious heart!
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!
Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh, sweeter far than all the gold,
The waftage of thy wings can hold!
I well remember all thy wiles;
They wither'd Cupid's flowery smiles,
And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
I thought its angel breath was fled!
They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallow'd kisses.
Oh, fly to haunts of sordid men,
But rove not near the bard again!
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid,
And not for worlds would I forego
This moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense,
And with thy gay, fallacious blaze
Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

OME LIX.

Sabled by the solar beam,
Now the fiery clusters teem,
In osier baskets, borne along
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloy'd and panting air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline,
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-spring,
His heart is fire, his foot's a wing;
And as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!
While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,
Impassion'd seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half display'd,
Blush through the bower, that, closely twined,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to the embrace of joy;
Swears that the herbage Heaven had spread
Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kiss'd her lips, he kiss'd her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only raised his flame anew.
And oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloom'd in any bower!
Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts,

ODE LX.

AWAKE to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phoebus all thy sighs shall swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour
To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
Then wake thee from thy magic slumber,
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
Thy chord shall echo back as sweet.
The cygnet thus, with fading notes,
As down Cayster's tide he floats,
Plays with his snowy plumage fair
Upon the wanton, murmuring air,
Which amorously lingers round,
And sighs responsive sound for sound!
Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze!
I sing the love which Daphne twined
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this ethereal youth of light;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew panting to the kindly shade,
Resign'd a form, too tempting fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!
The god pursued, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when he thought to hear the sigh
With which enamour'd virgins die,
He only heard the pensive air
Whispering amid her leafy hair!
But, O my soul! no more—no more!
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly-maddening dream of soul
Has hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?
Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!
And when the youth, whose burning soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquil lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

ODE LXI.

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.
Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;

Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom!
This awakes my hourly sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Pluto's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road:
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

ODE LXII.

FILL me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let: the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
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 wreathe,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song!

ODE LXIII.

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and bluses flowers!
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

ODE LXIV.

HASTE thee, nymph, whose wing'd spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
There thy people's peace restore.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;  
Dian! must they—must they pine?

ODE LXV.
LIKE some wanton sily sporting,  
Maid of Thrace! thou'ly'st my courting.  
Wanton sily! tell me why  
Thou tripp'st away, with scornful eye,  
And seem'st to think my doting heart  
Is novice in the bridling art?  
Believe me, girl, it is not so;  
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw  
The reins upon that tender foal,  
However wild, however warm!  
Thou'lt own that I can tame thy force,  
And turn and wind thee in the course.  
Though, wasting now thy careless hours,  
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,  
Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,  
And tremble at the wish'd-for goal!

ODE LXVI.
To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,  
Fairest of all that fairest shine;  
To thee, thou blushing young Desire,  
Who rul'st the world with darts of fire!  
And O thou nuptial Power! to thee  
Who bear'st of life the guardian key;  
Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,  
And weaving wild my votive lays,  
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,  
For thee, thou blushing young Desire!  
And oh! for thee, thou nuptial Power,  
Come, and illumine this genial hour.  
Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy!  
And while thy lambent glance of joy  
Plays over all her blossoming charms,  
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,  
Before the lovely, trembling prey,  
Like a young birdling, wing away!  
O, Stratocles, impatience'ld youth!  
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,  
And dear to her, whose yielding zone  
Will soon resign her all thine own;  
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,  
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh!  
To those bewitching beauties turn;  
For thee they mantle, flush, and burn!  
Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,  
Outblushes all the glow of bowers,  
Than she unrivalld'd bloom discloses,  
The sweetest rose, where all are roses!

Oh, may the sun, benignant, shed  
His blanest influence o'er thy bed;  
And foster there an infant tree,  
To blush like her, and bloom like thee!

ODE LXVII.
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 fears.  
One little hour of joy to me  
Is worth a dull eternity!

ODE LXVIII.
Now Neptune's sullen month appears,  
The angry night-cloud swells with tears;  
And savage storms, infuriate driven,  
Fly howling in the face of heaven!  
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom  
With roseate rays of wine illumine:  
And while our wreaths of parsley spread  
Their fadeless foliage round our head,  
We'll hymn the almighty power of wine,  
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXIX.
They wove the lotus band to deck,  
And fan with pensile wreath their neck;  
And every guest, to shade his head,  
Three little breathing chaplets spread;  
And one was of Egyptian leaf,  
The rest were roses, fair and brief!  
While from a golden vase profound,  
To all on flowery beds around,  
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,  
Pour'd the rich weepings of the grape!

ODE LXX.
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 delicious fire!  
In mirthful measures, warm and free,  
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!
ODE LXXI.

With twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin, wild and young,
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 LXXII.

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

ODE LXXIII.

I bloom'd awhile, a happy flower,
Till love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I feel, like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow!

ODE LXXIV.

Monarch Love! restless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh, receive my sighs!
Which, burning with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learned that lesson well!

ODE LXXV.

Spirit of Love, whose tresses shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine;
Come, within a fragrant cloud,
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh, waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.

But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe;
Smiles at the hoar and silver'd hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms!

ODE LXXVI.

Hither, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
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 LXXVII.

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 LXXVIII.

When Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching Time has taught to flow;
Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And flitting on he seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!"

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!

Let me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death
To soothe my misery!
I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,  
    And art a kindly, cordial host;  
But let me fill and drink at pleasure,  
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,  
    Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;  
I think there's madness in my breast,  
    Yet cannot find that madness there!

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep,  
    I'll plunge into the whitening deep;  
And there I'll float to waves resign'd,  
    For Love intoxicates my mind!

MIX me, child, a cup divine,  
    Crystal water, ruby wine:  
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,  
    O'er my wintry temples blushing;  
Mix the brimmer—Love and I  
    Shall no more the gauntlet try.  
Here—upon this holy bowl,  
    I surrender all my soul!

[The four subjoined epigrams are attributed to Antipater Sidonius.]

AROUND the tomb, O Bard divine!  
    Where soft thy hallow'd brow repose,  
Long may the deathless ivy twine,  
    And summer pour her waste of roses!  
And many a fount shall there distil,  
    And many a rill refresh the flowers;  
But wine shall gush in every rill,  
    And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught  
    To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,  
Who gave to love his warmest thought,  
    Who gave to love his fondest measure!  
Thus, after death, if spirits feel,  
    Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,  
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,  
    And live again in blissful dreaming!

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;  
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.  
Cold, cold the heart, which lived but to respire  
All the voluptuous frenzy of desire!

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 th' Elysian grove;  
And dreams are thine, that bless th' elect alone,  
And Venus calls thee even in death her own!

O STRANGER! if Anacreon's shell  
Has ever taught thy heart to swell  
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,  
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,  
And drop thy goblet's richest tear  
In exquisite libation here!  
So shall my sleeping ashes thrill  
With visions of enjoyment still.  
I cannot even in death resign  
The festal joys that once were mine,  
When Harmony pursued my ways,  
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.  
Oh! if delight could charm no more,  
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,  
When fate had once our doom decreed,  
Then dying would be death indeed!  
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,  
Divinity itself divine!

At length thy golden hours have wing'd  
    their flight,  
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;  
    Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,  
Now mutely in oblivion sleepteth!  
She too, for whom that harp profusely shed  
The purest nectar of its numbers,  
She, the young spring of thy desires, has fled,  
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!  
Farewell! thou hadst a pulse for every dart  
That Love could scatter from his quiver;  
And every woman found in thee a heart,  
Which thou, with all thy soul, didst give her!
Jubilile Poems.

[Moore's Subscription Quarto of Anacreon had scarcely gone to press when he made his second venture in authorship. Instead of appearing, in that instance, however, as a mere translator, he came before the world then with a collection of original effusions. They were comprised in a small volume of less than two hundred (173) pages, printed for J. and T. Carpenter of Old Bond Street. Issued from the press, in the first instance, anonymously, they purported to be, as set forth on the titlepage, "The Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little"—a pseudonym having facetious reference, of course, to the Author's diminutive stature. His identity was suspected by many, even from the outset. When, therefore, upon a republication of the volume, soon after the original imprint had been exhausted, the initials "T. M." were found appended to the preface of the second edition, any temporary doubt that might have remained was at once dissipated. The laughing mouth, from the first, had been all but recognized under the half-mask, and the sparkling eyes through its perforations; but when the half-mask itself dropped awry and, indeed, nearly off, more than half the fashionable world of London upon the instant detected—well, it can hardly be said in anything but a, merely figurative sense—the real Simon Pure. The book bore upon its front, as a motto, the two words from Horace, "Lusisse pudet." Had the whole verse been given instead of a broken fragment of it, its significance, as a motto, would have been far more appropriate. Thomas Little, or, in reality, Thomas Moore, would then have frankly acknowledged, I am not ashamed of my past follies, but I should be if I ended them not—

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.

The poems were, many of them, erotic beyond the verge of indelicacy. As amatory lyrics they were often so impassioned in their suggestiveness that their author, at the next opportunity, was denounced in unmeasured terms by the Edinburgh Review as "the most licentious of modern versifiers." This was upon the occasion of Moore's issuing from the press his third volume of verse in 1806; eleven years after which, Lord Jeffrey, in his blue and buff quarterly for November, 1817, made the handsomest amende for that pitiless denunciation, when after remarking that in an earlier number of the Edinburgh, he had "reproved Mr. Moore, perhaps with unnecessary severity, for what appeared to us the licentiousness of some of his youthful productions," the master-critic added, "We think it a duty to say that he has long ago redeemed that error; and that in all his later works that have come under our observation, he appears to us the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honour." The indecorum into which Moore, no doubt most reprehensibly, had allowed his earlier imaginings to wander was, at the same time, so utterly untainted by the vile and more vicious element of a libertinism akin to that of a Charteris or a Rochester, that his compatriot Atkinson, hardly with extravagance compared him to "an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus." To whatever extent he was blame-worthy in writing these earlier effusions in the form in which they were first published, it is consoling to know that he was profoundly repentant. This has been solemnly attested by his old and intimate friend Samuel Rogers, in words thus emphatic: "So heartily," says he, "has Moore repented of having published Little's Poems, that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them." On its reissue, when half acknowledged by Moore, the Little Collection was inscribed by T. M. to his friend, already mentioned, Joseph Atkinson.]
TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

WHY, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrice with the genuine pulse of thought—
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
The warm-eyed child of Sympathy shall say,
While o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
"He was, indeed, a tender soul—
No critic law, no chill control,
Should ever freeze, by timid art,
The flowings of so fond a heart!"
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hovering like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breathed o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child!
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my memory, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will scorn the critic's chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride,
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool!

TO A LADY, WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

When, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here—
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear—
Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've traced for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal a moment's thought for me.
But, oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.
But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;
Tell him,—or, oh! if, gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest—
Ah! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast?
Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;
That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper them, that, "Sooth to say,
His sweetest song was given to LOVE!"

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL MISS—

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROPTU.

—Ego pars.—Virg.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a capital prize,
Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?
If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A sixteenth, Heaven knows! were sufficient for me;
For what could I do with the whole?

—0—
INCONSTANCY.

AND do I then wonder that Julia deceives me, When surely there's nothing in nature more common? She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me— But could I expect any more from a woman? O woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure; And Mahomet'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.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

CEASE the sighing fool to play; Cease to trifle life away; Nor vainly think those joys thine own, Which all, alas! have falsely flown! What hours, Catullus, once were thine! How fairly seem'd thy day to shine, When lightly thou didst fly to meet The girl, who smiled so rosy sweet— The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain Than e'er thy heart can feel again! You met—your souls seem'd all in one— Sweet little sports were said and done— Thy heart was warm enough for both, And hers, indeed, was nothing loath. Such were the hours that once were thine; But, ah! those hours no longer shine! For now the nymph delights no more In what she loved so dear before; And all Catullus now can do, Is to be proud and frigid too;

Nor follow where the wanton flies, Nor sue the bliss that she denies. False maid! he bids farewell to thee, To love, and all love's misery. The hey-day of his heart is o'er, Nor will he court one favour more; But soon he'll see thee droop thy head, Doom'd to a lone and loveless bed, When none will seek the happy night, Or come to traffic in delight! Fly, perjured girl!—but whither fly? Who now will praise thy cheek and eye? Who now will drink the syren tone, Which tells him thou art all his own? Who now will court thy wild delights, Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites? Oh! none.—And he who loved before Can never, never love thee more!

TO JULIA.

THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part, Our souls it cannot, shall not sever; The heart will seek its kindred heart, And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed? Is all our dream of rapture over? And does not Julia's bosom bleed To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does she too mourn?—Perhaps she may; Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting: But why is Julia's eye so gay, If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow Of rapture in her blue eye streaming— But can the bosom bleed with woe, While joy is in the glance's beaming?

No, no!—Yet, love, I will not chide, Although your heart were fond of roving: Nor that, nor all the world beside, Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye, And, with you, all that's worth possessing; Oh! then it will be sweet to die, When life has lost its only blessing!
NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull!
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman, from without,
(Though, ma'am, you smile, as if in doubt)
I think 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pretty short descriptions write,
In tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throats,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all—But stay—
As learned dialectics say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use, is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not arranged those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Lucy L-nd-n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrined
The purest, brightest gem of mind!
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own words—at least suppose so—
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I composed the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forced to use expedients.

I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it up with—froth and wind!

* * * * *

TO MRS. M———.

Sweet lady! look not thus again:
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and 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 wile
Again might steal my heart away.

And when the spell that stole my mind
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

———

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling
dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet;
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold
estee, 
Is dearer far than passion's bland
deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once be-
lieved.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were
air?
And must I say, my hopes were all
deceived?
Vow, then, no longer that our souls are
Twined,
That all our joys are felt with mutual
Zeal:
Julia! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would seem
to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss in which affection takes no
Part?
No, no! farewell! you give me but your
Charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave
Your heart!

—

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,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her harp neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over!

—

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

— sine me sit nulla Venus.—SULPICIA.

Our hearts, my love, were doom'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy;
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

—

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since, now, to feel a joy alone
Were worse to thee than feeling none:
Such sympathy in loving!

And, oh! how often in those eyes,
Which melting beam'd, like azure skies
In dewy vernal weather—
How often have I raptured read
The burning glance, that silent said,
"Now, love, we feel together!"

—

TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twined;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its bloom away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

—

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 mingles in our misery;
Then, then my breaking heart I'll seal—
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to
die!
WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF
OF A LADY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

Here is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To write my name for ever there!

TO ROSA.

Like one who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tossed;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost!

TO ROSA.

Oh! why should the girl of my soul be
In tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the
Sorrow of years,
Have been paid by a moment of bliss?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet?
Do they flow, like the dews of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set?

Oh! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then;
And if such are the drops that delight
Can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again!

ROUDEAU.

"Good night! good night!"—And is it so?
And must I from my Rosa go?
O Rosa! say "Good night!" once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, "Good night!"

And still "Good night," my Rosa, say—
But whisper still, "A minute stay;"
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, "Good night!"

"Good night!" you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before;
Till slumber seal our weary sight—
And then, my love, my soul, "Good night!"

TO ROSA.

Written during illness.

The wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of withering pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

O Rosa! when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here
Shall be its best of blisses then!

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime;
So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wandering way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them!

And, oh! if airy shapes may steal
To mingle with a mortal frame,
Then, then, my love!—but drop the veil;
Hide, hide from Heaven the unholy flame.

No! when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free;
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity!

—o—

ANACREONTIQUE.

—in *lachrymas* vererat omne merum.
Tib. lib. i. eleg. 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in woe—the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as my sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe!

—o—

ANACREONTIQUE.

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 flow'rs were cull'd at noon:—
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon!
For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more!

CHARITY

"Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more!"
St. John, chap. viii.

O woman! if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent, and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But Heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee "go, and sin no more!"

—o—

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
SECUNDUS, eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove:
Where I love, I must not marry;
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind;
Learned without affectation;
Not deceitful, yet refined;

Wise enough, but never rigid;
Gay, but not too lightly free;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
Warm, yet satisfied with me:

Were she all this ten times over,
All that Heaven to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving;
Summer's garments suit him best;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.
TO MISS ————

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies, And in thy breath his pinion dips, Who suns him in thy lucent eyes, And faints upon thy sighing lips:
I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep That used to shade thy looks of light; And why those eyes their vigil keep, When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—her angel breast Has never.throbb'd with guilty sting; Her bosom is the sweetest nest Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say—her cheeks of flame, Which glow like roses in the sun, Have never felt a blush of shame, Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air! Does slumber from her eyelids rove? What is her heart's impassion'd care?—Perhaps, O sylph! perhaps 'tis love!

—O—

NONSENSE.

Good reader! if you e'er have seen, When Phœbus hastens to his pillow, The mermaids, with their tresses green, Dancing upon the western billow: If you have seen, at twilight dim, When the lone spirit's vesper hymn Floats wild along the winding shore: If you have seen, through mist of eve, The fairy train their ringlets weave, Glancing along the spangled green:—If you have seen all this, and more, God bless me! what a deal you've seen!

—O—

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!

—O—

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti.—Past. Fid.

And are you then a thing of art, Seducing all, and loving none; And have I strove to gain a heart Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

And do you, like the dotard's fire, Which, powerless of enjoying any, Feeds its abortive sick desire, By trifling impotent with many?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number, And through a round of danglers 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 simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,— Oh! if another share that heart, Tell not the damning tale to me, But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell, Than find you to be all divine, And know that heart could love so well, Yet know that heart would not be mine!

—O—

THE SURPRISE.

Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore, That from this hour I shall not love thee more. — "What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?" Because I cannot love thee more—than now!
TO MRS. ———.
ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF
VOLTOIRE’S KISS.

Mon âme sur mon lèvre étoit lors toute entière,
Pour savourer le miel qui sur ta vêtre étoit;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tant de ce doux plaisir l’amorce là restoit.

Vol. I

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 return’d to feel
That it again could ravish’d be;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal
His life and soul have fled to thee!

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 listening 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,—ah! forgive a mind that’s weak,—
So oft has stolen my mind away;

Thou’lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss.
I’ll gaze and die—Who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

A DREAM.

I thought this heart consuming lay
On Cupid’s burning shrine:
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK

CALLED “THE BOOK OF FOLLIES:”

In which every one that opened it should contribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

This tribute’s from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself!
The book of life which I have traced,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o’er and o’er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely,
Have said they loved such follies dearly!
Yet still, O book! the allusion stands;
For these were penn’d by female hands:
The rest,—alas! I own the truth,—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That Prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain’d with blot’s of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the mowing of that heaven
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer—such, oh! such
The blast of Disappointment’s touch!—
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:
Blank, blank is every page with care,
Not e’en a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten?—Never, never!
Then shut the book, O God! for ever!

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam 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
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

An angel, wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

—o—

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!

—o—

SONG.
Have you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you 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,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try;
Alas! I know but one proof more,—
I'll bless your name, and die!

—o—

THE SHIELD.
Oh! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the
heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the
storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe all
night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of
light?
'Twas not the death-bird's cry from the
wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the
blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of
blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are
past!
See! how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the
heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of
death!

That shield is blushing with murderous
stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's
spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by
rains,
But neither can take the blood away!
Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's
light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the
swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

—o—

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 quickening 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 be-
lied;
I still had hopes—for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So like the star which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night!

I hoped that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother’s breast.

That brother’s breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour’s purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stay’d, have linger’d here,
To calm his Julia’s every woe;
He should have chased each bitter tear,
And not have caused those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
In blooms of genius, nursed by taste;
While Science, with a fostering hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw his gradual opening mind
Enrich’d by all the graces dear;
Enlighten’d, social, and refined,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well;
Such were the hopes that fate denied—
We loved, but, ah! we could not tell
How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
Twined with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
The heart is almost broken too!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night!

’Tis thus the world’s obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen!

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 flow’rets deck the green earth’s breast?
’Tis there I wish to lay my head,
’Tis there I wish to sleep at rest!

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given!
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of heaven!

THE KISS.

GROW to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul’s beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more;

And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou’rt absolved by rapture’s rite.

Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Oh! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul,
Come panting to this fever’d breast;

And while in every glance I drink
The rich o’erflowings of her mind,
Oh! let her all impassion’d sink,
In sweet abandonment resign’d,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, “I am thine at last!”

TO ———

WITH all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free,
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We’ve had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring,
'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down that pathway rove,
While I shall take my way through this.

Our hearts have suffer'd little harm
In this short fever of desire;
You have not lost a single charm,
Nor I one spark of feeling fire.

My kisses have not stain'd the rose
Which Nature hung upon your lip;
And still your sigh with nectar flows
For many a raptured soul to sip.

Farewell! and when some other fair
Shall call your wanderer to her arms,
'Twill be my luxury to compare
Her spells with your remember'd charms.

"This cheek," I'll say, "is not so bright
As one that used to meet my kiss;
This eye has not such liquid light
As one that used to talk of bliss!"

Farewell! and when some future lover
Shall claim the heart which I resign,
And in exulting joys discover
All the charms that once were mine;

I think I should be sweetly blest,
If, in a soft, imperfect sigh,
You'd say, while to his bosom prest,
"He loves not half so well as I."

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon 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!

A CHALLENGE.

COME, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes!

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do!

——

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo!

Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot!

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose!

Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
The dew and the oath that are there
And I'd make a new vow every hour,
To loose them so sweetly in air!

But clear up that heaven of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken to-gether!

——

C
Remember him thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tenderest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom roved,
Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'Twas passion when I thought I loved,
'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.

E'en she, my muse's early theme,
Beguiled me only while she warm'd;
'Twas young Desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou—ah! better had it been
If I had still in freedom roved,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have loved!

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known;
But, ah! the joys which lovers steal,
Should they have ever been my own?

Oh! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain, is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy!

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my beloved! still keep in mind,
However far removed from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee!

And though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care;
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no! that heart is only mine
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but Love!

Fly from the world, O Bessy! to me,
Thou'lt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer!
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censured by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in abandon-
ment sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it?
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them
To meet?
No, rather 'twas Heaven that did it!
So innocent, love, is the pleasure we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodged on
Your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute!

Then come to your lover, oh! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed,
As e'er on the couch of the wisest!
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest!

And, oh! when we lie on our death-bed, my love,
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors!
And each to the other embracing will say,
"Farewell! let us hope we're forgiven!"
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven!
**Juvenile Poems.**

**Song.**

Think on that look of humid ray,
Which for a moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love!

Oh! not to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destined still to win,
As I was destined to be won!

---

**The Catalogue.**

"Come, tell me," says Rosa, as, kissing
and kiss'd,
One day she reclined on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
Of the nymphs you have loved and caress'd."
O Rosa! 'twas only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee!

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I loved like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapting lore,
I have never forgot, I allow;
I have had it by rate very often before,
But never by heart until now!

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance!

But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I'll swear she was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books,
That she gave me more logic than love!
So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss!

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to heaven!
"O Susan!" I've said in the moments of mirth,
"What's devotion to thee or to me?
I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
And believe that that heaven's in thee!"

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**Song.**

Where is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear!
The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here!

Was that her footstep on the hill—
Her voice upon the gale?—
No, 'twas the wind, and all is still,
O maid of Marlival!

Come to me, love, I've wander'd far,
'Tis past the promised hour;
Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower.
SONG.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.
Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair!
Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!
Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.
And as thy lips the tear-drop chase
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind!
Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!
But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl!
How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!
Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past!

THE SHRINE.

My fates had destined me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love;
And many an altar on my way
Has lured my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.

This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require:
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be profane indeed!
But trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, every humbler altar past,
I now have reach'd the shrine at last!

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 halls,
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 illumè;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!
"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?"
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave;—
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the wave!"
And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the age?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.
For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn!
Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—"And tell me, oh tell!
Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes?"—
"Yes, yes,—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated, "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
She wiped, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
And she hoped she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
And she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent reclined,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When,—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold?—
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;
'Twas Reuben, but ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fleet'd away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah! never!
Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!
The Ring.

A Tale.

Annulus ille viri.—Ovid. Amor. lib. ii. eleg. 15.

The happy day at length arrived
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admired the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass’d along;
And some the featly dance amused,
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 motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo’d through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair’d
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look’d around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been;
It was a Heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten’d it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announced to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went;
But, oh! how was he shock’d to find
The marble finger bent!

The hand was closed upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp!

How sore 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 wonder’d what could mean
So very strange a thing!

The feast was o’er, and to the court
He went without delay,
Resolved to break the marble hand,
And force the ring away!

But mark a stranger wonder still—
The ring was there no more;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasp’d,
And open as before!

He search’d the base, and all the court,
And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
With sore bewilder’d mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procured,
And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join’d their hands,
The hours of love advance!
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn’s miscanch.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open’d by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose!
'Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit.'—P. 38.
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 carcass found;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms to embrace him round.

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

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

Ill-fated Rupert, wild and loud
Thou 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 mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came;
(O God! 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.

And, as the day advanced, he thought
Of coming night with fear:
Ah! that he must with terror view
The bed that should be dear!

At length the second night arrived,
Again their couch they press'd;
Poor Rupert hoped that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But, oh! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried,—

"Husband! husband! I've the ring,
The ring thou gav'st to me;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee!"

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
The trembling Rupert said:

"O Isabel! dost thou not see
A shape of horrors here,
That strains me to the deadly kiss,
And keeps me from my dear?"

"No, no, my love! my Rupert, I
No shape of horrors see;
And much I mourn the phantasy
That keeps my dear from me!"

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

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 saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retired awhile to pray;
And having pray'd for half an hour,
Return'd, and thus did say:

"There is a place where four roads meet,
Which I will tell to thee;
Be there this eve, at fall of night,
And list what thou shalt see.
Then darting at the youth a look,
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper’d in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breathed of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
Which he remember’d well:

“In Austin’s name take back the ring,
The ring thou gav’st to me;
And thou’rt to me no longer wed,
Nor longer I to thee.”

He took the ring, the rabble pass’d,
He home return’d again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

—O—

SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS.

Written in Ireland.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and every eye
Has kindled with the beams of plea-
sure!

Such hours as this I ne’er was given,
So dear to friendship, dear to blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from
heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is!

Then oh! my friends, this hour im-
prove,
Let’s feel as if we ne’er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember’d ever!

Oh! banish every thought to-night,
Which could disturb our soul’s com-
munion!
Abandon’d thus to dear delight,
We’ll e’en for once forget the Union!

Thou’lt see a group of figures pass
In strange disorder’d crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And one that’s high above the rest,
Terrific towering o’er,
Will make thee know him at a glance,
So I need say no more.

To him from me these tablets give,
They’ll soon be understood;
Thou need’st not fear, but give them straight,
I’ve scrawl’d them with my blood!”

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
Was by the father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came
In strange disorder’d crowd,
Travelling by torch-light through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanced,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gazed upon
The loosely-vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue’s look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk’d a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death;
Where’er he breathed, a sulphur’d smoke
Came burning in his breath!

He seem’d the first of all the crowd,
Terrific towering o’er;
“Yes, yes,” said Rupert, “this is he,
And I need ask no more.”

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look’d and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl’d name,
His eyes with fury shine;
“I thought,” cries he, “his time was out,
But he must soon be mine!”

MOORE’S POETICAL WORKS.
On that let statesmen try their powers,  
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for;  
The union of the soul be ours,  
And every union else we sigh for!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve;  
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;  
And may the birth of her we love  
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

In every eye around I mark  
The feelings of the heart overflowing;  
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, this hour improve;  
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;  
And may the birth of her we love  
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

For me, whate'er my span of years,  
Wherever 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,  
Whatever fate may cast your rover;  
He'll think of those he left behind,  
And drink a health to bliss that's over!

Then oh! my friends, this hour improve;  
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;  
And may the birth of her we love  
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.
WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,  
To rove through Erudition's bowers,  
And cull the golden fruits of truth,  
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,  
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,  
And pay them back in sums of bliss,  
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;  
With this idea toil is lighter;  
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,  
And makes the flowers of Fancy brighter!

The little gift we send thee, boy,  
May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,  
If indolence or syren joy  
Should ever tempt that soul to wander;
'Twill tell thee that the wingèd day  
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's elegant;  
That life and time shall fade away,  
While heaven and virtue bloom for ever!

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est etque unica virtus.—Juv.
MARK those proud boasters of a splendid line,  
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,  
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,  
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;  
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light  
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,  
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?  
The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze  
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!  
Where is the heart by chymic truth refined,  
The exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?  
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?

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus mulla nisi in armis relinquitur spe.
—Livy.

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approved by Heaven, ordain’d by Nature’s laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth’s pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there’s a call sweet as an angel’s breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of heaven within,
When the mind’s balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! ’tis our country’s voice, whose claim should 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!

Fare thee well! I’ll think of thee,
Thou leav’st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken!—
Fare thee well!

—o—

SONG.

Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e’er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving!

Few have ever loved like me,—
Oh! I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e’er deceived like thee,—
Alas! deceived me too severely!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee!

Why does azure deck the sky?
’Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
Why is red the rose’s dye?
Because it is thy blushes’ hue.
All that’s fair, by Love’s decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that’s bright, by Love’s decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are Nature’s beauties felt?
Oh! ’tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that’s sweet, by Love’s decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

—o—

MORALITY, A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

Addressed to J. Atkinson, Esq., M.R.I.A.

Though long at school and college dozing,
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages,
Fine recipes for forming sages;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heaven or money’s sake,
What steps we are through life to take:
Though thus, my friend, so long employ’d,
And so much midnight oil destroy’d,
I must confess, my searches past,
I only learn’d to doubt at last.
I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.

"Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy's the soul's perfection.
Like a dull lake the heart must lie,
Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
Though heaven the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide!"

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore away some weeds, 'tis true,
But all the flowers were ravish'd too!

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrene's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the courtly sage's tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung:

"Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,
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!
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confined,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies!

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watch-words of morality!
Some cry out Venus, others Jove;
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love!
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder;
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whispering in his breast:
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blamed that tear,
By Heaven approved, to virtue dear!

Oh! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream;
While Nature, wakening from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explored the doctrine of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to separate hue from hue:
Go, give that moment up to art,
When Heaven and Nature claim the heart;
And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go—measure angles of refraction!
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wakening His world with looks of love!

THE NATAL GENIUS, A DREAM.

TO ————, THE MORNING OF HER BIRTHDAY.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dream'd I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smiled;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flowers which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.
With olive-branch I bound thy head,
Heart's-ease along thy path I shed,
    Which was to bloom through all thy
years;
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twined,
    And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
    Bade me to Nona's image pay—
Oh! were I, love, thus doom'd to be
Thy little guardian deity,
    How blest around thy steps I'd play!

Thy life should softly steal along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
    That's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever shade thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
    But all be sunshine, peace, and
love!

The wing of Time should never brush
Thy dewy lip's luxuriant flush,
    To bid its roses withering die;
Nor age itself, though dim and dark,
Should ever quench a single spark
    That flashes from my Nona's eye!
Odes and Epistles.

[A HANDSOME quarto volume of 341 pages, published in the spring of 1806 by James Carpenter of Old Bond Street, gave to the world Moore's third book, loosely entitled "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems." The work was inscribed, in courtly and grateful terms, to Francis, Earl of Moira, the Author dating his dedication on the 10th of April, 1806, from his then residence, 27, Bury Street, St. James's. As a whole the collection was a distinct advance upon its predecessors. Here and there it was so far tainted with something more than a suspicion of licentiousness that, as has been already shown, Jeffrey seized the occasion to pour out the vials of his wrath upon the delinquent lyricist. The Poems, generally Odes and Epistles for the most part, were the result of Moore's transatlantic wanderings. Nominated in 1803, through Lord Moira's influence, to the post of Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda, he had set sail for the Summer Islands in the autumn of that year, on the 25th of September. Three months' residence within the rocky reef of the "still- vex'd Bermoothes" sufficed to disillusion Moore in regard to the anticipated charms, as of a halcyon place of rest, of the scene of his new appointment. Leaving a deputy in charge of his responsible post, a man through whose subsequent defalcations the affairs of the poet were, for three years together, plunged into an agonizing complication of embarrassments, Moore, little anticipating the miseries which were looming up for him in the future, started upon a holiday excursion through the United States and Canada—not finding his way back to London until the November of 1804, after an absence from England of fourteen months altogether. The calabash tree mentioned in the lines beginning "The daylight is gone," was for years pointed out at Bermuda, where it was known by the name of Moore's Calabash. More than one of these lovely effusions sprang into instant celebrity. Two of them especially, winged with music, won their way to an immediate and lasting popularity. These were the exquisite Ballad Stanzas beginning "I knew by the smoke," but better known as "The Woodpecker," and that delicious "Canadian Boat Song," the melody of which was caught up by Moore from an antique ditty sung to the sweep of their oars by the sailors on the St. Lawrence.]

TO LORD VISCONTY STRANG-FORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES.

By Moonlight.

SWEET Moon! if like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend!

O Strangford! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew!
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh togeth-
er,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather!
I little thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That waf's me to the western world! 
And yet 'twas time—in youthful days,
To cool the season's burning rays,
The heart may let its wanton wing
Repose awhile in Pleasure's spring,
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will dry, the heart will freeze!
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
Oh! she awaked such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter hopes could bound along,
Or pant to be a wanderer more!

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep!
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Fico's height,
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heaven of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the melting smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,
Oh! I should have full many a tale
To tell of young Azorian maids.
Dear Strangford! at this hour, perhaps,
Some faithful lover (not so blest
As they, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from Rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine!

Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own!

But, hark!—the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells:—the middle watch is set;
Good night, my Strangford!—ne'er forget
That, far beyond the western sea
Is one whose heart remembers thee!

---

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' εμοι
. . . . . .
με προσφωνει ταδε'
Γινεσκε τανθωμετα μη σεβεις εγαν.
AESCHYL. Fragment.

A beam of tranquillity smiled in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcomed the moment of rest,
Still heaved, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!
And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted
the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity
dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly
the same,
I might give back the gem I have
borrow'd from Him!
The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if
Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity
shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error
forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its
own!
I look'd to the west, and the beautiful
sky
Which morning had clouded, was
clouded no more:
"Oh! thus," I exclaim'd, "can a
heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was
darken'd before!"

THE TELL-TALE LYRE.
I've heard, there was in ancient days
A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'Twas heaven to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.
'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breathed again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then!
Not harmony's serenest touch
So stilly could the notes prolong;
They were not heavenly song so much
As they were dreams of heavenly song!
If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languor stole,
The soothings it awaken'd there
Were eloquence from pity's soul!
Or if the sigh, serene and light,
Was but the breath of fancied woes,
The string, that felt its airy flight,
Soon whisper'd it to kind repose!

And oh! when lovers talk'd alone,
If, mid their bliss the Lyre was near,
It made their murmurs all its own,
And echo'd notes that heaven might
hear!
There was a nymph, who long had loved,
But dared not tell the world how well;
The shades, where she at evening roved,
Alone could know, alone could tell.
'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole
So oft, to make the dear one blest,
Whom love had given her virgin soul,
And nature soon gave all the rest!
It chanced that, in the fairy bower
Where they had found their sweetest
shed,
This Lyre, of strange and magic power,
Hung gently whispering o'er their
head.
And while, with eyes of mingling fire,
They listen'd to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
A pillow for his angel's brow!
And while the melting words she breathed
On all its echoes wan'ton'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
tone.
Unhappy nymph! thy name was sung
To every passing lip that sigh'd;
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 mystery of your loves!
Yet, oh!—not many a suffering hour
Thy cup of shame on earth was given;
Benignly came some pitying Power,
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven!

There as thy lover dries the tear
Yet warm from life's malignant wrongs,
Within his arms, thou lovest to hear
The luckless Lyre's remember'd songs!

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!

---o---

TO THE FLYING-FISH.

When I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,
And give those scales, of silver white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink!

O Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!
ODES AND EPISTLES.

And glorying in the rights they won
For hearth and altar, sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride!
While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlored soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there!
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
May shelter him in proud repose!
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
The stranger, in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultured field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here!

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That long the spell of Fancy's touch
Hath painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty!
Oh! ask me not, if Truth will seal
The reveries of Fancy's zeal;
If yet my charmed eyes behold
These features of an age of gold—
No—yet, alas! no gleaming trace!
Never did youth, who loved a face
From portrait's rosy, flattering art,
Recoil with more regret of heart,
To find an owlet eye of grey,
Where painting pour'd the sapphire's ray,
Than I have felt, indignant felt,
To think the glorious dreams should melt
Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
Have rapt me to this wondrous clime!

But, courage! yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part,
Till you have traced the fabric o'er:—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to Freedom's fane,
And, though a sable drop may stain
The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
To doubt there's holiness within
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
Can claim more interest in my soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole)

One word at parting; in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simple notes I send you here,
Though rude and wild, would still be dear,
If you but knew the trance of thought
In which my mind their murmurs caught.
'Twas one of those enchanting dreams
That lull me oft, when music seems
To pour the soul in sound along,
And turn its every sigh to song!
I thought of home, th' according lays
Respired the breath of happier days;
Warmly in every rising note
I felt some dear remembrance float,
Till, led by music's fairy chain,
I wander'd back to home again!
Oh! love the song, and let it 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 illusive hoard
Of love renew'd and friends restored!
Now, sweet, adieu!—this artless air,
And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;
But when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destined isle,
You shall have many a cowslip-bell
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell
In which the gentle spirit drew
From honey flowers the morning dew!

—

TO CARA,
AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

Conceal'd within the shady wood
A mother left her sleeping child,
And flew to cull her rustic food,
The fruitage of the forest wild.

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

She hopes, she fears; a light is seen,
And gentler blows the night wind's breath;
Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
The baby may be chill'd to death!
Perhaps his little eyes are shaded
Dim by death's eternal chill—
And yet, perhaps, they are not faded;
Life and love may light them still.

Thus, when my soul, with parting sigh,
Hung on thy hand's bewildering touch,
And, timid, ask'd that speaking eye,
If parting pain'd thee half so much:

I thought, and, oh, forgive the thought!
For who, by eyes like thine inspired,
Could e'er resist the flattering fault
Of fancying what his soul desired?

Yes—I did think, in Cara's mind,
Though yet to Cara's mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
One feeling, which I call'd my own!

Oh, blest! though but in fancy blest,
How did I ask of pity's care,
To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,
The nursling I had cradled there.

And many an hour beguiled by pleasure,
And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure
I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
Haply, it yet a throb may give—
Yet no—perhaps a doubt has kill'd it!
O Cara!—does the infant live?

---

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;
That, in short, you're a woman; your lip and your breast
As mortal as ever were tasted or press'd!
But I will not believe them—no, Science!
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu;
Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confused, or how particles fly
Through the medium refined of a glance or a sigh?
Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it?
No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
I will swear, you are one of those spirits that rove
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
When the star, of the west on his solitude shines,

Thus may we ever, side by side,
From happy years to happier glide;
And still, my Cara, may the sigh
We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,
Be follow'd by the smiling eye
That Hope shall shed on scenes before us!

---

TO CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
We sigh'd to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us—hours as dear
As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments! every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one!

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
Which came another year to shed,
The smile we caught from eye to eye
Told us, those moments were not fled;
Oh, no!—we felt, some future sun
Should see us still more closely one!
And the magical fingers of Fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue!
Oh! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears!
Sweet spirit of mystery! how should I love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!
'Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Oh! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet as, of old, was imagined to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weigh'd down and the eyelid is light,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above!
O spirit!--and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the one upon earth who has twined
With her essence for ever my heart and my mind!
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile, and weary and hopeless the while,

Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
I will think at that moment my Cara is near,
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven, is nigh!

Sweet spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And let fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, fancy, and Cara may smile for me still!

— o —

PEACE AND GLORY.

WHERE is now the smile that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope that brighten'd
Honour's eye and Pity's breast?
Have we lost the wreath we braid'd
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded?
Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather,
Lovely, in your light awhile,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
Wander'd through the blessed isle.
And the eyes of Peace would glisten,
Dewy as a morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guest so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light!
Soothing light! that long shall sparkle
O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
Shedding hope's consoling ray!
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you!

TO ———, 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to Fancy's power,
When her soft magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind,
And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcomed with a tear!
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguiled,
Can proudly still aspire to know
The feeling soul's divinest glow!
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone weary wanderer's heart;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
Believe it, Mary! oh, believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
When passion doth not first betray
And tinge the thought upon its way!
In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever to remember thee!
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since love is life and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of something I should long to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is lovely still!
I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burthen of my way!
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
And Love shall lend his sweetest care,
With memory to embalm it there!

—0—

SONG.

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art
In passion's moment breathed to me;
Yet, no—it must not, will not part,
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth impress'd,
Yet no—the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon thy lip its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest!

Take back the vows that, night and day,
My heart received, I thought, from thine;
Yet, no—allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine!

—0—

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-
denly disappearing from his friends, was never
afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said,
in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but
gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had
wandered into that dreary wilderness, and died
of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful
morasses."—ANON.

La Poésie a ses monstres comme la Nature.—
D'ALEMBERT.

"They made her a grave, too cold and
damp,
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dis-
mal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of Death is near!"

—0—
Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent
feeds,
And man never trod before!

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"

And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But 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 DONEGAL.

From Bermuda, January, 1804.

LADY! where'er you roam, whatever beam
Of bright creation warms your mimic dream;

Whether you trace the valley's golden meads,
Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;
Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine,
Where, many a night, the soul of Tell
complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the tablet that creative eye,
And let its splendour, like the morning ray
Upon a shepherd's harp, illumè my lay!

Yet, Lady, no!—for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your dream divine;
Still, radiant eye! upon the tablet dwell;
Still, rosy finger! weave your pictured spell;
And, while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
Oh! might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting's mirror so divinely caught,
And wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you!

Have you not oft, in nightly vision, stray'd
To the pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
Which bards of old, with kindly magic placed
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?
There as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
Breathed from elysium through each shadowy form,
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along!
Nor yet in song that mortal ear may suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies!
Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silvery zone;
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime!

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
Gently we stole, before the languid wind,
Through plaintain shades, that like an awning twined
And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way!
Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
Along the margin, many a brilliant dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave; in every myrtle grove
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Wreathing the structure into various grace,
Fancy would love, in many a form, to trace

The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seem'd to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Sweet airy being! who, in brighter hours,
Lived on the perfume of these honey'd bowers,
In velvet buds, at evening, loved to lie,
And win with music every rose's sigh!
Though weak the magic of my humble strain,
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, oh! for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
For her, (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and relume its dye,)
A moment wander from your starry sphere,
And if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
The sparkling grotto can delight you still,
Oh! take their fairest tint, their softest light,
Weave all their beauty into dreams of night,
And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes;
Borrow for sleep her own creative spells,
And brightly show what song but faintly tells!
THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam cænere mundum.
CICERO de Nat. Deor. lib. iii.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreathed,
Such as of old,
Echo’d the breath that warbling sea-
maids breathed;
This magic shell
From the white bosom of a Syren fell,
As once she wander’d by the tide that
laves
Sicilia’s sands of gold.
It bears,
Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs
The genii of the deep were wont to
swell,
When heaven’s eternal orbs their mid-
night music roll’d!

Oh! seek it, wheresoe’er it floats:
And, if the power
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be
dear,
Go, bring the bright shell to my
bower,
And I will fold thee in such downy
dreams,
As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
When Luna’s distant tone falls faintly on
his ear!
And thou shalt own,
That, through the circle of creation’s
zone,
Where matter darkles or where spirit
beams
From the pellucid tides, that whirl
The planets through their maze of
song,
To the small rill, that weeps along
Murmuring o’er the beds of pearl;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun’s arrow through an evening
sky,
To the faint breath the tuneful osier
yields
On Afric’s burning fields;

Oh! thou shalt own this universe divine
Is mine!
That I respire in all and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless
harmony!

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!
Many a star has ceased to burn,
Many a tear has Satan’s urn
O’er the cold bosom of the ocean
wept
Since the aërial spell
Hath in the waters slept.
I fly,
With the bright treasure, to my choral
sky,
Where she, who waked its early
swell,
The Syren, with a foot of fire,
Walks o’er the great string of my Orphic
Lyre,
Or guides around the burning pole
The wingèd chariot of some blissful
soul!
While thou,
O son of earth, what dreams shall rise
for thee!
Beneath Hispania’s sun,
Thou’ll see a streamlet run,
Which I have warm’d with dews of
melody!
Listen!—when the night-wind dies
Down the still current, like a harp it
sighs!
A liquid chord is every wave that
flows,
An airy plectrum every breeze that
blows!

There, by that wondrous stream,
Go, lay thy 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,
Sat on the chill Pangæan mount,
And, looking to the orient dim,
Watch’d the first flowing of that sacred
fount,
From which his soul had drunk its
fire!
Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
Stole o'er his musing breast!
What pious ecstasy
Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
Whose seal upon this world impress'd
The various forms of bright divinity!

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?
When, free
From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of Nature's fontal number,
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!
Such dreams, so heavenly bright, I swear
By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there,
Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
O mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams!

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TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.
OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

From Bermuda, January, 1804.

Oh, what a tempest whirl'd us hither!
Winds, whose savage breath could wither
All the light and languid flowers
That bloom in Epicurus' bowers!

Yet think not, George, that fancy's charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm.
When close they reef'd the timid sail,
When, every plank complaining loud,
We labour'd in the midnight gale,
And e'en our haughty mainmast bow'd;
The Muse, in that unlovely hour,
Benignly brought her soothing power,
And, midst the war of waves and wind,
In song elysian lapp'd my mind!
She open'd, with her golden key,
The casket where my memory lays
Those little gems of poesy,
Which time has saved from ancient days!
Take one of these, to Lais sung;
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon "suspended animation!"

Sweetly you kiss, my Lais dear!
But while you kiss, I feel a tear
Bitter, as those when lovers part,
In mystery from your eyelid start!
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And round my neck in silence twine,
Your hair along my bosom spread,
All humid with the tears you shed!
Have I not kiss'd those lids of snow?
Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet—
Why is it thus? do tell me, sweet!
Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? 'tis to-night
Our last—go, false to Heaven and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

Such, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio!
The Muse and I together sung,
With Boreas to make out the trio.

But, bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly, after all our ills,
We saw the dewy morning smile,
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills!
And felt the pure, elastic flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow,
With honey freshness, caught by stealth,
Warm from the very lips of health!
Oh! could you view the scenery dear, 
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep!

The fainting breeze of morning fails,
The drowsy boat moves slowly past, 
And I can almost touch its sails
That languish idly round the mast.
The sun has now profusely given
The flashes of a noontide heaven, 
And, as the wave reflects his beams,
Another heaven its surface seems!
Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
So pictured o'er the waters lie,
That every languid bark appears
To float along a burning sky!

Oh! for the boat the angel gave
To him who, in his heavenward flight,
Sail'd o'er the sun's ethereal wave,
To planet-isles of odorous light!
Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
Within thy orb's ambrosial round!
There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
That pant around thy twilight car;
There angels dwell, so pure of form,
That each appears a living star!

These are the sprites, O radiant queen!
Thou send'st so often to the bed
Of her I love, with spell unseen,
Thy planet's brightening balm to shed;
To make the eye's enchantment clearer,
To give the cheek one rosebud more,
And bid that flushing lip be dearer,
Which had been, oh! too dear before!

But, whither means the Muse to roam?
'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
Who could have ever thought to search
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
So, health and love to all your mansion!
Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
Mirth and song your board illumine!

Fare you well—remember too,
When cups are flowing to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
And oh!—as warmly drink to him.

THE WEDDING RING.

No—Lady! Lady! keep the ring;
Oh! think, how many a future year,
Of placid smile and downy wing,
May sleep within its holy sphere!

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Though love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd,
Yet Heaven will shed a soothing beam,
To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye!
Oh! it doth ask, with magic power,
If Heaven can ever bless the tie,
Where love inwreathes no genial flower!

Away, away, bewildering look!
Or all the boast of virtue's o'er;
Go—hie thee to the sage's book,
And learn from him to feel no more!

I cannot warn thee; every touch,
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much,
Oh! quite as much, as thou dost mine!

Yet stay, dear love—one effort yet—
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray!

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal:
O Lady! think, how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel!

When o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like daybeams through the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there:

The sympathy I then betray'd
Perhaps was but the child of art;
The guile of one who long hath play'd
With all these wily nets of heart.
Oh! thou hast not my virgin vow;
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I live till now,
With loveless heart or senses cold?

No—many a throb of bliss and pain,
For many a maid my soul hath proved;
With some I wanton'd wild and vain,
While some I truly, dearly loved!

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
To theirs hath been as fondly laid;
The words to thee I warmly say,
To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorned at once a languid heart,
Which long hath lost its early spring;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And—keep the ring, oh! keep the ring.

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again;
What, still that look and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
Oh! no, beloved!—nor do I.

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
While thus our breaths commingling glow,
'Twere more than woman, to be wise,
'Twere more than man, to wish thee so!

Did we not love so true, so dear,
This lapse could never be forgiven;
But hearts so fond and lips so near—
Give me the ring, and now—O Heaven!

TO———

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A
RICH GIRDLE.

Мαργαριται δήλωσαι δακρυων ροου.
Αφ. Νίκεφορος. ἐν Οινειοκρίτικο.

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh!
Let weeping angels view it;
You cheeks belie her virgin snow,
And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;
The lucid pearls around it
Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,
The hour that Love unbound it.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

———vo cercand’ io,
Donna, quant’ e possibile, in altrui.
La desiaata vostra forma vera.
PETRAR. Sonett. 14.

Yes, if ’twere any common love,
That led my pliant heart astray,
I grant, there’s not a power above
Could wipe the faithless crime away!

But, ’twas my doom to err with one
In every look so like to thee,
That, oh, beneath the blessed sun,
So fair there are but thou and she!

Whate’er may be her angel birth,
She was thy lovely, perfect twin,
And wore the only shape on earth
That could have charmed my soul to sin!

Your eyes!—the eyes of languid doves
Were never half so like each other!
The glances of the baby loves
Resemble less their warm-eyed mother!

Her lip!—oh, call me not false-hearted,
When such a lip I fondly press’d;
"’Twas Love some melting cherry parted,
Gave thee the half and her the rest!

And when, with all thy murmuring tone,
They sued half-open to be kiss’d,
I could as soon resist thine own,
And them, Heaven knows, I ne’er resist.

Then, scorn me not, though false I be,
’Twas love that walked the dear excess;
My heart had been more true to thee
Had mine eye prized thy beauty less!

TO———

WHEN I loved you, I can’t but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we’re on or we’re off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And, oh! ’tis delicious to hate you!
FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

Fill high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name!
Repeat his magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,
Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
Or 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 rosebud drops a tear,
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer, where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh!

—O—

LINES.

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

That sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in transport's young emotion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To rapture's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still!

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep!

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
Oh! most to him
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round misery's brim.

Yes—he can smile serene at death:
Kind Heaven! do Thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

—0—

ODES TO NEA.

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

Nea rupavvel.—EURIP. Medea, v. 967

Nay, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet!
But, oh! this weary heart hath run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not even for thee, thou lovely one!
Would I endure such pangs again?

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, their pain,
Or fetter me to earth again!

Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,
Though little prized when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamouring shone!
How many hours of idle waste,
Within those witching arms embraced,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolved life's dream away!
O bloom of time profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly fled,
Yet sweetly too—for Love perfumed
The flame which thus my life consumed;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours!

Say, Nea dear! couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander,—

Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till all my heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fix'd than ever?

No, no—on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast:
And sure on earth 'tis I alone
Could make such virtue false at last!

Nea! the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine—
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.

Oh! thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.

Tale iter omne cave.—Propert. lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I pray you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
'Twas not for us, whom Heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where, winding in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
(As lovers steal to bliss,)
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow calmly to the deep again,
As though they did not kiss!

Remember, 'e'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove
That 'e'er was spread for guilt or love,
No eye but Nature's 'e'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All that we wish'd and thought;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas more than virtue ought to feel,
But all that passion ought!

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
Before us faintly gleam'd;
I raised it to your lips of dew,
You kiss'd the shell, I kiss'd it too—
Good Heaven! how sweet it seem'd!

Oh! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er temptation's power
Could tangle me or you in!
Sweet Nea! let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks will be our ruin!

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!

Heard you the wish I dared to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that beamy glance,
As if to light your steps along!

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

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

Heedless of all, I wildly turn'd,
My soul forgot—nor, oh! condemn,
That when such eyes before me burn'd,
My soul forgot all eyes but them!
I dared to speak in sobs of bliss,
Rapture of every thought bereft me,
I would have clasp'd you—oh, even this!—
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
Forgive it, if, alas! you can;
'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and sense—
'Twas all the best and worst of man!

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!

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;
I should have—oh, my only love!
My life!—what should I not have done?

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 awhile 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 playful stream,
Entangling in its net of smiles
So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scenery there
Were lighted by a Grecian sky—
As if I breathed the blissful air
That yet was warm with Sappho's sigh!

And now, the downy hand of rest
Her signet on my eyes impress'd,
And still the bright and balmy spell,
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell!
I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade,
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish virtue's native brightness,
Just as the beak of playful doves
Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness!

'Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm, and peace!
And thou wert there, my own beloved!
And dearly by thy side I roved
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where beauty blush'd and wisdom taught,
Where hearts might feel or heads discern,
And all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love!

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around!
Oh! 'twas a bright, bewildering scene—
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illum'd 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 traveller's weary way!
'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
Through which the soul is doom'd to roam,
When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home!
And, Nea, thou didst look and move,
Like any blooming soul of bliss,
That wanders to its home above
Through mild and shadowy light like this!

But now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever lived in Teian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story!
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd almost to exhale in sighs;
Whose every little ringlet thrill'd,
As if with soul and passion fill'd!
Some flew, with amber cups, around,
Shedding the flowerly wines of Crete,
And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
The onyx shone beneath their feet!
While others, waving arms of snow
   Entwined by snakes of burnish'd gold,
And showing limbs, as loath to show,
   Through many a thin Tarentian fold,
Glided along the festal ring,
   With vases, all aspiring spring,
Where roses lay, in languor 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 health to thy cheek, though it
   bloom not for me!
To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon
   groves,
Where nightly the ghost of the Caribbee
   roves,
And, far from thine eye, oh! perhaps, I
   may yet
Its seduction forgive and its splendour
   forget!
Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the
   bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys
   perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
   Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has
   stray'd!
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt
   happen to roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads
   to thy home,
Where off, when the dance and the revel
   were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in
   the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by
   the way
What my heart all the night had been
   burning to say—
Oh! think of the past—give a sigh to
   those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of
   limes!

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
   And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
   My land of bliss, my fairy ground!
If I were yonder conch of gold,
   And thou the pearl within it placed,
I would not let an eye behold
   The sacred gem my arms embraced!
If I were yonder orange-tree,
   And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee,
   To scent the most imploring air!
Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
   Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
   The soft reflection of thine eye.
That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
   Upon the billows pour their beam
So warmly, that my soul could seek
   Its Nea in the painted stream.
The painted stream my chilly grave
   And nuptial bed at once may be,
I'll wed thee in that mimic wave,
   And die upon the shade of thee!
Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
   O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
   Shadow to her eyes of light!
O my beloved! where'er I turn,
   Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes,
In every star thy glances burn,
   Thy blush on every flow'ret lies.
But then thy breath!—not all the fire,
   That lights the lone Semenda's death,
In eastern climes, could e'er respire
   An odour like thy dulcet breath!
I pray thee, on those lips of thine
   To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
   Since nothing human breathes of thee!
All other charms of thine I meet
   In nature, but thy sigh alone;
Then take, oh! take, though not so sweet,
   The breath of roses for thine own!
So, while I walk the flowery grove,
   The bud that gives, through morning
dew,
The hustre of the lips I love,
   May seem to give their perfume to 1!
THE SNOW-SPRIT.

Tu potes insolitas Cynthia, ferre nives?
PROPERT. lib. i. eleg. 8.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms!
The tint of your bowers is balm to the eye,
Their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow-Spirit never comes here!

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the soul!
Oh! fly to the clime where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth, of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

How sweet to behold him, when, borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn!
Yet think not, the veil he so chillingly casts
Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts
Should the Snow-Spirit ever come here!

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the daybeam like him!
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear—
Fly! my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow-Spirit cannot come here!

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending sea-grape drank
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore!
'Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!
Oh! for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light along the water's brim,
I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, Love had sent
This snowy bird of blandishment,
To lead me where my soul should meet—
I knew not what, but something sweet!

Blest be the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by love,
To guide me to a scene so dear,
As fate allows but seldom here;
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
Which, like the aloe's lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span!

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird reposed his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
O vision bright! O spirit fair!
What spell, what magic raised her there?
'Twas Nea! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled 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,
It glanced around a fiery kiss,
All trembling, as it went, with bliss!
Her eyelid's black and silken fringe
Lay on her cheek, of vermil tinge,
Like the first ebon cloud, that closes
Dark on evening's heaven of roses!
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through their ivy lid,
And o'er her lips reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some beloved saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath!

Was ever witchery half so sweet!
Think, think how all my pulses beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole—
O you, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you to dream the bliss,
The tremblings of an hour like this!

A KISS À L'ANTIQUE.

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

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that Time's eternal lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid!

Look, darling, what a sweet design!
The more we gaze, it charms the more:
Come,—closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou see'st, it is a simple youth
By some enamour'd nymph embraced—
Look, Nea, love! and say in sooth
Is not her hand most dearly placed?

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie,
Yet presses gently, half inclined
To bring his lip of nectar nigh!

O happy maid! too happy boy!
The one so fond and faintly loth,
The other yielding slow to joy—
Oh, rare indeed, but blissful both!

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling;
Imagine, too, that thou art she,
But quite as cold, as she is willing:
So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twined,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wraithed hair behind:
And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move;
And thus our lips together meet,
And—thus I kiss thee—O my love!

. . . λιβανωτό εικαστεν, ὅτι ἀπολλυμένον εὐφραινεν.
Aristot. Rhetor. lib. iii. cap. 4.

There's not a look, a word of thine
My soul hath e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine
Which I remember not!

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmèd senses dwell,
Like something heaven had sung!

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
All, all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou witching girl!—and yet,
To die were sweeter, than to let
The loved remembrance go!

No; if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh! let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consumed in sweets away!

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.

"The daylight is gone—but before we depart,
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
To the kindest, the dearest—oh! judge by the tear
That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!"
**ODES AND EPISTLES.**

| '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 throw, |
| Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you! |
| Oh! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour |
| Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower, |
| And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's dew, |
| In blossoms of thought ever springing and new— |
| Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim |
| Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him |
| Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair, |
| And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there? |
| Last night, when we came from the calabash tree, |
| When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free, |
| The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day |
| Put the magical springs of my fancy in play; |
| And, oh! such a vision as haunted me then |
| I could slumber for ages to witness again! |
| The many I like, and the few I adore, |
| The friends, who were dear and beloved before, |
| But never till now so beloved and dear, |
| At the call of my fancy surrounded me here! |
| Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile |
| To a paradise brighten the blest little isle; |
| Serener the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd, |
| And warmer the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd! |
| Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills) |
| Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills, |
| Where the song of the shepherd, primâval and wild, |
| Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child) |
| Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given |
| By the magic of love, to this miniature heaven! |
| Oh, magic of love! unembellish'd by you, |
| Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue? |
| Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art, |
| Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart? |
| Alas! that a vision so happy should fade! |
| That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd, |
| The rose and the stream I had thought of at night |
| Should still be before me, unfadingly bright; |
| While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the stream, |
| And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream! |
| But see, through the harbour, in floating array, |
| The bark that must carry these pages away |
| Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind, |
| And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind! |
| What billows, what gales is she fated to prove, |
| Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love! |
| Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be, |
| And the sound of those gales would be music to me! |
| Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew, |
| Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew, |
| Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright as the foam |
| Of the wave that would carry your wanderer home! |
LOVE AND REASON.
Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

T'was in the summer-time, so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That—who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!

Love told his dream of yester-night,
While Reason talked about the weather;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason like a Juno stalk'd,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen'd shadow, as she walk'd.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell on the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm
Or, find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would pass between the sun and him!

"This must not be," said little Love—
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu!

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream,
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bower's,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded!

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the parched plains;
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins!

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with vivid bloom he smiled—
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning!

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

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest;
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expired on Reason's breast!

TO FANNY.

Nay, do not weep, my Fanny dear!
While in these arms you lie,
The world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to claim one precious tear
From that beloved eye!

The world!—ah, Fanny! love must shun
The path where many rove;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart, to be his only one,
Are quite enough for love!

What can we wish, that is not here
Between your arms and mine?
Is there, on earth, a space so dear
As that within the blessed sphere
Two loving arms entwine?

For me, there's not a lock of jet,
Along your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
All, all the worthless world!

'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love!
My only worlds I see;
Let but their orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
May frown or smile for me!

—o—

POETICAL WORKS.
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 wanton stole, to find his nest
Within a fold of Learning's vest!

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh, happy time! when laws of state,
When all that ruled the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snowy arms!

Sweet times! you could not always last—
And yet, oh! yet, you are not past;
Though we have lost the sacred mould,
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!

Fanny, my love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away;
No—give the universe a soul
Attuned to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill
To wield a universe at will!

--o--

THE GRECIAN'S GIRL'S DREAM
OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.
TO HER LOVER.

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Upon my breath the sigh yet faintly hung;
Thy name yet died in whispers o'er my tongue;
I heard thy lyre, which thou hadst left behind,
In amorous converse with the breathing wind;
Quick to my heart I press'd the shell divine,
And, with a lip yet glowing warm from thine,
I kiss'd its every chord, while every kiss
Shed o'er the chord some dewy print of bliss.
Then soft to thee I touch'd the fervid lyre,
Which told such melodies, such notes of fire,
As none but chords, that drank the burning dews
Of kisses dear as ours, could e'er dif fuse!
O love! how blissful is the bland repose,
That soothing follows upon rapture's close,
Like a soft twilight, o'er the mind to shed
Mild melting traces of the transport fled!

While thus I lay, in this voluptuous calm,
A drowsy languor steep'd my eyes in balm,
Upon my lap the lyre in murmurs fell,
While, faintly wandering o'er its silver shell,
My fingers soon their own sweet requiem play'd,
And slept in music which themselves had made!
Then, then, my Theon, what a heavenly dream!
I saw two spirits, on the lunar beam,
Two winged boys, descending from above,
And gliding to my bower with looks of love,
Like the young genii, who repose their wings
All day in Amatha's luxurious springs,
And rise at midnight from the tepid rill,
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill!
So sweetly round her, and aloft she sprung!
Exulting guides, the little genii flew
Through paths of light, refresh'd with starry dew,
And fann'd by airs of that ambrosial breath,
On which the free soul banquets after death!

Thou 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 rolls,
Gemm'd with bright islands, where the hallow'd souls,
Whom life hath weared in its race of hours,
Repose for ever in unfading bowers!
That very orb, whose solitary light
So often guides thee to my arms at night,
Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
Floating in splendour through those seas above!

Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way,
Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,
While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
Reclined the spirits of the immortal blest!
Oh! there I met those few congenial maids,
Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades;
There still Leontium, on her sage's breast,
Found lore and love, was tutor'd and caress'd;

And there the twine of Pythia's gentle arms
Repaid the zeal which deified her charms!
The Attic Master in Aspasia's eyes
Forgot the toil of less endearing ties;
While fair Theano, innocently fair,
Play'd with the ringlets of her Samian's hair,
Who, fix'd by love, at length was all her own,
And pass'd his spirit through her lips alone!

O Samian sage! whate'er thy glowing thought
Of mystic numbers so divinely wrought;
The One that's form'd of Two who dearly love,
Is the best number heaven can boast above!

But think, my Theon, how this soul was thrill'd,
When near a fount, which o'er the vale distill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
Of lunar race, but so resembling thine,
That, oh!—'twas but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee!
No aid of words the unbody'd soul requires,
To waft a wish or embassy desires;
But, by a throb to spirits only given,
By a mute impulse only felt in heaven,
Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,
From soul to soul the glanced idea flies!

We met—like thee the youthful vision smiled!
But not like thee, when, passionately wild,
Thou wak'st the slumbering blushes of my cheek
By looking things thyself would blush to speak!
No! 'twas the tender, intellectual smile,
Flush'd with the past, and yet serene the while,
Of that delicious hour, when, glowing yet,
Thou yield'st to nature with a fond regret,
THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

Written aboard the Boston Frigate.

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
When lighter breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails, and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.
But see, the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee!
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I could resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me;
And though your lip be rich with dew,
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However warm I've twined about it;
And though your bosom beat with bliss,
I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learn'd so well to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
To—do without you altogether!

And thy soul, waking from its wilder'd dream,
Lights in thine eye a mellower, chaster beam!

O my beloved! how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet!
Th' Elean god, whose faithful waters flow,
With love their only light, through caves below,
Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings, with which Olympic maids
Have deck'd their billow, as an offering paid
To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet!
Think, when he mingles with his fountain-bride,
What perfect rapture thrills the blended tide!
Each melts in each, till one pervading kiss
Confounds their currents in a sea of bliss!
'Twas thus—

But, Theon, 'tis a weary theme,
And thou delight'st not in my lingering dream.
Oh! that our lips were at this moment near,
And I would kiss thee into patience, dear!
And make thee smile at all the magic tales
Of starlight bowers and planetary vales,
Which my fond soul, inspired by thee and love,
In slumber's loom hath exquisitely wove.
But no; no more—soon as to-morrow's ray
O'er soft Ilissus shall dissolve away,
I'll fly, my Theon, to thy burning breast,
And there in murmurs tell thee all the rest;
Then if too weak, too cold the vision seems,
Thy lip shall teach me something more than dreams!

0
TO THE FIRE-FLY.

This morning, when earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
I see thee, and I bless thee too.
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh! let me hope that thus for me,
When life and love shall lose their bloom,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To light, if not to warm, the gloom!

-O-

THE VASE.

There was a vase of odour lay
For many an hour on Beauty's shrine,
So sweet that Love went every day
To banquet on its breath divine.

And not an eye had ever seen
The fragrant charm the vase conceal'd;
O Love! how happy 'twould have been
If thou hadst ne'er that charm reveal'd!

But Love, like every other boy,
Would know the spell that lurks within;
He wish'd to break the crystal toy,
But Beauty murmur'd " 'twas a sin!"

He swore, with many a tender plea,
That neither Heaven nor earth forbid it;
She told him, Virtue kept the key,
And look'd as if—she wish'd he had it.

He stole the key when Virtue slept
(Even she can sleep, if Love but ask it),
And Beauty sigh'd, and Beauty wept,
While silly Love unlock'd the casket.

O dulcet air that vanish'd then!
Can Beauty's sigh recall thee ever?
Can Love himself inhale again:
A breath so precious?—nay, nay, nay!

Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe
By Beauty to repentance given,
Though bitterly on earth they flow,
Shall turn to fragrant balm in heaven!

THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I bring thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee, too, a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flowrets long shall sweetly breathe!

Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is of a splendid thread,
Stolen from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting sun had shed
The sober beam of evening there.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it!

Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loth,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah!—if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended oft;
The Wreath would make the Wreath so strong!

The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flowrets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me!

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season!
Whether the Chain may press too much,
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
Let but the gold the flowrets touch,
And all their glow, their tints, are faded!

Sweet Fanny, what would Rapture do,
When all her blooms had lost their grace?

Might she not steal a rose or two,
From other Wreaths to fill their place?
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to me.

The timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she tur'd an upward glance,
I saw a doubt its twilight spread
Along her brow's divine expanse.
TO LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

From the City of Washington.

 Kai μη βαυμασης μητ' ει μακροτεραν γγυραφα 
 την επιστολεν, μηδε ει τε περιεργατερον η πρε 
 βυτικωτερον ειρηκαμεν εν αυτη.

ISOCRATES, Epist. iv.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phoenix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling, and the past unknown;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view:
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme.
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dream’d as much before!
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
The plans of virtue ’midst the deeds of crime,
The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
When still we see, through every varying frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died, to make
A space on earth for modern fools to take;
‘Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;
That Wisdom’s self should not be tutor’d yet,
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection ’midst the sons of earth!

—

AND hast thou mark’d the pensive shade,
That many a time obscures my brow,
’Midst all the blisses, darling maid,
Which thou canst give, and only thou?
Oh, ’tis not that I then forget
The endearing charms that round me twine—
There never throb’d a bosom yet
Could feel their witchery like mine!
When bashful on my bosom hid,
And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
Again to close it on my breast!
Oh! these are minutes all thine own,
Thine own to give, and mine to feel;
Yet e’en in them, my heart has known
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.
For I have thought of former hours,
When he who first thy soul possess’d,
Like me awaked its witching powers,
Like me was loved, like me was blest!
Upon his name thy murmuring tongue
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
For him that snowy lid hath hung
In ecstasy, as purely felt!
For him—yet why the past recall
To wither blooms of present bliss?
Thou’rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
And Heaven can grant no more than this!
Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
I would be first, be sole to thee,
Thou shouldst have but begun to live,
The hour that gave thy heart to me.
Thy book of life till then effaced,
Love should have kept that leaf alone,
On which he first so dearly traced
That thou wert, soul and all, my own!
Oh! nothing but that soul which God
could lead us thus to look on earth for
heaven;
O'er dress without to shed the flame
within,
And dream of virtue while we gaze on
sin!

Even here, beside the proud Potow-
mac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering
theme
Of days to come, when man shall con-
quér fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And stamp perfection on this world at
last!

"Here," might they say, "shall power's
divided reign
Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
Cradled in peace, and nurtured up by
truth
To full maturity of nerve and mind,
Shall crush the giants that bestride man-
kind!
Here shall religion's pure and balmy
draught,
In form no more from cups of state be
quaff'd,
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 flower-
ing braid,
Nor mine that fabric which they bloom
to shade.
No longer here shall Justice bound her
view,
Or wrong the many, while she rights the
few;
But take her 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!"

O 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 Godhead's throne!

But, is it thus? doth even the glorious
dream
Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain
gleam,
Which bids us give such dear delusion
scope,
As kills not reason, while it nurses
hope?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even
now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption
plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart de-
cays!
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly
breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their
death,
And, like the nymphs of her own wither-
ing clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her
prime!

Already has the child of Gallia's
school
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning
arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless
hearts.
Like things that quicken, after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud!
Already has 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 flow'rets of her fruit!

Oh! were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
The servil follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the feverless,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess:
But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill.
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice!

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear!
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad, that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade!

Already in this free, this virtuous State,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world what high perfection springs
From rabble senators and merchant kings—

Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire!
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,
Have proved at length the mineral's tempting hue,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.
O Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence, while they spurn control,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul!
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's rod,
O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
In climes, where liberty has scarce been named,
Nor any right but that of ruling claim’d,
Than thus to live, where bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slaved and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit
The brute made ruler and the man made brute!

But, O my Forbes! while thus, in flowerless song,
I feebly paint, while yet I feel so strong.
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world,
were nursed!
Where treason’s arm by royalty was served,
And Frenchmen learn’d to crush the throne they served—
Thou, gently lull’d in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumined and by sages taught,
Pant’st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard had fancied, or that sage hath been—
Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart!

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song destroy
One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who can!
Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudlv study all her lights in him!
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet!

SONG.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Is fair—but oh! how fair,
If pity’s hand had stolen from love
One leaf to mingle there!

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!

—o—

LYING.

Che con le lor bugie pajon divini.

Mauro d’Arcano.

I do confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breathed you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving!
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying’s bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion!

If ladies’ eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies’ eyes!
Oh, no!—believe me, lovely girl,
When Nature turns your teeth to pearl,
Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We’ve swearing kiss’d, and kissing sworn!

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I’ll tell you truth, my dear!
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false, and he believes you,
Long as you trust, and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures;
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth!

ANACREONTIC.

I fill'd to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still!

At length I bid an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
Is blushing through the wave at me!
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drank the more for this;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And in the nectar flows again!

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
And may that eye for ever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
As bathes it in this bowl of mine!

TO ——— 'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she whose shade thou art
No more will let thee soothe my pain—
You tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again!

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign!

Yet go—and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me wild and free!

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit which my fancy knew—
Yet, ah! 'tis vain—go, picture, go—
Smile at me once, and then—adieu!

FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.

Blest infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, O Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient Night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee!

No form of beauty soothed thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide;
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died!

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping;
O sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping!

But look, what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide:
What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So lovely? Art thou but the child
Of the young godhead's dreams,
That mock his hope with fancies strange and wild?
Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
Collected in so bright a form,
Till, kindled by the ardent spell
Of his despairing eyes,
And all impregnate with his sighs,
They spring to life in shape so fair and warm!
"Tis she!

Pysche, the first-born spirit of the air:
To thee, O Love! she turns,
On thee her eye-beam burns:
Blest hour of nuptial ecstasy!
They meet—
The blooming god—the spirit fair—
Oh, sweet! oh, heavenly sweet!
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's
dawn!

* * * * *

——

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,
ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE
FORBES.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
Howe'er remote, howe'er refined,
And o'er the magic tablet tell
The silent story of the mind;
O'er Nature's form to glance the eye,
And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
Her evening blushes, ere they fade!

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
Divinest of the powers divine,
That light the Muse's flowery dream,
And these, O prince, are richly thine!
Yet, yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
In emanating soul express'd,
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;
While o'er each line, so brightly true,
Her soul with fond attention roves,
Blessing the hand whose various hue
Could imitate the form it loves;

She feels the value of thy art,
And owns it with a purer zeal,
A rapture, nearer to her heart,
Than critic taste can ever feel!

——

THE PHILOSOPHER ARIS-
TIPPUS

TO A LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM BY LIAS.

Dulcis conscia lectuli lucerna.
MARTIAL, lib. xiv. epig. 8.

"Oh! love the Lamp" (my mistress said)
"The faithful Lamp that, many a night,
Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
He 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!

"Oft has it known her cheek to burn
With recollections, fondly free,
And seen her turn, impassion'd turn,
To kiss the pillow, love! for thee,
And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
That kiss to feel, that thought to share!

"Then love the Lamp—'twill often lead
Thy step through learning's sacred way;
And, lighted by its happy ray,
When o'er those darling eyes shall read
Of things sublime, of Nature's birth,
Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
Oh! think that she, by whom 'twas given,
Adores thee more than earth or heaven!"

Yes—dearest Lamp! by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung;
The neck reclined, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung;
The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The sever'd lip's delicious sighs,
The fringe, that from the snowy lid
Along the cheek of roses lies;
By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold,
My Lamp and I shall never part!

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze!

Thy flame shall light the page refined,
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his burning soul behind!

Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
O man of Ascra's dreary glades!
To whom the nightly warbling Nine
A wand of inspiration gave,
Pluck'd from the greenest tree that shades
The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages' heavenly store;
From Science steal her golden clue,
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,
Through labyrinths of wonder flies!

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
The passing world's precarious flight,
Where all, that meets the morning glow,
Is changed before the fall of night!

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
Will also quench yon heaven of suns!"

Oh! then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal away;
Who pauses, to inquire of Heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which Heaven has made for man to use,
And man should think it guilt to lose?
Who, that has cult'd a weeping rose,
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
On which it dies and loves to die?

Pleasure! thou only good on earth!
Our little hour resign'd to thee—
Oh! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth
The sage's immortality!

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
And all the lore, whose tame control
Would wither joy with chill delays!
Alas! the fertile fount of sense
At which the young, the panting soul
Drinks life and love, too soon decays!

Sweet Lamp! thou wert not form'd to shed
Thy splendour on a lifeless page—
Whate'er my blushing Lais said
Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,
'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy
Told me thy dearest, best employ!

And, soon as night shall close the eye
Of heaven's young wanderer in the west;
When seers are gazing on the sky,
To find their future orbs of rest;
Then shall I take my trembling way,
Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
Glide to the pillow of my love.

Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear!
Nor let her dream of bliss so near;
Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
My sighs of fire in murmurs steal,
And I shall lift the locks, that flow
Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
And softly kiss those sealed eyes,
And wake her into sweet surprise!

Or, if she dream, oh! let her dream
Of those delights we both have known
And felt so truly, that they seem
Form'd to be felt by us alone!
And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
Shall see her bosom warmly move,
And hear her faintly, lowly speak
The murmur'd sounds so dear to love!
Oh! I shall gaze, till e'en the sigh
That wafts her very soul be nigh,
And when the nymph is all but blest,
Sink in her arms and share the rest!
Sweet Lais! what an age of bliss
In that one moment waits for me!
O sages!—think on joy like this,
And where's your boast of apathy!
TO MRS. BL—H—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

Τούτο δέ τι εστι το ποτόν; πλαγή, εφη.

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

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

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

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

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again!

But, oh! there was a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
As all who read still sigh'd for more!

And Pleasure was this spirit's name;
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book!

For still she saw his playful fingers
Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys,
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys!

And so it chanced, one luckless night
He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book, so pure, so white,
And sullied lines and marge and all!

In vain he sought, with eager lip,
The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink!

Oh! it would make you weep to see
The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!

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 spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long 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!

---

TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M.D.

From the City of Washington.

Διαγγέλλω τοις ανθρώποις, όπως οὐκ εξέχειν.

XENOPHONT. Ephesiac. lib. v.

'Tis evening now; the heats and cares of day
In twilight dews are calmly wept away.
The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet cigar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy!

The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his negro's shed,
Where blest he wooes some black Aspasia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace!
ODES AND EPISTLES.

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome!
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now!
This famed metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetters adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but wood and *********
they see
Where streets should run and sages ought

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave—
O great Potowmac! O you banks of shade!
You mighty scenes, in Nature's morning made,
While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!
Say, where your towering hills, your boundless floods
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love?
Oh! was a world so bright but born to grace
Its own half-organized, half-minded race
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
Where none but demi-gods should dare to roam?
Or worse, thou mighty world! oh! doubly worse,
Did Heaven design thy lordly land to nurse

The motley dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime,
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?
But hush!—observe that little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines,
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptured image of that veteran chief,
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign!

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!
Too form'd for peace to act a conqueror's part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold!

While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee and forced thee to be great.
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found thee undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scornful to be more;
Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be!

Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome—and in those princely halls,
If thou canst hate, as, oh! that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes!
If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's 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, e'en 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 Potowmac here!
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise!
While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
Where sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he!

THE SNAKE.

1801.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid with laughing eyes—
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
Who could expect such hidden harm
Beneath the rose's velvet charm?"

Never did mortal thought occur
In more unlucky hour than this;
For oh! I just was leading her
To talk of love and think of bliss.

I rose to kill the snake, but she
In pity pray'd it might not be.
"No," said the girl—and many a spark
Flash'd from her eyelid as she said it—

"Under the rose, or in the dark,
One might, perhaps, have cause to dread it;
But when its wicked eyes appear,
And when we know for what they wink so,
One must be very simple, dear,
To let it sting one—don't you think so?"

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

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Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been kiss'd by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stolen to their ear,
And they loved what they knew of so humble a name,
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame!

Nor did woman—O woman! whose form
And whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too!—

For did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,
Like eyes he had loved was her eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften, and weep at his song!

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!

THE FALL OF HEBE.
A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.
'Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay;
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power,
At Nature's dawning hour,
Stored the rich fluid of ethereal soul!
Around
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles
(Where they have bathed them in the orient ray,
And with fine fragrance all their bosoms fill'd)
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd!

All, all was luxury!
All must be luxury, where Lyæus smiles!
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd!
While 'mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clustering blooms of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy!
Upon his bosom Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
Her beauty's dawn,
And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
The captive deity
Languish'd upon her eyes and lip,
In chains of ecstasy!
Now, on his arm,
In blushes she reposed,
And, while her zone resign'd its 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
Or gold descending
Along her cheek's luxurious glow,
Waved o'er the goblet's side,
And was reflected by its crystal side,
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 man-
tling heat,
Her graceful care
Would cool its heavenly fire
In gelid waves of snowy-feather'd
air,
Such as the children of the pole
respire,
In those enchanted lands,
Where life is all a spring, and north
winds never blow!

But, oh!
Sweet Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every
Grace
Wafted thy 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, laid
Upon a diamond shrine!
The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,
And sweetly twined
Its spirit with the breathing rings
Of her ambrosial hair,
Soar'd as she fell, and on its ruffling
wings,
(O wanton wind!)
Wafted the robe, whose sacred flow
Shadow'd her kindling charms of snow,
Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the mysteries!

* * * * *

The brow of Juno flush'd—
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd,
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye was glancing through
the strings,
Drops of ethereal dew
That burning gush'd,
As the great goblet flew
From Hebe's pearly fingers through
the sky!
Who was the spirit that remember'd
Man
In that voluptuous hour?
And with a wing of Love
Brush'd off your scatter'd tears,
As o'er the spangled heaven they
ran,
And sent them floating to our orb
below?
Essence of immortality!
The shower
Fell glowing through the
spheres,
While all around new tints of bliss,
New perfumes of delight,
Enrich'd its radiant flow!
Now, with a humid kiss,
It thrill'd along the beamy wire
Of heaven's illumined lyre,
Stealing the soul of music in its flight!
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole!
'They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld the rill of flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas a planet, whose stupendous frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolved
Around its servid axle, and dissolved
Into a flood so bright!
The child of day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping
On the flush'd bosom of a lotus flower;
When round him, in profusion weeping,
Dropp'd the celestial shower,
Steeping
The rosy clouds, that curl'd
About his infant head,
Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed!
But, when the waking boy
Waved his exhaling tresses through the sky
O morn of joy!
The tide divine,
All glittering with the vermil dye
It drank beneath his orient eye,
Distill'd, in dews, upon the world,
And every drop was wine, was heavenly wine!

Blest be the sod, the flow'ret blest,
That caught, upon their hallow'd breast,
The nectar'd spray of Jove's perennial springs!
Less sweet the flow'ret, and less sweet the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar god!

TO ———.

That wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again!

Thou are just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good-night to her sins!

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another!

———

ANACREONTIC.

"She never look'd so kind before—
Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said, and, sighing, sipp'd
The wine which she had lately tasted;
The cup, where she had lately dipp'd
The breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung—
On whom but Lamia could they hang?

That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her;
Those floating eyes, that floating shine
Like diamonds in an eastern river!

That mould so fine, so pearly bright,
In which luxurious Heaven hath cast her,
Through which her soul doth beam as white
As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
Were sweet, as if 'twas Lamia's hair
That lay upon my lute for chords,
And Lamia's lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turn'd the theme,
And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
The chord beneath my finger broke!
False harp! false woman!—such, oh! such
Are lutes too frail and maids too willing!
Every hand’s licentious touch
Can learn to wake their wildest thrilling!
And when that thrill is most awake,
And when you think heaven’s joys await you,
The nymph will change, the chord will break—
O Love! O Music! how I hate you!

TO MRS. ———.

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.
Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not thy heart a heart refined?
Hast thou not every blameless grace,
That man should love or Heaven can trace?
And oh! art thou a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?
No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
Though some thy heart hath harbour’d near,
May now repay its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man, be first to wound thee;
Though the whole world may freeze around thee.
Oh! thou’lt be like that lucid tear
Which, bright, within the crystal’s sphere
In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congeal’d around;
Floating in frost, it mock’d the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still!

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,
AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.
Oh! lost, for ever lost!—no more
Shall vesper light our Jewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa’s shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day!

No more to Tempé’s distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer’s glow and winter’s gale,
To bear the mystic chaplets home!
’Twas then my soul’s expanding zeal,
By nature warm’d and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
The breathings of a Deity!
Guide of my heart! to memory true,
Thy looks, thy words are still my own—
I see thee raising from the dew
Some laurel, by the wind o’erthrown,
And hear thee say, “This humble bough
Was planted for a dome divine;
And, though it weep in languor now,
Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
To bloom immortal in the skies!”

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropp’d like heaven’s serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear!
Fond sharer of my infant joy!
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
Am I not still thy soul’s employ?
And oh! as oft, at close of day,
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nympha awaked the choral lay,
And danced around Cassotis’ fount;
As then, ’twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o’er the green:
So still, each little grace to mould,
Around my form thine eyes are shed,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread!
And when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony!
Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
Shall never drop its silvery tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
To memory so divinely dear
RINGS AND SEALS.

"Ωστερ σφραγίδες τα φιλήματα.

ACHILLES TATIUS, lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
"The charm is broken!—once betray'd,
Oh! never can my heart rely
On word or look, on oath or sigh.
Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
With promised faith and vows to Heaven;
That little ring which, night and morn,
With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
That seal which oft, in moments blest,
Thou hast upon my lip impress'd,
And sworn its dewy spring should be
A fountain seal'd for only thee!
Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
All sullied, lost, and hateful now!"

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While oh! her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled!
Gently I whisper'd, "Fanny, dear!
Not half thy lover's gifts are here:
Say, where are all the seals he gave
To every ringlet's jetty wave,
And where is every one he printed
Upon that lip, so ruby-tinted,
Seals, of the purest gem of bliss,
Oh! richer, softer far than this!

"And then the ring—my love! recall
How many rings, delicious all,
His arms around that neck hath twisted,
Twining warmer far than this did!
Where are they all, so sweet, so many?
Oh! dearest, give back all, if any!"

While thus I murmur'd, trembling too
Lest all the nymph had vow'd was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew.'
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh! who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals!

TO MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D.

ON HER SINGING.

I more than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lips have given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seem'd, like thce, to breathe of heaven!

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
"Oh! why should fairy fancy keep
These wonders for herself alone?"

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth!

And yet, in all that flowery maze
Through which my life has loved to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of dearest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallow'd bird
Upon a rose's bosom lying!

Though form and song at once combined
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my heart hath pined
For something softer, lovelier still!

Oh! I have found it all, at last,
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
Through which the soul hath ever pass'd
Its harmonizing breath of fire!

All that my best and wildest dream,
In fancy's hour, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's beam
Are realized, at once, in thee!
LINES
WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER

Già era in loco ove s'udia 'I rimbombo
Dell' acqua ........................................... DANTE.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run,
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbrid race
Rushing, alike untired and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers
that smiled,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! I have thought, and thinking
sigh'd—
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go!
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I see the world's bewilderung force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the lost current cease to run!
Oh, may my falls be bright as thine!
May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee!

—0—

CLORIS AND FANNY.

CLORIS! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but one objection in it—
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid!

—0—

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla . . . .
OVID, Metam. lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful auge's shivering chill!
Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along!
Christian! 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild, thou dar'st to roam—
Oh! 'twas once the Indian's home!
Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Whereasoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,
Lone beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew!

Hither bend you, turn you hither
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of madd'ning error,
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
O'er the damp earth, pale and dying!
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cottage cordial light;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug.
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood!
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there!
Then, when night's long labour past;
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let mosquitos hover,
In his ears and eye-balls tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

TO MRS. HENRY T—GHE,
ON READING HER "PSYCHE."
1802.

TELL me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

Say, Love! in all thy spring of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine!

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such perfume o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreathed—
But all her sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd, as she breathed!

O you, that love's celestial dream,
In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
Too strongly through the vision glow!

Love sweetest lies, conceal'd in night,
The night where Heaven has bid him lie;
Oh! shed not there unhallow'd light,
Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly!

Dear Psyche! many a charmed hour,
Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower
Thy mazy foot my soul hath traced!

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow
Has chain'd thee to thy Cupid's breast;

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along whose verge our spirits stray,
Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
Half brighten'd by the eternal ray,

Thou risest to a cloudless pole!
Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
The twilight walk of many a soul
Through sunny good and evil dark;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
The song, whose dulcet tide was given
To keep her name as fadeless here,
As nectar keeps her soul in heaven!

IMPROPTU,
UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.
O dulces comitum valete coetus!
CATULLUS.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted!

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!

—0—
TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata Getas.
Ovid, ex Ponte, lib. i. ep. 5.

From Buffalo, upon Lake Erie.

THOU oft hast told me of the fairy hours
Thy heart has number'd, in those classic bowers,
Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
'Mid cowls and cardinals profanely fit,
And Pagan spirits, by the Pope unaided,
Haunt every stream, and sing through every shade!

There still the bard, who (if his numbers be
His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee,
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
In which the basking soul reclines and glows,
Warm without toil, and brilliant in repose,—

There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
How modern monks with ancient rakes agree;
How mitres hang, where ivy wreaths might twine,
And heathen Massic's damn'd for stronger wine!

There, too, are all those wandering souls of song,
With whom thy spirit hath communed so long,
Whose rarest gems are, every instant, hung
By Memory's magic on thy sparkling tongue.

But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
As, far from thee, my lonely course I take,
No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days
Has left that visionary glory here,
That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand and conquering rivers flow;
Mind, mind alone, without whose quickening ray
The world's a wilderness and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows!
Take Christians, mohawks, democrats, and all
From the rude wigwam to the congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether slaved or free,
To man the civilized, less tame than he!
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife,
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world can brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nothing's known of luxury but vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For golden fancy? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
No, no—the Muse of Inspiration plays
O'er every scene; she walks the forest maze,
And climbs the mountain; every blooming spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not!
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of heart to thaw them into song!
ODES AND EPISTLES.

Yet, yet forgive me, O you sacred few! Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and loved through many a social eve, 'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave!
Less dearly welcome were the lines of lore
The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
When his lone heart but faintly hoped to find
One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind!
Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumined taste,
Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless 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 dross that runs
O'er your fair country, and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom where your sires were born!
Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor damn'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
Of single majesty, can grandly place
An empire's pillar upon freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair capital that flowers above!—
If yet, released from all that vulgar thron,
So vain of dulness and so pleased with wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreath the Attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along!—
It is to you, to souls that favouring Heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given.
Oh! but for such, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er!

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home!
And looks I met, like looks I loved before,
And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own!
Oh! we had nights of that communion free,
That flush of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refined!
When shall we both renew them? when, restored
To the pure feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?
Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for England—oh! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet!
A WARNING TO ——— ———.

Oh! fair as heaven and chaste as light!
Did Nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst ever learn to weep
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead?
No, no! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity!
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore!
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose early charms were just array'd
In Nature's loveliness like thine,
And wore that clear, celestial sign,
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
For destiny's peculiar care!
Whose bosom, too, was once a zone
Where the bright gem of virtue shone;
Whose eyes were talismans of fire
Against the spell of man's desire!
Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour
Her charms have shed their radiant flower;
The gem has been beguiled away;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;
The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind!
Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone,
To memory raised by hands unknown,
Which, many a wintry hour, has stood
Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
To tell the traveller, as he cross'd,
That there some loved friend was lost!
Oh! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
Heaven keep the lost one's fate from thee!

Oh! thou art every instant dearer;
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer,—
I am lost, unless I fly thee!
Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
Wish me not so soon to fall,
Duties, fame, and hopes await me,
Oh! that eye would blast them all!
Yes, yes, it would—for thou'rt as cold
As ever yet allure or sway'd,
And wouldst, without a sigh, behold
The ruin which thyself had made!
Yet—could I think that, truly fond,
That eye but once would smile on me,
Good Heaven! how much, how far beyond
Fame, duty, hope, that smile would be!
Oh! but to win it, night and day,
Inglorious at thy feet reclined,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
The world for thee forgot, resign'd!
But no, no, no—farewell—we part,
Never to meet, no, never, never—
O woman! what a mind and heart
Thy coldness has undone for ever!

FROM THE HIGH-PRIEST OF APOLLO TO A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.

Cum digna digna . . . .


Sulpicia.

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
With eyes of fire and feet of air,
Whose harp around my altar swells,
The sweetest of a thousand shells?"
'Twas thus the deity who treads
The arch of heaven, and grandly sheds
Day from his eyelids!—thus he spoke,
As through my cell his glories broke.

"Who is the maid, with golden hair,
With eyes of fire and feet of air,
Whose harp around my altar swells,
The sweetest of a thousand shells?"
Aphelia is the Delphic fair,
With eyes of fire and golden hair,
ODES AND EPISTLES.

91

Aphelia's are the airy feet,
And hers the harp divinely sweet;
For foot so light has never trod
The laurel'd caverns of the god,
Nor harp so soft has ever given
A strain to earth or sigh to heaven!

"Then tell the virgin to unfold,
In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
And bid those eyes with fonder fire
Be kindled for a god's desire;
Since he who lights the path of years—
Even from the fount of morning's tears,
To where his setting splendours burn
Upon the western sea-maid's urn—
Cannot, in all his course, behold
Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold!
Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
His lip yet sparkling with the tide,
That mantles in Olympian bowls,
The nectars of eternal souls!
For her, for her he quits the skies,
And to her kiss from nectar flies.
Oh! he would hide his wreath of rays,
And leave the world to pine for days,
Might he but pass the hours of shade,
Imbosom'd by his Delphic maid,
She, more than earthly woman blest,
He, more than god on woman's breast!"

There is a cave beneath the steep,
Where living rills of crystal weep
O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begem'd with dew:
There oft the green bank's glossy tint
Is bright'en'd by the amorous print
Of many a faun and naiad's form,
That still upon the dew is warm,
When virgins come, at peep of day,
To kiss the sod where lovers lay!

"There, there," the god, impatience'd said,
"Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
And the dim orb of lunar souls
Along its shadowy pathway rolls—
There shall we find our bridal bed,
And ne'er did rosy rapture spread,
Not even in Jove's voluptuous bowers,
A bridal bed so blest as ours!
Tell the imperial god, who reigns,
Sublime in orient fanes,
Whose towering turrets paint their pride
Upon Euphrates' pregnant tide;
Tell him, when to his midnight loves
In mystic majesty he moves,

Lighted by many an odorous fire,
And hymn'd by all Chaldea's choir—
Oh! tell the godhead to confess,
The pompous joy delights him less
(Even though his mighty arms enfold
A priestess on a couch of gold)
Than when, in love's unholier prank,
By moonlight cave or rustic bank,
Upon his neck some wood-nymph lies,
Exhaling from her lip and eyes
The flame and incense of delight,
To sanctify a dearer rite—
A mystery, more divinely warm'd
Than priesthood ever yet perform'd!"

Happy the maid, whom Heaven allows
To break for Heaven her virgin vows!
Happy the maid!—her robe of shame
Is whiten'd by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race!

O virgin! what a doom is thine!
To-night, to-night a lip divine
In every kiss shall stamp on thee
A seal of immortality!
Fly to the cave, Aphelia, fly;
There lose the world and wed the sky!
There all the boundless rapture steal
Which gods can give or woman feel!

WOMAN.

Away, away—you're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng!
Oh! by my soul I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long!

Slow to be warm'd and quick to rove,
From folly kind, from cunning loth,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true manly lover blest!

Away, away—your smile's a curse—
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind, pitying Heaven! by death or worse,
Before I love such things again!
BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I 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 blest 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 recline,
And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

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 bleed to know!

Sweet notes! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so rapturous then,
Now wither'd, lost—oh! pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again!

Art thou, too, wretched? yes, thou art;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine!

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'TWAS on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
The venerable man; a virgin bloom
Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; as when we see
The gentle moon and the full radiant sun
Shining in heaven together. When he spoke
'Twas language sweeten'd into song—such holy sounds
As oft the spirit of the good man hears,
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 many an age had hung
O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of time
The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
And half the goddess beam'd in glimpses through it!
Of magic wonders that were known and taught
By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
Who mused, amid the mighty cataclysm,
O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,
Nor let the living star of science sink
Beneath the waters, which ingulph'd the world!—

Of visions by Calliope revealed
To him, who traced upon his typic lyre
The diapason of man's mingled frame,
And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven!

With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
Told to the young and bright-hair'd visi
tant
Of Carmel's sacred mount!—Then, in a flow
Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
Through many a system, where the scatter'd light
Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam
From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,
And bright through every change!—he spoke of Him
The lone, eternal One, who dwells above,
And of the soul's untraceable descent
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still!
As some bright river, which has roll'd along
Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge,
The balmy freshness of the fields it left!

And here the old man ceased—a winged train
Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes.
The fair illusion fled! and, as I waked,
I knew my visionary soul had been
Among that people of aerial dreams
Who live upon the burning galaxy!

TO ———.

The world had just begun to steal
Each hope, that 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 wish'd for death!

But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seem'd to tell me then,
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom again!

With every beamy smile that cross'd
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling which my heart had lost,
And peace, which long had learn'd to roam!

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,
That, though I weep, I still forgive
The ruin which they've left behind!
I could have loved you—oh, so well!—
The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,
Is but a bright beguiling spell,
Which only lives while passion glows:

But, when this early flush declines,
When the heart's vivid morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets!

Yes, yes, I could have loved, as one
Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all!
DREAMS.

To ——.

In slumber, I prithee, how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are—Heaven knows where?

Last night, ’tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
Come ask, whether mine was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talk’d and they kiss’d the time through,
For, when souls come together at night,
There is no knowing what they mayn’t do!

And your little Soul—Heaven bless her!—
Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
By keeping her prison’d all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
For a peep now and then to her eye,
Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
Just venture abroad on a sigh;

"In an instant she frightens me in,
With some phantom of prudence or terror,
For fear I should stray into sin,
Or, what is still worse, into error!

"So, instead of displaying my graces
Through look, and through words, and through mien,
I am shut up in corners and places
Where truly I blush to be seen!"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declared, as for grace and discretion,
He did not know much of the matter;

"But to-morrow, sweet Spirit!" he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
I will come when your lady’s in bed,
And we’ll talk o’er the subject again."

So she whisper’d a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And—just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO MRS. ———.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure’s smile or sorrow’s tear
The same benign, consoling Dear!
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chased,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.—
Where are the chords she used to touch?
Where are the songs she loved so much?
The songs are hush’d, the chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of friendship soon be lull’d to rest,
Which late I waked in Anna’s breast!
Yet no—the simple notes I play’d
On memory’s tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna loved to hear,
May all be lost on Anna’s ear;
But friendship’s sweet and fairy strain
Shall ever in her heart remain;
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies which tremble there!

—o—

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Written on the River St. Lawrence.

Et remigem cantus hortatur.—QUINTILIAN.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We’ll sing at St. Ann’s our parting hymn.

Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight’s past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!

But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we’ll rest our weary oar.

Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight’s past!
"Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past." — P. 94.
Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

---

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE
R—WD—N.

From the Baaks of the St. Lawrence.

Not many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun (beneath whose evening ray
We rest our boat among these Indian isles)
Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the soul of father, or of chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh'd in every leaf!
There listening, Lady! while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every mellow'd number! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Oh! I have wonder'd, like the peasant boy
Who sings at eve his sabbath strains of joy,
And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!

I dream'd not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed!—
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God!
O Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of; which his eye must see
To know how beautiful this world can be!

But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies, like a half-breathed whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star,
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light, Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night!
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray, And the smooth glass-snake, gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his
cracked form,
Fancy, with all the scene’s enchantment
warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly
breeze
Some Indian Spirit warble words like
these:

From the clime of sacred doves,
Where the blessed Indian roves
Through the air on wing as white
As the spirit-stones of light,
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Appalachian mounts!
Hither off 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 awhile
Through the Manataulin isle,
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Waggon Bird I fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O’er the bed of Erie’s lake
Slumbers many a water snake,
Basking in the web of leaves,
Which the weeping lily weaves.

Then I chase the flow’r-ret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink:
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip!
Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O’er the sleeping fly-bird’s head,
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden’s fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,

Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird’s heaven of flowers!
Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the grey goose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam’s cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird soft and fair
As the fleece that Heaven flings
O’er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara’s starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant’s starting tears!
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract’s edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather’d round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,—
Virgins, who have wander’d young
O’er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm’d, with visionary
lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;
And now, fresh daylight o’er the water
beams!
Once more, embark’d upon the glittering
streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic
bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky
flood,
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light un
furl’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
flow’ret’s hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf
is new!
I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
So heavenly calm, as when a stream or
hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember’d
well,
Or breeze or echo or some wild flower’s
smell,
(For who can say what small and fairy ties
The mem’ry flings 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 moment
o’er
When I have seen thee cull the blooms
of lore,
With him, the polish’d warrior, by thy
side,
A sister’s idol and a nation’s pride;
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied
high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and bright’ning comments on
the dead;
Or whether mem’ry to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the spark-
ing 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,
E’en the regret, the very pain they wake
Is dear and exquisite!—but oh!—no
more—
Lady! adieu—my heart has linger’d o’er
These vanish’d times, till all that round
me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers, have faded
on my eyes!

—o—

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS.——, OF MONTREAL.

’TWA but for a moment—and yet in that
time
She crowded th’ impressions of many
an hour;
Her eye had a glow like the sun of her
clime,
Which waked every feeling at once
into flower!

Oh! could we have stolen but one rap-
turous day,
To renew such impressions again and
again,
The things we should look and imagine
and say
Would be worth all the life we had
wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language
to speak,
We should find some more exquisite
mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much
in a week
As others would take a millennium in
feeling!

—o—

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEAD-
MAN’S ISLAND,

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

Late in the Evening, September, 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
fill!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The silent calm of the grave is there, Save now and again a death-knell rung, And the flap of the sails, with night-fog hung!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore Of cold and pitiless Labrador; Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost, Full many a mariner's bones are tost!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yon shadowy Bark hath been to that wreck, And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck, Doth play on as pale and livid a crew As ever yet drank the churchyard dew!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast, To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast; By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd, And the hand that steers is not of this world!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh! hurry thee on—oh! hurry thee on, Thou terrible Bark! ere the night be gone, Nor let morning look on so foul a sight As would blanch for ever her rosy light!</td>
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</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE,</th>
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<tr>
<td>ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>October, 1804.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Νουστο κρασασ γλυκερου.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PINDAR, Pyth. 4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WITH triumph this morning, O Boston! I hail The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail, For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee, To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free, And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand Is the last I shall tread of American land.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well—peace to the land! may the people, at length, Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is strength; That though men have the wings of the fetterless wind, Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind, Yet if health do not sweeten the blast with her bloom, Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume, Unblest is the freedom and dreary the flight, That but wanders to ruin and wantons to blight!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell to the few I have left with regret; May they sometimes recall, what I can cannot forget, That communion of heart and that parley of soul, Which has lengthen'd our nights and illumined our bowl, When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or the mien Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen, Whose glory, though distant, they long had adored, Whose name often hallow'd the juice of their board! And still as, with sympathy humble but true, I told them each luminous trait that I knew, They have listen'd and sigh'd that the 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 Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND

"But see! the bent topsails are ready to swell.—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell!"—P. 99.
I have been to them now, young, un-
thoughtful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow
depress’d!

But, Douglas! while thus I endear to
my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave
behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of
thine eye,
As it follows the rack 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! thou knowest, with thee
by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy
courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summer-
less seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or
shines but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous
shore,
That I could not with patience, with
pleasure explore!
Oh! think then how happy I follow
thee now,
When hope smooths the billowy path of
our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-
springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my
heart is enshrined!
Where the smile of a father shall meet
me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into
pain!
Where the kind voice of sisters shall
steal to my heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could
part!—

But see!—the bent topsails are ready
to swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia,
farewell!

TO LADY H——,
ON AN OLD-RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE
WELLS.

Tunbridge Wells, August, 1805.

WHEN Grammont graced these happy
springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever ruled these gay gallant isles;
Like us, by day, they rode, they walk’d,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk’d,
And lovely Stewart smiled like you!
The only different trait is this,
That women 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 be-
neath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show’d wit, and ladies teeth.
As — “Why are husbands like the
Mint?”
Because, forsooth, a husband’s duty
Is just to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

“Why is a garden’s wilder’d maze
Like a young widow, fresh and fair?”
Because it wants some hand to raise
The weeds, which “have no business
there!”

And thus they miss’d, and thus they hit,
And now they struck and now they
parried;
And some lay-in of full-grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.
’Twas one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring,
For breaking grave conundrum rites,
Or punning ill, or—one such thing!

E 2
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 H—thc—te's eye of blue,
To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give,
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's love in H—thc—te live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers!

Let no pedantic fools be there,
For ever be those 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 prose,
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip, that's so scented by roses,
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyment
Which wiser Corinna had 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,
In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels;
Oh! show but that mole on your neck,
And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
When to kiss and to count you endeavour;
But Eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to go through!

And, oh! if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

---

I FOUND her not—the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
And left behind their odious trace!

It felt, as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there.

I saw the veil, which, all the day,
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose;
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose;
And I could trace the hallow'd print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm
As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,
And Love himself had stamp'd the form.

Oh, my sweet mistress, where wert thou?
In pity fly not thus from me;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee.
Finding that, in this cage of fools,  
The wisest sots adorn the schools,  
Took it at once his head Satanic in,  
To grow a great scholastic manikin,—  
A doctor, quite as learn’d and fine as  
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas,  
Lully, Hales Irrefragabilis,  
Or any doctor of the rabble is.  
In languages, the Polyglots,  
Compar’d to him, were Babel sots;  
He chatter’d more than ever Jew did,  
Sanhedrim and Priest included;—  
Priest and holy Sanhedrim  
Were one-and-seventy fools to him.  
But chief the learned demon felt a  
Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,  
That, all for Greek and learning’s glory,  
He nightly tippled “Græco moræ,”  
And never paid a bill or balance  
Except upon the Grecian Kalends:—  
From whence your scholars, when they  
want tick,  
Say, to be Attic’s to be on tick,  
In logics he was quite Ho Panu—  
Knew as much as ever man knew.  
He fought the combat syllogistic  
With so much skill and art eristic,  
That though you were the learn’d Sta-  
girite,  
At once upon the hip he had you right.  
In music, though he had no ears  
Except for that amongst the spheres,  
(Which most of all, ’cause no one heard  
it,)  
Yet aptly he, at sight, could read  
Each tuneful diagram in Bede,  
And find, by Euclid’s corollaria,  
The ratios of a jig or aria.  
But, as for all your warbling Delias,  
Orpheuses and Saint Cecilias,  
He own’d he thought them much sur-  
pass’d  
By that redoubted Hyaloclast  
Who still contrived, by dint of throttle,  
Where’er he went to crack a bottle.  

Likewise to show his mighty know-  
ledge, he,  
On things unknown in physiology,  
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,  
(Like that great little man Albertus,)  
Wherein he show’d the reason why,  
When children first are heard to cry,
If boy the baby chance to be,
He cries O A!—if girl, O E!—
Which are, quoth he, exceeding fair
Respecting their first sinful parents;
"Oh Eve!" exclaimeth little madam,
While little master cries "Oh Adam!"

But 'twas in Optics and Dioptrics,
Our daemon play'd his first and top tricks.
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and clear reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play about a bumper's blaze,
Were by the doctors look'd, in common,
on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon.
He wisely said that the sensorium
Is for the eyes a great emporium,
To which these noted picture-stealers
Send all they can and meet with dealers.
In many an optical proceeding
The brain, he said, show'd great good-breeding.

For instance, when we ogle women
(A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in),
Although the dears are apt to get in a
Strange position on the retina,
Yet instantly the modest brain
Doth set them on their legs again!

Our doctor thus, with "stuff'd sufficiency"
Of all omnigenous omniscience,
Began (as who would not begin
That had, like him, so much within?)
To let it out in books of all sorts;
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts;
Poems, so very deep and sensible
That they are quite incomprehensible.
Prose, which had been at Learning's Fair,
And bought up all the trumpery there,
The tatter'd rags of every vest,
In which the Greeks and Romans drest,
And o'er her figure swoll'n and antic
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
That those who saw what fits she had,
Declared unhappy Prose was mad!
Epics he wrote and scores of rebusses,
All as neat as old Turnebus's;
Eggs and altars, cyclopædias,
Grammars, prayer-books—oh! 'twere tedious,
Did I but tell the half, to follow me:
Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
No—nor the hoary Trismegistus,
(Whose writings all, thank Heaven! have miss'd us,)
E'er fill'd with lumber such a ware-room
As this great "porcus literarum!")
Corruption and Intolerance.

[Under the title of "Corruption and Intolerance: Two Poems: Addressed to an Englishman by an Irishman," Moore issued from the press in 1808, through the hands of James Carpenter of Old Bond Street, a metrical epistle and a satire in verse which proved, not merely then but afterwards, the least successful of all his productions. Printed as a thin pamphlet of sixty-four octavo pages, wrapped in a flimsy violet cover, these effusions dropped like a plummet into the stream, and would long ago, for certain, have been utterly forgotten but that their author has so many other and more valid claims upon the world's remembrance even of his intellectual bagatelles. A second edition of the little brochure appeared, it is true, in 1809, several months having elapsed since the date of its original appearance. The serious tone of the satirist was not adapted to the laughing lips of the persifler. Gravity in no way became his blithe visage. Those who had the most eagerly hung upon his accents as a wit and a lyrist, as a Pasquin and a Troubadour, turned with indifference from him when, as in this instance, he came forward for once masquerading in their midst as a Square-toes and a Sober-sides. Moore himself recognized soon enough—in fact after one other minor failure—the incongruity of his attempt to wield the scorpion scourge of Juvenal.]

CORRUPTION.

AN EPISTLE.

Νυν δ' ἀπανθώστε εἰς αγοράς εκπράται τοὺς αὐτοὺς τοὺς τούτους, ὑψίων αὐτῶν καὶ πειρασμένην Ἐλλάδα. Ταῦτα δ' εστὶ πεπεραταῖ εἰς τις εὐθύς τετυμουσα παλαιολογία, των αἰενεχόμενων μισών, ἄν τοις τοῖς εἰσερχομένων τοῖς τῶν εἰς ἐπιστήμην ταλάντα, ὡς ἐκ τοῦ δυσμοῦ ἐρημίαν.

DEMOSTH. Philipp. iii.

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 Wh—tel—cke's sword and H—wk—sb'ry's tongue!

Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle
Where Honour mourns and Freedom fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame is known
But by the shadow o'er our fortunes thrown;
Where, doom'd ourselves to nought but wrongs and slights,
We hear you boast of Britain's glorious rights,
As wretched slaves, that under hatches lie,
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky!
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts;
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.
Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
Which hears no news but W—rd's gazetted lies,
And loves no politics in rhyme but Pye's—
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 ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speaking lords,—
Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she look'd for life, her deadly 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, to enrich the throne;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With Bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,
Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man!
But Luther's schism had too much rous'd mankind
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind;
Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like kings escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now),
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments fell:
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleur-de-lys, 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 passive, prone obedience—then took flight
All sense of man's true dignity and right;
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
That Freedom's watch-voice call'd almost in vain.
Oh England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty!
How nobly high, in that propitious hour,
Might patriot hands have raised the triple tower
Of British freedom, on a rock divine
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine!
But, no—the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man:
The curse of jalling tongues again was given
To thwart a work which raised men nearer heaven,
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,
The hour was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile!
Hence all the ills you suffer,—hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,
Whose links, around you by the Norman fung,
Though loosed and broke so often, still have clung.
Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
Whose silent courtship wins secure joys,
Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.
While parliaments, no more those sacred things
Which make and rule the destiny of kings,
Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
And each new set of sharpers cog their own.
Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,
Drips smooth o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
Giving the old machine such pliant play,
That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,
While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;
And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
The sums that bribe their liberties away,—
Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!
But soft! methinks I hear thee proudly say,
"What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
That dares, with Tory licence, to profane
The bright bequests of William's glorious reign?
Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
Whom H—wk—sb'ry quotes and savoury B—rch admires,

Be slander'd thus? Shall honest St—le agree
With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,
Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
Of wise state-poets waste their words in air,
And P—e unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
And C—nn—ng take 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 hath fled!
When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's heights,
Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to death
Each noble name they blasted with their breath,—
Even then, (in mockery of that golden time,
When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
And her proud sons, diffused from zone to zone,
Gave kings to every nation but their own,) Even then the senate and the tribunes stood,
Insulting marks, to show how high the flood
Of Freedom flow'd, in glory's by-gone day,
And how it ebb'd,—for ever ebb'd away!

Look but around—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts our sleep nor glitters o'er our board,
Though blood be better drawn, by modern quacks,
With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe;
Yet say, could even a prostrate tribune's power
Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,
Insult so much the claims, the rights of
man,
As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged
slaves;—
That party-colour’d mass, which nought
can warm
But rank corruption’s heat—whose quick-
en’d swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery’s
golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and
die;—
That greedy vampire, which from Free-
dom’s tomb
Comes forth, with all the mimicry of
bloom
Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and
drains
A people’s blood to feed its putrid veins!

Thou start’st, my friend, at picture
drawn so dark—
“Is there no light?” thou ask’st—“no
ling’ring spark
Of ancient fire to warm us? Lives there
none
To act a Marvell’s part?”—alas! not one.
To place and power all public spirit
tends,
In place and power all public spirit
ends;
Like hardy plants, that love the air and
sky,
When out, ’twill thrive—but taken in,
’twill die!

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom
hung
From Sidney’s pen or burn’d on Fox’s
tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market
night,
While yet their conscience, as their purse,
is light,
While debts at home excite their care for
those’
Which, dire to tell, their much-loved
country owes.
And loud and upright, till their prize be
known,
They thwart the King’s supplies to raise
their own;

But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their
hum—
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow
dumb.
And, though most base is he who, ‘neath
the shade
Of Freedom’s ensign plies corruption’s
trade,
And makes the sacred flag he dares to
show
His passport to the market of her foe,
Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
Are Freedom’s grave old anthems to my
ear,
That I enjoy them, though by traitors
sung,
And reverence Scripture even from
Satan’s tongue.
Nay, when the constitution has expired,
I’ll have such men, like Irish wakers,
hired
To chant old ‘Habeas Corpus’ by its
side,
And ask, in purchased ditties, why it died?

See yon smooth lord, whom nature’s
plastic pains
Would seem to’ve fashion’d for those
Eastern reigns
When eunuchs flourish’d, and such nerve-
less things
As men rejected were the chosen of
Kings;—
Even he, forsooth, (oh fraud, of all the
worst!)
Dared to assume the patriot’s name at
first—
Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes;
Thus devils, when first raised, take
pleasing shapes.
But oh, poor Ireland! if revenge be
sweet
For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
And with’ring insult—for the Union
thrown
Into thy bitter cup, when that alone
Of slavery’s draught was wanting—if for
this
Revenge be sweet, thou hast that demon’s
bliss;
For, sure, ’tis more than hell’s revenge to
see
That England trusts the men who’ve
ruin’d thee;—
CORRUPTION.

That, in these awful days, when every hour
Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
When proud Napoleon, like th’ enchanted shield
Whose light compell’d each wond’ring foe to yield,
With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
And dazzles Europe into slavery,—
That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
When Mind should rule, and—Fox should not have died,
All that devoted England can oppose
To enemies made fiends and friends made foes,
Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
Of that unpitying power, whose whips and chains
Drove Ireland first to turn, with harlot glance,
Tow’nds other shores, and woo th’ embrace of France;—
Those hack’d and tainted tools, so foully fit
For the grand artisan of mischief, P—tt,
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,
Oh England! sinking England! boast no more.

—o—

INTOLERANCE,

A SATIRE.

“This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth.”

ADDISON, Freeholder, No. 37.

START not, my friend, nor think the Muse will stain
Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls, decrees, and all those thun-
d’ring scrolls,
Which took such freedom once with royal souls,

When heaven was yet the Pope’s exclusive trade,
And kings were damn’d as fast as now they’re made.
No, no—let D—gen—n search the papal chair
For fragrant treasures long forgotten there;
And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
Let sallow P—rc—v—I snuff up the gale
Which wizard D—gen—n’s gather’d sweets exhale.
Enough for me, whose heart has learn’d to scorn
Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
Who loathe the venom, whence so’er it springs,
From popes or lawyers, pastry-cooks or kings,—
Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
As C—nn—ng vapours, or as France succeeds,
As H—wk—sb’ry prose, or as Ireland bleeds!

And thou, my friend, if, in these head-
long days,
When bigot Zeal her drunken antics plays
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on and shudder while they smile—
If, in such fearful days, thou’lt dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in vain,
While G—ff—rd’s tongue and M—s—gr—ve’s pen remain—
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
Whose wrongs, though blazon’d o’er the world they be,
Placemen alone are privileged not to see—
Oh! turn awhile, and, though the sham-
rock wreathes
My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
Of Ireland’s slavery, and of Ireland’s woes,
Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
Emblem’d in hate and canonized by scorn.
When C—stl—r—gh, in sleep still more profound
Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,
Shall wait th’ impeachment of that awful day
Which even his practised hand can’t bribe away.

Yes, my dear friend, wert thou but near me now,
To see how Spring lights up on Erin’s brow
Smiles that shine out unconquerably fair,
Even through the blood-marks left by C—md—n there,—
Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod
Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
And seems by all but watchful France forgot,—
Thy heart would burn—yes, even thy Pittite heart
Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
Of the world’s garden, rich in nature’s charms,
And fill’d with social souls and vigorous arms,
Should be the victim of that canting crew,
So smooth, so godly,—yet so devilish too;
Who, arm’d at once with prayer-books and with 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 next!

Your R—desd—les, P—rc—v—ls, great, glorious Heaven,
If I’m presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
When here I swear, by my soul’s hope of rest,
I’d rather have been born, ere man was blest
With the pure dawn of Revelation’s light,
Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,
And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
And in a convert mourns to lose a prey;
Which grasping human hearts with double hold,—
Like Danae’s lover mixing god and gold,—
Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath
The knave and atheist’s passport into both;
Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
Adds the slave’s suffering to the sinner’s fear,
And, lest he ‘scape hereafter, racks him here!
But no—far other faith, far milder beams
Of heavenly justice warm the Christian’s dreams;
His creed is writ on Mercy’s page above,
By the pure hands of all-atoning Love;
He weeps to see abused Religion twine
Round Tyranny’s coarse brow her wreath divine;
And he, while round him sects and nations raise
To the one God their varying notes of praise,
Blesses each voice, whate’er its tone may be,
That serves to swell the general harmony.

Such was the spirit, gently, grandly bright,
That fill’d, O Fox! thy peaceful soul with light;
While free and specious as that ambient air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,
The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
Embraced the world, and breath'd for all mankind,

Last of the great, farewell!—yet not the last—
Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,
Ierne still one ray of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.
The Sceptic.

As the gay tint, that decks the vernal rose,
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows;
As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides
Not in the wine, but in our taste resides;
So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare
That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair,
'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies;
For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear
As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here;
And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome
Would rank good Marco with the damn'd at Rome.

There's no deformity so vile, so base,
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace;
No foul reproach, that may not steal a beam
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem.
Ask, who is wise?—you'll find the selfsame man
A sage in France, a madman in Japan;
And here some head beneath a mitre swells,
Which there had tingled to a cap and bells;
Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,
Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,
Where C—stl—r—gh would for a patriot pass,
And mouthing M—ve scarce be deem'd an ass!
"List not to reason (Epicurus cries),
But trust the senses, there conviction lies:"

Alas! they judge not by a purer light,
Nor keep their fountains more untinged and bright:
Habit so mars them, that the Russian swain
Will sigh for train-oil, while he sips champagne;
And health so rules them, that a fever’s heat
Would make even Sh—r—d—n think water sweet.

Just as the mind the erring sense believes,
The erring mind, in turn, the sense deceives;
And cold disgust can find but wrinkles there,
Where passion fancies all that’s smooth and fair.
P * * * *, who sees, upon his pillow laid,
A face for which ten thousand pounds were paid,
Can tell, how quick before a jury flies
The spell that mock’d the warm seducer’s eyes.

Self is the medium through which
Judgment’s ray Can seldom pass without being turn’d astray.
The smith of Epheus thought Dian’s shrine,
By which his craft most throve, the most divine;
And ev’n the true faith seems not half so true,
When link’d with one good living as with two.

Had W—lc—t first been pension’d by the throne,
Kings would have suffer’d by his praise alone;
And P—ine perhaps, for something snug per ann.,
Had laugh’d, like W—ll—sley, at all Rights of Man.

But ’tis not only individual minds,—
Whole nations, too, the same delusion blinds.

Thus England, hot from Denmark’s smoking meads,
Turns up her eyes at Gallia’s guilty deeds;
Thus, self-pleased still, the same dishonouring chain
She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain;
While praised at distance, but at home forbid,
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid.

If Grotius be thy guide, shut, shut the book,
In force alone for Laws of Nations look.
Let shipless Danes and whining Yankees dwell
On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,
While C—bb—t’s pirate code alone appears
Sound moral sense to England and Algiers.

Woe to the Sceptic, in these party days,
Who wafts to neither shrine his puffs of praise!
For him no pension pours its annual fruits,
No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots;
Not his the meed that crown’d Don H—kh—m’s rhyme,
Nor sees he e’er, in dreams of future time,
Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,
So dear to Scotchmen’s second-sighted eyes.
Yet who that looks to History’s damning leaf,
Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed to thief,
On either side in lofty shame are seen,
While Freedom’s form hangs crucified between—
Who, b—rd—tt, who such rival rogues can see,
But flies from both to Honesty and thee?

If, weary of the world’s bewild’ring maze,
Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways,
One flower of truth, the busy crowd we
shun,
And to the shades of tranquil learning
run,
How many a doubt pursues! how oft we
sigh,
When histories charm, to think that his-
tories lie!
That all are grave romances, at the best,
And M—sgr,—ve's but more clumsy than
the rest.
By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
We fancy Charles was just and Strafford
mild;
And Fox himself, with party pencil,
draws
Monmouth a hero, "for the good old'
cause!"
Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are
defeats,
As French or English pride the tale re-
peats;
And, when they tell Corunna's story o'er,
They'll disagree in all, but honouring
Moore:
Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts,
May cite perhaps the Park-guns' gay re-
ports,
To prove that England triumph'd on the
morn
Which found her Junot's jest and
Europe's scorn.

In Science, too—how many a system,
raised
Like Neva's icy domes, awhile hath
blazed
With lights of fancy and with forms of
pride,
Then, melting, mingled with the oblivious
tide!
Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky,
Now Newton puts the paltry planet by;
Now whims revive beneath Descartes'
pen,
Which now, assail'd by Locke's, expire
again.
And when, perhaps, in pride of chemic
powers,
We think the keys of Nature's kingdom
ours,
Some Davy's magic touch the dream un-
settles,
And turns at once our alkalies to metals.

Or, should we roam, in metaphysic
maze,
Through fair-built theories of former
days,
Some Dr—mm—d from the north, more
ably skill'd,
Like other Goths, to ruin than to build,
Tramples triumphant through our fanes
o'erthrown,
Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his
own.

Oh Learning, whatsoe'er thy pomp and
boast,
Uwletter'd minds have taught and charm'd
men most,
The rude, unread Columbus was our
guide
To worlds, which learn'd Lactantius had
denied;
And one wild Shakspeare, following
Nature's lights,
Is worth whole planets, fill'd with Stagy-
rites.

See grave Theology, when once she
strays
From Revelation's path, what tricks she
plays;
What various heav'n's,—all fit for bards
to sing,—
Have churchmen dream'd, from Papias
down to King!
While hell itself, in India nought but
smoke,
In Spain's a furnace, and in France—a
joke.

Hail, modest Ignorance, thou goal and
prize,
Thou last, best knowledge of the simply
wise!
Hail, humble Doubt, when error's waves
are past,
How sweet to reach thy shelter'd port at
last,
And, there, by changing skies nor lured
nor awed,
Smile at the battling winds that roar
abroad.
There gentle Charity, who knows how
frail
The bark of Virtue, even in summer's
gale,
Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows
For all who wander, whether friends or foes.
There Faith retires, and keeps her white sail furl'd,
Till call'd to spread it for a better world;
While Patience, watching on the weedy shore,
And mutely waiting till the storm be o'er,
Oft turns to Hope, who still directs her eye
To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky!
Such are the mild, the blest associates given
To him who doubts,—and trusts in nought but Heaven!
The Twopenny Post-bag.

[Under the title of "Intercepted Letters," or the "Twopenny Post-bag," by Thomas Brown the younger, Moore issued from the press, in the early part of 1813, through the hands of S. Carr, of 56, Paternoster Row, a small octavo of 124 pages, consisting, for the most part, of eight rhymed epistles. These purposed to be selections from the contents of a bag dropped, about two months previously, by a Twopenny Postman. The motto from Ovid inscribed upon the title-page was, not infelicitously, "Elapsae manibus cecidere tabellae." Writing, again, under the half-mask of a pseudonym, the Author affected, in his preface, the diffidence of a beginner, facetiously intimating that this was the first time his Muse had ventured out of the go-cart of a newspaper, and observing, that though he felt all a parent's delight at seeing little miss go alone, he was also not without a parent's anxiety lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment. The book was eked out, even to the extent of its modest dimensions, by the addition to the eight epistles of nineteen jeux d'esprit, reprinted from the periodicals. These trifles, besides, were supplemented by an appendix, which set forth, in the first place, some ribald verses, purporting to be excerpts from the translation of a supposititious poem in Latin heroics by Pope Joan, and, in the second place, of a laughter-provoking extravaganza about Lord Eldon and the Prince Regent's Whiskers. The dedicatory pages, it may be interesting to remark here, were dated by the Author on the 4th of March, 1813, from 245, Piccadilly.]

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LETTER I.

FROM THE PR—NC—SS CH——E OF W——S TO THE LADY B—RB—A ASHL—Y.

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your Ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date),
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

Lord Eld—n first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his King—that a Popish young lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)

Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden Ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks!

Off at once to Papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For Papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him too right—
"Pretty doings are here, sir," he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise;
"'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
To ride over your most Royal Highness rough-shod—
Excuse, sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's source—
Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a Horse,
But for us to be ruin'd by Ponies still worse!"
Quick a Council is call'd—a whole Cabinet sits—
The Archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
That if vile Popish Ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.
The Doctor and he, the devout Man of Leather,
V—ns—tt—t, now laying their Saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young abominations
Are clearly foretold in Chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!
Lord H—rr—by, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these sad creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, there, always sure of protection.
"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 game-soneness 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, nem. con.,
And my Lord C—stl—r—gh, having so often shone
In the fettering line, is to buckle them on.
I shall drive to your door in these Vetos, some day,
But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away
To go see my Mamma, as I'm suffer'd 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—NC—S L—CKIE, ESQ.
Dear sir, I've just had time to look
Into your very learned book,
Wherein—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne'er 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 shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All that can well be understood
In this said book is vastly good;
And, as to what's incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn 'tis full as sensible.

But—to your work's immortal credit—
The P——e, good sir, the P——e, has read it;
(The only book, himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs. Clarke's,)
Last Levee-morn he look'd it through,
During that awful hour or two
Of grave tonsorial preparation,
Which, to a fond, admiring nation,
Sends forth, announced by trump and drum,
Thebest-wigg'd P——e in Christendom!

He thinks with you, th' imagination
Of partnership in legislation
Could only enter in the nodules
Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
Whose heads on firms are running so,
They e'en must have a King and Co.
And hence, too, eloquently show 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 scoundrels, C—st!—
r—gh!"
Or—"Hang me up those Papists,
Eld—n?"
And 'twill be done—ay, faith, and well done.

With view to which, I've his command
To beg, sir, from your travell'd hand
(Round which the foreign graces swarm)
A plan of radical Reform;
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—rt—wr—ght;

Else, though the P——e be long in rigging,
'Twould 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—r 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 dulimans and pouches,
With sashes, turbans, and pamoutches,
(While Y—rm—th's sketching out a plan
Of new Moustaches à l'Ottomane,
And all things fitting and expedient
To turkify our gracious R—g—nt!
You, therefore, have no time to waste—
So, send your System.—

Yours, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.
Before I send this scrawl away,
I seize a moment, just to say
There's some parts of the Turkish system
So vulgar, 'twere as well you miss'd 'em.
For instance—in Seraglio matters—
Your Turk, whom girlish fondness flatters,
Would fill his haram (tasteless fool!)
With tittering, red-cheek'd things from school;
But here (as in that fairy land,
Where Love and Age went hand in hand;
Where lips, till sixty, shed no honey,
And grandams were worth any money)
Our Sultan has much riper notions;
So, let your list of she-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reach'd the regulation-age;
That is—as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.
This rule's for favorites—nothing more—
For, as to wives, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly without them,
Need never care one curse about them!
More good things were eaten than said—but Tom T—rrh—t
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—"I'll now try the beef"
Tommy whisper'd him (giving his Lordship a sly hit)
"I fear 'twill be hung-beef, my Lord, if YOU try it!"

And C—md—n was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh, dish well-devised!
Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, "a calf's-head surprised!"
The brains were near——! and once they'd been fine,
But, of late, they had lain so long soaking in wine,
That, however we still might, in courtesy, call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, "the venial delights of Crim. Con."
At which H—d—t with warm reminiscences gloated,
And E—b'r—h chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've, any time, honour'd by kissing their dears:
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—d—t gave M—y, and I gave ——.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—
We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J—c

THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG.
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night was not once in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are airing,
And M—c has a sly dose of jalap preparing
For poor T—mmy T—rr—t at breakfast to quaff—
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—mmy, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

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LETTER IV.
FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N,
TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR J—HN N—CH—L.
Dublin.

LAST week, dear N—ch—l, making merry
At dinner with our Secretary,
When all were drunk, or pretty near
(The time for doing business here),
Says he to me, "Sweet Bully Bottom!
These Papist dogs—hiccup—'d rot 'em!
Deserve to be bespatter'd—hiccup—
With all the dirt e'en you can pick up—
But, as the P—e—(here's to him—)
fill—
Hip, hip, hurra!—is trying still
To humbug them with kind professions,
And, as you deal in strong expressions—
'Rogue' 'traitor'—hiccup—and all that—
You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat!—
You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat."—

Yes—"muzzled" was the word, Sir John—
These fools have clapp'd a muzzle on
The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er
With slaver of the times of yore!—
Was it for this that back I went
As far as Lateran and Trent,
To prove that they, who damn'd us then,
Ought now, in turn, be damn'd again?

The silent victim still to sit
Of Gr—tt—n's fire and C—nn—g's wit,
To hear e'en noisy M—th—w gabble on,
Nor mention once the W—e of Babylon?
Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What courtier, saint, or even bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis thou, Sir John—
Thou—who, like me, art dubb'd Right Hon.,
Like me, too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom then but to thee, my friend,
Should Patrick his portfolio send?
Take it—'tis thine—his learn'd portfolio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman—
Of Doctrines, now believed by no man—
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that, since the world's creation,
Your priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning)
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long proved perhaps)
That, mad as Christians used to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's lots of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!

Farewell—I send with this, dear N—ch—l!
A rod or two I've had in pickle
Wherewith to trim old Gr—tt—n's jacket.—
The rest shall go by Monday's packet.

P. D.

Among the inclosures in the foregoing Letter was the following "Unanswerable Argument against the Papists."

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration.—
(Vide Lactantium ap. Gallæum—
_i.e._, you need not _read_ but _see_ 'em)
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'Finns,
O'Fagans,
Connors, and Tooles, all downright Pagans!
This fact's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad, salutous fellows—
No—no—the man, baptized with spittle,
Hath no truth in him—not a tittle!

LETTER V.
FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C—— TO LADY ———.

My dear Lady ———! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little rout—
(By the bye, 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,
The "three maiden Miseries," all in a fright!
Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,
Supervisor of thieves, and chief usher of ghosts!)

But, my dear Lady ———! can't you hit on some notion,
At least for one night to set London in motion?—
As to having the R—g—nt, that show is gone by—
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)

The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whispering in doorways;
Which—considering, you know, dear, the size of the two—
Make's a block that one's company can not get through,
And a house such as mine is, with doorways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
(Apropos, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I hope,
That Napoleon's old Mother's to marry the Pope,—
What a comical pair!)—but, to stick to my rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan, arrived?
No Plenipo Pacha, three-tail'd and ten-wived?
No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of Fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When—provided their wigs were but decently black—
A few patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But—whether the Ministers paw'd them too much—
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
Or whether Lord G—rge (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's peninsular rage,
And the only stray patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V—— n's or Lord L—— r—— p—l's!
But, in short, my dear, names like Wintzschítstopschinzoekhoff
Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—
So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
If he brings the whole alphabet, so much the better.
And—Lord! if he would but, in character, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up!
Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
Little Gunter has brought me the liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the bye, have you found any friend that can construe
That Latin account, 'tother day, of a Monster?
If we can't get a Russian, and that thing in Latin
Be not too improper, I think I'll bring that in.

—0—

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH, IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN, IN ISPAHAN.

WHILST thou, Mohassan, (happy thou !)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King—our Asia's treasure!
Nutmeg of Comfort! Rose of Pleasure—
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses:
Thy head still near the bowstring's borders,
And but left on till further orders!—
Through London streets, with turban fair,
And caftan, floating to the air,
I saunter on—the admiration
Of this short-coated population—
This sew'd-up race—this button'd nation—
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches!

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans fetter
(They're Christians, and they know no better),
In some things they're a thinking nation—
And, on Religious Toleration,
I own I like their notions quite,
They are so Persian and so right!
You know our Sunnites, hateful dogs!
Whom every pious Shiite flogs
Or longs to flog—'tis true, they pray
To God, but in an ill-bred way,
With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces
Stuck in their right, canonic places!
'Tis true, they worship Ali'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 bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear th' establish'd pea-green slippers!
Then—only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes, they comb their chins—
With many more such deadly sins!
And (what's the worst, though last I rank it)
Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which must, at bottom, be seditious;
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous views,
Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the Government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a day
(According to a form that's set),
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, where'er they meet 'em.
As to the rest, they're free to do
What'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Towards rank or honour, power or profit;
Which things, we naturally expect,
Belong to us, the Establish'd sect,
Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked !)
Th' aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.
The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this button’d nation,
Whose Papists (full as given to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss,
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it when night begins to fall,
And throw it o’er her mother’s wall.

GAZEL.
Rememberest thou the hour we pass’d,
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees, at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and dell,
To camels’ ears the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather, heart to heart,
United live and die—
Like those sweet birds, that fly together,
With feather always touching feather,
Link’d by a hook and eye!

LETTER VII.
FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO. TO
— — — — , ESQ.
Per post, sir, we send your MS.—look’d
it through—
Very sorry—but can’t undertake—
’twouldn’t do.
Clever work, sir!—would get up prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though Statesmen may glory in being unboUGHT,
In an Author, we think, sir, that’s rather a fault.

Hard times, sir,—most books are too dear
to be read—
Though the gold of Good Sense and Wit’s
small change are fled,
Yet the paper we publishers pass, in their stead,
Rises higher each day, and (tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—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 C—rr took to marrying lately,
The trade is in want of a Traveller greatly—
No job, sir, more easy—your Country once plann’d,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your quarto of Travels, sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet’s a thing that
would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is sure to sell well.
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—
The deuce is in’t, sir, if you cannot review!

Should you feel any touch of poetical glow,
We’ve a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt,
you must know
(Who, we’re sorry to say, now works for the Row),
Having quitted the borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long quarto stages, to town;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job’s sure to pay)
Means to do all the gentlemen’s seats on the way.
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)  
To start a fresh poet through Highgate  
to meet him;  
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—  
May do a few villas, before Sc—tt approches—  
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not cursed shabby,  
He’ll reach, without foundering, 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

Temple of the Muses.

Yours, et cetera.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ——, ESQ.

COME to our fête, and bring with thee  
Thy newest, best embroidery!  
Come to our fête, and show again  
That pea-green coat, thou pink-of men!  
Which charm’d all eyes, that last survey’d it;  
When B—’s self inquired “who made it?”—  
When cits came wondering, from the East,  
And thought thee Poet Pye at least!

Oh! come—if haply ’tis thy week  
For looking pale)—with paly cheek;  
Though more we love thy roseate days,  
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze  
Full o’er thy face, and, amply spread,  
Tips e’en thy whisker-tops with red—  
Like the last tints of dying day  
That o’er some darkling grove delay!

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Philander!  
(That lace, like H—rry Al—x—nd—r,  
Too precious to be wash’d!)—thy rings,  
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest things!

Put all thy wardrobe’s glories on,  
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none  
But the great R—g—t’s self alone!

Who—by particular desire—  
For that night only, means to hire  
A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire—  
Something between (’twere sin to hack it)  
The Romeo robe and Hobby jacket!  
Hail, first of actors! best of R—g—ts!  
Born for each other’s fond allegiance!  
Both gay Lotharios—both good dressers—  
Of Serious Farce both learn’d Professors—  
Both circled round, for use or show,  
With cock’s-combs, wheresoe’er they go!

Thou know’st the time, thou man of lore!  
It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—  
Thou know’st the time too, well-a-day!  
It takes to dance that chalk away.  
The ball-room opens—far and nigh  
Comets and suns beneath us lie;  
O’er snowy moons and stars we walk,  
And the floor seems a sky of chalk!  
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,  
When many a maid, with busy feet  
That sparkle in the lustre’s ray,  
O’er the white path shall bound and play  
Like nymphs along the Milky Way!—  
At every step a star is fled,  
And suns grow dim beneath their tread!  
So passeth life—(thus Sc—tt would write,  
And spinsters read him with delight)—  
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,  
Time is not chalk, yet time’s soon gone!

But, hang this long digressive flight!  
I meant to say, thou’lt see, that night,  
What falsehood rankles in their hearts,  
Who say the P—e neglects the arts—  
Neglects the arts!—no St—g! no;  
Thy Cupids answer ’tis not so:”  
And every floor, that night, shall tell  
How quick thou daubest, and how well!  
Shine as thou may’st in French vermillon,  
Thou’rt best—beneath a French cotillion;  
And still com’st off, whate’er thy faults,  
With flying colours in a waltz!  
Nor need’st thou mourn the transient date,  
To thy best works assign’d by fate—
While *some* chef-d'œuvres live to weary one,
*Thine* boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With "Molly, put the kettle on!"

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

This festive fête, in fact, will be
The former fête's *fac-simile*;
The same long masquerade of rooms,
Trick'd in such different, quaint costumes,
(These, *P*-rt-*r*, are thy glorious works!)
You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and Turks,
Bearing good taste some deadly malice,
Had clubb'd to raise a pic-nic palace;
And each, to make the oglio 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—ah! not the same dear fishes—*
Late hours and claret kill'd the old ones!—

So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones
(It being rather hard to raise
Fish of that *specie* now-a-days),
Some Sprats have been, by *Y*-rm—th's wish,
Promoted into *Silver Fish,*
And Gudgeons (so *V*-ns—tt—t told
The *R*-g—t) are as good as *Gold*! 

So, prythee, come—our fête will be
But half a fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.
Songs from M.P.; or, the Blue-Stocking.

[On Monday, the 4th of September, 1811, Moore's only dramatic production was first performed on the boards of the Theatre Royal Lyceum, then known as the English Opera House. It was a comic opera in three acts, entitled "M.P.; or, the Blue-Stocking." The music was announced as composed and selected by the Author of the piece, the overture and the arrangements for the orchestra being by Mr. Horn. Upon the morrow of its representation, the play was issued from the press, in a half-crown octavo of 100 pages, by James Power, of 34, Strand, the musical publisher. Moore, in his Preface, which he dates on the 9th of October, 1811, from Bury Street, St. James's, gives, as his sole reason for consenting to allow the Dialogue to be printed, the pleasure he had felt in presenting the copyright of the words to Mr. Power, as some trifling acknowledgment for the liberality shown by the latter in the purchase of the music. In a footnote to this Preface, it is amusing to find the future Pasquin of Fum the Fourth thus, with the courtliest air, laughing to scorn the imputation of political servility directed against him, with especial reference to this play, by some of the journalists. "This extraordinary charge," quoth he, "was, I believe, founded upon the passage which alludes to the Regent; and if it be, indeed, servility to look up with hope to the Prince as the harbinger of better days to my wronged and insulted country, and to expect that the friend of a Fox and a Moira will also be the friend of Liberty and of Ireland—if this be servility, in common with the great majority of my countrymen, I am proud to say I plead guilty to the charge." As for the literary value of the piece, the author pretty accurately appraised that in the very first sentence of his Preface, where he spoke of it as "among those light summer productions which are laughed at for a season, and then forgotten." Its fate was little better than that of Mr. H., seeing that it was all but damned. It roused for the time a storm of angry controversy in the newspapers. Writing about it three years afterwards, on the 23rd of November, 1814, to his friend Dalton, Moore says he strongly suspects himself to have very little aptitude or ability for anything relating to the drama, feeling sure that in any case he should always fail in a knowledge of stage effect. The original caste of the play, as a matter of dramatic interest, is here subjoined.]

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

<table>
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Peasants, &c. &c.
SONG.

SUSAN.

YOUNG Love lived once in a humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And raised the latch, where the young god lay;
"Oh ho!" said Love—"is it you? good-by;"
So he oped the window, and fled away!

—0—

TRIO.

MISS HARTINGTON, SUSAN, AND DE ROSIER.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won.
This is love, faithless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchill'd, unmoved,
To love, in wintry age, the same
As first in youth we loved,

To feel that we adore,
Ev'n to such fond excess,
That, though the heart would break, with more,
It could not live with less.
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

—0—

SONG.

HENRY DE ROSIER.

SPIRIT of Joy, thy altar lies
In youthful hearts that hope like mine;
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes,
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known;
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That Bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brighest joys we seek,
Are lost, when touch'd, and turn'd to pain;
The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain,
But give me, give me, &c.

—0—

SONG.

MISS HARTINGTON.

WHEN Leila touch'd the lute,
Not then alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.
Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh?

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

—o—

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 awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

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

—o—

Oth 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
Have power at those moments to rouse him.

But though he was sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
Even then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of Glory would wake him.

—o—

CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A LOTTERY, a Lottery,
In Cupid's court there used to be;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery;
And kisses, too,
As good as new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.

A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery;
For hearts, we're told,
In shares he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
In sixteen parts,
So well each thought the whole his own.
Chor.—A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

—o—

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 said the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh thou who art born in the cot of the peasant,
But diest of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present—
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.
Farewell to the land where in childhood
I 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 meet'st 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'er-casting,
But proudly he smiled, as if gay and un-moved,
Though the wound in his heart was deep and lasting.
And often at night, when the tempest roll'd,
He sung, as he paced the dark deck over—
"Blow wind, blow! thou 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 sank 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 un-subdued,
He sung, as if sorrow had placed him above her—
"Frown, Fate, frown! thou art not so rude
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover."

At length his career found a close in death,
The close he long wish'd to his cheerful 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 deceived her lover."

WHEN life looks lone and dreary,
What light can dispel the gloom?
When Time's swift wing grows weary,
What charm can refresh his plume?
'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth
O'er all that we feel or see;
And if man of heav'n e'er dreameth,
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
Oh, woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory,
Too dearly the meed they gain;
Let patriots live in story—
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,
Oh, woman!

MR. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking thus, and the other down so!
In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice,
For one half was B, alt, and the rest G, below.
Oh! oh! Orator Puff!
One voice for one orator's surely enough.
But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say
My voice is for war, ask'd him, which of them, pray?
Oh! oh! &c.
Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripp'd near a sawpit, and tumbled right in,
"Sinking Fund" the last words as his noddle came down.
Oh! oh! &c.

Dear aunt, in the olden time of love,
When women like slaves were spurn'd,
A maid gave her heart, as she would her glove,
To be teased by a fop, and return'd!
But women grow wiser as men improve,
And, though beaus like monkeys amuse us,
Oh! think not we'd give such a delicate gem
As the heart, to be play'd with, or sullied by them;
No, dearest aunt! excuse us.

We may know, by the head on Cupid's seal,
What impression the heart will take;
If shallow the head, oh! soon we feel
What a poor impression 'twill make!
Though plagued, Heaven knows! by the foolish zeal
Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
Oh, think not I'd follow their desperate rule,
Who get rid of the folly, by wedding the fool;
No, dearest aunt! excuse us.

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are 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 the number
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid.
Irish Melodies.

[At eighteen, according to his own statement, Moore first awakened to the beauties of the national music of Ireland. Mr. Bunting's book then, in 1797, directed his attention to the peculiar, and in many respects, surpassing excellence of those native melodies. It was like the revelation, to him, of a new, and, until that moment, an unimagined sense. Thenceforth, at every opportunity, his hands were upon the keyboard of a piano, while his newly-kindled passion for song was heightened in a remarkable way by the sympathetic enthusiasm of one or two among his personal intimates. Robert Emmet, especially, would often sit by the instrument, listening with keen delight to the younger stripling's performance, the latter having already acquired considerable facility of improvisation. Upon one of these occasions, when Moore had been pouring his whole soul into the impassioned tune of "Red Fox," familiar to all now from its association with the rapturous melody, "Let Erin remember the Days of Old," Emmet, starting abruptly, as if from a reverie, leaped to his feet, exclaiming, "O! that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!" Ten years' practice for Moore, as a song writer, as a singer, and as a performer, rendered him, in those three characters to so rare a degree a proficient, that his capacity, as the interpreter of his own Muse, came at last to be recognized on all hands, not merely as exceptional, but as consummate. The happy idea then occurred to Mr. James Power, the musical publisher, that Moore should adapt words to the choicest of those delicious native melodies which had been hitherto, as it were, vaguely afloat in the atmosphere. The poet at once heartily entered into the project, which, under his direct inspiration, was gradually and, from first to last, triumphantly accomplished. The work appeared in twelve folio numbers, each, at a cost to subscribers, of 15s., and each containing twelve melodies. The first instalment appeared in 1807, the last in 1834. Its title-page announced it to be "A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and Characteristic Words by Thomas Moore, Esq." It was further announced as "Printed and Sold at J. Power's Music and Instrument Warehouse, 34, Strand, and at W. Power's Music Warehouse, 4, Westmoreland Street, Dublin." The Melodies have since then been published in countless editions, while the words have been translated into nearly all the civilized languages. Nicholas Torre's Latin version of them was published in 1835, on the very morrow of their completion, under the title of "Cantus Hibernici." They were reproduced in Italian, the year afterwards, at Turin by G. Flechia, and at Milan by Adele Custì. Two French translations of the work appeared at Paris, one of them in 1823, by Madame Belloc, and the other in 1829 by Loeve Viemars. Kozlof, the northern poet, turned many of them into Russian, Maclise, in a wonderful edition de luxe, squandered upon them the loveliest embellishments, drawings, alternately ideal and realistic, not unworthy of the genius of that past master among our Royal Academicians. The concluding number of the original folio issue of the work was inscribed to the Marchioness of Headfort, under date Sloperton Cottage, May, 1834; but the Melodies in their entirety were, it should be borne in mind, inscribed to another Marchioness, as will be seen immediately from the subjoined dedication.]

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

It is now many years since, in a Letter prefixed to the Third Number of the Irish Melodies, I had the pleasure of inscribing the Poems of that work to your Ladyship, as to one whose character...
reflected honour on the country to which they relate, and whose friendship had long been the pride and happiness of their Author. With the same feelings of affection and respect, confirmed if not increased by the experience of every succeeding year, I now place those Poems in their present new form under your protection, and am,

With perfect sincerity,
Your Ladyship's ever attached Friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposeth
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory 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 resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.
IRISH MELODIES.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head,
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was 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.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet; 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,
Though 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?

—0—

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS
ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now:
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile
of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
No;—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
And the heart that is soonest awake to
the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile:—
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may 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 deceived.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer
shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine
our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

—0—

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE
OF ERIN WITH SORROW I
SEE.

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 make my climate wherever we roam.
To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Cousin, and think the rough wind
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 tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."—P. 133.
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;  
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond  
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,  
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?  
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,  
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,  
No son of Erin will offer me harm:  
For, though they love women and golden store,  
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile  
In safety lighted her round the green isle;  
And blest for ever is she who relied  
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,  
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.

"Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,  
Unholy bark, ere morning smile;  
For on thy deck, though dark it be,  
A female form I see;"
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

THE LADY.

"O Father! send not hence my bark,
Through wintry winds and billows dark;
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morn and evening prayer:
Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint!
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd;
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

---o---

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave t'ward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

---o---

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
Pure as even you require;
But oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
'Twards you and home;
Fancy may trace some line
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell through what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light
Guiding my way.

---o---

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear!
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape bor-row,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall,
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.
IRISH MELODIES.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflown, To grace your revel when I'm at rest; Never, oh! never its balm bestowing On lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd,

But when some warm devoted lover To her he adores shall bathe its brim, Then, then my spirit around shall hover, And hallow each drop that foams for him.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried! How oft has death united Bright links that Glory wove, Sweet bonds entwined by Love! Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth; Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth; Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

We're fallen upon gloomy days! Star after star decays, Every bright name that shed Light o'er the land is fled. Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth; But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights— Thou, of the Hundred Fights! Thou, on whose burning tongue Truth, peace, and freedom hung! Both mute,—but long as valour shineth, Or mercy's soul at war repineth, So long shall Erin's pride Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest; And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, We may order our wings, and be off to the west;

But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies, We never need leave our own green isle, For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.

Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd, Through 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 prudery, placed 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 flowers 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, Through 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, Ever smiling beside his faithful oar, Through billows of woe and beams of joy, The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown’d,
Through 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.

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EVELEEN’S BOWER.

Oh! weep for the hour
When to Eveleen’s bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds o’er the maiden’s shame.

The clouds pass’d soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left on Eveleen’s fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway
When the Lord of the Valley cross’d over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow’s tint
Show’d the track of his footsteps to Eveleen’s door.

The next sun’s ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there’s a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen’s fame.

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LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray’d her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl’d,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh’s bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve’s declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

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THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir’s lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl’d?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

---

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment’s a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither’d and stain’d by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill’d from the same bright bowl,
The fool, that would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o’er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree;
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

---

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror’s chain.
O Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o’er the waves of the west;
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory’s breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O’Donnell’s, whose fathers resign’d
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose, which at home they had sigh’d for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain.
Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave,
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn’d when he rose.

ERIN, O ERIN!

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in Kildare’s holy fane,
And burn’d through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown’d on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And though slavery’s cloud o’er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill’d by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter’s cold hour,
Till Spring’s light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Thus Erin, O Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
Hath waked the poet’s sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman’s heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers play’d,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here’s to her who long
Hath waked the poet’s sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty’s door of glass,
When Wit and Wealth once stood,
They ask’d her, “which might pass?”
She answer’d, “he who could.”
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but ’twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here’s to her who long
Hath waked the poet’s sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
The love that seeks a home.
Where wealth 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;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

—o—

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.
Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame,
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame;
The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country!—her pride has gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

—o—

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, too far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my way.
The day had sunk in dim showers, 
But midnight now, with lustre meet, 
Illumed all the pale flowers, 
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek. 
I said (while 
The moon's smile 
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss), 
"The moon looks 
On many brooks, 
The brook can see no moon but this;" 
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run, 
For many a lover looks to thee, 
While oh! I feel there is but one, 
One Mary in the world for me.

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ILL OMENS.

When daylight was yet sleeping under 
the pillow, 
And stars in the heavens still lingering 
shone, 
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from 
her pillow, 
The last time she e'er was to press it 
alone. 
For the youth whom she treasured her 
heart and her soul in, 
Had promised to link the last tie 
before noon; 
And when once the young heart of a 
maid is stolen, 
The maiden herself will steal after it 
soon.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman 
ne'er misses, 
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance 
or two, 
A butterfly, fresh from the night flower's 
kisses, 
Flew over the mirror and shaded her 
view. 
Enraged with the insect for hiding her 
graces, 
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never 
to rise— 
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride 
of our faces, 
For which the soul's innocence too 
often dies."

While she stole through the garden, 
where heart's-ease was growing, 
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its 
night-fallen dew; 
And a rose further on look'd so tempting 
and glowing, 
That, spite of her haste, she must 
gather it too; 
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly 
leaning, 
Her zone flew in two and the heart's-
ease was lost: 
"Ah! this means," said the girl (and 
she sigh'd at its meaning), 
"That love is scarce worth the repose 
it will cost!"

---

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing, 
Herald of to-morrow's strife; 
By that sun, whose light is bringing 
Chains or freedom, death or life— 
Oh! remember life can be 
No charm for him who lives not free! 
Like the day-star in the wave, 
Sinks a hero in his grave, 
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears. 
Happy is he o'er whose decline 
The smiles of home may soothing 
shine, 
And light him down the steep of years— 
But oh! how bless'd they sink to rest, 
Who close their eyes on Victory's 
brust! 
O'er his watch-fire's fading embers 
Now the foeman's cheek turns white, 
When his heart that field remembers, 
Where we tamed his tyrant might! 
Never let him bind again 
A chain, like that we broke from then. 
Hark! the horn of combat calls— 
Ere the golden evening falls, 
May we pledge that horn in triumph 
round! 
Many a heart that now beats high, 
In slumber cold at night shall lie, 
Nor waken even at victory's sound— 
But oh! how bless'd that hero's sleep, 
O'er whom a wondering world shall 
weep!
BEFORE THE BATTLE

"O'er his watch-fire's falling embers,  
Now the foeman's cheek turns white."—P. 140.
AFTER THE BATTLE.

'NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near!
The heart, like a tendril, custom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine in itself, and make closely its own.

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seemed 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 woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.
They slander thee sorely, who say thy
vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek
had look’d less pale,
They say too, so long thou hast worn
those lingering chains;
That deep in thy heart they have printed
their servile stains—
Oh! foul is the slander—no chain could
that soul subdue—
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty
shineth too!

ON MUSIC.

WHEN through 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
Bed of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill’d with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure’s dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music’s breath.

Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship’s balmy words may feign
Love’s are even more false than they;
Oh! ’tis only Music’s strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS
MOMENT SHED.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid
o’er him,
That can tell how beloved was the friend
that’s fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore
him.
’Tis the tear, through 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 lived but to
love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening
bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

’Tis believed that this Harp, which I
now wake for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the
sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright
waters roved,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom
she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her
to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold
tresses to steep,
Till Heaven look’d with pity on true love
so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-
maiden’s form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks
smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully form’d
the light frame;
IRISH MELODIES.

And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.
Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay,
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

— o —

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.

Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
But just when the chain Has ceased to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a 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,—
And thus Erin, my country, though
broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er
will decay;
A spirit which beams through each
suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the
Prince's Day.

---

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in
vain;—
O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

WEEP on—perhaps in after days,
They'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd aisle
Where rest at length the lord and
slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so
vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward
fate,
Your web of discord wove;
And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
You never join'd in love.
But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
And man profaned what God had
given,
Till some were heard to curse the shrine
Where others knelt to Heaven."

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LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
Oh, my Nora's gowned for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart
In safer slumber Love repose—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

---

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,  
Which flees not with the breath;  
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright  
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,  
Yet humbly, calmly glide,  
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines  
Within their gentle tide, Mary!

So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,  
Thy radiant genius shone,  
And that which charm'd all other eyes  
Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,  
Though ne'er hadst left that sphere;  
Or could we keep the souls we love,  
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!

Though many a gifted mind we meet,  
Though fairest forms we see,  
To live with them is far less sweet  
Than to remember thee, Mary!

Fearless she had track'd his feet,  
To this rocky, wild retreat;  
And, when morning met his view,  
Her mild glances met it too.

Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!  
Sternly from his bed he starts,  
And, with rude, repulsive shock,  
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave  
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!  
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)  
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.

When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"  
Round the Lake light music stole;  
And her ghost was seen to glide,  
Smiling o'er the fatal tide!

---

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

By that Lake whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbles o'er,  
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,  
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.

"Here, at least," he calmly said,  
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."  
Ah! the good Saint little knew  
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—  
Eyes of most unholy blue!  
She had loved him well and long,  
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.

Whereasoe'er the Saint would fly,  
Still he heard her light foot nigh;  
East or west, where'er he turn'd,  
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,  
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;  
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er  
Woman's smile can haunt him there.

But nor earth nor heaven is free  
From her power, if fond she be:  
Even now, while calm he sleeps,  
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

---

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 songs of her dear  
Native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking:—  
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,

How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the 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 beloved island of sorrow.
BY THE RED CLOUD THAT HUNG OVER CONOR'S
DARK DWELLING,
WHEN ULAD'S THREE CHAMPIONS LAY
SLEEPING IN GORE—
BY THE BILLOWS OF WAR, WHICH SO OFTEN,
HIGH SWELLING,
HAVE WAFTED THESE HEROES TO VICTORY'S
SHORE—
WE SWEAR TO REVENGE THEM!—NO JOY SHALL
BE TASTED,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields
shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the mur-
derer's head!
Yes, monarch! though sweet are our
home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from
tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our
hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

—0—

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE
FLOWERET.

He.—What the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close
embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glow-
ing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're
going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
Who will fly when sweets are
gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
If sunny banks will wear away,
'Tis but right that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them while
they may.

—0—

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword
of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna
betray'd—
For every fond eye he hath waken'd a
tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall
weep c'er her blade.

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

"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, O Love!
So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with picy glisten'd,
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely 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 clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep—
Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.

So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage 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 Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of light, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.

Thus many, like me, who in youth should 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 all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

O THE SHAMROCK!

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
   Chosen leaf
   Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!
   Says Valour, "See,
      They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
   Says Love, "No, no,
      For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
   But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
   Chosen leaf
   Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!
   So firmly fond
      May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
   May Love, as twine
      His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
   May Valour ne'er
      His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
   Chosen leaf
   Of Bard and Chief
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

---0---

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breathed, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

---0---

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting!—though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah, never doth time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright,
And now let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish’d, by darting
His beam o’er a deep billow’s brim—
So, fill up, let’s shine at our parting,
In full, liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life’s happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
’Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies ’mid the tears of the cup.

—

’TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

’Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

I’ll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o’er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from Love’s shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither’d,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

—

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm’s lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna’s grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
’Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage’s glass we’ll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

—

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you’ll find him;
His father’s sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
“Land of song!” said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!”

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman’s chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne’er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!”

—

THE SONG OF O’RUARK.

Prince of Breffni.

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o’er me
That sadden’d the joy of my mind.
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe,
that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere
can give.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as
the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first
golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of
the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all
summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the Bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of
light,
And our death come on holy and calm
as the night.

— 0 —

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER
YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome
the hour
That awakens the night-song of mirth in
your bower,
Then think of the friend who once wel-
comed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy
with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may
remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his path-
way of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision
that threw
Its enchantment around him, while
lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure
fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and
each cup,

I look'd for the lamp which, she told
me,
Should shine when her pilgrim re-
turn'd;
But, though darkness began to enfold
me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.
I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead;—
Ah, would it were death, and death
only!
But no, the young false one had fled,
And there hung the lute that could
soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so
often
Now throb'd to a proud rival's kiss.
There was a time, falsest of women!
When Breffini's good sword would have
sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee in
thought!
While now—O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and
slughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.
Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On our side is Virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt.

— 0 —

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

Oh! had we some bright little isle of
our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and
alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-bloom-
ing bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole
year of flowers;

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe,
that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere
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Its enchantment around him, while
lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure
fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and
each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used 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 shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

---

**YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.**

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.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.
They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at the close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
The wind blows cold, and the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, lady," exclaim'd the youth,
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

---

**OH! DOUBT ME NOT.**

Orr! doubt me not—the reason
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.

---

The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

---

Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
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And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
  If thy smiles had left me too;  
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
  If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
  With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
  While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
  Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee,
  Were worth a long, an endless year,
Of waking bliss without thee,
  My own love, my only dear!

And though the hope be gone, love,
  That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
  More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
  Along the path I've yet to roam—
The mind that burns within me,
  And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
  The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
  And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
  By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
  As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
  Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
  'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not.

Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
  Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea,
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
  Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
  Love and liberty’s all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,—
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
  Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

--O--

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
  As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
  That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
  Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
  I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
  Been like our Lagenian mine,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
  All over the surface shine?
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
  Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
  Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
  That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fled,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear:
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half awaking from fearful slumber,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near—
Then came that voice when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!—
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,—
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou'll waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few, who loved thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost for ever;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.
WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

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 hers 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 illumed the whole volume, her
Wellington's name!

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit,
All sparkling
With beams such as break 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 unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-
ways of Fame;—
But oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellin-
ton's name!

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is
Remaining,
The grandest, the purest, even thou
Hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations
Unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds
Of thy own.
At the foot of that throne for whose Neal
Thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled
Thy fame—
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wel-
lington's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOO-
ING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall.
Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouch’d, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck’d to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o’er us,
The friends we’ve tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.
COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here:
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o’ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.
Oh! what was love made for, if ’tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt’s in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
Thou hast call’d me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I’ll be, ’mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

’TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.
’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.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.
I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o’er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o’er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.
’Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o’er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o’er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world,
When Truth, from her fetters indignant starting,
At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl’d.
Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid—
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
Who, at Death’s reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood!
Then vanish’d for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart’s derision,
Shall long be remember’d, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.
And such is the fate of our life’s early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.
Ne’er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night:
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening’s best light.
Oh, who would not welcome that moment’s returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to love’s exquisite flame!

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O’er the brow of Care
Smoothes away a wrinkle.
Wit’s electric flame
Ne’er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O’er the brow of Care
Smoothes 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 brightening,
From the heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.
Wouldest 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.
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,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night’s pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix’d their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet’s shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O’er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O’er the brow of Care
Smoothes away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

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
But so oft hast thou echo’d the deep sigh of sadness,
That even 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:
IRISH MELODIES.

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throb’d at our lay, ’tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

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MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb’ring strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o’er thee broken,
But, like those Harps whose heav’nly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
Thou hang’st upon the willows still.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn’d to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o’er land and sea,
Though joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark’s gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan’s decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom’s strains,
When ev’n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix’d—half flow’rs, half chains?
But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;

How gaily, e’en ‘mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure’s thrill—
Like Memnon’s broken image sounding,
’Mid desolation tuneful still!

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IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh ’tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, ’tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the other, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth;
’Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

When cold in the earth lies the friend
Thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revelations, that taught him true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And though, sometimes, the shades of past folly might rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.
REMEMBER THEE.

REMEMBER thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

WREATH THE BOWL.

Wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd's heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us;
Then, wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd's heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd's heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time,
His glass sublime,
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.
For time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind, 
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights, 
A chill'd or burning heart behind:—
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,  
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,  
Can never shine so bright again.

—0—

IF 'THOU'LT BE MINE.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air, 
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;  
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,  
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet,  
Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,  
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;  
The stars shall look like worlds of love, 
And this earth be all one beautiful dream.  
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,  
Like streams, that come from heavenward hills,  
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie 
To be bathed by those eternal rills,  
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love  
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;  
That heaven, which forms his home above,  
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,  
As thou'lt own,—if thou wilt be mine, love!

TO LADIES' EYES.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy, 
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,  
Though bright eyes so abound, boy,  
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.  
For thick as stars that lighten  
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs, 
The countless eyes that brighten  
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.  
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all! so drink them all!

Some looks there are so holy, 
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,  
As shining beacons, solely,  
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.  
While some—oh! ne'er believe them—  
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,  
Would lead us (God forgive them!)  
The other way, the other way.  
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,  
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,  
But shun the flatt'ring error,  
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.  
Himself has fix'd his dwelling  
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,  
And lips—but this is telling—  
So here they go! so here they go!  
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,  
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,  
We're sure to find Love there, boy,  
So drink them all! so drink them all!

—0—

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before
The face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, though blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

—O—

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.

And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.

But though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.

Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

—O—

G
OH FOR THE SWORDS OF
FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sub-
line,
And tyrants crouch'd before them:
When free yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords, &c. &c.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lent us thus,
Are not his coin, but Pleasure's.

If counting them o'er could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second:
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand, but Pleasure's.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.

But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadows stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand, but Pleasure's.

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they,
Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee.'
Sail on, sail on,—through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more:
The stormiest sea's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

Yes, sad one of Sion, if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.
Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have tones 'mid their mirth, like the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips;
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Drink of this cup; you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it;
Send round the cup—for oh, there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.
Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,
Yet 'tisn't less potent for being unlawful.
And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke
of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue
forbidden—
Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I
could name,
Which may work too its charm, though
as lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh there's a
spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mort-
tality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for
Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is
reality.

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THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-
night,
And I'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever was told, by the new moon's
light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive
me;
Such secrets between you and me and
the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'n be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition,—the image of him
Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

And if to that phantom you'll be kind,
So fondly around you he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference
find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moon-
light,
He'll kneel, with a warmth of devo-
tion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent
sprite
You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may
arise,
As in destiny's book I've not seen
them,
Must only be left to the stars and your
eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

---0---

OH, YE DEAD!

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we
know by the light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though
you move like men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far-off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only
know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your
own, lie dead?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold
and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we
loved on earth are gone;
But still thus ev'n in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth
we wander'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and think we
live once more!

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O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

Of all the fair months, that round the
sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake
lies,
Sweet May, returns to me.
IRISH MELODIES.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, thou're dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his stead for him
Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee;
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

ECHOC.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

OH BANQUET NOT.

Oh banquet not in those shining boweres,
Where Youth resorts, but come to me:
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour;
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, how'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

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SHALL THE HARP, THEN, BE SILENT.

SHALL the Harp, then, be silent, when he who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

No—saint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
Though his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost;

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And for one sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life
But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same,—
Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, 
but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such 
glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 
'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of 
mankind!

SWEET INNISFALLEN.
Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well, 
May calm and sunshine long be thine! 
How fair thou art let others tell,—
To feel how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell 
In memory's dream that sunny smile, 
Which o'er thee on that evening fell, 
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one 
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Through crowded haunts again to run, 
And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come, 
But, on the world's rude ocean tost, 
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home 
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours 
To part from thee, as I do now, 
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers, 
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrival'd still thy grace, 
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest, 
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place 
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee 
A gloom like Eden's, on the day 
He left its shade, when every tree, 
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle! 
And all the lovelier for thy tears—
For though but rare thy sunny smile, 
'Tis heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few, 
But, when indeed they come, divine— 
The brightest light the sun e'er threw 
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

'TWAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.
'Twas one of those dreams, that by 
music are brought, 
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the 
poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bond-age and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle, to Glena's wooded shore.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

Oh forgive, if, while list'ning to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

"Even so, though thy mem'ry should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song."
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
   For oh, not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
   Or charm them to life again.
   Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
   For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
   Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
   That thou shouldst delay to sip.
Shame, oh shame unto thee,
   If ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
   And turn untouch'd away!
   Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
   For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

—o—

AND DO NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends,
   For all the long years I've been wan-d'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
   As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows,
   as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing,
   —what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
   In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yester-day, throng.

As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
   When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
   To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
   And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
   Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
   For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
   To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the more;
They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.
THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled!—and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

"Oh thou, who lov'est the shadow," cried
A voice, low whisper'd by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

"Of all the spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there's none like thee,
And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
Where mortal eye may shun you;
Lie hid—the stain of manly hearts,
That bled for me, is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
As Time too well taught her—
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river—
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.

"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never."

—o—

DESMOND'S SONG.

By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.

Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I crost,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.

Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.

Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

—o—

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.

—0—

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
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No—Man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

---o---

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

They know not my heart, who believe
There stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,
I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because heaven lies there!

---o---

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I wish I was by that dim Lake,
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round;
The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead!
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,
Like willows, downward tow'rd the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd; ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmoved by either joy or woe,
Like freezing fountains, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

---o---

SHE SUNGED OF LOVE.

She sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed, with their soft fire,
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheeks,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if her light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fell'd with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
"Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
And thus, like sunshine, die away?"
SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

SING—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lips his true archery wings;
And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
Then sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
Then sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

SING, SWEET HARP.

SING, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise;—

Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.—
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.
How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by;—
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.—
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.
Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sat listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mould'ring all;—
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free!—
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

THOUGH humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.
And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.
'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
I holds upwards its course to the light which it loves.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

THE WANDERING BARD.

What life like that of the bard can be,—
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that lark, a music brings
Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—
A fount that for ever flows!
The world's to him like some play-ground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight round;—
If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod;
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he!

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found;
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on.—
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
You've only to give them all to him.
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life, beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
Young stars that never die!

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,—
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are given,—
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

——

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

ALONE in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once, where'er we roved—
This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
For ever near them, die away.

Though fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice—where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
No, no,—her spell is vain,—
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here,—
Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps:
I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;
Where summer's wave unmurm'ring dies,
Nor ray can hear the fountain's gush;
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
Like him, the boy, who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
Sits ever thus,—his only song
To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

——

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
Our destined home or grave?"
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
"'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.
Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

THE NIGHT DANCE.

STRIKE the gay harp! see the moon is
on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides
of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft
light of her eye,
Obey the mute call, and heave into
motion.
Then, sound notes—the gayest, the
lightest,
That ever took wing, when heav'n
look'd brightest!
Again! Again!
Oh! could such heart-stirring music be
heard
In that City of Statues, described by
romancers,
So wak'ning its spell, even stone would
be stirr'd,
And statues themselves all start into
dancers!
Why then delay, with such sounds in our
ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own gar-
den before us,—
While stars overhead leave the song of
their spheres,
And list'n'ing to ours, hang wondering
o'er us?
Again, that strain!—to hear it thus sound-
ing
Might set even Death's cold pulses
bounding—
Again! Again!
Oh! what delight when the youthful and
gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot
like a feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours to the music
of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine
together!

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

THERE are sounds of mirth in the night-
air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown;
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say "Come," in every
tone.
Ah! once how light, in Life's young
season,
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;
Nor paused to ask of greybeard Reason
Should I the syren call obey.

And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in
arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his freeborn soul?

Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him
cast,
And,—their laughing eyes, the while,
concealing,—
Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,
Which the gentlest touch at once set
moving,
But all earth's power couldn't cast
from its base.

— o —

OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED
ARRANMORE.

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wander'd young and free.
Full many a path I've tried, since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing;—

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene,—
Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen.
Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
As sunny and as vain!

Lay his sword by his side, it hath served
him too well
Not to rest near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand
ere it fell,
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow-lab'bers in life, let them slumber
in death,
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—
That sword which he loved still unbroke
in its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breathed from his brave heart's remains;—
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"
And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,
"Though the day of your Chieftain
for ever hath set,
O leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—
It hath victory's life in it yet!"

"Should some alien, unworthy such
weapon to wield,
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman
seal'd,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learnt
the proud use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
Then, at Liberty's summons, like light-
ing let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

OH, COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

OH, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay flies that wing through
air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
Such shadows will all be omitted:—
Unless they're like that graceful one,
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
Each spot where it hath flitted!

—o—
THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,
And its Chief, mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
Where his sword hangs idly shining.
When, hark! that shout from the vale without,—
"Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!"
Ev'ry Chief starts up from his foaming cup,
And "To battle, to battle!" is the Finian's cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers,
'Tis like the voice of the Brave, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumber!
Spear to buckler rang, as the minstrels sang,
And the Sun-burst o'er them floated wide;
While rememb'ring the yoke which their fathers bore,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.
With the mingling shock rung cliff and rock;
While, rank on rank, the invaders die:
And the shout, that last o'er the dying pass'd,
Was "Victory! victory!"—the Finian's cry.

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.

The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,
Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then wore;
And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains,
Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou art;
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
Ah, better thou ne'er hadst lived that summit to gain,
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

From this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine:
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.

When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights to spurn;
And if now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, basely turn?

No;—whate'er the fires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now a friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.

And, of those past ages dreaming,
When glory deck'd thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fall'n and clouded now,
Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming,—
None so bright, so blest as thou!
SILENCE, IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

SILENCE is in our festal halls,—
Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
Her minstrel's voice responds no more;—
All silent as th' Eolian shell
Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies:
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lay,
His skilless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last?

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.
National Airs.

[Another collection of songs, not unworthy of being placed in companionship with the Irish Melodies, appeared from the hand of Moore, in 1815, under the title of “National Airs.” Almost every country, except England, as he took occasion to point out in his prefatory Advertisement, possesses an abundance of indigenous melodies, vaguely floating about, as it were, in the atmosphere. These he likened to the half creatures, spoken of by Plato, as wandering about the universe, each in quest of its missing moiety. His ambition in taking possession of them, was to satisfy their want by coupling them with appropriate words and giving them a distinctive appellation. Without restricting his choice, however, to National Melodies, he adapted to his purpose every hitherto unappropriated and really beautiful air, claiming it, as he fantastically expressed it, as an estray swan, with the dying notes of which he enriched his humble Hippocrne. Several of his most celebrated effusions will be found included in this collection. “Flow on, thou Shining River,” derived a rippling cadence that has proved perennial from a melody, until then, popular alone in Portugal. “Those Evening Bells” caught their haunting chime from a far-off tintinnabulation in Russia, to the tune of “The Bells of St. Petersburg.” An Indian air sighed forth tenderly “All that’s Bright must Fade,” and a Scotch one, exquisitely adapted by Sir John Stevenson to some of the loveliest verses Moore ever penned, told in notes, like trickling tears, how “Oft, in the stilly night,” the loved and lost are held in fond remembrance.]

INTRODUCTORY MUSIC.

HAYDN.

There breathes the language, known and felt,
Far as the pure air spreads its living zone,
Wherever rage can rouse or pity melt,
That language of the soul is felt and known.

From those meridian plains
(Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour’d his midnight strains,
And call’d his distant love with such sweet power,
That when she heard the lonely lay,
Not worlds could keep her from his arms away)

To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his reindeer fly,
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
As blithe as if the blessed light
Of vernal 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 realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!
GREEK AIR.

LIST! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While from Illissus' 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 revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return;
When Athens nursed her olive bough
With hands, by tyrant power unchain'd,
And braided for the Muse's brow
A wreath, by tyrant touch unstain'd.
When heroes trod each classic field,
Where coward feet now faintly falter;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar.

FLOURISH OF TRUMPET.

HARK! 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears!—
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier, when that call she hears,
And though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fervour at the sound!
See! from his native hills afar,
The rude Helvetian flies to war,
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!
O Music! here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless wild career,
Thy soul-felt thought 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.

But wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior men!
O War! when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And like heaven's lightning sacredly destroys!
Nor, Music! through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of him who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awakening
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty!

SPANISH AIR.

HARK! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air,
And seems in every note to swear,
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while one Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the Conqueror's glory!
FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Portuguese Air.

FLOW on, thou shining river;
But, ere thou reach the sea,
Seek Ella's bower, and give her
The wreaths I fling o'er thee.
And tell her thus, if she'll be mine,
The current of our lives shall be,
With joys along their course to shine,
Like those sweet flowers on thee.

But if, in wand'ring thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there;
And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Spanish Air.

"A TEMPLE to Friendship," said Laura,
enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden,—the thought
is divine!"
Her temple was built, and she now only
wanted
An image of Friendship to place on
the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who set down
before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could
invent;
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful
adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she
meant.

"Oh! never," she cried, "could I think
of enshrining
An image whose looks are so joyless
and dim;—
But yon little god, upon roses reclining,
We'll make, if you please, sir, a
Friendship of him!"
So the bargain was struck; with the little
god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the
grove:
"Farewell," said the sculptor, "you're
not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship and
took away Love."

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Indian Air.

ALL that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall;—
The flower that drops in springing;—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be bless'd with light, and see
That light for ever flying.
All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest!
SO WARMLY WE MET.

Hungarian Air.

So warmly we met and so fondly we parted,
That which was the sweeter ev’n I could not tell,—
That first look of welcome her sunny eyes darted,
Or that tear of passion, which bless’d our farewell.
To meet was a heaven, and to part thus another,—
Our joy and our sorrow seem’d rivals in bliss;
Oh! Cupid’s two eyes are not liker each other
In smiles and in tears, than that moment to this.
The first was like daybreak, new, sudden, delicious,—
The dawn of a pleasure scarce kindled up yet;
The last like the farewell of daylight, more precious,
More glowing and deep, as ’tis nearer its set.
Our meeting, though happy, was tinged by a sorrow
To think that such happiness could not remain;
While our parting, though sad, gave a hope that to-morrow
Would bring back the bless’d hour of meeting again.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Air—The Bells of St. Petersburg.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.
Those joyous hours are pass’d away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so ’twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

SHOULD THOSE FOND HOPES.

Portuguese Air.

SHOULD those fond hopes e’er forsake thee,
Which now so sweetly thy heart employ;
Should the cold world come to wake thee
From all thy visions of youth and joy;
Should the gay friends, for whom thou wouldst banish
Him who once thought thy young heart his own,
All, like spring birds, falsely vanish,
And leave thy winter unheeded and lone;
Oh! ’tis then that he thou hast slighted
Would come to cheer thee, when all seem’d o’er;
Then the truant, lost and blighted,
Would to his bosom be taken once more.
Like that dear bird we both can remember,
Who left us while summer shone round,
But, when chill’d by bleak December,
On our threshold a welcome still found.

REASON, FOLLY, AND BEAUTY.

Italian Air.

REASON, and Folly, and Beauty, they say,
Went on a party of pleasure one day:
Folly play’d
Around the maid,
The bells of his cap rung merrily out;
While Reason took
To his sermon book—
Oh! which was the pleasanter no one need doubt,
Which was the pleasanter no one need doubt.
Beauty, who likes to be thought very sage,
Turn'd for a moment to Reason's dull page.
Till Folly said,
"Look here, sweet maid!"—
The sight of his cap brought her back to herself;
While Reason read
His leaves of lead,
With no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
No,—no one to mind him, poor sensible elf!
Then Reason grew jealous of Folly's gay cap;
Had he that on, he her heart might entrap—
"There it is,"
Quoth Folly, "old quiz!" (Folly was always good-natured, 'tis said,)
"Under the sun
There's no such fun,
As Reason with my cap and bells on his head,
Reason with my cap and bells on his head!"
But Reason the head-dress so awkwardly wore,
That Beauty now liked him still less than before;
While Folly took
Old Reason's book,
And twisted the leaves in a cap of such ton,
That Beauty vow'd
(Though not aloud),
She lik'd him still better in that than his own,
Yes,—liked him still better in that than his own.

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FARE THEE WELL, THOU LOVELY ONE!
Sicilian Air.

FARE thee well, thou lovely one:
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

---

Thy words, whate'er their flatt'ring spell,
Could scarce have thus deceived;
But eyes that acted truth so well
Were sure to be believed.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

Yet those eyes look constant still,
True as stars they keep their light;
Still those cheeks their pledge fulfil
Of blushing always bright.
'Tis only on thy changeful heart
The blame of falsehood lies;
Love lives in every other part,
But there, alas! he dies.
Then, fare thee well, thou lovely one!
Lovely still, but dear no more;
Once his soul of truth is gone,
Love's sweet life is o'er.

---

DOST THOU REMEMBER.
Portuguese Air.

DOST thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illumed thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us—never, never more to part!

And when I call'd thee by names the dearest
That love could fancy, the fondest, nearest,—
"My life, my only life!" among the rest;
In those sweet accents that still enthral me,
Thou saidst, "Ah! wherefore thy life thus call me?"
Thy soul, thy soul's the name that I love best;
For life soon passes,—but how bless'd to be
That Soul which never, never parts from thee!"

---0---

OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS.

Venetian Air.

Oft, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.
When Mirth's awake, and Love begins,
Beneath that glancing ray,
With sound of lutes and mandolins,
To steal young hearts away.
Then, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

Oh, then's the hour for those who love,
Sweet! like thee and me;
When all's so calm below, above,
In heav'n and o'er the sea.
When maidens sing sweet barcarolles,
And Echo sings again
So sweet, that all with ears and souls
Should love and listen then.
So, come to me when daylight sets;
Sweet! then come to me,
When smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.

---0---

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Scotch Air.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

---0---

HARK! THE VESPER HYMN IS STEALING.

Russian Air.

HARK! the vesper hymn is stealing
O'er the waters soft and clear;
Nearer yet and nearer pealing,
And now bursts upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.
Farther now, now farther stealing,
Soft it fades upon the ear:
Jubilate, Amen.
Now, like moonlight waves retreating
To the shore, it dies along;
Now, like angry surges meeting,
Breaks the mingled tide of song:
Jubilate, Amen.
Hush! again, like waves, retreating
To the shore, it dies along:
Jubilate, Amen.

---0---

LOVE AND HOPE.

Swiss Air.

At morn, beside yon summer sea,
Young Hope and Love reclined;
But scarce had noon-tide come, when he
Into his bark leap'd smilingly,
And left poor Hope behind.
"I go," said Love, "to sail awhile
Across this sunny main;
And then so sweet his parting smile,
That Hope, who never dreamt of guile,
Believed he'd come again.

She linger'd there till evening's beam
Along the waters lay;
And o'er the sands, in thoughtful dream,
Oft traced his name, which still the stream
As often wash'd away.

At length a sail appears in sight,
And tow'rd the maiden moves!
'Tis Wealth that comes, and gay and bright
His golden bark reflects the light,
But ah! it is not Love's.

Another sail—'twas Friendship show'd
Her night-lamp o'er the sea;
And calm the light that lamp bestow'd;
But Love had lights that warmer glow'd,
And where, alas! was he?

Now fast around the sea and shore
Night threw her darkling chain;
The sunny sails were seen no more,
Hope's morning dreams of bliss were o'er—
Love never came again.

---o---

THERE COMES A TIME.

German Air.

THERE comes a time, a dreary time,
To him whose heart hath flown
O'er all the fields of youth's sweet prime,
And made each flower its own.
'Tis when his soul must first renounce
Those dreams so bright, so fond;
Oh! then's the time to die at once,
For life has nought beyond.

When sets the sun on Afric's shore,
That instant all is night;
And so should life at once be o'er,
When Love withdraws his light—
Nor, like our northern day, gleam on
Through twilight's dim delay,
The cold remains of lustre gone,
Of fire long pass'd away.

---o---

MY HARPS HAS ONE UNCHANGING THEME.

Swedish Air.

My harp has one unchanging theme,
One strain that still comes o'er
Its languid chord, as 'twere a dream
Of joy that's now no more.
In vain I try, with livelier air,
To wake the breathing string;
That voice of other times is there,
And saddens all I sing.

Breathe on, breathe on, thou languid strain,
Henceforth be all my own;
Though thou art oft so full of pain,
Few hearts can bear thy tone.
Yet oft thou'rt sweet, as if the sigh,
The breath that Pleasure's wings
Gave out, when last they wanton'd by,
Were still upon thy strings.

---o---

OH, NO—NOT EV'N WHEN FIRST WE LOVED.

Cashmerian Air.

Oh, no—not ev'n when first we loved,
Wert thou as dear as now thou art;
Thy beauty then my senses moved,
But now thy virtues bind my heart.
What was but Passion's sigh before,
Has since been turn'd to Reason's vow;
And, though I then might love thee more,
Trust me, I love thee better now.

Although my heart in earlier youth
Might kindle with more wild desire,
Believe me, it has gain'd in truth
Much more than it has lost in fire.
The flame now warms my inmost core,
That then but sparkled o'er my brow,
And, though I seem'd to love thee more.
Yet, oh, I love thee better now.
PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

Scotch Air.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rov'ist;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.
As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

—0—

COMMON SENSE AND GENIUS.

French Air.

WHILE I touch the string,
Wreathe my brows with laurel,
For the tale I sing
Has, for once, a moral.
Common Sense, one night,
Though not used to gambols,
Went out by moonlight,
With Genius, on his rambles.
While I touch the string, &c.

Common Sense went on,
Many wise things saying;
While the light that shone
Soon set Genius straying.
One his eye ne'er raised
From the path before him;
T'other idly gazed
On each night-cloud o'er him.
While I touch the string, &c.

So they came, at last,
To a shady river;
Common Sense soon pass'd,
Safe, as he doth ever;
While the boy, whose look
Was in heaven that minute,
Never saw the brook,
But tumbled headlong in it!
While I touch the string, &c.

How the Wise One smiled,
When safe o'er the torrent,
At that youth, so wild,
Dripping from the current!
Sense went home to bed;
Genius, left to shiver
On the bank, 'tis said,
Died of that cold river!
While I touch the string, &c.

THEN, FARE THEE WELL.

Old English Air.

THEN, fare thee well, my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above
The pain of parting thus,
Dear Love!
The pain of parting thus.

Had we but known, since first we met,
Some few short hours of bliss,
We might, in numb'ring them, forget
The deep, deep pain of this,
Dear love!
The deep, deep pain of this.

But no, alas, we've never seen
One glimpse of pleasure's ray,
But still there came some cloud between,
And chased it all away,
Dear love!
And chased it all away.

Yet, ev'n could those sad moments last,
Far dearer to my heart
Were hours of grief, together past,
Than years of mirth apart,
Dear love!
Than years of mirth apart.

Farewell! our hope was born in fears,
And nursed 'mid vain regrets;
Like winter suns, it rose in tears,
Like them in tears it sets,
Dear love!
Like them in tears it sets.
GAILY SOUNDS THE CASTA-NET.

Maltese Air.

GAILY sounds the castanet,  
Beating time to bounding feet,  
When, after daylight's golden set,  
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.  
Oh, then, how sweet to move  
Through all that maze of mirth,  
Led by light from eyes we love  
Beyond all eyes on earth.

Then, the joyous banquet spread  
On the cool and fragrant ground,  
With heav'n's bright sparklers overhead,  
And still brighter sparkling round.  
Oh, then, how sweet to say  
Into some loved one's ear,  
Thoughts reserved through many a day  
To be thus whisper'd here.

When the dance and feast are done,  
Arm in arm as home we stray,  
How sweet to see the dawning sun  
O'er her cheek's warm blushes play!  
Then, too, the farewell kiss—  
The words, whose parting tone  
Lingers still in dreams of bliss,  
That haunt young hearts alone.

LOVE IS A HUNTER-BOY

Languedocian Air.

Love is a hunter-boy,  
Who makes young hearts his prey;  
And, in his nets of joy,  
Ensnare them night and day.  
In vain conceal'd they lie—  
Love tracks them everywhere;  
In vain aloft they fly—  
Love shoots them flying there.

But 'tis his joy most sweet,  
At early dawn to trace  
The print of Beauty's feet,  
And give the trembler chase.  
And if, through virgin snow,  
He tracks her footsteps fair,  
How sweet for Love to know  
None went before him there.

COME, CHASE THAT STARTING TEAR AWAY.

French Air.

Come, chase that starting tear away,  
Ere mine to meet it springs;  
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,  
Whate'er to-morrow brings.  
Like sunset gleams, that linger late  
When all is dark'ning fast,  
Are hours like these we snatch from  
Fate—  
The brightest, and the last.  
Then, chase that starting tear, &c.

To gild the deep'ning gloom, if Heaven  
But one bright hour allow,  
Oh, think that one bright hour is given,  
In all its splendour, now.  
Let's live it out—then sink in night,  
Like waves that from the shore  
One minute swell, are touch'd with light,  
Then lost for evermore!  
Come, chase that starting tear, &c.

—0—

JOYS OF YOUTH, HOW FLEETING!

Portuguese Air.

Whisp'ring's, heard by wakeful maids,  
To whom the night-stars guide us;  
Stolen walks through moonlight shades,  
With those we love beside us,  
Hearts beating,  
At meeting;  
Tears starting,  
At parting;  
Oh, sweet youth, how soon it fades!  
Sweet joys of youth, how fleeting!

Wand'ring's far away from home,  
With life all new before us;  
Greetings warm, when home we come,  
From hearts whose prayers watch'd o'er  
us,  
Tears starting,  
At parting;  
Hearts beating,  
At meeting;  
Oh, sweet youth, how lost on some!  
To some, how bright and fleeting!
HEAR ME BUT ONCE.

French Air.

HEAR me but once, while o'er the grave,
In which our Love lies cold and dead,
I count each flatt'ring hope he gave
Of joys, now lost, and charms now fled.

Who could have thought the smile he wore,
When first we met, would fade away?
Or that a chill would e'er come o'er
Those eyes so bright through many a day?

Hear me but once, &c.

WHEN LOVE WAS A CHILD.

Swedish Air.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allured him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath:
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know—and, at his weak years,
What urchin was likely to know?
That Sorrow had made of her own salt tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

SAY, WHAT SHALL BE OUR SPORT TO-DAY?

Sicilian Air.

SAY, what shall be our sport to-day?
There's nothing on earth, in sea, or air,
Too bright, too high, too wild, too gay,
For spirits like mine to dare!
'Tis like the returning bloom
Of those days, alas, gone by,
When I loved, each hour—I scarce knew whom—
And was bless'd—I scarce knew why.

Ay—those were days when life had wings,
And flew, oh, flew so wild a height,
That, like the lark which sunward springs,
'Twas giddy with too much light.
And, though of some plumes bereft,
With that sun, too, nearly set,
I've enough of light and wing still left
For a few gay soarings yet.

BRIGHT BE THY DREAMS.

Welsh Air.

BRIGHT be thy dreams—may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping.
May those by death or seas removed,
The friends, who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All, thou hast ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!

There may the child, whose love lay deepest,
Dearest of all, come while thou sleepest;
Still as she was—no charm forgot—
No lustre lost that life had given;
Or, if changed, but changed to what Thou'lt find her yet in heaven!
GO, THEN—'TIS VAIN.

Sicilian Air.

Go, then—'tis vain to hover
Thus round a hope that's dead;
At length my dream is over;
'Twas sweet—'twas false—'tis fled!
Farewell! since nought it moves thee,
Such truth as mine to see—
Some one, who far less loves thee,
Perhaps more bless'd will be.

Farewell, sweet eyes, whose brightness
New life around me shed;
Farewell, false heart, whose lightness
Now leaves me death instead.
Go, now, those charms surrender
To some new lover's sigh—
One who, though far less tender,
May be more bless'd than I.

-- o --

THE CRYSTAL-HUNTERS.

Swiss Air.

O'ER mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song;
And, when we meet with store of gems,
We grudge not kings their diadems.
O'ER mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While grots and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

Not half so oft the lover dreams
Of sparks from his lady's eyes,
As we of those refreshing gleams
That tell where deep the crystal lies;
Though, next to crystal, we too grant,
That ladies' eyes may most enchant.
O'ER mountains bright, &c.

Sometimes, when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;

And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
O'er mountains bright
With snow and light,
We Crystal-Hunters speed along;
While rocks and caves,
And icy waves,
Each instant echo to our song.

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ROW GENTLY HERE.

Venetian Air.

Row gently here,
My gondolier,
So softly wake the tide,
That not an ear,
On earth, may hear,
But hers to whom we glide.

Had heaven but tongues to speak, as well
As starry eyes to see,
Oh, think what tales 'twould have to tell
Of wandering youths like me!

Now rest thee here,
My gondolier,
Hush, hush, for up I go,
To climb yon light
Balcony's height,
While thou keep'st watch below.

Ah! did we take for heaven above
But half such pains as we
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What Angels we should be!

-- o --

OH, DAYS OF YOUTH.

French Air.

Oh, days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not Memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Telling of joys that yet remain—
No, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.
Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth! that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'Tis not that then no pain could sting me;
'Tis not that now no joys remain;
Oh, 'tis that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

WHEN FIRST THAT SMILE.
Venetian Air.

When first that smile, like sunshine, bless'd my sight,
Oh what a vision then came o'er me!
Long years of love, of calm and pure delight,
Seem'd in that smile to pass before me.
Ne'er did the peasant dream of summer skies,
Of golden fruit, and harvests springing,
With fonder hope than I of those sweet eyes,
And of the joy their light was bringing.

Where now are all those fondly promised hours?
Ah! woman's faith is like her brightness—
Fading as fast as rainbows, or day-flowers,
Or aught that's known for grace and lightness.
Short as the Persian's prayer, at close of day,
Should be each vow of Love's repeating;
Quick let him worship Beauty's precious ray—
Ev'n while he kneels, that ray is fleeting!

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PEACE TO THE SLUMB'RERS!
Catalonian Air.

Peace to the slumb'ers!
They lie on the battle-plain,
With no shroud to cover them;
The dew and the summer rain
Are all that weep over them.
Peace to the slumb'ers!

Vain was their brav'ry—
The fallen oak lies where it lay
Across the wintry river;
But brave hearts, once swept away,
Are gone, alas! for ever.
Vain was their brav'ry!

Woe to the conq'ror!
Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs
Of whom his sword bereft us,
Ere we forget the deep arrears
Of vengeance they have left us!
Woe to the conq'ror!

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WHEN THOU SHALT WANDER.
Sicilian Air.

When thou shalt wander by that sweet light
We used to gaze on so many an eve,
When love was new and hope was bright,
Ere I could doubt, or thou deceive—
Oh, then, rememb'ring how swift went by
Those hours of transport, even thou may'st sigh.

Yes, proud one! even thy heart may own
That love like ours was far too sweet
To be, like summer garments, thrown
Aside, when pass'd the summer's heat;
And wish in vain to know again
Such days, such nights, as bless'd thee then.
WHO'LL BUY MY LOVE-KNOTS?

Portuguese Air.

Hymen, late, his love-knots selling,
Call'd at many a maiden's dwelling,
None could doubt, who saw or knew them,
Hymen's call was welcome to them.
"Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love-knots?"
Soon as that sweet cry resounded,
How his baskets were surrounded!

Maids, who now first dreamt of trying
These gay knots of Hymen's tying;
Dames, who long had sat to watch him
Passing by, but ne'er could catch him;—
"Who'll buy my love-knots?
Who'll buy my love-knots?"
All at that sweet cry assembled;
Some laugh'd, some blush'd, and some trembled.

"Here are knots," said Hymen, taking
Some loose flowers, "of Love's own making;
Here are gold ones—you may trust 'em"—
(These, of course, found ready custom).
"Come, buy my love-knots!
Come, buy my love-knots!
Some are label'd 'Knots to tie men—
Love the maker—Bought of Hymen.'"

Scarc'e their bargains were completed,
When the nymphs all cried, "We're cheated!
See these flowers—they're drooping sadly;
This gold-knot, too, ties but badly—
Who'd buy such love-knots?
Who'd buy such love-knots?
Even this tie, with Love's name round it—
All a sham—He never bound it."

Love, who saw the whole proceeding,
Would have laugh'd, but for good-breeding;
While Old Hymen, who was used to
Cries like that these dames gave loose to—

"Take back our love-knots!
Take back our love-knots!"
Coolly said, "There's no returning
Wares on Hymen's hands—Good Morning!"

SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN.

To an Air sung at Rome, on Christmas Eve.

SEE, the dawn from Heaven is breaking
O'er our sight,
And Earth, from sin awaking,
Hails the light!
See those groups of angels, winging
From the realms above,
On their brows, from Eden, bringing
Wreaths of Hope and Love.

Hark, their hymns of glory pealing
Through the air,
To mortal ears revealing
Who lies there!
In that dwelling, dark and lowly,
Sleeps the Heavenly Son,
He, whose home's above,—the Holy,
Ever Holy One!

NETS AND CAGES.

Swedish Air.

COME, listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth sometimes, like eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers.
Then listen, maids, come listen, while
Your needle's task you ply;
At what I sing there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh.

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none, in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game:
But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,  
While Cloe's nets were taking 
Such lots of Loves, sat still at home,  
One little Love-cage making:  
Come, listen, maids, &c.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task;  
But mark how things went on:  
These light-caught Loves, ere you could ask  
Their name and age, were gone!  
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,  
That, though she charm'd into them new game each hour, the youngest Love was able to break through them.  
Come, listen, maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought  
Of bars too strong to sever,  
One Love with golden pinions caught,  
And caged him there for ever;  
Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,  
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,  
'Tis wiser to make cages.

Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile  
The task your fingers ply,—  
May all who hear like Susan smile,  
And not, like Cloe, sigh!

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WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA.

Venetian Air.

WHEN through the Piazzetta  
Night breathes her cool air,  
Then, dearest Ninetta,  
I'll come to thee there.  
Beneath thy mask shrouded,  
I'll know thee afar,  
As Love knows, though clouded,  
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling  
Some gay gondolier,  
I'll whisper thee, trembling,  
"Our bark, love, is near:  
Now, now, while there hover  
Those clouds o'er the moon,  
'Twill waft thee safe over  
Yon silent Lagoon."

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GO, NOW, AND DREAM.

Sicilian Air.

Go, now, and dream o'er that joy in thy slumber—  
Moments so sweet again ne'er shalt thou number.  
Of Pain's bitter draught the flavour ne'er flies,  
While Pleasure's scarce touches the lip ere it dies.  
Go, then, and dream, &c.

That moon, which hung o'er your parting, so splendid,  
Often will shine again, bright as she then did—  
But, never more will the beam she saw burn  
In those happy eyes, at your meeting, return,  
Go, then, and dream, &c.

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TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

Neapolitan Air.

TAKE hence the bowl;—though beaming  
Brightly as bowl e'er shone,  
Oh, it but sets me dreaming  
Of happy days now gone.  
There, in its clear reflection,  
As in a wizard's glass,  
Lost hopes and dead affection,  
Like shades, before me pass.

Each cup I drain brings hither  
Some scene of bliss gone by;—  
Bright lips, too bright to wither,  
Warm hearts, too warm to die.  
Till, as the dream comes o'er me  
Of those long vanish'd years,  
Alas! the wine before me  
Seems turning all to tears!

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MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
FAREWELL, THERESA!

Venetian Air.

FAREWELL, Theresa! yon cloud that over
Heaven's pale night-star gath'ring we see,
Will scarce from that pure orb have pass'd, ere thy lover
Swift o'er the wide wave shall wander from thee.

Long, like that dim cloud, I've hung around thee,
Dark'ning thy prospects, sadd'ning thy brow;
With gay heart, Theresa, and bright cheek I found thee;
Oh, think how changed, love, how changed art thou now!

But here I free thee: like one awaking
From fearful slumber, thou break'st the spell;
'Tis over—the moon, too, her bondage is breaking—
Past are the dark clouds; Theresa, farewell!

OFT, WHEN THE WATCHING STARS.

Savoyard Air.

OFT, when the watching stars grow pale,
And round me sleeps the moonlight scene,
To hear a flute through yonder vale
I from my casement lean.

"Come, come, my love!" each note then seems to say,
"Oh, come, my love! the night wears fast away!"
Never to mortal ear
Could words, though warm they be, Speak Passion's language half so clear
As do those notes to me!

Then quick my own light lute I seek,
And strike the chords with loudest swell;
And, though they nought to others speak,
He knows their language well.

"I come, my love!" each note then seems to say,
"I come, my love!—thine, thine till break of day."
Oh, weak the power of words,
The hues of painting dim,
Compared to what those simple chords
Then say and paint to him!

—O—

WHEN THE FIRST SUMMER BEE.

German Air.

WHEN the first summer bee
O'er the young rose shall hover,
Then, like that gay rover,
I'll come to thee.

He to flowers, I to lips, full of sweets to the brim—
What a meeting, what a meeting for me and for him!
When the first summer bee, &c.
Then, to every bright tree
In the garden he'll wander;
While I, oh, much fonder,
Will stay with thee.
In search of new sweetness through thousands he'll run,
While I find the sweetness of thousands in one.
Then, to every bright tree, &c.

—O—

THOUGH 'TIS ALL BUT A DREAM.

French Air.

THOUGH 'tis all but a dream at the best,
And still, when happiest; soonest o'er,
Yet, even in a dream, to be bless'd
Is so sweet, that I ask for no more.
The bosom that opes
With earliest hopes,
The soonest finds those hopes untrue;
As flowers that first
In spring-time burst
The earliest wither too!
Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.
Though by Friendship we oft are deceived
And find Love's sunshine soon o'er-cast,
Yet Friendship will still be believed,
And Love trusted on to the last,
The web 'mong the leaves
The spider weaves
Is like the charm Hope hangs o'er men;
Though often she sees
'Tis broke by the breeze,
She spins the bright tissue again.
Ay—'tis all but a dream, &c.

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WHEN THE WINE-CUP IS SMILING.
Italian Air.

When the wine-cup is smiling before us,
And we pledge round to hearts that are true, boy, true,
Then the sky of this life opens o'er us,
And heaven gives a glimpse of its blue.
Talk of Adam in Eden reclining,
We are better, far better off thus, boy, thus;
For him but two bright eyes were shining—
See, what numbers are sparkling for us!

When on one side the grape-juice is dancing,
While on t'other a blue eye beams, boy, beams,
'Tis enough, 'twixt the wine and the glancing,
To disturb ev'n a saint from his dreams.
Yet, though life like a river is flowing,
I care not how fast it goes on, boy, on,
So the grape on its bank is still growing,
And Love lights the waves as they run.

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WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?
Neapolitan Air.

Where shall we bury our shame?
Where, in what desolate place,
Hide the last wreck of a name
Broken and stain'd by disgrace?
Death may dissever the chain,
Oppression will cease when we're gone;
But the dishonour, the stain,
Die as we may, will live on.

Was it for this we sent out
Liberty's cry from our shore?
Was it for this that her shout
Thrill'd to the world's very core?
Thus to live cowards and slaves!—
Oh, ye free hearts that lie dead,
Do you not, ev'n in your graves,
Shudder, as o'er you we tread?

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NE'ER TALK OF WISDOM'S GLOOMY SCHOOLS.
Maharatta Air.

Ne'er talk of Wisdom's gloomy schools;
Give me the sage who's able
To draw his moral thoughts and rules
From the study of the table;—
Who learns how lightly, fleetly pass
This world and all that's in it,
From the bumper that but crowns his glass,
And is gone again next minute!

The diamond sleeps within the mine,
The pearl beneath the water;
While Truth, more precious, dwells in wine,
The grape's own rosy daughter.
And none can prize her charms like him,
Oh, none like him obtain her,
Who thus can, like Leander, swim
Through sparkling floods to gain her!
HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

Highland Air.

Here sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of Apollo's shell;
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died, like distant streamlets, on the ear.
Sleep, sleep, mute bard; alike unheeded now
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow;
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay;
That breeze which, like thy love-song, dies away!

DO NOT SAY THAT LIFE IS WANING.

Do not say that life is waning,
Or that Hope's sweet day is set;
While I've thee and love remaining,
Life is in th' horizon yet.

Do not think those charms are flying,
Though thy roses fade and fall;
Beauty hath a grace undying,
Which in thee survives them all.

Not for charms, the newest, brightest,
That on other cheeks may shine,
Would I change the least, the slightest,
That is ling'ring now o'er thine.

THE GAZELLE.

Dost thou not hear the silver bell,
Through yonder lime-trees ringing?
'Tis my lady's light gazelle,
To me her love thoughts bringing,—
All the while that silver bell
Around his dark neck ringing,

See, in his mouth he bears a wreath
My love hath kiss'd in tying;
Oh, what tender thoughts beneath
Those silent flowers are lying,—
Hid within the mystic wreath,
My love hath kiss'd in tying!

Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest,
Who thus hath breath'd her soul to me,
In every leaf thou bearest;
Welcome, dear gazelle, to thee,
And joy to her, the fairest!

Hail, ye living, speaking flowers,
That breathe of her who bound ye:
Oh, 'twas not in fields, or bowers,
'Twas on her lips, she found ye;
Yes, ye blushing, speaking flowers,
'Twas on her lips she found ye.

NO—LEAVE MY HEART TO REST.

No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.
Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,
To some poor leaf that's fall'n and dead,
Bring back the hue it wore, the scent it shed?
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
When youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.

Oh, had I met thee then, when life was bright,
Thy smile might still have fed its tranquil light;
But now thou com'st like sunny skies,
Too late to cheer the seaman's eyes,
When wreck'd and lost his bark before him lies!
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,
Since youth, and love, and hope, have pass'd away.
OH, GUARD OUR AFFECTION.

Oh, guard our affection, nor e'er let it feel
The blight that this world o'er the warmest will steal:
While the faith of all round us is fading or past,
Let ours, ever green, keep its bloom to the last.

Far safer for Love 'tis to wake and to weep,
As he used in his prime, than go smiling to sleep;
For death on his slumber, cold death follows fast,
While the love that is wakeful lives on to the last.

And though, as Time gathers his clouds o'er our head,
A shade somewhat darker o'er life they may spread,
Transparent, at least, be the shadow they cast,
So that Love's soften'd light may shine through to the last.

SLUMBER, OH SLUMBER.

"SLUMBER, oh slumber; if sleeping thou mak'st
My heart beat so wildly, I'm lost if thou wak'st."

Thus sung I to a maiden,
Who slept one summer's day,
And, like a flower o'erladen
With too much sunshine, lay.
Slumber, oh slumber, &c.

"Breathe not, oh breathe not, ye winds,
o'er her cheeks;
If mute thus she charm me, I'm lost when she speaks."

Thus sing I, while, awaking
She murmurs words that seem
As if her lips were taking
Farewell of some sweet dream.
Breathe not, oh breathe not, &c.

WHERE ARE THE VISIONS.

"Where are the visions that round me once hover'd,
Forms that shed grace from their shadows alone;
Looks fresh as light from a star just discover'd,
And voices that Music might take for her own?"

Time, while I spoke, with his wings resting o'er me,
Heard me say, "Where are those visions, oh where?"
And pointing his wand to the sunset before me,
Said, with a voice like the hollow wind, "There."

Fondly I look'd, when the wizard had spoken,
And there, 'mid the dim shining ruins of day,
Saw, by their light, like a talisman broken,
The last golden fragments of hope melt away.

WIND THY HORN, MY HUNTER BOY.

WIND thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs;
Hunting is the hero's joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies.
Hark! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with answ'ring, dies:
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
And lead us where the wild boar lies.
Hark! the cry, "He's found, he's found,"
While hill and valley our shouts resound,
Hilli-ho! Hilli-ho!
NATIONAL AIRS.

BRING THE BRIGHT GARLANDS HITHER.

BRING the bright garlands hither,
Ere yet a leaf is dying;
If so soon they must wither,
Ours be their last sweet sighing.
Hark, that low dismal chime!
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, bring beauty, bring roses,
Bringing all that yet is ours;
Let life's day, as it closes,
Shine to the last through flowers.

Haste, ere the bowl's declining,
Drink of it now or never;
Now, while Beauty is shining,
Love, or she's lost for ever.
Hark! again that dull chime,
'Tis the dreary voice of Time.
Oh, if life be a torrent,
Down to oblivion going,
Like this cup be its current,
Bright to the last drop flowing!

—0—

IF IN LOVING, SINGING.

If in loving, singing, night and day
We could trifle merrily life away,
Like atoms dancing in the beam,
Like day-flies skimming o'er the stream,
Or summer blossoms, born to sigh
Their sweetness out, and die—
How brilliant, thoughtless, side by side,
Thou and I could make our minutes glide
No atoms ever glanced so bright,
No day-flies ever danced so light,
Nor summer blossoms mix'd their sighs,
So close, as thou and I!

—0—

THOU LOV'ST NO MORE.

Too plain, alas! my doom is spoken,
Nor canst thou veil the sad truth o'er;
Thy heart is changed; thy vow is broken;
Thou lov'st no more—thou lov'st no more.

Though kindly still those eyes behold me,
The smile is gone, which once they wore;
Though fondly still those arms enfold me,
'Tis not the same—thou lov'st no more.

Too long my dream of bliss believing,
I've thought thee all thou wert before;
But now—alas! there's no deceiving,
'Tis all too plain, thou lov'st no more.

Oh, thou as soon the dead couldst waken,
As lost affection's life restore,
Give peace to her that is forsaken,
Or bring back him who loves no more.

—0—

WHEN ABROAD IN THE WORLD.

When abroad in the world thou appearest,
And the young and the lovely are there,
To my heart while of all thou'rt the dearest,
To my eyes thou'rt of all the most fair.

They pass, one by one,
Like waves of the sea,
That say to the Sun,
"See, how fair we can be."
But where's the light like thine,
In sun or shade to shine?

No—no, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.

Oft, of old, without farewell or warning,
Beauty's self used to steal from the skies;
Fling a mist round her head, some fine morning,
And post down to earth in disguise;
But, no matter what shroud
Around her might be,
Men peep'd through the cloud,
And whisper'd, "'Tis She."
So thou, where thousands are,—

Yes, yes, 'mong them all, there is nothing like thee,
Nothing like thee.
KEEP THOSE EYES STILL PURELY MINE.

Keep those eyes still purely mine,
Though far off I be:
When on others most they shine,
Then think they're turn'd on me.
Should those lips as now respond
To sweet minstrelsy,
When their accents seem most fond,
Then think they're breath'd for me.
Make what hearts thou wilt thy own,
If when all on thee
Fix their charmed thoughts alone,
Thou think'st the while on me.

HOPE COMES AGAIN.

Hope comes again, to this heart long a stranger,
Once more she sings me her flattering strain;
But hush, gentle syren—for, ah, there's less danger
In still suff'ring on, than in hoping again.
Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain;
And joy coming now, like a sudden light shining
O'er eyelids long dark'ned, would bring me but pain.
Fly then, ye visions, that Hope would shed o'er me;
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
But, ah—in forgetting how once I was blest.

O SAY, THOU BEST AND BRIGHTEST.

O say, thou best and brightest,
My first love and my last,
When he, whom now thou slightest,
From life's dark scene hath past,

Will kinder thoughts then move thee?
Will pity wake one thrill
For him who lived to love thee,
And dying, loved thee still?

If when, that hour recalling
From which he dates his woes,
Thou feel'st a tear-drop falling,
Ah, blush not while it flows:
But, all the past forgiving,
Bend gently o'er his shrine,
And say, "This heart, when living,
With all its faults, was mine."

WHEN NIGHT BRINGS THE HOUR.

When night brings the hour
Of starlight and joy,
There comes to my bower
A fairy-wing'd boy;
With eyes so bright,
So full of wild arts,
Like nets of light,
To tangle young hearts;
With lips, in whose keeping
Love's secret may dwell,
Like Zephyr asleep in
Some rosy sea-shell.
Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim.

Where'er o'er the ground
He prints his light feet,
The flow'rs there are found
Most shining and sweet:
His looks, as soft
As lightning in May,
Though dangerous, oft,
Ne'er wound but in play:
And oh, when his wings
Have brush'd o'er my lyre
You'd fancy its strings
Were turning to fire.

Guess who he is,
Name but his name,
And his best kiss,
For reward, you may claim,
LIKE ONE WHO, DOOM'D.

Like one who, doom'd o'er distant seas
His weary path to measure;
When home at length, with fav'ring breeze,
He brings the far-sought treasure;
His ship, in sight of shore, goes down,
That shore to which he hasted;
And all the wealth he thought his own
Is o'er the waters wasted.

Like him, this heart, thro' many a track
Of toil and sorrow straying,
One hope alone brought fondly back,
Its toil and grief repaying.

But when Love brings
Heartache or pang,
Tears, and such things—
Love may go hang!

If Love can sigh
For one alone,
Well pleased am I
To be that one.

But should I see
Love giv'n to rove
To two or three,
Then—good-bye, Love!

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Through good report,
And evil too.

Else, here I swear,
Young Love may go,
For aught I care—
To Jericho.

THE GARLAND I SEND THEE.

The Garland I send thee was cull'd from
those bowers
Where thou and I wander'd in long
vanish'd hours;
Not a leaf or a blossom its bloom here
displays,
But bears some remembrance of those
happy days.

The roses were gather'd by that garden
gate,
Where our meetings, though early,
seem'd always too late;
Where ling'ring full oft through a summer-
night's moon,
Our partings, though late, appear'd
always too soon.

The rest were all cull'd from the banks
of that glade,
Where, watching the sunset, so often
we've stray'd,
And mourn'd, as the time went, that
Love had no power
To bind in his chain even one happy
hour.
HOW SHALL I WOO?

If I speak to thee in Friendship's name,
    Thou think'st I speak too coldly;
If I mention Love's devoted flame,
    Thou say'st I speak too boldly.
Between these two unequal fires,
    Why doom me thus to hover?
I'm a friend, if such thy heart requires,
    If more thou seek'st, a lover.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Fair one, choose between the two.

Though the wings of Love will brightly play,
    When first he comes to woo thee,
There's a chance that he may fly away
    As fast as he flies to thee.
While Friendship, though on foot she come,
    No flights of fancy trying,
Will, therefore, oft be found at home,
    When Love abroad is flying.
Which shall it be? How shall I woo?
Dear one, choose between the two.

If neither feeling suits thy heart,
    Let's see, to please thee, whether
We may not learn some precious art
    To mix their charms together;
One feeling, still more sweet, to form
    From two so sweet already—
A friendship that like love is warm,
    A love like friendship steady.
Thus let it be, thus let me woo,
Dearest, thus we'll join the two.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

Ev'ry season hath its pleasures;
    Spring may boast her flow'ry prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
    Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
So Life's year begins and closes;
    Days, though short'ning, still can shine;
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.

Phillis, when she might have caught me,
    All the Spring look'd coy and shy,
Yet herself in Autumn sought me,
    When the flowers were all gone by.
Ah, too late;—she found her lover
    Calm and free beneath his vine,
Drinking to the Spring-time over
    In his best autuminal wine.

Thus may we, as years are flying,
    To their flight our pleasures suit,
Nor regret the blossoms dying,
    While we still may taste the fruit.
Oh, while days like this are ours,
    Where's the lip that dares repine?
Spring may take our loves and flow'rs,
    So Autumn leaves us friends and wine.

—0—

LOVE ALONE.

If thou wouldst have thy charms enchant our eyes,
First win our hearts, for there thy empire lies:
Beauty in vain would mount a heartless throne,
Her Right Divine is given by Love alone.

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?
Maidens, unloved, like flowers in darkness thrown,
Wait but that light, which comes from Love alone.

Fair as thy charms in yonder glass appear,
Trust not their bloom, they'll fade from year to year:
Wouldst thou they still should shine as first they shone,
Go, fix thy mirror in Love's eyes alone.
THOU ART, O GOD.

"Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see."—P. 201.
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. 16, 17.

I.

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

II.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

III.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes:
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.
IV.

When youthful Spring around us
breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

—O—

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEET-
ING SHOW.

Air—Stevenson.

I.

This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There's nothing true but heaven!

II.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb,—
There's nothing bright but heaven!

III.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
There's nothing calm but heaven!

—O—

FALL'N IS THY THRONE.

Air—Martini.

I.

Fall'n is thy throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

—O—

II.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem;—
Once, she was all thy own;
Her love thy fairest heritage,
Her power thy glory's throne,
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee!

III.

Then sunk the star of Solyma;—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that, in the wilderness
The wild wind whirled away.
Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reign'd as God!

IV.

"Go,"—said the Lord—"ye conquerors!
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's!
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead!"

—O—

WHO IS THE MAID?

Air—Beethoven.

I.

Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight,
Has she Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is hers an eye of this world's light?
No, wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

II.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—Heaven but faintly warms the breast
  That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she, who comes in glittering vest
  To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

III.
Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was Beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

——O——

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

Air—Beethoven.

I.
The bird, let loose in Eastern skies,
  When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
  Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

II.
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!

——O——

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

Air—Haydn.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—PSALM cxliv. 3.

I.
O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown:
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

II.
When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too!
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

——O——

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

Air—Avison.

I.
WEEP not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain, ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps, till the sunshine of heaven has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden, where first was its source!
Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
II.
Mourn not for her, the young bride of the vale,
Our gayest and loveliest, lost to us now;
Ere life’s early lustre had time to grow pale
And the garland of love was yet fresh on her brow;
Oh! then was her moment, dear spirit, for flying
From this gloomy world, while its gloom was unknown;—
And the wild hymns she warbled so sweetly, in dying,
Were echo’d in heaven by lips like her own!
Weep not for her,—in her spring-time she flew
To that land where the wings of the soul are unfurl’d,
And now, like a star beyond evening’s cold dew,
Looks radiantly down on the tears of this world.

—O—

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

Air—Stevenson.

I.
The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer’s breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

II.
My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
E’en more than music, breathes of Thee!

III.
I’ll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

—O—

IV.
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.

V.
I’ll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam’s track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through!

VI.
There’s nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy deity!

VII.
There’s nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

—O—

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 dances.”—Exod. xv. 20.

I.
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.
"How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave."—P. 204.
Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Iehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

COME NOT, O LORD!

COME not, O Lord! in the dread robe of splendour
Thou wost on the Mount, in the day of thine ire,
Come veil'd in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which Mercy flings over thy features of fire!

Lord! Thou rememberest the night,
when thy nation
Stood fronting her foe by the red-rolling stream;
On Egypt thy pillar frown'd dark desolation,
While Israel bask'd all the night in its beam.

So, when the dread clouds of anger enfold Thee,
From us, in thy mercy, the dark side remove;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
Oh! turn upon us the mild light of thy love!

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

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;—
III.
And wiped them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone!

IV.
Were not those sweets, so humbly shed,—
That hair,—those weeping eyes,—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

V.
Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much,"—and be forgiven!

AS DOWN IN THE SUNLESS RETREATS.

Air—HAYDN.

I.
As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweets flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!
My God! silent to Thee;
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.—
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!

II.
As still, to the Star of its Worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee;
My God! trembling to Thee;
True, fond, trembling to Thee!—

So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee!

BUT WHO SHALL SEE.

Air—STEVENSON.

I.
But who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from ev'ry eye!

II.
Then, Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.
The Fount of Life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

ALMIGHTY GOD!

Chorus of Priests.

Air—MOZART.

ALMIGHTY God! when round thy shrine
The Palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
And Love that "fadeth not away,"
We bless the flowers, expanded all,
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say,—"In Eden thus
The Tree of Life may flower for us!"

II.
When round thy Cherubs—smiling calm,
Without their flames—we wreathe the Palm,
Oh God! we feel the emblem true—
Thy Mercy is eternal too.
Those Cherubs, with their smiling eyes,  
That crown of Palm which never dies,  
Are but the types of Thee above—  
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love!

—  

OH FAIR! OH PUREST!  
SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.  

Air—Moore.  

I.  
Oh fair! oh purest! be thou the dove  
That flies alone to some sunny grove,  
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,  
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.  
There, if the hov'ring hawk be near,  
That limpid spring in its mirror clear,  
Reflects him, ere he reach his prey,  
And warns the timorous bird away.

Be thou this dove;  
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

II.  
The sacred pages of God's own book  
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,  
In whose holy mirror, night and day,  
Thou'lt study Heaven's reflected ray;—  
And should the foes of virtue dare,  
With gloomy wing, to seek thee there,  
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie  
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly!  

Be thou that dove;  
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

ANGEL OF CHARITY.  

Air—Handel.  

I.  

Angel of Charity, who, from above,  
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,  
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,  
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.  
When on the shrine of God were laid  
First-fruits of all most good and fair,  
That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade,  
Thine was the holiest offering there.

II.  
Hope and her sister, Faith, were given  
But as our guides to yonder sky;  
Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,  
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.  
But, long as Love, Almighty Love,  
Shall on His throne of thrones abide,  
Thou, Charity, shall dwell above,  
Smiling for ever by His side!

BEHOLD THE SUN.  

Air—Lord Mornington.  

I.  

Behold the Sun, how bright  
From yonder East he springs,  
As if the soul of life and light  
Were breathing from his wings.

II.  
So bright the Gospel broke  
Upon the souls of men;  
So fresh the dreaming world awoke  
In Truth's full radiance then.

III.  
Before yon Sun arose,  
Stars cluster'd through the sky—  
But oh, how dim! how pale were those,  
To His one burning eye!

IV.  
So Truth lent many a ray,  
To bless the Pagan's night—  
But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they  
To Thy One glorious Light!
LORD, WHO SHALL BEAR THAT DAY.

_Air—Dr. Boyce._

I.

LORD, who shall bear that day, so dread, so splendid,
When we shall see thy Angel, hov'ring o'er
This sinful world, with hand to heav'n extended,
And hear him swear by Thee that
Time's no more?
When Earth shall feel thy fast consuming ray—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

II.

When through the world thy awful call hath sounded—
"Wake, all ye Dead, to judgment wake, ye Dead!"
And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
The Saviour shall put forth his radiant head;
While Earth and Heav'n before Him pass away—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

III.

When, with a glance, th' Eternal Judge shall sever
Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
And say to _those_, "Depart from me for ever!"
To _these_, "Come, dwell with me in endless light!"
When each and all in silence take their way—
Who, Mighty God, oh who shall bear that day?

---0---

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE.

_Air—Haydn._

I.

Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

II.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
In _Thy_ service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

III.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
Still looks for its light from the sky.

---0---

WEEP, CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

_Air—Stevenson._

I.

Weep, weep for him, the Man of God—
In yonder vale he sunk to rest;
But none of earth can point the sod
That flowers above his sacred breast.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!

II.

His doctrine fell like Heaven's rain,
His words refresh'd like Heaven's dew—
Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
A Chief, to God and her so true.
Weep, children of Israel, weep!
III. Remember ye his parting gaze,
   His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
   When, full of glory and of days,
   He saw the promised land—and died.
   Weep, children of Israel, weep!

IV. Yet died he not as men who sink,
   Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
   But, changed to spirit, like a wink
   Of summer lightning, pass'd away.
   Weep, children of Israel, weep!

LIKE MORNING, WHEN HER EARLY BREEZE.
   Air—Beethoven.

I. Like morning, when her early breeze
Breaks up the surface of the seas,
That, in those furrows, dark with night,
Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

II. Thy Grace can send its breathings o'er
The spirit, dark and lost before,
And, fresh'ning all its depths, prepare
For Truth divine to enter there.

III. Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
In silence lay th' unbreathing wire;
But when he swept its chords along,
E'en Angels stoop'd to hear that song.

IV. So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord—
Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
In music, worthy of the skies!

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.
   Air—German.

I. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

II. Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
   Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
   Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying—
   "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

III. Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
   What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
   Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
   "Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.
   Air—Stevenson.

I. Awake, arise, thy light is come;
The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
The glory of the Lord is on thee!

II. Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,
   From ev'ry nook of earth shall cluster;
   And kings and princes haste to pay
   Their homage to thy rising lustre.

III. Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
   O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
   Thy exiled sons return to thee,
   To thee return thy home-sick daughters.

IV. And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
   Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
   And Saba bring her gold and scents,
   To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.

V. See, who are these that, like a cloud,
   Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
   Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
   Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.
VI.
Surely the isles shall wait for me,
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

VII.
And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

VIII.
No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,
Nor Ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
But thou shalt call thy portals, Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls, Salvation.

IX.
The sun no more shall make thee bright,
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
But God, Himself, shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

X.
Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray, from Heav'n itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown—
Thy days of mourning all are ended.

XI.
My own, elect, and righteous Land!
The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand—
Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.

---o---
THERE IS A BLEAK DESERT.
_Air—Crescentini._

I.
There is a bleak Desert, where daylight
grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—
What may that desert be?
'Tis Life, cheerless Life, where the few joys that come
Are lost like that daylight; for 'tis not their home.

---o---
II.
There is a lone Pilgrim, before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—
Who may that Pilgrim be?
'Tis Man, hapless Man, through this life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

III.
There is a bright Fountain, through that Desert stealing
To pure lips alone its refreshment revealing—
What may that Fountain be?
'Tis Truth, holy Truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of Heaven alone can be found.

IV.
There is a fair Spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—
Who may that Spirit be?
'Tis Faith, humble Faith, who hath learn'd that, where'er
Her wand bends to worship, the Truth must be there!

---o---
SINCE FIRST THY WORD.
_Air—Nicholas Freeman._

I.
_Since first thy Word awaked my heart,_
Like new life dawning o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes, Thou art,
All light and love before me.
Nought else I feel, or hear or see—
All bonds of earth I sever—
Thee, O God, and only Thee
I live for, now and ever.

II.
Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
Hath from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul Thou bidst be free,  
Return to bondage?—never!  
Thee, O God, and only Thee  
I live for, now and ever.

—O—

HARK! 'TIS THE BREEZE.  

Air—Rousseau.

I.  
HARK! 'tis the breeze of twilight calling  
Earth's weary children to repose;  
While, round the couch of Nature falling,  
Gently the night's soft curtains close.

II.  
Soon o'er a world, in sleep reclining,  
Numberless stars, through yonder dark,  
Shall look, like eyes of Cherubs shining  
From out the veils that hid the Ark.

III.  
Guard us, oh Thou, who never sleepest,  
Thou who, in silence throned above,  
Throughout all time, unwearied, keepest  
Thy watch of Glory, Pow'r, and Love.

IV.  
Grant that, beneath thine eye, securely,  
Our souls, awhile from life withdrawn,  
May, in their darkness, stilly, purely,  
Like "sealed fountains," rest till dawn.

—O—

WHERE IS YOUR DWELLING,  
YE SAINTED?  

Air—Hasse.

I.  
WHERE is your dwelling, ye Sainted?  
Through what Elysium more bright  
Than fancy or hope ever painted,  
Walk ye in glory and light?  
Who the same kingdom inherits?  
Breathes there a soul that may dare  
Look to that world of Spirits,  
Or hope to dwell with you there?

II.  
Sages! who, ev'n in exploring  
Nature through all her bright ways,  
Went, like the Seraphs, adoring,  
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze—

Martyrs! who left for our reaping  
Truths you had sown in your blood—  
Sinners! whom long years of weeping  
Chasten'd from evil to good—

III.  
Maidens! who, like the young Crescent,  
Turning away your pale brows  
From earth, and the light of the Present,  
Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse—  
Say, through what region enchanted,  
Walk ye, in heaven's sweet air?  
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted,  
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?

—O—

HOW LIGHTLY MOUNTS THE  
MUSE'S WING.  

Air—Anonymous.

I.  
How lightly mounts the Muse's wing,  
Whose theme is in the skies—  
Like morning larks, that sweeter sing  
The nearer heav'n they rise.

II.  
Though Love his magic lyre may tune,  
Yet ah, the flow'rs he round it wreathe  
Were pluck'd beneath pale Passion's moon,  
Whose madness in their odour breathes.

III.  
How purer far the sacred lute,  
Round which Devotion ties  
Sweet flow'rs that turn to heav'nly fruit,  
And palm that never dies.

IV.  
Though War's high-sounding harp may be  
Most welcome to the hero's ears,  
Alas, his chords of victory  
Are wet, all o'er, with human tears.

V.  
How far more sweet their numbers run,  
Who hymn, like Saints above,  
No victor, but th' Eternal One,  
No trophies but of Love!
GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

Air—Stevenson.

I.
Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom
is come!
From that time, when the moon upon
Ajalon's vale,
Looking motionless down, saw the
kings of the earth,
In the presence of God's mighty
Champion, grow pale—
Oh, never had Judah an hour of such
mirth!
Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom
is come!

II.
Bring myrtle and palm—bring the boughs
of each tree
That's worthy to wave o'er the tents of the Free.
From that day, when the footsteps of
Israel shone,
With a light not their own, through the
Jordan's deep tide,
Whose waters shrunk back as the Ark
glided on—
Oh, never had Judah an hour of such
pride!
Go forth to the Mount—bring the olive-branch home,
And rejoice, for the day of our Freedom
is come!

IS IT NOT SWEET TO THINK, IHEREAFTER.

Air—Haydn.

I.
Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the Spirit leaves this sphere,
Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourn'd for here?

II.
Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,
Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,
There, as warm, as bright as ever,
Shall meet us and be lost no more.

III.
When wearily we wander, asking
Of earth and heav'n, where are they,
Beneath whose smile we once lay basking,
Blest, and thinking bliss would stay?

IV.
Hope still lifts her radiant finger,
Pointing to the eternal Home,
Upon whose portal yet they linger,
Looking back for us to come.

V.
Alas, alas!—doth Hope deceive us?
Shall friendship—love—shall all those
ties
That bind a moment, and then leave us,
Be found again where nothing dies?

VI.
Oh, if no other boon were given,
To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,
Who would not try to win a heaven
Where all we love shall live again?

—o—

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

Air—Novello.

I.
"War against Babylon!" shout we around,
Be our banners through earth unfurl'd;
Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound—
"War against Babylon!" shout through the world!
Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,
Thy day of pride is ended now;
And the dark curse of Israel's daughters
Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
War, war, war against Babylon!

II.
Make bright the arrows, and gather the
shields,
Set the standard of God on high;
Swarm we, like locusts, o'er all her fields,
"Zion," our watchword, and "vengeance," our cry!
Woe! woe!—the time of thy visitation
Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
And the black surge of desolation
Sweeps o'er thy guilty head, at last!
War, war, war against Babylon!


**Lalla Rookh.**

[Moore's Oriental romance of "Lalla Rookh" was published in the spring of 1817, having been then five years in preparation. It appeared in the form of a handsome quarto volume of 405 pages, beautifully printed, but upon very thin paper, and was issued from the press by the Messrs. Longman. The large sum of three thousand guineas was paid for it by the publishers, but heavy though the amount was, it soon proved to have been for them a wise and even splendid investment. Editions passed into circulation almost as rapidly as they could be printed. The work was translated into most of the European, and into more than one of the Oriental languages. It was variously adapted to the stage, besides, as a lyrical, an equestrian, and a spectacular drama. Moore, as far back as in 1812, had been urged, by several of his intimates, to write a poem upon an Eastern subject, and at first, almost reluctantly, turned his thoughts in that direction. By way of preparative, he read up voraciously and omnivorously, disdaining no Oriental work that was accessible. Before putting pen to paper in the matter, he saturated his mind, as far as he could, with Asiatic knowledge. His reward came to him in the fact that even experts recognized the verisimilitude of his descriptions. Travellers from the far East, on reading his book, would hardly believe that he had never in his life been upon the back of a camel—instead of that, contenting himself, in slipped ease, with turning the pages of writers like D'Herbelot. So brilliant and rapid was the success achieved by "Lalla Rookh," far beyond the limits of the United Kingdom, that five years after its original publication it was represented in a series of magnificent *tableaux vivants*, in the Royal Palace at Berlin, upon the occasion of the reception there, in 1822, of the Grand Duke (afterwards the Czar) Nicholas. The caste of this Divertissement of "Lalla Rookh," mêlé de chants et de danse, was as follows:—

<table>
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<th>Fadludin, Grand Nasir</th>
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<td>Aliris, Roi de Bucharie</td>
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<td>SON ALTESSE IMPÉRIALE LA GRANDE DUCHESSÉ.</td>
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<td>Aurunzabe, le Grand Mogul</td>
<td>SON ALTESSE ROYALE LE PRINCE GUISSAUNE FÈRE DU ROI.</td>
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Besides these high personages, two of whom, in the future, became Emperors, one Empress, and another a King, 150 of the leading members of the Russian and Prussian courts appeared upon the mimic scene as Seigneurs et Dames de Bucharie, Dames de Cachemire, Seigneurs et Dames dansans à la Fête des Roses, and in other capacities. Fresh from witnessing this sumptuous spectacle, the Baron de la Motte Fouqué undertook the task of producing his now well-known translation into German of Moore's masterpiece. Under what circumstances he was induced to perform that task, he has himself related in his dedicatory poem to the Czarina. No sooner was the enacting of the Divertissement completed—no sooner had the curtain fallen upon the concluding *tableau*—than the future Empress, arrayed in her exquisite costume as Lalla Rookh, exclaimed, with a sigh, "Is it, then, all over? Are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight? Lives there no poet who will impart to others and to future times some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?" Whereupon, following the impulse of the moment, a Knight of Cashmere, who was no other than the Baron de la Motte Fouqué himself, stepped forward with a promise that he would attempt to present to the world a German version of the Poem in the measure of the original—a promise at once sealed and rewarded by the impersonator of Lalla Rookh with a smile of approval.]
In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in 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 Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh;—a princess described by the poets of her time, as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, 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 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 Bucharia.

The day of Lalla Rookh’s departure from Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran,—and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister’s tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

Seldom had the eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Raja and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor’s favour, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums 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 massiness of their maces of gold;—the glimmering of the gilt pine-apples on the tops of the palankeens; the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the ladies of Lalla Rookh lay, as it were, enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess’s own sumptuous litter, at the front of which a fair young female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant’s wing; and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian 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 Fadladeen, 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.

Fadladeen was a judge of everything,—from the pencilling of a Circassian’s eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—“Should the Prince at noon-day 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 gold-smith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.

During the first days of their journey, Lalla Rookh, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind and delight her imagination; and when, at evening or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments,—sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl; sometimes under the sacred shade of a banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in those hidden, embroidered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West, as "places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;"—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But Lalla Rookh was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, Fadladeen (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion), sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra, the fair-haired Zal and his mistress Rodahver; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon. At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Brahmins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman Fadladeen, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets was an abomination.

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the valley for his manner of reciting the stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet Fadladeen elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his faculties with a dose of that delicious opium which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Cast, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of Feramorz. He was a youth about Lalla Rookh's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Krishna,—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the religion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness, and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply. Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to Fadladeen upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in everything relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.
For the purpose of relieving the pauses of recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHIRASSAN.

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, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves Among Merou's bright palaces and groves;— There, on that throne to which the blind belief Of millions raised him, sat the Prophet-Chief, The Great Mokanna. O'er his features hung The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light. For far less luminous, his votaries said, Were e'en the gleams, miraculously shed O'er Moussa's cheek, when down the Mount he trod, All glowing from the presence of his God!

On either side, with ready hearts and hands, His chosen guard of bold believers stands; Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords, On points of faith, more eloquent than words; And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command. Would make his own devoted heart its sheath, And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death! In hatred to the caliph's hue of night, Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white; Their weapons various—some, equipp'd for speed, With javelins of the light Kathaian reed; Or bows of buffalo horn, and shining quivers Fill'd with the stems that bloom on Iran's rivers; While some, for war's more terrible attacks, Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe; And, as they wave aloft in morning's beam The milk-white plumage of their helms, they seem Like a chenar-tree grove, when winter throws O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold The rich morse-work of the roof of gold, Aloft the haram's curtain'd galleries rise, Where, through the silken network, glancing eyes, From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.— What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare To hint that aught but Heaven hath placed you there?
Or that the loves of this light world
could bind,
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?
No—wrongful thought!—commission'd from above
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes,
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise),
There to recline among heaven's native maids,
And crown th' elect with bliss that never fades—
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;
And every beauteous race beneath the sun,
From those who kneel at Brahma's burning founts,
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er Yemen's mounts;
From Persia's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,
To the small, half-shut glances of Kathay;
And Georgia's bloom, and Azab's darker smiles,
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles;
All, all are there;—each land its flower hath given,
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven!

But why this pageant now? this arm'd array?
What triumph crowns the rich divan to-day
With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
Like tulip-beds, of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath th' invisible west-wind's sighs!
What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,
And blood to seal, as genuine and divine?—
What dazzling mimicry of God's own power
Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour?

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud,—
Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,
With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape,
So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,
Like war's wild planet in a summer sky;—
That youth to-day,—a proselyte worth hordes
Of cooler spirits and less practised swords,—
Is come to join, all bravery and belief,
The creed and standard of the Heaven-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows
Young Azim's fame;—beyond th' Olympian snows,
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,
O'erwhelm'd in fight, and captive to the Greek,
He linger'd there, till peace dissolved his chains;—
Oh! who could, e'en in bondage, tread the plains
Of glorious Greece, nor feel his spirit rise
Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,
Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see
The shining footprints of her Deity,
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?
Not he, that youthful warrior,—no, too well
For his soul's quiet work'd th' awakening spell!
And now, returning to his own dear land,
Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,
Haunt the young heart;—proud views of human-kind,
Of men to gods exalted and refined;—
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,
Where earth and heaven but seem, alas! to meet;—
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was raised
To right the nations, and beheld, emblazed
On the white flag Mokanna's host unfurl'd,
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd
Th' inspiring summons; every chosen blade,
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text,
Seem'd doubly edged, for this world and the next;
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,
In virtue's cause;—never was soul inspired
With livelier trust in what it most desired,
Than his, th' enthusiast there, who kneeling pale
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,
Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again!

Low as young Azim knelt, that motley crowd
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,
With shouts of "Alla!" echoing long and loud;
While high in air, above the Prophet's head,
Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,
Waved, like the wings of the white birds that fan
The flying throne of star-taught Soliman!
Then thus he spoke: — "Stranger, though new the frame
Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame
For many an age, in every chance and change,
Of that existence, through whose varied range—

As through a torch-race, where, from hand to hand,
The flying youths transmit their shining brand—
From frame to frame th' unextinguish'd soul
Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal!
"Nor think 'tis only the gross spirits, warm'd
With duskier fire and for earth's medium form'd,
That run this course;—beings, the most divine,
Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.
Such was the essence that in Adam dwelt,
To which all heaven, except the Proud One, knelt:
Such the refined intelligence that glow'd
In Moussa's frame;—and, thence descending, flow'd
Through many a Prophet's breast;—in Issa shone,
And in Mohammed burn'd; till, hastening on,
(As a bright river that, from fall to fall
In many a maze descending, bright through all,
Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,
In one full lake of light it rests at last!)
That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free
From lapse or shadow, centres all in me!"

Again, throughout th' assembly, at these words,
Thousands of voices rung; the warriors' swords
Were pointed up to heaven; a sudden wind
In th' open banners play'd, and from behind
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen
The haram's loveliness, white hands were seen
Waving emroider'd scarves, whose motion gave
A perfume forth;—like those the Houris wave
When beckoning to their bowers th' Immortal Brave.
"But these," pursued the Chief, "are
truths sublime,
That claim a holier mood and calmer time
Than earth allows us now;—this sword
must first
The darkling prison-house of mankind
burst,
Ere peace can visit them, or truth let in
Her waking daylight 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 mock-
ceries;—
Then shall the reign of Mind commence
on earth,
And starting fresh, as from a second
birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new
spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy
thing!
Then, too, your Prophet from his angel
brow
Shall cast the Veil, that hides its splen-
dours now,
And gladden'd earth shall, through her
wide expanse,
Bask in the glories of this countenance!

"For thee, young warrior, welcome!—
thou hast yet
Some tasks to learn, some frailties to
forget,
Ere the white war-plume o'er thy brow
can wave;—
But, once my own, mine all till in the
grave!"

The pomp is at an end,—the crowds
are gone—
Each ear and heart still haunted by the
tone
Of that deep voice, which thrill'd like
Alla's own!

The young all dazzled by the plumes and
lances,
The glittering throne, and haram's half-
caught glances;
The old deep pondering on the promised
reign
Of peace and truth; and all the female
train
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but
gaze
A moment on that brow's miraculous
blaze!

But there was one, among the chosen
maids,
Who blush'd behind the gallery's silken
shades—
One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day
Has been like death;—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 dwelt, was thy soul's fondest
prayer!
When round him hung such a perpetual
spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a
flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that
hour;
When thou didst study him, till every
tone
And gesture and dear look became thy
own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his
face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music,
fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had
brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright
for thee;
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From th' other world, he comes as if to
haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost de-
light,
Long lost to all but memory's aching
sight:—
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our
youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the
truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us
back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining
track
Of our young life, and points out every
ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the
way!

Once happy pair!—in proud Bokhara's
groves,
Who had not heard of their first youthful
loves?
Born by that ancient flood, which from
its spring
In the Dark Mountains swiftly wandering,
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that
shines
With relics from Bucharia's ruby mines,
And, lending to the Caspian half its
strength,
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at
length;—
There, on the banks of that bright river
born,
The flowers, that hung above its wave at
morn,
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd
by,
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh
And virgin glance of first affection cast
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it
pass'd!
But war disturb'd this vision—far away
From her fond eyes, summon'd to join
th' array
Of Persia's warriors on the hills of
Thrace,
The youth exchanged his sylvan dwelling-
place
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful
clash;
His Zelica's sweet glances for the flash
Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle
chains
For bleeding boneage 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
Even summer suns, when not beheld with
him!
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours
came,
(Like spirit tongues, muttering the sick
man's name,
Just ere he dies),—at length, those sounds
of dread
Fell withering on her soul, "Azim is
dead!"
O 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,
E'en reason sunk blighted beneath its
touch;
And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit
rose
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,
Though health and bloom return'd, the
delicate chain
Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd
again.
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest
day,
The mind was still all there, but turn'd
astray;—
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway
shone
All stars of heaven, except the guiding
one!
THE VEILED PROPHET OF Khorassan.

"Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
E'en reason sunk blighted beneath its touch."—P. 220.
Again she smiled, nay, much and brightly smiled,
But 'twas a lustre strange, unreal, wild;
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
The bulbul utters, ere her soul depart,
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found
Young Zelica,—that mission, which around
The eastern world, in every region blest
With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes,
Which the Veil'd Prophet destined for the skies!—
And such quick welcome as a spark receives
Dropp'd on a bed of autumn's wither'd leaves,
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.
All fire at once the maddening zeal she caught;—
E lect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought;
Predestined bride, in heaven's eternal dome,
Of some brave youth—ha! durst they say "of some?"
No—of the one, one only object traced
In her heart's core too deep to be effaced;
The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twined
With every broken link of her lost mind;
Whose image lives, though reason's self be wreck'd,
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect!

Alas, poor Zelica! it needed all
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,
To see in that gay haram's glowing maids
A sainted colony for Eden's shades;

Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came
From Paradise, to people its pure sphere
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here!
No—had not reason's light totally set,
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet
In the loved image, graven on thy heart,
Which would have saved thee from the tempter's art,
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,
That purity, whose fading is love's death!—
But lost, inflamed,—a restless zeal took place
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace;—
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first
In zeal and charms,—too well th' impostor nursed
Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,
He saw more potent sorceries to bind
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twined.
No art was spared, no witchery;—all the skill
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill
Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—
That gloom, through which frenzy but fiercer burns;
That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness
Glare's like the maniac's moon, whose light is madness!

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound
Of poesy and music breathed around,
Together picturing to her mind and ear
The glories of that heaven, her destined sphere,
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay
Upon the spirit's light should pass away.
And, realizing more than youthful love
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for
ever rove
Through fields of fragrance by her Azim's
side,
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride!—
'Twas from a scene, a witching trance
like this,
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,
To the dim charnel-house;—through all
its streams
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams
Which foul Corruption lights, as with
design
To show the gay and proud she too can
shine!—
And, passing on through upright ranks
of dead,
Which to the maiden, doubly crazed by
dread,
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light
round them cast,
To move their lips in mutterings as she
pass'd—
There, in that awful place, when each
had quaff'd
And pledged in silence such a fearful
draught,
Such—oh! the look and taste of that
red bowl
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her
soul
By a dark oath, in hell's own language
framed,
Never, while earth his mystic presence
claim'd,
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them
Never, by that all-imprecating oath,
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—
She swore, and the wide charnel echo'd,
"never, never!"

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly
given
To him and—she believed, lost maid!—
to Heaven;
Her brain, her heart, her passions all in-
flamed,
How proud she stood, when in full haram
named
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd
her eyes
With light, alas! that was not of the skies,

When round in trances only less than
hers,
She saw the haram kneel, her prostrate
worshippers!
Well might Mokanna think that form
alone
Had spells enough to make the world
his own:—
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's
play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings
away!
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she
smiled,
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift
and wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across th' uncalm but beauteous firma-
ment.
And then her look!—oh! where's the
heart so wise,
Could unbewilder'd meet those match-
less eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite
withal,
Like those of angels, just before their
fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth
—now cross'd
By glimpses of the heaven her heart had
lost;
In every glance there broke, without
control,
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had
made!

And such was now young Zelica—so
changed
From her who, some years since, de-
lighted ranged
The almond groves, that shade Bokhara's
tide,
All life and bliss, with Azim by her
side!
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,
When, 'mid the proud divan's dazzling
array,
The vision of that youth, whom she had
loved,
And wept as dead, before her breathed
and moved;—
When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden’s track
But half-way trodden, he had wander’d back
Again to earth, glistening with Eden’s light—
Her beauteous Azim shone before her sight.

O 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 daybeam bursts again?
And how, like forts, to which beleaguerers win
Unhoped-for entrance through some friend within,
One clear idea, waken’d in the breast
By memory’s magic, lets in all the rest?
Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee!
But, though light came, it came but partially;
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense
Wander’d about,—but not to guide it hence;
Enough to glimmer o’er the yawning wave,
But not to point the harbour which might save.
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,
With that dear form came rushing o’er her mind;
But oh! to think how deep her soul had gone
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone;
And, then, her oath—there madness lay again,
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain
Of mental darkness, as if blest 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’ imposter, sure of his infatuate prize,
Had, more than once, thrown off his soul’s disguise,
And utter’d such unheavenly, monstrous things,
As e’en across the desperate wanderings
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt:—
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow,
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal’d,
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her revealed,
To her alone,—and then the hope, most dear,
Most wild of all, that her transgression here
Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,  
From which the spirit would at last aspire,  
Even purer than before,—as perfumes rise  
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—  
And that when Azim's fond, divine embrace  
Should circle her in heaven, no darkening trace  
Would on that bosom he once loved remain,  
But all be bright, be pure, be his again!—  
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit  
Had chain'd her soul beneath the temple's feet,  
And made her think even damning falsehood sweet.  
But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,  
That Semblance—oh, how terrible, if true!—  
Which came across her frenzy's full career  
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,  
As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,  
An' isle of ice encounters some swift bark,  
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,  
By one cold impulse hurl's them to the deep;—  
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,  
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,  
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair!  

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,  
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,  
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,  
Mokanna waited her—too wrapt in dreams  
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,  
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,  
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,  
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now  
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound  
Came like a spirit's o'er th' unechoing ground,—  
From that wild Zelica, whose every glance  
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!  

Upon his couch the Veil'd Mokanna lay,  
While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,  
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray  
In holy Koom, or Mecca's dim arcades,—  
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids  
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow  
Upon his 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, fill'd with Kishmee's golden wine,  
And the red weepings of the Shiraz vine;  
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught  
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,  
Like Zemzem's Spring of Holiness, had power  
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!  
And still he drank and ponder'd—nor could see  
Th' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;  
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke  
From Eblis at the Fall of Man, he spoke:—  
"Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,  
Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with Heaven:  
God's images, forsooth!—such gods as he  
Whom India serves, the monkey deity;—
Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,
To whom if Lucifer, as grandams say,
Refused, though at the forfeit of Heaven's light,
To bend in worship, Lucifer was right!—
Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck
Of your soul race, and without fear or check,
Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,
My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man's name!—
Soon, at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
As hooded falcons, through the universe
I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,
Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey!

"Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on
By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,
Like superstitious thieves, who think the light
From dead men's marrow guides them best at night—
Ye shall have honours—wealth,—yes, sages, yes—
I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness;
Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,
But a gilt stick, a bauble, blinds it here.
How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,
In lying speech, and still more lying song,
By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng;
Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,
A sceptre's puny point can wield it all!

"Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,
Whose faith ensnares the monsters which it breeds;
Who, bolder even than Nemrod, think to rise,
By nonsense heap'd on nonsense to the skies;
Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,
Seen, heard, attested, everything—but true.

Your preaching zealots, too inspired to seek
One grace of meaning for the things they speak;
Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,
For truths too heavenly to be understood;
And your state priests, sole venders of the lore,
That works salvation;—as on Ava's shore,
Where none but priests are privileged to trade
In that best marble of which Gods are made;—
They shall have mysteries—aye, precious stuff
For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough;
Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,
Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,
While craftier feign belief, till they believe.
A heaven too ye must have, ye lords of dust,—
A splendid Paradise,—pure souls, ye must:
That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all;
Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,
And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.
Vain things!—as lust or vanity inspires,
The heaven of each is but what each desires,
And, soul or sense, whate'er the object be,
Man would be man to all eternity! So let him—Eblis! grant this crowning curse,
But keep him what he is, no hell were worse."—

"O my lost soul!" exclaim'd the shuddering maid,
Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said;—
Mokanna started—not abash'd, afraid,—
He knew no more of fear than one who dwells
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles!
But, in those dismal words that reach'd
his ear,
"O my lost soul!" there was a sound so
dread,
So like that voice, among the sinful dead,
In which the legend o'er hell's gate is read
That, new as 'twas from her, whom
nought could dim
Or sink till now, it startled even him.

"Ha, my fair Priestess!"—thus, with
ready wile,
Th' impostor turn'd to greet her—"thou,
whose smile
Hath inspiration in its rosy beam
Beyond th' enthusiast's hope or prophet's
dream!
Light of the Faith! who twin'st religion's
zeal
So close with love's, men know not which
they feel,
Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of
heart,
The heaven thou preachest or the heaven
thou art!
What should I be without thee? without
thee
How dull were power, how joyless
victory!
Though borne by angels, if that smile of
thine
Bless'd not my banner, 'twere but half
divine.
But—why so mournful, child? those eyes,
that shone
All life last night—what!—is their glory
gone?
Come, come—this morn's fatigue hath
made them pale,
They want rekindling—suns themselves
would fail;
Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,
From Light's own fount supplies of
brilliance?
Thou seest this cup—no juice of earth is
here,
But the pure waifers of that upper sphere,
Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
Catching the gem's bright colour, as they
go.
Nightly my Genii come and fill these
urns—
Nay, drink—in every drop life's essence
bears;
'Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes
all light—
Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles
to-night:
There is a youth—why start?—thou
saw'st him then;
Look'd he not nobly? such the god-like
men
Thou'lt have to woo thee in the bowers
above;—
Though he, I fear, hath thoughts too
stem for love,
Too ruled by that cold enemy of bliss
The world calls virtue—we must conquer
this;—
Nay, shrink not, pretty sage; 'tis not for
thee
To scan the maze of heaven's mystery.
The steel must pass through fire, ere it
can yield
Fit instruments for mighty hands to
wield.
This very night I mean to try the art
Of powerful beauty on that warrior's
heart.
All that my haram boasts of bloom and
wit,
Of skill and charms, most rare and
exquisite,
Shall tempt the boy; young Mirzala's
blue eyes,
Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets
lies;
Arouya's cheeks, warm as a spring-day
sun,
And lips that, like the seal of Solomon,
Have magic in their pressure; Zeba's lute,
And Lilla's dancing feet, that gleam and
shoot
Rapid and white, as sea-birds o'er the
deep!—
All shall combine their witching powers
to steep
My convert's spirit in that softening
trance,
From which to heaven is but the next
advance—
That glowing, yielding fusion of the
breast,
On which Religion stamps her image best.
But hear me, Priestess!—though each
nymph of these
Hath some peculiar, practised power to
please,
Some glance or step, which, at the mirror tried,
First charms herself, then all the world beside;
There still wants one to make the victory sure,
One who in every look joins every lure;
Through whom all beauty's beams centred pass,
Dazzling and warm, as through love's burning-glass;
Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,
Whose words, even when unmeaning, are adored,
Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,
Which our faith takes for granted are divine!
Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,
To crown the rich temptations of to-night;
Such the refined enchantress that must be,
This hero's vanquisher,—and thou art she!

With her hands clasp'd, her lips apart and pale,
The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil
From which these words, like south-winds through a fence
Of Kerzrah flowers, came fill'd with pestilence:
So boldly utter'd too! as if all dread
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,
And the wretch felt assured that, once plunged in,
Her woman's soul would know no pause in sin!

At first, though mute she listen'd, like a dream
Seem'd all he said; nor could her mind, whose beam
As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.
But when, at length, he utter'd "Thou art she!"
All flash'd at once, and, shrieking piteously,

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

"Beware, young raving thing!—in time beware,
Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear
Even from thy lips. Go—try thy lute, thy voice;
The boy must feel their magic—I rejoice
To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,
Once more 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,
Excels 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 me Heaven's vengeance can not fall
Too heavily—but Azim, brave and true.
And beautiful—must he be ruin'd too?
Must he, too, glorious as he is, be driven,
A renegade, like me, from love and heaven?
Like me?—weak wretch, I wrong him—
Not like me;
No—he's all truth and strength and purity!
Fill up your maddening hell-cup to the brim,
Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.
Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,
He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!
Wretch as I am, in his heart still I reign,
Pure as when first we met, without a stain!
Though ruin'd—lost—my memory, like a charm
Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.
Oh! never let him know how deep the brow
He kiss'd at parting is dishonour'd now—
Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,
Whom once he loved!—once!—still loves dotingly!
Thou laugh'st, tormentor,—what!—thou'll 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,
Than hell—'tis nothing, while he knows it not.
Far off to some benighted land I'll fly,
Where sunbeam ne'er shall enter till I die;
Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,
But I may fade and fall without a name!
And thou—curst man or fiend, whate'er thou art,
Who found'st this burning plague-spot in my heart,
And spread'st it—oh, so quick!—through soul and frame,
With more than demon's art, till I became
A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame!—
If, when I'm gone—"

"Hold, fearless maniac, hold,
Nor tempt my rage!—by Heaven! not half so bold
The puny bird that dares, with teasing hum,
Within the crocodile's stretch'd jaws to come!
And so thou'll fly, forsooth?—what!—
give up all,
Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,
Where now to Love and now to Alla given,
Half mistress and half saint, thou hang'st as even
As doth Medina's tomb, 'twixt hell and heaven!
Thou'll 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'rt mine till death, till death Mo-kanna'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—the charnel vault was ours!
Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me
Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality;—
Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were wed,
And, for our guests, a row of goodly dead
(Immortal spirits in their time no doubt),
From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out!"
That oath thou heardest more lips than thine repeat—
That cup—thou shudderest, lady—was it sweet?
That cup we pledged, the charnel's choicest wine,
Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul all mine;
Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst
No 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, know'st me well at last.
Ha, ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought'st all true,
And that I love mankind!—I do, I do—
As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats
Upon the small sweet fry that round him floats;
Or as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives
That rank and venomous food on which she lives!—

"And, now thou see'st my soul's angelic hue,
’Tis time these features were uncertain'd too;—
This brow, whose light—O rare celestial light!
Hath been reserved to bless thy favour'd sight;
These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded 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 hand, whose mischief or whose mirth
Sent me thus maim'd and monstrous upon earth;

And on that race who, though more vile they be
Than mowing apes, are demigods to me!
Here—judge if hell, with all its power to damn,
Can add one curse to the foul thing I am!"

He raised his veil—the Maid turn'd slowly round,
Look'd at him—shriek'd—and sunk upon the ground!

On their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all round illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo work were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton.—Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

Lalla Rookh, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of Zelica and her lover, to give a thought to anything else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion,—greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou,—and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, the ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.

Without a moment's delay young Feramorz was introduced, and Fadladeen, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when Lalla
Rookh impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded:

*PREPARE thy soul, young Azim!—thou hast braved*  
The bands of Greece, still mighty, though enslaved;  
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,  
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame;  
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,  
But a more perilous trial waits thee now,—  
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes  
From every land where woman smiles or sighs;  
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise  
His black or azure banner in their blaze;  
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash  
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,  
To the sly, stealing, splendid, almost hid,  
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast lid.  
Such, Azim, is the lovely, luminous host  
Now led against thee; and, let conquerors boast  
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms  
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,  
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,  
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the haram chambers, moving lights  
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites;—  
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,  
Some skill'd to wreathe the turban tastefully,  
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,  
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid.

Who, if between the folds but one eye shone,  
Like Seba's Queen could vanquish with that one:—  
While some bring leaves of henna, to imbue  
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue,  
So bright, that in the mirror's depths they seem  
Like tips of coral branches in the stream;  
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,  
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,  
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to call  
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful!

All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls  
Are shining everywhere:—some younger girls  
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds  
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads;  
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see  
How each prefers a garland from that tree  
Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,  
And the dear fields and friendships far away.  
The maid of India, blest again to hold  
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,  
Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,  
Her little playmates scatter'd many a bud  
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam  
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;  
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell  
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—  
The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree  
Which bows to all who seek its canopy—Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,  
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
On one side gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;—
While, on the other, latticed lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India’s sunny sea:
Mecca’s blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda’s top;—
Those golden birds that, in the spice time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lured them o’er the summer flood;
And those that under Araby’s soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;—
In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell
In Eden’s radiant fields of asphodel!

So on, through scenes past all imagin ing —
More like the luxuries of that impious king,
Whom Death’s dark angel, with his lightning torch,
Struck down and blasted even in pleasure’s porch,
Than the pure dwelling of a prophet sent,
Arm’d with Heaven’s sword, for man’s enfranchisement,—
Young Azim wander’d, looking sternly round,
His simple garb and war-boots’ clanking sound
But ill according with the pomp and grace
And silent lull of that voluptuous place!
"Is this then," thought the youth, "is this the way
To free man's spirit from the deadening sway
Of worldly sloth;—to teach him, while he lives,
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
A light, a land-mark on the cliffs of fame?
It was not so, land of the generous thought
And daring deed! thy god-like sages taught;
It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,
Thy Freedom nursed her sacred energies;
Oh! not beneath th' enfeebling, withering glow
Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow
With which she wreathed her sword, when she would dare
Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
Of toil,—of temperance,—of that high, rare,
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath!
Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wildness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!—
Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place!
But no—it cannot be, that one, whom God
Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood's rod,—
A prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws
Its rights from heaven, should thus profane his cause.

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

So thought the youth;—but, even while he defied
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 hun 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:
Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid;
He thought of Zelica, his own dear maid,
And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,
Silent and happy—as if God had given
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven!

"O my loved mistress! whose enchantments still
Are with me, round me; wander where I will—
It is for thee, for thee alone I seek
The paths of glory—to light up thy cheek.
With warm approval—in that gentle look,
To read my praise, as in an angel's book,
And think all toils rewarded, when from thee
I gain a smile, worth immortality!
How shall I bear the moment, when restored
To that young heart where I alone am lord,
Though of such bliss unworthy,—since the best
Alone deserve to be the happiest!—
When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,
I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,
And find those tears warm as when last they started,
Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted!
Oh my own life!—why should a single day,
A moment keep me from those arms away?"

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,
Each note of which but adds new, downy links
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.
He turns him toward 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 mazy dance
By setters, forged in the green sunny bowers,
As they were captives to the King of Flowers;—
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery,
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight,
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;
While others waked, 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 eye,
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings!
Awhile they dance before him, then divide,
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide
Around the rich pavilion of the sun,—
Till silently dispersing, one by one,
Through many a path that from the chamber leads
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,
And but one trembling nymph remains behind,—
Beckoning them back in vain, for they are gone,
And she is left in all that light alone;
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now;
But a light, golden chain-work round her hair,
Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,
From which, on either side, gracefully hung
A golden amulet, in th' Arab tongue,
Engraven o'er with some immortal line
From holy writ, or bard scarce less divine;
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,
Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,
Then took her trembling fingers off again.
But when at length a timid glance she stole
At Azim, the sweet gravity of soul
She saw through all his features calm’d her fear,
And, like a half-tamed antelope, more near,
Though shrinking still, she came;—then sat her down
Upon a musnud’s edge, and, bolder grown,
In the pathetic mode of Isfahan
Touch’d a preluding strain, and thus began:—

There’s a bower of roses by Bendemeer’s stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood ’twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird’s song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon wither’d that hung o’er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather’d, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distill’d from their 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 Bendemeer!

"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, thou little know’st the art.

For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,
Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.
But thou hast breathed such purity, thy lay
Returns so fondly to youth’s virtuous day,
And leads thy soul—if e’er it wander’d thence—
So gently back to its first innocence,
That I would sooner stop th’ unchained dove,
When swift returning to its home of love,
And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,
Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine!"

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,
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look’d laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there.
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, ’mid showers of jessamine
Which those without flinging after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
Who live in th’ air on odours, and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
Chase one another, in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love’s warm pursuit:—

While she who sung so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals 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 carcanets of orient gems, that glanced
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden, shake in the Eternal Breeze,
Rung round their steps, at every bound
more sweet,
As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet!
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreathed
Within each other's arms; while soft there breathed
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
From some still lake, so liquidiy it rose;
And, as it swell'd 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 cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble!

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave,
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part!

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

Impatient of a scene whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
And where, 'midst all that the young heart loves most—
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
The youth had started up, and turn'd away
From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—
Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
But here again new spells came o'er his sense;—
All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
Of fond and passionate, was glowing there;
Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;
Which knows e'en Beauty when half
veil'd is best,
Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retired looks
loveliest!

There hung the history of the Genii-
King,
Traced through each gay, voluptuous
wandering
With her from Saba's bowers, in whose
bright eyes
He read that to be blest is to be wise;--
Here fond Zuleika woos with open arms
The Hebrew boy, who flies from her
young charms,
Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half un-
done,
Wishes that heaven and she could both
be won!
And here Mohammed, born for love and
guile,
Forgets the Koran in his Mary's
smile;--
Then beckons some kind angel from above
With a new text to consecrate their love!

With rapid step, yet pleased and
lingering eye,
Did the youth pass these pictured stories by,
And hasten'd to a casement, where the light
Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright
The fields without were seen, sleeping as still
As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.
Here paused he, while the music, now less near,
Breathed with a holier language on his ear,
As though the distance and that heavenly ray
Through which the sounds came floating, took away
All that had been too earthly in the lay.
Oh! could he listen to such sounds un-
moved,
And by that light—nor dream of her he loved?
Dream on, unconscious boy! while yet thou may'st;
'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.

Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,
Ere all the light that made it dear de-
part.
Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them last,
Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'er-
cast;
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,
Pure as they weep, if angels weep, in heaven!
Think in her own still bower she waits thee now,
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,
Yet shrined in solitude—thine all, thine only,
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely!
Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long en-
joy'd,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd!

The song is hush'd, the laughing
nymphs are flown,
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone;--
Alone?—no, not alone—that heavy sigh,
That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh—
Whose could it be?— alas! is misery found
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground?
He turns, and sees a female form, close veild,
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,
Against a pillar near;—not glittering o'er
With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,
But in that deep blue, melancholy dress,
Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness
Of friends or kindred, dead or far away;--
And such as Zelica had on that day
He left her,—when, with heart too full to speak,
He took away her last warm tears upon
his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him,—
more
Than mere compassion ever waked before;—
Unconsciously he opes 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 he sees!
But, ah, so pale, so changed—none but a
lover
Could in that wreck of beauty’s shrine
discover
The once adored divinity! even he
Stood for some moments mute, and
doubtingly
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, e’en when grief was heaviest—
when loth
He left her for the wars—in that worst
hour
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night
flower,
When darkness brings its weeping glories
out,
And spreads its sighs like frankincense
about!

“Look up, my 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 it ever shone.
Come, look upon thy Azim—one dear
glance,
Like those of old, were heaven! whatever
chance
Hath brought thee here, oh! ‘twas a
blessed one!
There—my sweet lids—they move—that
kiss hath run
Like the first shoot of life through every
vein,
And now I clasp her, mine, all mine
again!

Oh, the delight!—now, in this very
hour,
When had the whole rich world been in
my power,
I should have singled out thee, only thee,
From the whole world’s collected trea-
sury—
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, e’en for that tranced
minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it;
And thus to wake in his beloved caress
Took from her soul one-half its wretch-
enedness.
But, when she heard him call her good
and pure,
Oh, ‘twas too much—too dreadful to
endure!
Shuddering, she broke away from his
embrace,
And, hiding with both hands her guilty
face,
Said, in a tone whose anguish would
have riven
A heart of very marble, “Pure!—O
Heaven!”—

That tone—those looks so changed—
the withering blight,
That sin and sorrow leave where’er
they light—
The dead despondency of those sunk
eyes,
Where once, had he thus met her by
surprise,
He would have seen himself, too happy
boy,
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy;—
And then the place, that bright unholy place,
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves
Its wily covering of sweet-balsam leaves;
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!
Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
My eyes still turn’d the way thou wert to come,
And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,
Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear—
O God! thou wouldst not wonder that,
at last,
When every hope was all at once o’er cast,
When I heard frightful voices round me say,
Azim is dead!—this wretched brain gave way,
And I became a wreck, at random driven,
Without one glimpse of reason or of heaven—
All wild—and even this quenchless love within
Turn’d to foul fires to light me into sin!
Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—
that sky
Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.
The fiend, who lured me hither—hist! come near,
Or thou too, thou art lost, if he should hear—
Told me such things—oh! with such devilish art,
As would have ruin’d even a holier heart—
Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,
Where bless’d at length, if I but served him here,
I should for ever live in thy dear sight,
And drink from those pure eyes eternal light!
Think, think how lost, how madden’d I must be,
To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee!
Thou weep'st for me—do weep—oh! that I durst
Kiss off that tear; but, no—these lips are curst,
They must not touch thee;—one divine caress,
One blessed moment of forgetfulness
I've had within those arms, and that shall lie,
Shrined in my soul's deep memory till I die!
The last of joy's last relics here below,
The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,
My heart has treasured from affection's spring,
To soothe and cool its deadly withering!
But thou—yes, thou must go—for ever go;
This place is not for thee—for thee! oh, no!
Did I but tell thee half, thy tortured brain
Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again!
Enough, that Guilt reigns here—that hearts once good,
Now tainted, chill'd and broken, are his food.—
Enough, that we are parted—that there rolls
A flood of headlong fate between our souls,
Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee
As hell from heaven, to all eternity!

"Zelica! Zelica!" the youth exclam'd,
In all the tortures of a mind inflamed
Almost to madness—"by that sacred heaven,
Where yet, if prayers can move, thou'lt be forgiven,
As thou art here—here, in this writhing heart,
All sinful, wild, and ruin'd as thou art!
By the remembrance of our once pure love,
Which, like a churchyard light, still burns above
The grave of our lost souls—which guilt in thee
Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me!
I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence—
If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,
Fly with me from this place——"
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,
Though through the casement now, nought but the skies
And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before—
"Tis he, and I am his—all, all is o'er—
Go—fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too—
My oath, my oath, O God! 'tis all too true,
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his—
The dead stood round us, while I spoke that vow,
Their blue lips echo'd it—I hear them now!
Their eyes glared on me, while I pledged that bowl,
'Twas burning blood—I feel it in my soul!
And the Veil'd Bridegroom—hist! I've seen to-night
What angels know not of—so foul a sight,
So horrible—oh! never may'st thou see
What there lies hid from all but hell and me!
But I must hence—off, off—I am not thine,
Nor Heaven's, nor Love's, nor aught that is divine—
Hold me not—ha!—think'st thou the fiends that sever
Hearts, cannot sunder hands?—thus, then—forever!

With all that strength, which madness lends the weak,
She flung away his arm; and, with a shriek,—
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years
Than wretch e'er told, can never leave his ears,—
Flew up through that long avenue of light,
Fleetly 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 gaitety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon Fadladeen. She felt too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that Azim must have been just such a youth as Feramorz; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar, 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, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars), informed the Princess that it was the usual way in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

Lalla Rookh, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own
breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of Feramorz, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure, and, after a few unheard remarks from Fadladeen upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in presence of a princess, 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, Hath sprung up here, as if the magic powers Of him who, in the twinkling of a star, Built the high pillar’d halls of Chilminar, Had conjured up, far as the eye can see, This world of tents and domes and sun-bright armoury!——

Princely pavilions, screen’d by many a fold Of crimson cloth, and topp’d with balls of gold;——
Steads, with their housings of rich silver spun, Their chains and poitrels glittering in the sun; And camels, tufted o’er with Yemen’s shells, Shaking in every breeze their light-toned bells!

But yester-eve, so motionless around, So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound But the far torrent, or the locust-bird Hunting among the thickets, could be heard;——
Yet hark! what discords now, of every kind, Shouts, laughs, and screams, are reveling in the wind! The neigh of cavalry;—the tinkling throngs Of laden camels and their drivers’ songs;——

Ringing of arms, and flapping in the breeze
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies;——
War-music, bursting out from time to time
With gong and tymbalon’s tremendous chime;——
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,
That far off, broken by the eagle note
Of th’ Abyssinian trumpet, swell and float!

Who leads this mighty army?—ask ye "who?"
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,
The Night and Shadow, over yonder tent?——
It is the Caliph’s glorious armament.
Roused in his palace by the dread alarms,
That hourly came, of the false Prophet’s arms,
And of his host of infidels, who hurl’d
Defiance fierce at Islam and the world;——
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind
The veils of his bright palace calm reclined,
Yet brook’d he not such blasphemy should stain,
Thus unrevenged, the evening of his reign,
But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave,
To conquer or to perish, once more gave
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,
And with an army, nursed in victories,
Here stands to crush the rebels that o’er-run
His blest and beauteous province of the sun.

Ne’er did the march of Mahadi display
Such pomp before;—not e’en when on his way
To Mecca’s temple, when both land and sea
Were spoil’d to feed the pilgrim’s luxury;
When round him, 'mid the burning sands, he saw
Fruits of the north in icy freshness thaw,
And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow
Of Mecca's sun, with urns of Persian snow:
Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.
First, in the van, the People of the Rock,
On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock:
Then, chieftains of Damascus, proud to see
The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry:
Men, from the regions near the Volga's mouth,
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the south:
And Indian lancers, 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 mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-Sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude
That, fired by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,
Round the white standard of th' impostor throng'd.
Beside his thousands of believers,—blind,
Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind,—
Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel
The bloody Islamite's converting steel,
Flock'd to his banner;—chiefs of th' Uzbek race,
Waving their heron crests with martial grace;
Turkomans, countless as their flocks, led forth
From th' aromatic pastures of the north;
Wild warriors of the turquoise hills,—and those
Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows

Of Hindoo Kosh, in stormy freedom bred,
Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.
But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,
Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand
Or sterner hate than Iran's outlaw'd men,
Her Worshippers of Fire—all panting then
For vengeance on th' accursed Saracen;
Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,
Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd,
From Yezd's eternal Mansion of the Fire,
Where aged saints in dreams of heaven expire;
From Badku, and those fountains of blue flame
That burn into the Caspian, fierce they came,
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled!

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

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And risen again, and found them grappling yet;
While streams of carnage, in his noon-tide blaze,
Smoke up to heaven—hot as that crimson haze,
By which the prostrate caravan is awed,
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad!
"On, Swords of God!" the panting Caliph calls,—

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

"On, brave avengers, on," Mokanna cries,

"And Eblis blast the recreant slave that flies!"

Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day—
They clash—they strive—the Caliph's troops give way!
Mokanna's self plucks the black Banner down,
And now the Orient World's imperial crown
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout!
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems' rout,
And now they turn—they rally—at their head
A warrior, (like those angel youths, who led,
In glorious panoply of heaven's own mail,
The Champions of the Faith through Beder's vale,) Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle in his track,
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas through which victory breaks!
In vain Mokanna, 'midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky!—
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,
Deals death promiscuously to all about,
To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,
And seems of all the great Arch-enemy!
The panic spreads—"a miracle!" throughout
The Moslem ranks, "a miracle!" they shout,  

All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams;
And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
The needle tracks the loadstar, following him!

Right tow'rd's Mokanna now he cleaves his path,
Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath
He bears from heaven withheld its awful burst
From weaker heads, and souls but half-way curst,
To break o'er him, the mightiest and the worst!
But vain his speed—though, in that hour of blood,
Had all God's seraphs round Mokanna stood,
With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,
Mokanna's soul would have defied them all;
Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong
For human force, hurries even him along;
Invain he struggles 'mid the wedged array
Of flying thousands,—he is borne away;
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight is—murdering, as he goes!
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might
Surprises in some parch'd ravine at night,
Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched flocks
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks, And, to the last, devouring on his way,
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay!

"Alla illa 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 ziraleets;
The Swords of God have triumph'd—on his throne
Your Caliph sits, and the Veil'd Chief hath flown.
Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his 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!
Yes, wretched Azim! thine is such a grief,
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,
Or warm or brighten,—like that Syrian Lake,
Upon whose surface morn and summer shed
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead!—
Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe
Came, by long use of suffering, tame and slow;
But thine, lost youth! was sudden—over thee
It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy:
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy past
Melt into splendour, and Bliss 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
Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start!
And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang!

One sole desire, one passion now remains,
To keep life's fever still within his veins,—
Vengeance!—dire vengeance on the wretch who cast
O'er him and all he loved that ruinous blast.
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight
Far, far away, after that fatal night,—
Rumours of armies, thronging to th' attack
Of the Veil'd Chief,—for this he wing'd him back,
Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,
And came when all seem'd lost, and wildly hurl'd
Himself into the scale, and saved a world!
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that glory on his path lets fall;
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 unriven
Of the proud host that late stood fronting heaven,
He gain'd Merou—breathed a short curse of blood
O'er his lost throne—then pass'd the Jihon's flood,
And gathering all, whose madness of belief
Still saw a saviour in their down-fallen Chief,
Raised the white banner within Neksheb's gates,
And there, untamed, th' approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his haram, all that busy hive,
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,
He took but one, the partner of his flight,
One, not for love—not for her beauty's light—
For Zelica stood withering 'midst the gay,
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday
From th' Alma tree and dies, while overhead
To-day's young flower is springing in its stead!
No, not for love—the deepest damn'd must be
Touch'd with heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he
Can feel one glimpse of love's divinity!
But no, she is his victim;—there lie all
Her charms for him—charms that can never pall,
As long as hell within his heart can stir,
Or one faint trace of heaven is left in her.
To work an angel's ruin,—to behold
As white a page as virtue e'er unroll'd
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul—
This is his triumph; this the joy accursed,
That ranks him among demons all but first!
This gives the victim, that before him lies
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,
A light like that with which hell-fire illumes
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes!

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

Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights
That spangle India's fields on showery nights,
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,
Glimmering along th' horizon's dusky line,
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine
Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town
In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements
Mokanna views that multitude of tents;
Nay, smiles to think that, though en-toil'd, beset,
Not less than myriads dare to front him yet;
That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,
Even thus a match for myriads such as they!
"Oh! for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,
Who brush'd the thousands of th' Assyrian king
To darkness in a moment, that I might
People hell's chambers with yon host tonight!
But come what may, let who will grasp the throne,
Caliph or prophet, Man alike shall groan;
Let who will torture him, priest—caliph—king—
Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring
With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave,—
Sounds, that shall glad me even within my grave!"
Thus to himself—but to the scanty train
Still left around him, a far different strain:
"Glorious defenders of the sacred crown
I bear from heaven, whose light nor blood shall drown
Nor shadow of earth eclipse;—before whose gems
The paly pomp of this world's diadems,
The crown of Gerashid, the pillar'd throne
Of Parviz, and the heron crest that shone,
Magnificent, o'er Ali's beauteous eyes,
Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies:
Warriors rejoice—the port, to which we've pass'd
O'er destiny's dark wave, beams out at last!
Victory's own—'tis written in that book
Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,
That Islam's sceptre shall beneath the power
Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,
When the moon's mighty orb, before all eyes,
From Neksheb's Holy Well portentously shall rise!
Now turn and see!"

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,
A sudden splendour all around them broke,
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
Round the rich city and the plain for miles,
Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret,
As autumn suns shed round them when they set!
Instant from all who saw th' illusive sign
A murmur broke—"Miraculous! divine!"
The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star
Had waked, and burst impatient through the bar
Of midnight, to inflame him to the war!
While he of Moussa's creed saw, in that ray,
The glorious light which, in his freedom's day,'Had rested on the Ark, and now again
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain!

"To victory!" is at once the cry of all—
Nor stands Mokanna loitering at that call;
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,
And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide
Into the boundless sea, they speed their course
Right on into the Moslem's mighty force.
The watchmen of the camp,—who, in their rounds,
Had paused and even forgot the punctual sounds
Of the small drum with which they count the night,
To gaze upon that supernatural light,—
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,
And in a death-groan give their last alarm.

"On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen,
Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;
There rests the Caliph—speed—one lucky lance
May now achieve mankind's deliverance!"
Desperate the die—such as they only cast,
Who venture for a world, and stake their last.
But Fate's no longer with him—blade for blade
Springs up to meet them through the glimmering shade,
And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon
Pour to the spot,—like bees of Kauzeroon
To the shrill timbrel's summons,—till, at length,
The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,
And back to Neksheb's gates, covering the plain
With random slaughter, drives the adventurous train;
Among the last of whom, the Silver Veil
Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail
Of some toss'd vessel, on a stormy night,
Catching the tempest's momentary light!

And hath not this brought the proud spirit low,
Nor dash'd his brow, nor check'd his daring? No!
LALLA ROOKH.

Though half the wretches, whom at night he led
To thrones and victory, lie disgraced and dead,
Yet morning hears him, with unshrinking crest,
Still vaunt of thrones and victory to the rest;
And they believe him!—oh! the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away;
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow;—alchymists may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well th' imposter 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 Zelica forgot.
Ill-fated Zelica! had reason been
Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,
Thou never couldst have borne it—death had come
At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.
But 'twas not so—a torpor, a suspense
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er th' intense
And passionate struggles of that fearful night,
When her last hope of peace and heaven took flight;
And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke,—
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke
Ominous flashings now and then will start,
Which show the fire's still busy at its heart;
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in sullen gloom,—
Not such as Azim's, brooding o'er its doom,
And calm without, as is the brow of death,
While busy worms are gnawing underneath!—
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free
From thought or pain, a seal'd up apathy,
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in Merou, he had her deck'd
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect;
And led her glittering forth before the eyes
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice;
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride
Of the fierce Nile, when, deck'd in all the pride
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide!
And while the wretched maid hung down her head,
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 un reap'd:—in vain
At morn and eve across the northern plain
He looks impatient for the promised spears
Of the wild hordes and Tartar mountaineers;
They come not—while his fierce be-leaguers pour
Engines of havoc in, unknown before,
And horrible as new;—javelins, that fly
Enwreathed with smoky flames through the dark sky,
And red-hot globes that, opening as they mount,
Discharge, as from a kindled naphtha fount,
Showers of consuming fire o'er all below;
Looking, as through th' illumined night they go,
Like those wild birds that by the Magians oft,
At festivals of fire, were sent aloft
Into the air, with blazing faggots tied
To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide!
All night, the groans of wretches who expire,
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,
Ring through the city—while, descending o'er
Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore;—
Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths 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, unhallow'd by a prayer;—
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,
And death and conflagration throughout all
The desolate city hold high festival!

Mokanna sees the world is his no more;—
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
"What! drooping now?"—thus, with unblushing cheek,
He hails 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 we press
Home o'er the very threshold of success;
When Alla from our ranks hath thinn'd away
Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray
Of favour from us, and we stand at length
Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
The chosen few, who shall survive the fall
Of kings and thrones, triumphant over all!
Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,
All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star?
Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid
Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid
Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither
Millions of such as yonder chief brings hither?
Long have its lightnings slept—too long—
but now
All earth shall feel th' unveiling of this brow!
To-night—yes, sainted men! this very night,
I bid you all to a fair festal rite,
Where,—having deep refresh'd each weary limb
With viands, such as feast heaven's cherubim,
And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,
With that pure wine the Dark-eyed Maids above
Keep, seal'd with precious musk, for those they love,—
I will myself uncertain in your sight
The wonders of this brow's ineffable light;
Then lead you forth, and, with a wink disperse
Yon myriads, howling 'through the universe!'
Eager they listen—while each accent darts
New life into their chill’d and hope-sick hearts;—
Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies
To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies!
Wildly they point their lances to the light
Of the fast-sinking sun, and shout “To-night!”—
“To-night,” their Chief re-echoes, in a voice
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice!
Deluded victims—never hath this earth
Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth!
Here, to the few whose iron frames had stood
This racking waste of famine and of blood,
Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout
Of triumph like a maniac’s laugh broke out;—
There, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,
Danced, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,
Among the dead and dying, strew’d around;—
While some pale wretch look’d on, and from his wound
Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,
In ghastly transport waved it o’er his head!
'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause
Had follow’d the long shouts, the wild applause,
That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,
Where the Veil’d Demon held his feast accurst,
When Zelica—alas, poor ruin’d heart,
In every horror doom’d to bear its part!—
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,
Who, while his quivering lip thesummons gave,
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave
Compass’d him round, and, ere he could repeat
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet!
Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,
A presage, that her own dark doom was near,
Roused every feeling, and brought reason back
Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.
All round seem’d tranquil—even the foe had ceased,
As if aware of that demoniac feast,
His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look’d red,
'Twas but some distant conflagration’s spread,
But hark!—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone!
'Tis her Tormentor’s laugh—and now, a groan,
A long death-groan, comes with it—can this be
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?
She enters—holy Alla, what a sight
Was there before her! By the glimmering light
Of the pale dawn, mix’d with the flare of brands
That round lay burning, dropp’d from lifeless hands,
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,
Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—
The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff’d,
All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,
With their swollen heads sunk blackening on their breasts,
Or looking pale to heaven with glassy glare,
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;
As if they felt, though poison rack’d them through,
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!
While some, the bravest, hardiest in the train
Of their false Chief, who, on the battle-plain,
Would have met death with transport by his side,
Here mute and helpless gasp'd—but, as they died,
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,
And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,
The stony look of horror and despair,
Which some of these expiring victims cast
Upon their souls' tormentor to the last;—
Upon that mocking fiend, whose Veil,
now raised,
Show'd them, as in death's agony they gazed,
Not the long-promised light, the brow,
whose beaming
Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,
But features horribler than hell e'er traced
On its own brood;—no demon of the waste,
No churchyard Ghole, caught lingering
in the light
Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce, as those
Th' impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows—
"There, ye wise saints, behold your Light, your Star,—
Ye 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' uncourteous souls are fled.
Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,
If Eblis loves you half so well as I.—
Ha, my young bride!—'tis well—take thou thy seat;
Nay, come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet
The dead before?—they graced our wedding, sweet;
And these, my guests to-night, have brimm'd so true
Their parting cups, that thou shalt pledge one too.
But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?
Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,
Young bride,—yet stay—one precious drop remains,
Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins;—
Here, drink—and should thy lover's conquering arms
Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,
Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,
And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss!

"For me—I too must die—but not like these
Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze;
To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,
With all death's grimness added to its own,
And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes
Of slaves, exclaiming, 'There his Godship lies!'—
No—cursed race—since first my soul drew breath,
They've been my dupes, and shall be, even in death.
Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade—'tis fill'd
With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd;—
There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—
Fit bath to have a dying prophet's frame!—
There, perish, all—ere pulse of thine
shall fail—
Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.
So shall my votaries, whereso’er they rave,
Proclaim that Heaven took back the saint it gave;—
That I’ve but vanish’d from this earth awhile,
To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile!
So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
Where Faith may mutter o’er her mystic spell,
Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
The sail he spreads for heaven with blasts from hell!
So shall my banner, through long ages, be
The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy;—
Kings yet unborn shall rue Mokanna’s name,
And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,
Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,
And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life!
But, hark! their battering engine shakes the wall—
Why, let it shake—thus I can brave them all.
No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,
And I can trust thy faith, for—thou’lt be dumb.
Now mark how readily a wretch like me,
In one bold plunge, commences Deity!"—

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said—
Quick closed the burning waters o’er his head,
And Zelica was left—within the ring
Of those wide walls: the only living thing;

The only wretched one, still cursed with breath,
In all that frightful wilderness of death!
More like some bloodless ghost,—such as, they tell,
In the lone Cities of the Silent dwell,
And there, unseen of all but Alla, sit
Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs
Throughout the camp of the belanguerers.
Their globes of fire (the dread artillery, lent
By Greece to conquering Mahadi) are spent;
And now the scorpion’s shaft, the quarry sent
From high balistas, and the shielded throng
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,—
All speak th’ impatient Islamite’s intent
To try, at length, if tower and battlement
And bastion’d wall be not less hard to win,
Less tough to break down, than the hearts within.
First in impatience and in toil is he,
The burning Azim—oh! could he but see
Th’ impostor once alive within his grasp,
Not the gaunt lion’s hug, nor boa’s clasp,
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace
With the fell heartiness of hate’s embrace!

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls;
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress fails,
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 catapult
Right on that spot, and Neksheb is our own!"—
'Tis done—the battlements come crashing down,
And the huge wall, by that stroke riven in two, Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew, Shows 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 In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile.— Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanced Forth from the ruin’d walls; and, as there glanced A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see The well-known Silver Veil!—"'Tis he, 'tis he, Mokanna, and alone!" they shout around; Young Azim from his steed springs to the ground— "Mine, holy Caliph! mine," he cries, "the task To crush yon daring wretch—'tis all I ask." Eager he darts to meet the demon foe, Who, still across wide heaps of ruin, slow And falteringly comes, till they are near; Then, with a bound, rushes on Azim’s spear, And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows— Oh!—'tis his Zelica’s life-blood that flows!

"I meant not, Azim," soothingly she said, As on his trembling arm she lean’d her head, And, looking in his face, saw anguish there Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear—

"I meant not thou shouldst have the pain of this;— Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but know How oft I’ve pray’d to God I might die so! But the fiend’s venom was too scant and slow;— To linger on were maddening—and I thought If once that Veil—nay, look not on it—caught The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly. But this is sweeter—oh! believe me, yes— I would not change this sad, but dear caress, This death within thy arms I would not give For the most smiling life the happiest live! All, that stood dark and drear before the eye Of my stray’d soul, is passing swiftly by; A light comes o’er me from those looks of love, Like the first dawn of mercy from above; And if thy lips but tell me I’m forgiven, Angels will echo the blest words in heaven! But live, my Azim;—oh! to call thee mine Thus once again! my Azim—dream divine! Live, if thou ever lovedst me, if to meet Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,— Oh, live to pray for her—to bend the knee Morning and night before that Deity, To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain, As thine are, Azim, never breathed in vain,— And pray that He may pardon her,—may take Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake, And, nought remembering but her love to thee, Make her all thine, all His, eternally! Go to those happy fields where first we twined Our youthful hearts together—every wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,
Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours
Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again
For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To heaven upon the morning's sunshine, rise
With all love's earliest ardour to the skies!
And should they—but alas! my senses fail—
Oh, for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—
If pardon'd souls may from that World of Bliss
Reveal their joy to those they love in this,—
I'll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—
O Heaven—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell."

Time fleetèd—years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,
Were living still—when, by a rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even death—like the last streak
Of intense glory on th' horizon's brim,
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim,—
His soul had seen a vision, while he slept;
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all dress'd
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died.—
And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
He and his Zelica sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear Fadladeen's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible. In the next place the elephant, laden with his fine antique porcelain, had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces:—an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to Fadladeen, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believing in his heart that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose. "In order," said he, "importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, "to convey with clearness my opinion of
the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever——" "My good Fadladeen!" exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, "we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition."

"If that be all," replied the critic, evidently mortified at not being allowed to show how much he knew about everything but the subject immediately before him; "if that be all that is required, the matter is easily dispatched."

He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi) whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aspersions of a veil on a divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivaling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filibers of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub of aqua-fortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling."

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves, like the blacksmith's apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafiz, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences too in which it indulged were unpardonable; for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such:

Like the faint exquisite music of a dream.

"What critic that can count," said Fadladeen, "and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?"

—He here looked round and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—"notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before Lalla Rookh could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion!—to one heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for Fadladeen, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation (being wholly unknown in that Paradise
of the Indies, Cashmere), felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what Fadladeen said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. Lalla Rookh alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—"Many, like me, have viewed this fountain, but they are gone; and their eyes are closed for ever!"—that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. "It is true," she said, "few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth:—it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever:—but still there are some, as delightful, perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic 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 Feramorz, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature and her wild fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair, to the Cánalatá, 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 but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the Springs
Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed 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 plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,
Yet—oh! 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
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—Bramins say—

Blooms nowhere 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,
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of 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 Alla's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwaffed from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
'Tis he of Gazna—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
"Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last -
Last glorious drop his heart had shed."—P 237.
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultan;
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And, through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land,—

But see—alaris!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,
Far to the south, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile!
Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs 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 Moeris' 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-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warms them to their silken beds;
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved sun's awake;
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheathe its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd sultana sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought, that there, e’en there,  
Amid those scenes so still and fair,  
The Demon of the Plague hath cast  
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,  
More mortal far than ever came 
From the red desert’s sands of flame!  
So quick, that every living thing  
Of human shape, touch’d by his wing,  
Like plants, where the simoom hath past,  
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,  
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,  
Is rankling in the pest-house now,  
And ne’er will feel that sun again!  
And oh! to see th’ unburied heaps  
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—  
The very vultures turn away,  
And sicken at so foul a prey!  
Only the fiercer hyena stalks  
Throughout the city’s desolate walks  
At midnight, and his carnage plies—  
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets  
The glaring of those large blue eyes  
Amid the darkness of the streets!

“Poor race of Men!” said the pitying Spirit,  
“Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—  
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,  
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!”  
She wept—the air grew pure and clear  
Around her, as the bright drops ran;  
For there’s a magic in each tear,  
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then, beneath some orange-trees,  
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze  
Were wantoning together, free,  
Like age at play with infancy—  
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,  
Close by the lake, she heard the moan  
Of one who, at this silent hour,  
Had thither stolen to die alone.  
One who in life, where’er he moved,  
Drew after him the hearts of many;  
Yet now, as though he ne’er were loved,  
Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!

None to watch near him—none to slake  
The fire that in his bosom lies,  
With e’en 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 airs from fountain falls,  
Freshly perfumed by many a brand  
Of the sweet wood from India’s land,  
Were pure as she whose brow they fann’d.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,  
This melancholy bower to seek,  
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,  
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
’Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,  
He knew his own betrothed bride,  
She, who would rather die with him,  
Than live to gain the world beside!—  
Her arms are round her lover now,  
His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
And dips, to bind his burning brow,  
In the cool lake her loosen’d tresses.  
Ah! once, how little did he think  
An hour would come, when he should shrink  
With horror from that dear embrace,  
Those gentle arms, that were to him  
Holy as is the cradling place  
Of Eden’s infant cherubim!  
And now he yields—now turns away,  
Shuddering as if the venom lay  
All in those proffer’d lips alone—  
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,  
Never until that instant came  
Near his unask’d or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no—
(When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!)
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!
She fails,—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul;
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that holy bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,
And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;—
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the Throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed—"not yet,"
The Angel said as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opens the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposè,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below.
Fair gardens, shining streams, with
ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruin's shrines, busy and bright,
As they were all alive with light;—
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery
vales;—
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd,
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;

Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like wingèd flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a weariest man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swiftly his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath daybeam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests! —there written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing Angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches, that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh, 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt he, the wretched Man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace?

"There was a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
"When, young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"

He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
'There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
 Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,

There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

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

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh!—
My feast is now of the tooba tree,
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's Throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

"And this, said the Great Chamberlain,
"is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!"

After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, Fadladeen kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said,
as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be overrun by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand streams of Basra. They who succeeded in this style deserved chastisement for their very success;—as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the licence and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence;—who, like them, flung the jereed carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark;—"and who," said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, "contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they have allowed themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who has the ingenuity to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam!"

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven, but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceit of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand," he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital for Sick Insects should undertake."

In vain did Lalla Rookh try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent commonplaces,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them;—that severity often destroyed every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit. Neither these gentle axioms, nor the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of Fadladeen's eyebrows, or charm him into anything like encouragement, or even toleration, of her Poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of Fadladeen:—he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal, too, was the same in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters,—worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death seemed to share equal honours with Heaven, would have powerfully affected the heart and imagination of Lalla Rookh, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were making in the saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young Feramorz. The veil, which this passion wears at first, had fallen off, and to know that she loved was now as pain-
ful as to love without knowing it had been delicious. Feramorz, too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if, notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even he should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all tended to bring their hearts close together, and to awaken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone! She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. Feramorz must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clew was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only try to forget the short vision of happiness she had enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The rajas and omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionery among the people; while the artizans, in chariots adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made the city altogether like a place of enchantment;—particularly on the day when Lalla Rookh set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who waved plates of gold and silver flowers over their heads as they went, and then threw them to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. Lalla Rookh, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel as usual to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary;—Fadladeen felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled, and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees, at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to Fadladeen, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were tasteless enough to wish for the Poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:

Tell me not of joys above,
If that world can give no bliss,
Truer, happier than the love
Which enslaves our souls in this!

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

Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood—all its pain—
Would, for even elysium's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?
Who, that midst a desert's heat
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?

The tone of melancholy defiance in
which these words were uttered, went to
Lalla Rookh's heart;—and, as she reluct-
tantly rode on, she could not help feeling
it as a sad but sweet certainty that Fer-
amorz was to the full as enamoured and
miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that
evening was the first delightful spot they
had come to since they left Lahore.
On one side of them was a grove full of
small Hindoo temples, and planted with
the most graceful trees of the East;
where the tamarind, the cassia, and the
silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled
in rich contrast with the high fan-like
foliage of the Palmira,—that favourite
tree of the luxurious bird that lights up
the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.
In the middle of the lawn where the
pavilion stood, there was a tank sur-
rounded by small mango-trees, on the
clear cold waters of which floated mul-
titudes of the beautiful red lotus; while
at a distance stood the ruins of a strange
and awful-looking tower, which seemed
old enough to have been the temple of
some religion no longer known, and
which spoke the voice of desolation in
the midst of all that bloom and loveli-
ness. This singular ruin excited the
wonder and conjectures of all.
Lalla Rookh guessed in vain, and the all-pre-
tending Fadladeen, who had never till
this journey been beyond the precincts of
Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly
to show that he knew nothing whatever
about the matter, when one of the ladies
suggested, that perhaps Feramorz could
satisfy their curiosity. They were now
approaching his native mountains, and
this tower might be a relic of some of
those dark superstitions which had pre-
vailed in that country before the light of
Islam dawned upon it. The Chamber-
lain, who usually preferred his own igno-
rance to the best knowledge that any one
else could give him, was by no means
pleased with this officious reference; and
the Princess, too, was about to interpose
a faint word of objection, but, before
either of them could speak, a slave was
despatched for Feramorz, who, in a very
few minutes, appeared before them,—
looking so pale and unhappy in Lalla
Rookh's eyes, that she already repented
of her cruelty in having so long excluded
him.

That venerable tower, he told them,
was the remains of an ancient Fire-
Temple, built by those Ghebers or Per-
sians of the old religion, who, many
hundred years since, had fled hither from
their Arab conquerors, preferring liberty
and their altars in a foreign land to the
alternative of apostacy or persecution in
their own. It was impossible, he added,
not to feel interested in the many glorious
but unsuccessful struggles which had
been made by these original natives of
Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted
conquerors. Like their own Fire in the
Burning Field at Bakou, when sup-
pressed in one place, they had but broken
out with fresh flame in another; and, as
a native of Cashmere, of that fair and
Holy Valley, which had in the same
manner become the prey of strangers,
and seen her ancient shrines and native
princes swept away before the march of
her intolerant invaders, he felt a symp-
athy, he owned, with the sufferings of
the persecuted Ghebers, which every
monument like this before them but
pered more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that Feramorz had
ever ventured upon so much prose before
Fadladeen, and it may easily be con-
ceived what effect such prose as this
must have produced upon that most
orthodox and most pagan-hating person-
age. He sat for some minutes aghast,
ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted
conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-wor-
shippers!"—while Feramorz, happy to
take advantage of this almost speechless
horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to
say that he knew a melancholy story,
connected with the events of one of those
brave struggles of the Fire-worshippers
of Persia against their Arab masters,
which, if the evening was not too far
advanced, he should have much pleasure.
in being allowed to relate to the Princess.
It was impossible for Lalla Rookh to refuse; he had never before looked half
so animated, and when he spoke of the
Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she
thought, like the talismanic characters on
the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent
was therefore most readily granted, and
while Fadladeen sat in unspeakable dis-
may, expecting treason and abomination
in every line, the poet thus began his
story of the Fire-worshippers:

'Tis moonlight over Oman's Sea;
Her banks of pearl and palmy isles
Bask in the night-beam beautiously,
And her blue waters sleep in smiles.
'Tis moonlight in Harmozia's walls,
And through her Emir's porphry halls,
Where, some hours since, was heard the
swell
Of trumpet and the clash of zel,
Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell;
The peaceful sun, whom better suits
The music of the bulbul's nest,
Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,
To sing him to his golden rest!
All hush'd—there's not a breeze in
motion;
The shore is silent as the ocean.
If zephyrs come, so light they come,
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is
driven;
The wind-tower on the Emir's dome
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Even he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps
Calm, while a nation round him weeps;
While curses load the air he breathes,
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths
Are starting to avenge the shame
His race hath brought on Iran's name.
Hard, heartless Chief, unmoved alike
'Mid eyes that weep, and swords that
strike;
One of that saintly, murderous brood,
To carnage and the Koran given,
Who think through unbelievers' blood
Lies their direc'test path to heaven.
One, who will pause and kneel unshod
In the warm blood his hand hath
pour'd,
To mutter o'er some text of God
Engraven on his reeking sword;

Nay, who can coolly note the line,
The letter of those words divine,
To which his blade, with searching art,
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just Alla! what must be thy look,
When such a wretch before thee
stands
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book,—
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd
hands,
And wrestling from its page sublime
His creed of lust and hate and crime?
Even as those bees of Trebizond,—
Which from the sunniest flowers that
Plead with their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men
mad!

Never did fierce Arabia send
A satrap forth more direly great;
Never was Iran doom'd to bend
Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.
Her throne had fallen—her pride was
crush'd—
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,
In their own land,—no more their
own,—
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.
Her towers, where Mithra once had
burn'd,
To Moslem shrines—oh, shame!—were
turn'd
Where slaves, converted by the sword,
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,
And cursed the faith their sires adored.
Yet has she hearts, 'mid all this ill,
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still
With hope and vengeance;—hearts that
yet,—
Like gems, in darkness issuing rays
They've treasured from the sun that's
set,—
Beam all the light of long-lost days!

And swords she hath, nor weak nor
slow
To second all such hearts can dare;
As he shall know, well, dearly know,
Who sleeps in moonlight luxury
there,
Tranquil as if his spirit lay
Becalm'd in Heaven's approving ray!
Sleep on—for purer eyes than thine
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine.
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmoved
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power;—
None but the loving and the loved
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see,—where, high above those rocks
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,
Yon turret stands;—where ebon locks,
As glossy as a heron's wing
Upon the turban of a king,
Hang from the lattice, long and wild,—
'Tis she, that Emir's blooming child,
All truth and tenderness and grace,
Though born of such ungentle race;—
An image of Youth's fairy Fountain
Springing in a desolate mountain!

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty, curtain'd from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye,—
The flower, that blooms beneath the sea
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity!
So, Hinda, have thy face and mind,
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrined.
And oh, what transport for a lover
To lift the veil that shades them o'er!—
Like those who, all at once, discover
In the lone deep some fairy shore,
Where mortal never trod before,
And sleep and wake in scented airs
No lip had ever breathed but theirs!

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer eves, through Yemen's dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils;—
And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,
Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower,
Before their mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.

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

Light as the angel shapes that bless
An infant's dream, yet not the less
Rich in all woman's loveliness;—
With eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark vice would turn abash'd away,
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze!—
Yet, fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds with all the bliss,
The fond, weak tenderness of this!
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where, through some shades of earthly 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 shining deep.
Ah! 'twas not thus,—with tearful eyes
And beating heart,—she used to gaze
On the magnificent earth and skies,
In her own land, in happier days.
Why looks she now so anxious down
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown
Blackens the mirror of the deep?
Whom waits she all this lonely night?
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,
For man to scale that turret's height!—

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,
When high, to catch the cool night-air,
After the daybeam'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—
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 unrivall'd daughter,
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,
There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,
Would climb th' untrodden solitude
Of Ararat's tremendous peak,
And think its steeps, though dark and dread,
Heaven's pathways, if to thee they led!
E'en now thou seest the flashing spray,
That lights his oar's impatient way;
E'en 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 midway up in danger clung,
She flung him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, breathless, "There, love, there!"
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold
The hero Zal in that fond hour,
Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,
Now climbs the rocks to Hinda's bower.
See—light as up their granite steeps
The rock-goats of Arabia clamber,
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,
And now is in the maiden's chamber.

She loves—but knows n't whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
Some beauteous bird, without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,
From isles in th' undiscover'd seas,
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, and wing away!

Will he thus fly—her nameless lover?
Alla forbid! 'twas by a moon
As fair as this, while singing over
Some ditty to her soft Kanoon,
Alone, at this same witching hour,
She first beheld his radiant eyes
Gleam through the lattice of the bower,
Where nightly now they mix their sighs;
And thought some spirit of the air
(For what could waft a mortal there?)
Was pausing on his moonlight way
To listen to her lonely lay!
This fancy ne'er hath left her mind:
And—though, when terror's swoon had past,
She saw a youth, of mortal kind,
Before her in obeisance cast,—
Yet often since, when he hath spoken
Strange, awful words,—and gleams have broken
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,
Oh! she hath fear'd her soul was given
To some unhallow'd child of air,
Some erring spirit, cast from heaven;
Like those angelic youths of old,
Who burn'd for maid's of mortal mould,
Bewilder'd the glorious skies,
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes!
Fond girl! nor fiend nor angel he,
Who wooes thy young simplicity;
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,
As warm in love, as fierce in ire
As the best heart whose current runs
Full of the Day-god's living fire!

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow;
Never before, but in her dreams,
Had she beheld him pale as now:
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;
Visions, that will not be forgot,
But sadden every waking scene,
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot
All wither'd where they once have been!

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,
Of her own gentle voice afraid,
So long had they in silence stood,  
Looking upon that tranquil flood—  
"How sweetly does the moonbeam smile  
To-night upon yon leafy isle!  
Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,  
I've wish'd that little isle had wings,  
And we, within its fairy bowers,  
Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
And we might live, love, die alone!  
Far from the cruel and the cold,—  
Where the bright eyes of angels only  
Should come around us, to behold  
A paradise so pure and lonely!  
Would this be world enough for thee?"  
Playful she turn'd, that he might see  
The passing smile her cheek put on;  
But when she mark'd how mournfully  
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone;  
And, bursting into heart-felt tears,  
"Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,  
My dreams, have boded all too right—  
We part—for ever part—to-night!—  
I knew, I knew it could not last—  
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!  
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away;  
I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die!  
Now too—the joy most like divine  
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—  
Oh, misery! must I lose that too?  
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet;—  
Those frightful rocks, that treacherous sea—  
No, never come again—though sweet,  
Though heaven, it may be death to thee.  
Farewell—and blessings on thy way,  
Where'er thou go'st, beloved stranger!  
Better to sit and watch that ray,  
And think thee safe, though far away,  
Than have thee near me, and in danger!"

"Danger! oh, tempt me not to boast—"  
The youth exclaim'd—"thou little know'st  
What he can brave, who, born and nursed  
In Danger's paths, has dared her worst!  
Upon whose ear the signal-word  
Of strife and death is hourly breaking;  
Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
His fever'd hand must grasp in waking!  
Danger!—"  
"Say on—thou fear'st not then,  
And we may meet—oft meet again?"  
"Oh! look not so,—beneath the skies  
I now fear nothing but those eyes.  
If aught on earth could charm or force  
My spirit from its destined course,—  
If aught could make this soul forget  
The bond to which its seal is set,  
'Twould be those eyes;—they, only they,  
Could melt that sacred seal away!—  
But no—'tis fix'd—my awful doom  
Is fix'd—on this side of the tomb  
We meet no more—why, why did Heaven  
Mingle two souls that earth has riven,  
Has rent asunder, wide as ours?  
O Arab maid! as soon the powers  
Of light and darkness may combine,  
As I be link'd with thee or thine!  
Thy Father——"  
"Holy Alla save  
His grey head from that lightning glance!  
Thou know'st him not—he loves the brave;  
Nor lives there under heaven's expanse  
One who would prize, would worship thee,  
And thy bold spirit, more than he.  
Oft when, in childhood, I have play'd  
With the bright falchion by his side,  
I've heard him swear his lisping maid  
In time should be a warrior's bride.  
And still, whene'er, at haram hours,  
I take him cool sherbets and flowers,  
He tells me, when in playful mood,  
A hero shall my bridegroom be,  
Since maids are best in battle woo'd,  
And won with shouts of victory!
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

"And show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung."—P. 269.
Nay, turn not from me—thou alone
Art form'd to make both hearts thy own.
Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know'st
Th' unholy strife these Persians wage:
Good Heaven, that frown!—even now
thou glow'st
With more than mortal warrior's rage.
Haste to the camp by morning's light,
And, when that sword is raised in fight,
Oh, still remember Love and I
Beneath its shadow trembling lie!
One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,
Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire
Abhors——"

"Hold, hold—thy words
are death,"
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung:—
"Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
All that thy sire abhors in me!
Yes—I am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire, who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place
Among the living lights of heaven!
Yes—I am of that outcast few,
To Iran and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs came
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear, before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains, or die!
Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—
He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,
With me is sacred as the spot
From which our fires of worship rise!
But know—'twas him I sought that night,
When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glistening light,
And up the rude rocks desperately
Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
I climb'd the gory vulture's nest,
And found a trembling dove within;—
Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
If Love hath made one thought his own,
That vengeance claims first—last—alone!

Oh! had we never, never met,
Or could this heart e'en now forget
How link'd, how bless'd, we might have been,
Had fate not frown'd so dark between!
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
At the same kindling altar knelt,—
Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
In which the charm of country lies,
Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
Till Iran's cause and thine were one;—
While in thy lute's awakening sigh
I heard the voice of days gone by,
And saw in every smile of thine
Returning hours of glory shine!—
While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
Lived, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—
God! who could then this sword withstand?
Its very flash were victory!
But now—estranged, divorced for ever,
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
Our only ties what love has wove,—

Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide;—
And then, then only, true to love,
When false to all that's dear beside!
Thy father Iran's deadliest foe—
Thyself, perhaps, e'en now—but no—
Hate never look'd so lovely yet!
No—sacred to thy soul will be
The land of him who could forget
All but that bleeding land for thee!
When other eyes shall see, unmoved,
Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
Thou'lt think how well one Gheber loved,
And for his sake thou'lt weep for all!
But look——"

With sudden start he turn'd
And pointed to the distant wave,
Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
Bluely, as o'er some seaman's grave;
And fiery darts, at intervals,
Flew up all sparkling from the main,
As if each star that nightly falls
Were shooting back to heaven again,
“My signal-lights!—I must away—
Both, both are ruin’d, if I stay.
Farewell—sweet life! thou cling’st in vain—
Now—Vengeance!—I am thine again.”
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp’d,
Nor look’d—but from the lattice dropp’d
Down ’mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.
While pale and mute young Hinda stood,
Nor moved, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of woe;—
Shrieking, she to the lattice flew,
“I come—I come—if in that tide
Thou sleep’st to-night—I’ll sleep there too,
In death’s cold wedlock by thy side.
Oh! I would ask no happier bed
Than the chill wave my love lies under;—
Sweeter to rest together dead,
Far sweeter, than to live asunder!”
But no—their hour is not yet come—
Again she sees his pinnace fly,
Waiting him fleetly to his home,
Where’er that ill-starr’d home may lie;
And calm and smooth it seem’d to win
Its moonlight way before the wind,
As if it bore all peace within,
Nor left one breaking heart behind!

The Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that Feramorz had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet’s theme; for when he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo staff, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that in that very spot the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was therefore with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath the shade, some pious hands had erected pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain, which now supplied the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from their palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with Fadladeen in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

The morn hath risen clear and calm,
And o’er the Green Sea palely shines,
Revealing Bahrein’s groves of palm,
And lighting Kismah’s amber vines.
Fresh smell the shores of Araby,
While breezes from the Indian sea
Blow round Selama’s sainted cape,
And curl the shining flood beneath,—
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,
Which pious seamen, as they pass’d,
Had toward that holy headland cast—
Oblations to the genii there
For gentle skies and breezes fair!
The nightingale now bends her flight
From the high trees, where all the night
She sung so sweet, with none to listen;
And hides her from the morning star
Where thickets of pomegranate glisten
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o’er
With dew, whose night-drops would not stain
The best and brightest scimitar
That ever youthful Sultan wore
On the first morning of his reign!

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker’s steps of fire!
Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,
When Iran, like a sun-flower, turn'd
To meet that eye, where'er it burn'd?—
When, from the banks of Bendemeer
To the nut-groves of Samarcand
Thy temples flamed o'er all the land?
Where are they? ask the shades of them
Who, on Cadessia's bloody plains,
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem
From Iran's broken diadem,
And bind her ancient faith in chains:—
Ask the poor exile, cast alone
On foreign shores, unloved, unknown,
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates,
Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,
Far from his beauteous land of dates,
Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains!
Yet happier so than if he trod
His own beloved but blighted sod,
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—
Oh! he would rather houseless roam
Where freedom and his God may lead,
Than be the sleekest slave at home
That crouches to the conqueror's creed!
Is Iran's pride then gone for ever,
Quench'd with the flame in Mithra's caves?—
No—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light or earth has graves.
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
But flash resentment back for wrong;
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds
Of vengeance ripe into deeds,
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,
Whose buds fly open with a sound
That shakes the pigmy forests round!
Yes, Emir! he, who scaled that tower,
And had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power,
How safe even tyrant heads may rest—
Is one of many, brave as he,
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee;
Who, though they know the strife is vain,
Who, though they know the riven chain
Snaps but to enter in the heart
Of him who rends its links apart,
Yet dare the issue,—blest to be
Even for one bleeding moment free,
And die in pangs of liberty!
Thou know'st them well—'tis some moons since
Flags, Thou turband troops and blood-red
Thou satrap of a bigot prince!
Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags;
Yet here, even here, a sacred band,
Ay, in the portal of that land
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,
Their spears across thy path have thrown;
Here—ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er—
Rebellion braved thee from the shore.
Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again;—
But, if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain-head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!
And who is he, that wields the might
Of freedom on the Green Sea brink,
Before whose sabre's dazzling light
The eyes of Yemen's warriors wink?
Who comes embower'd in the spears
Of Kerman's hardy mountaineers?—
Those mountaineers, that trust, last,
Cling to their country's ancient rites,
As if that God, whose eyelids cast
Their closing gleam on Iran's heights,
Among her snowy mountains threw
The last light of his worship too!
'Tis Hafed—name of fear, whose sound
Chills like the muttering of a charm;—
Shout but that awful name around,
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.
'Tis Hafed, most accurst and dire
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire!
Of whose malign, tremendous power
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,
That each affrighted sentinel
Pulls down his cowl upon his eyes,
Lest Hafed in the midst should rise!
A man, they say, of monstrous birth
A mingled race of flame and earth,
Sprung from those old, enchanted kings,
Who in their fairy helms, of yore,
A feather from the mystic wings
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore;
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,
With charms that, all in vain withstood,
Would drown the Koran's light in blood!

Such were the tales that won belief,
And such the colouring fancy gave
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—
One who, no more than mortal brave,
Fought for the land his soul adored,
For happy homes, and altars free,—
His only talisman, the sword,
His only spell-word, Liberty!
One of that ancient hero line,
Along whose glorious current shine
Names that have sanctified their blood;
As Lebanon's small mountain-flood
Is render'd holy by the ranks
Of sainted cedars on its banks!
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee
Tamely to Moslem tyranny;—
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past,
Whose melancholy spirit, fed
With all the glories of the dead,
Though framed for Iran's happiest years,
Was born among her chains and tears!—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—
No—far he fled—indignant fled
The pageant of his country's shame;
While every tear her children shed
Fell on his soul, like drops of flame;
And, as a lover hails the dawn
Of a first smile, so welcomed he
The sparkle of the first sword drawn
For vengeance and for liberty!

But vain was valour—vain the flower
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
Against Al Hassan's whelming power.—
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way—
In vain—for every lance they raised,
Thousands around the conqueror blazed;
For every arm that lined their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust-cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea
Of Oman beetling awfully.
A last and solitary link
Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
Down winding to the Green Sea beach.
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,
As if to guard the gulf across;
While, on its peak, that braved the sky,
A ruin'd temple tower'd, so high
That oft the sleeping albatross
Struck the wild 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,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between;
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come,
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
There stood— but one short league away * * * *
A rocky mountain, o'er the sea."—P. 272.
Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For each ravine, each rocky spire,
Of that vast mountain stood on fire;
And, though for ever past the days,
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!
Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led
His little army's last remains;—
"Welcome, terrific glen!" he said,
"Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,
Is heaven to him who flies from chains!"
O'er a dark, narrow bridgeway, known
To him and to his chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers;—
"This home," he cried, "at least is ours—
Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,
Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
Gloats on our torments—we may die!"
'Twas night when to those towers they came,
And gloomily the fitful flame,
That from the ruin'd altar broke,
Glared on his features, as he spoke:—
"'Tis c'er—what men could do, we've done—
If Iran will look tamely on,
And see her priests, her warriors, driven
Before a sensual bigot's nod,
A wretch, who takes his lusts to heaven,
And makes a pandar of his God!
If her proud sons, her high-born souls,
Men, in whose veins—O last disgrace!
The blood of Zal and Rustam rolls,—
If they will court this upstart race,
And turn from Mithra's ancient ray,
To kneel at shrines of yesterday!—
If they will crouch to Iran's foes,
Why, let them—till the land's despair
Cries out to Heaven, and bondage grows
Too vile for e'en the vile to bear!
Till shame at last, long hidden, burns
Their inmost core, and conscience turns
Each coward tear the slave lets fall
Back on his heart in drops of gall!
But here, at least, are arms unchain'd,
And souls that thrall'd never stain'd;—
This spot, at least, no foot of slave
Or satrap ever yet profaned;
And, though but few—though fast the wave
Of life is ebbing from our veins,
Enough for vengeance still remains.
As panthers, after set of sun,
Rush from the roots of Lebanon
Across the dark sea-robber's way,
We'll bound upon our startled prey;—
And when some hearts that proudest swell
Have felt our falchion's last farewell;
When hope's expiring throb is o'er,
And e'en despair can prompt no more,
This spot shall be the sacred grave
Of the last few who, vainly brave,
Die for the land they cannot save!"
His chiefs stood round—each shining blade
Upon the broken altar laid—
And though so wild and desolate
Those courts, where once the mighty sate;
Nor longer on those mouldering towers
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,
With which of old the Magi fed
The wandering spirits of their dead;
Though neither priest nor rites were there,
Nor charm'd leaf of pure pomegranate;
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet;
Yet the same God that heard their sires
Heard them, while on that altar's fires
They swore the latest, holiest deed
Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,
Should be, in Iran's injured name,
To die upon that Mount of Flame—
The last of all her patriot line,
Before her last untrampled shrine!
Brave, suffering souls! they little knew
How many a tear their injuries drew
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,
Whom Love first touch’d with others’ woe—
Whose life, as free from thought as sin,
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in
His talisman, and woke the tide,
And spread its trembling circles wide.
Once, Emir! thy unheeding child,
’Mid all this havoc, bloom’d and smiled,—
Tranquil as on some battle-plain
The Persian lily shines and towers,
Before the combat’s reddening stain
Hath fall’n upon her golden flowers.
Light-hearted maid, unwed, unmoved,
While Heaven but spared the siren 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 confines, that the damn’d can hear?
Far other feelings love hath brought—
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,
She now has but the one dear thought,
And thinks that o’er, almost to madness!
Oft doth her sinking heart recall
His words—"for my sake weep for all,"
And bitterly, as day on day
Of rebel carnage fast succeeds,
She weeps a lover snatch’d away
In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.
There’s not a sabre meets her eye,
But with his life-blood seems to swim;
There’s not an arrow wings the sky,
But fancy turns its point to him.
No more she brings with footstep light
Al Hassan’s falchion for the fight;
And,—had he look’d with clearer sight,
Had not the mists, that ever rise
From a foul spirit, dimm’d his eyes,—
He would have mark’d her shuddering frame,
When from the field of blood he came,

The faltering speech — the look estranged—
Voice, step, and life, and beauty changed—
He would have mark’d all this, and known
Such change is wrought by love alone!

Ah! not the love that should have bless’d
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosperous love,
That, pledged on earth and seal’d above,
Grows in the world’s approving eyes,
In friendship’s smile and home’s caress,
Collecting all the heart’s sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness!

No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
Is nursed in silence, sorrow, shame.—
A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul’s darkness buried deep,
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
Some idol, without shrine or name,
O’er which its pale-eyed votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep!
Seven nights have darken’d Oman’s Sea,
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,
She saw his light oar rapidly
Hurry her Gheber’s bark away,—
And still she goes, at midnight hour,
To weep alone in that high bower,
And watch, and look along the deep
For him whose smiles first made her weep,—
But watching, weeping, all was vain,
She never saw his bark again.
The owlet’s solitary cry,
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,
And o’ft the hateful carrion-bird,
Heavily flapping his clogg’d wing,
Which reek’d with that day’s banquetting—
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

’Tis the eighth morn—Al Hassan’s brow
Is brighten’d with unusual joy—
What mighty mischief glads him now,
Who never smiles but to destroy?
The sparkle upon Herkend’s Sea,
When toss’d at midnight furiously,
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,
More surely than that smiling eye!
"Up, daughter, up—the kerna's breath
Has blown a blast would waken death,
And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see
This blessed day for heaven and me,
A day more rich in Pagan blood
Than ever flash'd o'er Oman's flood.
Before another dawn shall shine,
His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;
This very night his blood shall steep
These hands all over ere I sleep!"—
"His blood!" she faintly scream'd—her mind
Still singling one from all mankind.
"Yes—spite of his ravines and towers,
Hafed, my child, this night is ours.
Thanks to all-conquering treachery,
Without whose aid the links accursed,
That bind these impious slaves, would be
Too strong for Alla's self to burst!
That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread
My path with piles of Moslem dead,
Whose baffling spells had almost driven
Back from their course the Swords of Heaven.
This night, with all his band, shall know
How deep an Arab's steel can go,
When God and vengeance speed the blow.
And—Prophet!—by that holy wreath
Thou wor'st on Ohod's field of death,
I swear, for every sob that parts
In anguish from these heathen hearts,
A gem from Persia's plunder'd mines
Shall glitter on thy shrine of shrines.
But ha!—she sinks—that look so wild—
Those livid lips—my child, my child,
This life of blood befits not thee,
And thou must back to Araby.
Ne'er had I risk'd thy timid sex
In scenes that man himself might dread,
Had I not hoped our every tread
Would be on prostrate Persian necks—
Cursed race, they offer swords instead!
But cheer thee, maid,—the wind that now
Is blowing o'er thy feverish brow,
To-day shall waft thee from the shore;
And, ere a drop of this night's gore
Have time to chill in yonder towers,
Thou'll see thy own sweet Arab bowers!"

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

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,—
With hopes, that but allure to fly,
With joys, that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsting die,—
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

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

She had proceeded thus far in relating
the dream to her ladies, when Feramorz
appeared at the door of the pavilion. In
his presence, of course, everything else
was forgotten, and the continuance of
the story was instantly requested by all.
Fresh wood of aloes was set to burn in the
cassosets;—the violet sherbets were
hastily handed round, and, after a short
prelude on his lute, in the pathetic
measure of Nava, which is always used
to express the lamentations of absent
lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

The day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven’s
rack,
Dispersed and wild, ’twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter’d canopy!
There's not a cloud in that blue plain
But tells of storm to come or past;—
Here, flying loosely as the mane
Of a young war-horse in the blast;—
There, roll’d in masses dark and swelling,
As proud to be the thunder’s dwelling!
While some, already burst and riven,
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;
As though the infant storm had rent
The mighty womb that gave him birth,
And, having swept the firmament,
Was now in fierce career for earth.
On earth ’twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest’s sound.
The diver steer’d for Ormus’ bowers,
And moor’d his skiff till calmer hours;
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land;—upon the beach

The pilot oft had paused, with glance
Turn’d upward to that wild expanse;
And all was boding, drear and dark
As her own soul, when Hinda’s bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore—
No music timed her parting oar,
Nor friends upon the lessening strand
Linger’d, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destined bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.
And where was stern Al Hassan then?
Could not that saintly scourge of men
From bloodshed and devotion spare
One minute for a farewell there?
No—close within, in changeful fits
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits
In savage loneliness to brood
Upon the coming night of blood,
With that keen, second-scent of death,
By which the vulture sniffs his food
In the still warm and living breath!
While o’er the wave his weeping
daughter
Is wafted from these scenes of
slaughter,—
As a young bird of Babylon,
Let loose to tell of victory won,
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain’d
By the red hands that held her chain’d.
And does the long-left home she seeks
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?
The flowers she nurtured—the well-known
groves,
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—
Once more to see her dear gazelles
Come bounding with their silver bells;
Her birds’ new plumage to behold,
And the gay, gleaming fishes count,
She left, all filleted with gold,
Shooting around their jasper fount.—
Her little garden mosque to see,
And once again, at evening hour,
To tell her ruby rosy
In her own sweet acacia bower.—
Can these delights, that wait her now,
Call up no sunshine on her brow?
No—silent, from her train apart,—
As if even now she felt at heart
The chill of her approaching doom,—
She sits, all lovely in her gloom,
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPIERS.

"And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death."—P. 277.
As a pale angel of the grave;
And o'er the wide, 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! thou,
So loved, so lost, where art thou now?"
Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er
Th' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,
Still glorious—still to this fond heart
Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art!
Yes—Alla, dreadful Alla! yes—
If there be wrong, be crime in this,
Let the black waves, that round us roll,
Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,
Forgetting faith, — home, — father, —
Before its earthly idol fall,
Nor worship even Thyself above him,—
For oh! so wildly do I love him,
Thy Paradise itself were dim
And joyless, if not shared with him!"

Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes up-
turn'd,
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain;
And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd
With words of passion, bold, profane,
Yet was there light around her brow,
A holiness in those dark eyes,
Which show'd—though wandering earth-
ward now,—
Her spirit's home was in the skies.
Yes—for a spirit, pure as hers,
Is always pure, even while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot
All thoughts but one, she heeded not
The rising storm—the wave that cast
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd—
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread
Of gathering tumult o'er her head—
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie
With the rude riot of the sky.—
But hark!—that war-whoop on the deck—
That crash, as if each engine there,
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,
'Mid yells and stampings of despair!

Merciful Heaven! what can it be?
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully
The ship has shudder'd as she rode
O'er mountain waves. — "Forgive me, God!
Forgive me!"—shriek'd the maid and knelt,
Trembling all over,—for she felt
As if her judgment-hour was near;
While crouching round, half dead with fear,
Her handmaids clung, nor breathed, nor
stir'd—
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—
And now, as if a bolt of thunder
Had riven the labouring planks asunder,
The deck falls in—what horrors then!
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men
Come mix'd together through the chasm;—
Some wretches in their dying spasm
Still fighting on—and some that call
"For God and Iran!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away
The perils of th' infuriate fray,
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath
This wilderment of wreck and death?
She knew not—for a faintness came
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame
Amid the ruins of that hour
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,
Beneath the red volcano's shower!
But oh! the sights and sounds of dread
That shock'd her, ere her senses fled!
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove
Upon the tottering planks above—
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore,
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash
Upon their blades, high toss'd about
Like meteor brands—as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer, Heaven or Man!
Once too—but no—it could not be—
'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought
While yet her fading eyes could see,
High on the ruin'd deck she caught
A glimpse of that unearthly form,  
That glory of her soul,—even then,  
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,  
Shining above his fellow men,  
As, on some black and troublous night,  
The Star of Egypt, whose proud light  
Never hath beam’d on those who rest  
In the White Islands of the West,  
Burns through the storm with looks of flame  
That put heaven’s cloudier eyes to shame!  
But no—twas but the minute’s dream—  
A fantasy—and ere the scream  
Had half-way pass’d her pallid lips,  
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse  
Of soul and sense, its darkness spread  
Around her, and she sunk, as dead!  

How calm, how beautiful, comes on  
The stilly hour, when storms are gone!  
When warring winds have died away,  
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—  
Fresh as if Day again were born,  
Again upon the lap of Morn!  
When the light blossoms, rudely torn  
And scatter’d at the whirlwind’s will,  
Hang floating in the pure air still,  
Filling it all with precious balm,  
In gratitude for this sweet calm!—  
And every drop the thunder-showers  
Have left upon the grass and flowers  
Sparkles, as ’twere the lightning-gem  
Whose liquid flame is born of them!  
When, ’stead of one unchanging breeze,  
There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
And each a different perfume bears,—  
As if the loveliest plants and trees  
Had vassal breezes of their own  
To watch and wait on them alone,  
And waft no other breath than theirs!  
When the blue waters rise and fall,  
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;  
And even that swell the tempest leaves  
Is like the full and silent heaves  
Of lovers’ hearts, when newly blest,  
Too newly to be quite at rest!  

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 wilder’d still—is this the bark,  
The same, that from Harmozia’s bay  
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way  
The sea-dog tracks?—no—strange and new  
Is all that meets her wondering view.  
Upon a galiot’s deck she lies,  
Beneath no rich pavilion’s shade,  
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,  
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.  
But the rude litter, roughly spread  
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,  
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,  
For awning o’er her head are flung.  
Shuddering she look’d around—there lay  
A group of warriors in the sun  
Resting their limbs, as for that day  
Their ministry of death were done.  
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,  
Lost in unconscious reverie;  
And some, who seem’d but ill to brook  
That sluggish calm, with many a look  
To the slack sail impatient cast,  
As loose it flagg’d around the mast.  

Blest Alla! who shall save her now?  
There’s not in all that warrior-band  
One Arab sword, one turban’d brow  
From her own faithful Moslem land.  
Their garb — the leathern belt that wraps  
Each yellow vest—that rebel hue—  
The Tartar fleece upon their caps—  
Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,  
And Heaven hath, in this dreadful hour,  
Abandon’d her to Hafed’s power;—  
Hafed, the Gheber!—at the thought  
Her very heart’s blood chill’d within;  
He, whom her soul was hourly taught  
To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,  
Some minister, whom Hell had sent  
To spread its blast, where’er he went,  
And fling, as o’er our earth he trod,  
His shadow betwixt man and God!  
And she is now his captive,—thrown  
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;  
His the infuriate band she sees,  
All infidels—all enemies!  
What was the daring hope that then  
Cross’d her like lightning, as again,
With boldness that despair had lent,
She darted through that armèd crowd
A look so searchèng, so intent,
That e'en the sternest warrior bow'd
Abash'd, when he her glances caught,
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,—
The vision, that before her shone
Through all the maze of blood and storm,
Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!
But now the bark, with livelier bound,
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion—
The oars are out, and with light sound
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.
And now she sees—with horror sees—
Their course is toward that mountain hold,—
Those towers, that make her life-blood freeze,
Where Mecca's godless enemies
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd
In their last deadly, venomous fold!
Amid th' illumined land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!
Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow;
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought was lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them toward those dismal caves
That from the deep in windings pass
Beneath that mount's volcanic mass—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands!—

Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal porch,
Through which departed spirits go;—
Not e'en the flare of brand and torch
Its flickering light could further throw
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.
Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too awed for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secret of the grave!
But soft—they pause—the current turns
Beneath them from its onward track;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling force;
When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then, a daybeam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! genial Day,
What balm, what life, is in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!
E'en 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 damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard from steep to steep,
Chasing them down their thundering way!

The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, 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—e'en to see,
To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
Relief to her imaginings!
Since never yet was shape so dread,
But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream? has fear again
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,
Or did a voice, all music, then
Come from the gloom, low whispering near—

"Tremble not, love, thy Gheber's here?"

She does not dream—all sense, all ear,
She drinks the words, "Thy Gheber's here."

'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
Throughout the breathing world's extent
There was but one such voice for her,
So kind, so soft, so eloquent!
Oh! sooner shall the rose of May
Mistake her own sweet nightingale,
And to some meaner minstrel's lay
Open her bosom's glowing veil,
Than love shall ever doubt a tone,
A breath of the beloved one!
Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near,
Whose smile, though met on ruin's brink,
Hath power to make e'en ruin dear,—
Yet soon this gleam of rapture, cross'd
By tears for him, is chill'd and lost.
How shall the ruthless Hafed brook
That one of Gheber blood should look,

With aught but curses in his eye,
On her—a maid of Araby—
A Moslem maid—the child of him,
Whose bloody banner's dire success
Hath left their altars cold and dim,
And their fair land a wilderness!
And, worse than all, that night of blood
Which comes so fast—oh! who shall stay
The sword, that once hath tasted food
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?
What arm shall then the victim cover,
Or from her father shield her lover?

"Save him, my God!" she inly cries—
"Save him this night—and if thine eyes
Have ever welcomed with delight
The sinner's tears, the sacrifice
Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,
And here, before thy throne, I swear
From my heart's inmost core to tear,
Love, hope, remembrance, though they be

Link'd with each quivering life-string there,
And give it bleeding all to Thee!
Let him but live, the burning tear,
The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,
Which have been all too much his own,
Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone.
Youth pass'd in penitence, and age
In long and painful pilgrimage,
Shall leave no traces of the flame
That wastes me now—nor shall his name
E'er bless my lips, but when I pray
For his dear spirit, that away
Casting from its angelic ray
Th' eclipse of earth, he too may shine
Redeem'd, all glorious and all thine!
Think—think what victory to win
One radiant soul like his from sin;—
One wandering star of virtue back
To its own native, heaven-ward track!
Let him but live, and both are thine,
Together thine—for, bless'd or cross'd,
Living or dead, his doom is mine,
And if he perish, both are lost!"

The next evening Lalla Rookh was entreated by her ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate
of Hinda and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind;—much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.

Fadladeen, whose wrath had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this most heterodox poem, seemed at length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet continued his profane and seditious story thus:—

To tearless eyes and hearts at ease
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,
That lay beneath that mountain’s height,
Had been a fair, enchanting sight.
'twas one of those ambrosial eyes
A day of storm so often leaves
At its calm setting—when the west
Opens her golden bowers of rest,
And a moist radiance from the skies
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes
Of some meek penitent, whose last,
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,
And whose sweet tears, 'er wrong forgiven,
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven!
'twas stillness all—the winds that late
Had rush’d through Kerman’s almond groves,
And shaken from her bowers of date
That cooling feast the traveller loves,
Now, lull’d to languor, scarcely curl
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl
Were melted all to form the stream;
And her fair islets, small and bright,
With their green shores reflected there,
Look like those Peri isles of light,
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst
On Hinda’s dazzled eyes, when first
The bandage from her brow was taken,
And pale and awed as those who waken
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,
The Searchers of the Grave appear,—
She shuddering turn’d to read her fate
In the fierce eyes that flash’d around;
And saw those towers all desolate,
That o’er her head terrific frown’d,
As if defying e’en the smile
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.
In vain, with mingled hope and fear,
She looks for him whose voice so dear
Had come, like music, to her ear—
Strange, mocking dream! again 'tis fled.
And oh! the shoots, the pangs of dread
That through her inmost bosom run,
When voices from without proclaim
“Hafed, the Chief” — and, one by one,
The warriors shout that fearful name!
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—
How shall she dare to lift her head,
Or meet those eyes, whose scorching glare
Not Yemen’s boldest sons can bear?
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,
As in those hellish fires that light
The mandrake’s channel leaves at night!
How shall she bear that voice’s tone,
At whose loud battle-cry alone
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,
Scatter’d, like some vast caravan,
When, stretch’d at evening round the well,
They hear the thirsting tiger’s yell!

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow
Is flashing o’er her fiercely now;
And shuddering as she hears the tread
Of his retiring warrior band.—
Never was pause so full of dread;
Till Hafed with a trembling hand
Took hers, and, leaning o’er her, said,
“Hinda!”—that word was all he spoke,
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke
From her full bosom told the rest—
Panting with terror, joy, surprise,
The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,
To hide them on her Gheber’s breast!
'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,
The fellest of the Fire-fiend’s brood,
Hafed, the demon of the fight,
Whose voice unnerves, whose glances
blight,—
Is her own lovèd Gheber, mild
And glorious as when first he smiled
In her lone tower, and left such beams
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,
That she believed her bower had given
Rest to some wanderer from heaven!

Moments there are, and this was one,
Snatch’d like a minute’s gleam of sun
Amid the black simoom’s eclipse—
Or like those verdant spots that bloom
Around the crater’s burning lips,
Sweetening the very edge of doom!
The past—the future—all that fate
Can bring of dark or desperate
Around such hours, but makes them cast
Intenser radiance while they last!

E’en he, this youth—though dimm’d and gone
Each star of hope that cheer’d him on—
His glories lost—his cause betray’d—
Iran, his dear-loved country, made
A land of carcasses and slaves,
One dreary waste of chains and graves!—
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,
To see the last, long-struggling breath
Of Liberty’s great soul depart,
Then lay him down, and share her death—
E’en he, so sunk in wretchedness,
With doom still darker gathering o’er him,
Yet, in this moment’s pure caress,
In the mild eyes that shone before him,
Beaming that blest assurance, worth
All other transports known on earth,
That he was loved—well, warmly loved—
Oh! in this precious hour he proved
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—
How exquisite one single drop
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top
Of misery’s cup—how keenly quaff’d,
Though death must follow on the draught!

She too, while gazing on those eyes
That sink into her soul so deep,
Forgets all fears, all miseries,
Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!
The mighty ruins where they stood,
Upon the mount’s high, rocky verge,
Lay open towards the ocean flood,
Where lightly o’er th’ illumined surge
Many a fair bark that, all the day,
Had lurk’d in sheltering creek or bay,
Now bound on and gave their sails,
Yet dripping, to the evening gales;
Like eagles, when the storm is done,
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.
The beauteous clouds, though daylight’s star
Had sunk behind the hills of Lar,
Were still with lingering glories bright,—
As if, to grace the gorgeous west,
The Spirit of departing Light
That eve had left his sunny vest
Behind him, ere he wing’d his flight.
Never was scene so form’d for love!
Beneath them, waves of crystal move
In silent swell—heaven glows above,
And their pure hearts, to transport given,
Swell like the wave, and glow like heaven!

But, ah! too soon that dream is past—
 Again, again her fear returns;—
 Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,
 More faintly the horizon burns,
 And every rosy tint that lay
 On the smooth sea hath died away.
 Hastily to the darkening skies
 A glance she casts—then wildly cries,
 “At night, he said—and, look, ’tis near—
 Fly, fly—if yet thou lov’st me, fly—
 Soon will his murderous band be here,
 And I shall see thee bleed and die.—
 Hush!—heard’st thou not the tramp of men
 Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—
 Perhaps e’en now they climb the wood—
 Fly, fly—though still the west is bright,
 He’ll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—
 I know him—he’ll not wait for night!”

In terrors e’en to agony
She clings around the wondering Chief;—
“Alas, poor wilder’d maid! to me
Thou ow’st this raving trance of grief,
Lost as I am, nought ever grew
Beneath my shade but perish'd too—
My doom is like the Dead-Sea air,
And nothing lives that enters there!
Why were our bark's together driven
Beneath this morning's furious heaven?
Why, when I saw the prize that chance
Had thrown into my desperate arms—
When, casting but a single glance
Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,
I vow'd (though watching viewless o'er
Thy safety through that hour's alarms)
To meet th' unnanning sight no more—
Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow?
Why weakly, madly, meet thee now?
Start not—that noise is but the shock
Of torrents through yon valley hurl'd—
Dread nothing here—upon this rock
We stand above the jarring world,
Alike beyond its hope—its dread—
In gloomy safety, like the dead!
Or, could e'en earth and hell unite
In league to storm this sacred height,
Fear nothing now—myself, to-night,
And each o'erlooking star that dwells
Near God will be thy sentinels;—
And, ere to-morrow's dawn shall glow,
Back to thy sire—"

"To-morrow!—no—"
The maiden scream'd—"thou'll never see
To-morrow's sun—death, death will be
The night-cry through each reeking tower,
Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!
Thou art betray'd—some wretch who knew
That dreadful glen's mysterious clew—
Nay, doubt not—by yon stars, 'tis true—
Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;
This morning, with that smile so dire
He wears in joy, he told me all,
And stamp'd in triumph through our hall,
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 truth!"
Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.

He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,
As if the tale had frozen his blood,
So mazed and motionless was he;—
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,
Or some mute, marble habitant
Of the still Halls of Ishmonie!

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

Such are the swelling thoughts that now
Enthrone themselves on Hafed's brow;
And ne'er did saint of Issa 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 pyre!
Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,
    Of every wood of odorous breath,
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,
    Ready to fold in radiant death
The few still left of those who swore
To perish there, when hope was o'er—
The few, to whom that couch of flame,
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,
Is sweet and welcome as the bed
For their own infant Prophet spread,
When pitying Heaven to roses turn'd
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd!

With watchfulness the maid attends
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?
What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?
Alas! why stands he musing here,
When every moment teems with fear?
"Hafed, my own beloved lord,"
She kneeling cries—"first, last adored!
If in that soul thou'st ever felt
Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,
Here, on my knees that never knelt
To any but their God before,
I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—
Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.
Oh, haste—the bark that bore me hither,
Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea;
East—west—alas, I care not whither,
So thou art safe, and I with thee!

Go where we will, this hand in thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
The world's a world of love for us!
On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well;—
Where thus to worship tenderly
An erring child of light like thee
Will not be sin—or, if it be,
Where we may weep our faults away,
Together kneeling, night and day,
Thou, for my sake, at Alla's shrine,
And I—at any God's, for thine!

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—
Then hung her head, and wept for shame;
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke
With every deep-heaved sob that came.
While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not
If, for a moment, pride and fame,
His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,
And Iran's self are all forgot
For her whom at his feet he sees
Kneeling in speechless agonies.
No, blame him not, if Hope awhile
Dawn'd in his soul, and threw her smile
O'er hours to come—o'er days and nights
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,
Was born to kindle and to share!
A tear or two, which, as he bow'd
To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud
Of softness passing o'er his soul.
Starting, he brush'd the drops away,
Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray;—
Like one who, on the morn of fight,
Shakes from his sword the dews of night,
That had but dimm'd, not stain'd, its light.
Yet, though subdued th' unnerving thrill,
Its warmth, its weakness, linger'd still
So touching in each look and tone,
That the fond, fearing, hoping maid
Half counted on the flight she pray'd,
Half thought the hero's soul was grown
As soft, as yielding as her own,
And smiled and bless'd him, while he said,—
"Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
Where fadeless truth like ours is dear;—
If there be any land of rest
For those who love and ne'er forget,
Oh! comfort thee—for safe and blest
We'll meet in that calm region yet!"
Scarcely had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the roused youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—
Full well his chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,
Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast!

And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his chieftains at the call
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 zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
Of their long lances in the sun—
And, as their coursers charged the wind,
And the white ox-tails 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 scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came:

How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paused before the flame
To light their torches as they pass'd!
'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
The duties of his soldier band;
And each determined brow declares
His faithful chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
And, oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heaven, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
And lay it at her trembling feet;—
And now the youth, with gentle care,
Hath placed her in the shelter'd seat,
And press'd her hand—that lingering press
Of hands, that for the last time sever;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.

And yet to her this sad caress
Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute ex-
cess—
Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
'Twas anything but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, "the clouds grow dark,
But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;
And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh, bliss!
With thee upon the sunbright deep,
Far off, I'll but remember this,
As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
And thou—" but ha!—he answers not—
Good Heaven!—and does she go alone?
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the angel Israi'li's,
When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh—
"Hafed! my Hafed! if it be
Thy will, thy doom, this night to die,
Let me but stay to die with thee,
And I will bless thy loved name,
Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
Oh! let our lips, our cheeks, be laid
But near each other while they fade;
Let us but mix our parting breaths,
And I can die ten thousand deaths!
You too, who hurry me away
So cruelly, one moment stay—
Oh! stay—one moment is not much—
He yet may come—for him I pray—
Hafed! dear Hafed!—" all the way
In wild lamentings, that would touch
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
To the dark woods—no Hafed came:—
No—hapless pair—you've look'd your last;
Your hearts should both have broken then:
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
You'll never meet on earth again!
Alas for him, who hears her cries!—
Still halfway down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands,
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign'd
The corse of one, loved tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

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

He read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can wield these blades
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No—God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st th' inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth's hopes bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entomb'd in Moslem dead!"

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
While vigour, more than human, strung
Each arm and heart.—Th' exulting foe
Still through the dark defiles below;
Track'd by his torches' lurid fire,
Wound slow, as through Golconda's vale
The mighty serpent, in his ire,
Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.
No torch the Ghebers need—so well
They know each mystery of the dell,
So oft have, in their wanderings,
Cross'd the wild race that round them dwell,
The very tigers from their delves
Look out, and let them pass, as things Untamed and fearless like themselves!

There was a deep ravine, that lay
Yet darkling in the Moslems' way;—
Fit spot to make invaders rue.
The many fallen before the few.
The torrents from that morning's sky
Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,
And, on each side, aloft and wild,
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were piled,
The guards, with which young Freedom lined
The pathways to her mountain shrines.
THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

"They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter."—P. 237.
Here, at this pass, the scanty band
Of Iran's last avengers stand;—
Here wait, in silence like the dead,
And listen for the Moslems' tread
So anxiously, the carrion-bird
Above them flaps his wings unheard!

They come—that plunge into the water
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.
Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades
Had point or prowess, prove them now!—

Woe to the file that foremost wades!
They come—a falchion greets each brow,
And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,
Beneath the gory waters sunk,
Still o'er their drowning bodies press
New victims quick and numberless;
Till scarce an arm in Hafed's band,
So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,
But listless from each crimson hand
The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.

Never was horde of tyrants met
With bloodier welcome—never yet
To patriot vengeance hath the sword
More terrible libations pour'd!
All up the dreary, long ravine,
By the red, murky glimmer seen
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood
Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,
What ruin glares! what carnage swarms!

Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,
In that thick pool of slaughter stand;—
Wretches who, wading, half on fire
From the toss'd brands that round them fly,
'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—
And some who, grasp'd by those that die,
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;—
Countless as towards some flame at night
The north's dark insects wing their flight,
And quench or perish in its light,

To this terrific spot they pour—
Till, bridged with Moslem bodies o'er,
It bears aloft their slippery tread,
And o'er the dying and the dead,
Tremendous causeway! on they pass.—
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,
What hope was left for you? for you,
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes—
Whose swords how keen, how fierce,
they knew,
And burn with shame to find how few.
Crush'd down by that vast multitude,
Some found their graves where first they stood;
While some with harder struggle died,
And still fought on by 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
From the wild covert where he lay,
Long battles with th' o'erwhelming tide,
So fought he back with fierce delay,
And kept both foes and fate at bay!

But whither now? their track is lost,
Their prey escaped—guide, torches gone—
By torrent-beds and labyrinths cross'd,
The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—
"Curse on those tardy lights that wind,
They panting cry, "so far behind—
Oh, for a bloodhound's precious scent,
To track the way the Gheber went!"
Vain wish—confusedly along
They rush, more desperate as more wrong;

Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,
Their footing, mazed and lost, they miss,
And down the darkling precipice
Are dash'd into the deep abyss;—
Or midway hang, impaled on rocks,
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks
Of ravening vultures,—while the dell
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,
That e'er shall ring in 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-offering amply paid,
And Iran's self could claim no more.
One only thought, one lingering beam,
Now broke across his dizzy dream
Of pain and weariness—'twas she
His heart's pure planet, shining yet
Above the waste of memory,
When all life's other lights were set.
And never to his mind before
Her image such enchantment wore.
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,
Each fear that chill'd, their loves was past,
And not one cloud of earth remain'd
Between him and, her glory cast;—
As if to charms, before so bright,
New grace from other worlds was given,
And his soul saw her by the light
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven!

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone
Of a loved friend, the only one
Of all his warriors, left with life
From that short night's tremendous strife.—

"And must we then, my Chief, die here?—
Foes round us, and the shrine so near!"
These words have roused the last remain's
Of life within him—"what! not yet
Beyond the reach of Moslem chains!"
The thought could e'en make Death forget
His icy bondage—with a bound
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown
E'en feeble, heavier, than his own,
And up the painful pathway leads,
Death gaining on each step he treads.
Speed them, thou God, who heards't their vow!
They mount— they bleed— oh, save them now!—
The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,
The rock-weed's dripping with their gore—

Thy blade too, Hafed, false at length,
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength—
Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe
Come near and nearer from below—
One effort more—thank Heaven! 'tis past,
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last,
And now they touch the temple's walls,
Now Hafed sees the Fire divine—
When, lo! his weak, worn comrade falls
Dead on the threshold of the shrine.
"Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled!
And must I leave thee withering here,
The sport of every ruffian's tread,
The mark for every coward's spear?
No, by yon altar's sacred beams!"
He cries, and, with a strength that seems
Not of this world, uplifts the frame
Of the fallen chief, and towards the flame
Bears him along;— with death-damp hand
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,
Then lights the consecrated brand,
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze
Like lightning bursts o'er Oman's Sea.—
"Now, Freedom's God! I come to Thee,"
The youth exclaims, and with a smile
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,
In that last effort, ere the fires
Have harm'd one glorious limb, expires!

What shriek was that on Oman's tide?
It came from yonder drifting bark,
That just has caught upon her side
The death-light—and again is dark.
It is the boat—ah, why delay'd?—
That bears the wretched Moslem maid;
Confided to the watchful care
Of a small veteran band, with whom
Their generous Chieflain would not share
The secret of his final doom;
But hoped when Hinda, safe and free,
Was render'd to her father's eyes;
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be
The ransom of so dear a prize.—
Unconscious, thus, of Hafed's fate,
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves
That foam around those frightful caves,
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,
Came echoing from the distant dell—
Sudden each ear, upheld and still,
Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,
And, driving at the current's will,
They rock'd along the whispering tide,
While e'ry eye, in mute dismay,
Was toward that fatal mountain turn'd,
Where the dim altar's quivering ray,
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.

Oh! 'tis not, Hinda, in the power
Of fancy's most terrific touch
To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—
Thy silent agony—'twill be such
As those who feel could paint too well,
But none e'er felt and lived to tell!
'Twas not alone the dreary state
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,
When, though no more remains to dread,
The panic chill will not depart;—
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart.

No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,
Like things, within the cold rock found
Alive, when all's congeal'd around,
But there's a blank repose in this,
A calm stagnation, that were bliss
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,
Now felt through all thy breast and brain—
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,
That breathless, agonized suspense,
From whose hot throbs, whose deadly aching,
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heaven's brilliant lights
Reflected dance beneath the prow;—
Time was when, on such lovely nights
She who is there, so desolate now,
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,
And ask no happier joy than seeing
The starlight o'er the waters thrown—
No joy but that to make her blest,
And the fresh, buoyant sense of being
That bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—
Itself a star, not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright.

How different now!—but, hark, again
The yell of havoc rings—brave men!
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand
On the bark's edge—in vain each hand
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;
All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie;—
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,
E'en now, this night, himself must die!
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,
And ask, and wondering guess what means
The battle-cry at this dead hour—
Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans
Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,
With brow against the dew-cold mast—
Too well she knows—her more than life,
Her soul's first idol and its last,
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?
Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.
What bodes its solitary glare?
In gasping silence toward the shrine
All eyes are turn'd—thine, Hinda, thine,
Fix their last failing life-beams there.
'Twas but a moment—fierce and high
The death-pile blazed into the sky,
And far away o'er rock and flood
Its melancholy radiance sent;
While Hafed, like a vision, stood
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire
Shrined in its own grand element!
"'Tis he!" the shuddering maid exclaims,—
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;
High burst in air the funeral flames,
And Iran's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave—
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,
And, gazing, sunk into the wave,—
Deep, deep,—where never care or pain
Shall reach her innocent heart again!
Farewell — farewell to thee, Araby's
daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark
sea)
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green
water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in
thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee
growing,
How light was thy heart till love's
witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer
lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd
its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny
highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember
the doom
Of her, who lies sleeping among the
Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light
up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is
burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young
and the 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,
She mournfully turns from the mirror
away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero!
forget thee,—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as
they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero
she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of
her heart.

Farewell — be it ours to embellish thy
pillow
With everything beauteous that grows
in the deep,
Each flower of the rock and each gem of
the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy
sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest
amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has
wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-
wreathed chamber
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight
have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie
darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy
head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian
are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over
thy bed.

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

The singular placidity with which Fad-
ladeen had listened, during the latter
part of this obnoxious story, surprised the
Princess and Feramorz exceedingly; and
even inclined towards him the hearts of
these unsuspicious young persons, who
little knew the source of a complacency
so marvellous. The truth was, he had
been organizing, for the last few days, a
most notable plan of persecution against
the Poet, in consequence of some pas-
sages that had fallen from him on the
second evening of recital,—which ap-
peared to this worthy Chamberlain to
contain language and principles, for
which nothing short of the summary
criticism of the chabuk would be advis-
able. It was his intention, therefore,
immediately on their arrival at Cashmere, to give information to the King of Bucharia of the very dangerous sentiments of his minstrel; and if, unfortunately, that monarch did not act with suitable vigour on the occasion (that is, if he did not give the chabuk to Faramor, and a place to Fadladeen), there would be an end, he feared, of all legitimate government in Bucharia. He could not help, however, auguring better both for himself and the cause of potentates in general; and it was the pleasure arising from these mingled anticipations that diffused such unusual satisfaction through his features, and made his eyes shine out, like poppies of the desert, over the wide and lifeless wilderness of that countenance.

Having decided upon the Poet's chastisement in this manner, he thought it but humanity to spare him the minor tortures of criticism. Accordingly, when they assembled next evening in the pavilion, and Lalla Rookh expected to see all the beauties of her bard melt away, one by one, in the acidity of criticism, like pearls in the cup of the Egyptian Queen,—he agreeably disappointed her by merely saying, with an ironical smile, that the merits of such a poem deserved to be tried at a much higher tribunal; and then suddenly passing off into a panegyric upon all Mussulman sovereigns, more particularly his august and imperial master, Aurungzebe,—the wisest and best of the descendants of Timur,—who, among other great things he had done for mankind, had graced to him, Fadladeen, the very profitable post of Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets to the Emperor, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms, and Grand Nazir, or Chamberlain of the Haram.

They were now not far from that forbidden river, beyond which no pure Hindoo can pass; and were reposing for a time in the rich valley of Hussun Abdaul, which had always been a favourite resting-place of the emperors in their annual migrations to Cashmere. Here often had the Light of the Faith, Jehan-Guire, wandered with his beloved and beautiful Nourmahal; and here would Lalla Rookh have been happy to remain for ever, giving up the throne of Bucharia and the world, for Faramor and love in this sweet lonely valley. The time was now fast approaching when she must see him no longer,—or see him with eyes whose every look belonged to another; and there was a melancholy preciousness in these last moments, which made her heart cling to them as it could to life. During the latter part of the journey, indeed, she had sunk into a deep sadness, from which nothing but the presence of the young minstrel could awake her. Like those lamps in tombs, which only light up when the air is admitted, it was only at his approach that her eyes became smiling and animated. But here, in this dear valley, every moment was an age of pleasure; she saw him all day, and was, therefore, all day happy,—resembling, she often thought, that people of Zinge, who attribute the unfading cheerfulness they enjoy to one genial star that rises nightly over their heads.

The whole party, indeed, seemed in their liveliest mood during the few days they passed in this delightful solitude. The young attendants of the Princess, who were here allowed a freer range than they could safely be indulged with in a less sequestered place, ran wild among the gardens and bounded through the meadows, lightly as young roes over the aromatic plains of Tibet. While Fadladeen, beside the spiritual comfort he derived from a pilgrimage to the tomb of the saint from whom the valley is named, had opportunities of gratifying, in a small way, his taste for victims, by putting to death some hundreds of those unfortunate little lizards, which all pious Mussulmans make it a point to kill;—taking for granted, that the manner in which the creature hangs its head is meant as a mimicry of the attitude in which the faithful say their prayers!

About two miles from Hussun Abdaul were those Royal Gardens, which had grown beautiful under the care of so many lovely eyes, and were beautiful still, though those eyes could see them no longer. This place, with its flowers and
its holy silence, interrupted only by the
dipping of the wings of birds in its
marble basons, filled with the pure water
of those hills, was to Lalla Rookh all
that her heart could fancy of fragrance,
coolness, and almost heavenly tranquillity.
As the Prophet said of Damascus, "it
was too delicious;"—and here, in listen-
ing to the sweet voice of Feramorz, or
reading in his eyes what yet he never
dared to tell her, the most exquisite
moments of her whole life were passed.
One evening, when they had been talk-
ing of the Sultana Nourmahal,—the
Light of the Haram, who had so often
wandered among these flowers, and fed
with her own hands, in those marble
basons, the small shining fishes of which
she was so fond,—the youth, in order to
delay the moment of separation, pro-
posed to recite a short story, or rather
rhapsody, of which this adored Sultana
was the heroine. It related, he said, to
the reconciliation of a sort of lovers'
quarrel, which took place between her
and the Emperor during a Feast of
Roses at Cashmere; and would remind
the Princess of that difference between
Haroun-al-Raschid and his fair mistress
Marida, which was so happily made up
by the soft strains of the musician,
Moussali. As the story was chiefly to
be told in song, and Feramorz had un-
luckily forgotten his own lute in the
valley, he borrowed the vina of Lalla
Rookh's little Persian slave, and thus
began:—

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

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er
the Lake
Its splendour at parting a summer eve
throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when
lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere
she goes!—

When the shrines through the foliage are
gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites
of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret
swells,
Here the Magian his urn full of per-
fume is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet
bells
Round the waist of some fair Indian
dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight,—when
mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and
shrines;
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick
fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the
Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of
feet
From the cool, shining walks where the
young people meet.—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight
awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it
breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, call'd 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, woees
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 his banner of radiance
unfurld,
Shines in through the mountainous portal
that ope,
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 illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart un-
closes,
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 floweret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives!

'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
When Day had hid his sultry flame
Behind the palms of Baramoule.
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh’d, from their embroider’d beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And waked to moonlight and to play.
All were abroad—the busiest hive
On Bela’s hills is less alive
When saffron beds are full in flower,
Than look’d the Valley in that hour.
A thousand restless torches play’d
Through every grove and island shade;
A thousand sparkling lamps were set
On every dome and minaret;
And fields and pathways, far and near,
Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
That you could see, in wandering round,
The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
Yet did the maids and matrons leave
Their veils at home, that brilliant eve;
And there were glancing eyes about,
And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
In open day, but thought they might
Look lovely then, because ’twas night!
And all were free, and wandering,
And all exclaim’d to all they met
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet;—
The moon had never shed a light
So clear as that which bless’d them there;
The roses ne’er shone half so bright,
Nor they themselves look’d half so fair.

And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seem’d as though from all the bowers
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scatter’d here.

The Lake too like a garden breathes,
With the rich buds that o’er it lie,—
As if a shower of fairy wreaths
Had fallen upon it from the sky!
And then the sounds of joy,—the beat
Of tabors and of dancing feet;—
The minaret-crier’s chant of glee
Sung from his lighted gallery,
And answer’d by a ziraleet
From neighbouring haram, wild and sweet,—
The merry laughter, echoing
From gardens, where the silken swing
Wafts some delighted girl above
The top leaves of the orange grove;
Or, from those infant groups at play
Among the tents that line the way,
Flinging, unawed by slave or mother,
Handfuls of roses at each other!—

And the sounds from the Lake,—the low
whispering in boats,
As they shoot through the moonlight;
—the dipping of oars,
And the wild, airy warbling that everywhere floats,
Through the groves, round the islands,
as if all the shores
Like those of Kathay utter’d music, and gave
An answer in song to the kiss of each wave!
But the gentlest of all are those sounds,
full of feeling,
That soft from the lute of some lover are stealing,—
Some lover, who knows all the heart-touching power
Of a lute and a sigh in this magical hour.
Oh! best of delights as it everywhere is
To be near the loved One,—what a rapture is his,
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
O’er the Lake of Cashmere, with that
One by his side!
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a heaven she must make of Cashmere!
So felt the magnificent Son of Achar,
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war
He flew to that Valley, forgetting them all,
With the Light of the Haram, his young Nourmahal.
When free and uncrown’d as the conqueror roved
By the banks of that Lake, with his only beloved,
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match,
And preferr’d in his heart the least ringlet that curl’d
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world!

There’s a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer day’s light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in its sameness of splendour.
This was not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn’s soft shady days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his dreams!
When pensive, it seem’d as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face;
And when angry,—for e’en in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes—
The short, passing anger but seem’d to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.

If tenderness touch’d her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
Then her mirth—oh! ’twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring;—
Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, check or eyes, for she brighten’d all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.
Such, such were the peerless enchantments, that gave
Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her slave;
And though bright was his haram,—a living parterre
Of the flowers of this planet—though treasures were there,
For which Soliman’s self might have given all the store
That the navy from Ophir e’er wing’d to his shore,
Yet dim before her were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Haram was young Nourmahal!

But where is she now, this night of joy,
When bliss is every heart’s employ?
When all around her is so bright,
So like the visions of a trance,
That one might think, who came by chance
Into the vale this happy night,
He saw that City of Delight
In Fairy-land, whose streets and towers
Are made of gems and light and flowers!—
Where is the loved sultana? where,
When mirth brings out the young and fair,
Does she, the fairest, hide her brow,
In melancholy stillness now?

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in:
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship’s smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetest of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain’s brow,
As though its waters ne’er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,
As in the Fields of Bliss above
He sits, with flowerets fetter’d round;—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings;
For even an hour, a minute’s flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light.
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies!

Some difference, of this dangerous kind,—
By which, though light, the links that bind

The fondest hearts may soon be riven;
Some shadow in love’s summer heaven,
Which, though a fleecy speck at first,
May yet in awful thunder burst;—
Such cloud it is, that now hangs over
The heart of the imperial lover,
And far hath banish’d from his sight
His Nourmahal, his Haram’s Light!
Hence is it, on this happy night,
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 Thrace,
Whose pinion knows no resting-place.
In vain the loveliest cheeks and eyes
This Eden of the earth supplies
Come crowding round—the cheeks are pale,
The eyes are dim—though rich the spot
With every flower this earth has got,
What is it to the nightingale,
If there his darling rose is not?
In vain the Valley’s smiling throng
Worship him, as he moves along;
He heeds them not—one smile of hers
Is worth a world of worshippers.
They but the star’s adorers are,
She is the heaven that lights the star!

Hence is it too that Nourmahal,
Amid the luxuries of this hour,
Far from the joyous festival,
Sits in her own sequester’d bower,
With no one near to soothe or aid,
But that inspired and wondrous maid,
Namouna, the enchantress;—one,
O’er whom his race the golden sun
For unremember’d years has run,
Yet never saw her blooming brow
Younger or fairer than ’tis now.
Nay, rather, as the west-wind’s sigh
Freshens the flower it passes by,
Time’s wing but seem’d, in stealing o’er,
To leave her lovelier than before.
Yet on her smiles a sadness hung,
And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
Of other worlds, there came a light
From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
That all believed nor man nor earth
Were conscious of Namouna’s birth!
All spells and talismans she knew,
From the great Mantra, which around
The Air's sublimer spirits drew,
To the gold gems of Afric, bound
Upon the wandering Arab's arm,
To keep him from the Siltim's harm.
And she had pledged her powerful art,
Pledged it with all the zeal and heart
Of one who knew, though high her sphere,
What 'twas to lose a love so dear,
To find some spell that should recall
Her Selim's smile to Nourmahal!

'Twas midnight—through the lattice, wreathed
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep,
From timid jasmine buds, that keep
Their odour to themselves all day,
But, when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about;
When thus Namouna:—"'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 Genii of the Sun behold,
At evening, from their tents of gold,
Upon th' horizon—where they play
Till twilight comes, and, ray by ray,
Their sunny mansions melt away!
Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
Which worn by her, whose love has stray'd,
 Might bring some Peri from the skies,
 Some sprite, whose very soul is made
 Of flowerets' breaths and lovers' sighs,
 And who might tell——"

"For me, for me,"
Cried Nourmahal impatiently,—
"Oh! twine that wreath for me to-night."
Then, rapidly, with foot as light
As the young musk-roes', out she flew
To cull each shining leaf that grew

Beneath the moonlight's hallowing beams
For this enchanted Wreath of Dreams.
Aphrodes and Seas of Gold,
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flowerets, that unfold
Their buds on Camadeva's quiver;—
The tube-rose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away,—
Amaranths, such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamara's shades;—
And the white moon-flower, as it shows
On Serendib's high crags to those
Who near the isle at evening sail,
Scenting her clove-trees in the gale;—
In short, all flowerets and all plants:
From the divine Amrita tree,
That blesses heaven's inhabitants
With fruits of immortality,
Down to the basil tuft, that waves
Its fragrant blossom over graves,
And to the humble rosemary,
Whose sweets so thanklesskly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead,—
All in that garden bloom, and all
Are gather'd by young Nourmahal,
Who heaps her baskets with the flowers
And leaves, till they can hold no more;
Then to Namouna flies, and showers
Upon her lap the shining store.

With what delight th' Enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews
And beams of that bless'd hour!—her glance
Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
As, in a kind of holy trance,
She hung above those fragrant treasures,
Bending to drink their balmy airs,
As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
And 'twas, indeed, the perfume shed
From flowers and scented flame that fed
Her charmed life—for none had e'er
Beheld her taste of mortal fare,
Nor ever in aught earthly dip,
But the morn's dew, her roseate lip.
Fill'd with the cool, inspiring smell,
Th' Enchantress now begins her spell,
Thus singing, as she winds and weaves
In mystic form the glittering leaves:

I know where the winged visions dwell
That around the night-bed play;
I know each herb and floweret's bell,
Where they hide their wings by day.

Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that
sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade.
The hope, in dreams, of a happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower,
That blooms on a leafless bough.
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The visions, that oft to worldly eyes
The glitter of mines unfold,
Inhabit the mountain-herb, that dyes
The tooth of the fawn like gold.
The phantom shapes—oh, touch not them—
That appal the murderer's sight,
Lurk in the fleshly mandrake's stem,
That shrieks, when torn at night!

Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then!
Then hasten we, maid,
To twine our braid,
To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.

No sooner was the flowery crown
Placed on her head, than sleep came down,
Gently as nights of summer fall,
Upon the lids of Nourmahal;—
And, suddenly, a tuneful breeze,
As full of small, rich harmonies
As ever wind, that o'er the tents
Of Azab blew, was full of scents,
Steals on her ear, and floats and swells,
Like the first air of morning creeping
Into those wreathy, Red-Sea shells,
Where Love himself, of old, lay sleep-
ing;—

And now a spirit form'd, 'twould seem,
Of music and of light, so fair,
So brilliantly his features beam,
And such a sound is in the air
Of sweetness, when he waves his wings,
Hovers around her, and thus sings:—

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song!

Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blow-
ing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past Delight obey;—
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.
And mine is the gentle song, that bears
From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, and future of pleasure;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from a heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near!

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
Can as downy soft and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
And, oh, how the eyes of beauty glisten
When music has reach'd her inmost soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While heaven's eternal melodies roll!
So hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

'Tis dawn—at least that earlier dawn,
Whose glimpses are again withdrawn,
As if the morn had waked, and then
Shut close her lids of light again.
And Nourmahal is up, and trying
The wonders of her lute, whose strings—
O bliss!—now murmur like the sighing
From that ambrosial spirit's wings!
And then, her voice—'tis more than human—
Never, till now, had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven;
Sweet as the breath of angel sighs,
When angel sighs are most divine.—
"Oh! let it last till night," she cries,
"And he is more than ever mine."

And hourly she renews the lay,
So fearful lest its heavenly sweetness
Should, ere the evening, fade away,—
For things so heavenly have such fleetness!
But, far from fading, it but grows
Richer, diviner, as it flows;
Till rapt she dwells on every string,
And pours again each sound along,
Like Echo, lost and languishing
In love with her own wondrous song.

That evening (trusting that his soul
Might be from hauntit love released
By mirth, by music, and the bowl)
'Th' imperial Selim held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar;—
In whose saloons, when the first star
Of evening o'er the waters trembled,
The Valley's loveliest all assembled;
All the bright creatures that, like dreams,
Glide through its foliage, and drink beams
Of beauty from its founts and streams.
And all those wandering minstrel-maids,
Who leave—how can they leave?—the shades
Of that dear Valley, and are found
Singing in gardens of the south
Those songs, that ne'er so sweetly sound
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth.
There too the haram's inmates smile;—
Maids from the west, with sun-bright hair,
And from the Garden of the Nile,
Delicate as the roses there;—
Daughters of Love from Cyprus' rocks,
With Paphian diamonds in their locks;—
Light Peri forms, such as there are
On the gold meads of Candahar;
And they, before whose sleepy eyes,
In their own bright Kathaian bowers,
Sparkle such rainbow butterflies,
That they might fancy the rich flowers,
That round them in the sun lay sighing,
Had been by magic all set flying!
Everything young, everything fair
From east and west is blushing there,
Except—except—O Nourmahal!
Thou loveliest, dearest of them all,
The one, whose smile shone out alone,
Amidst a world the only one!
Whose light, among so many lights,
Was like that star, on starry nights,
The seaman singles from the sky,  
To steer his bark for ever by!  
Thou wert not there—so Selim thought,  
And everything seem'd drear without thee;  
But, ah! thou wert, thou wert—and brought  
Thy charm of song all fresh about thee.  
Mingling unnoticed with a band  
Of lutanists from many a land,  
And veil'd by such a mask as shades  
The features of young Arab maids,—  
A mask that leaves but one eye free,  
To do its best in witchery,—  
She roved, with beating heart, around,  
And waited, trembling, for the minute,  
When she might try if still the sound  
Of her loved lute had magic in it.  

The board was spread with fruits and wine,  
With grapes of gold, like those that shine  
On Casbin's hills;—pomegranates full  
Of melting sweetness, and the pears  
And sunniest apples that Caubul  
In all its thousand gardens bears;  
Plantains, the golden and the green,  
Malaya's nectar'd mangusteen;  
Prunes of Bokara, and sweet nuts  
From the far groves of Samarcan,  
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 santal-wood,  
And urns of porcelain from that isle  
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,  
Whence oft the lucky diver brings  
Vases to grace the halls of kings.  
Wines too, of every clime and hue,  
Around their liquid lustre threw;  
Amber Rosolli,—the bright dew  
From vineyards of the Green Sea gushing;  
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran  
As if that jewel, large and rare,  
The ruby, for which Kublai-Khan  
Offer'd a city's wealth, was blushing,  
Melted within the goblets there!  
And amply Selim quaffs of each,  
And seems resolved the floods shall reach  

His inward heart,—shedding around  
A genial deluge, as they run,  
That soon shall leave no spot undrown'd,  
For Love to rest his wings upon.  
He little-knew how blest the boy  
Can float upon a goblet's streams,  
Lighting them with his smile of joy;—  
As bards have seen him, in their dreams,  
Down the blue Ganges laughing glide  
Upon a rosy lotus wreath,  
Catching new lustre from the tide  
That with his image shone beneath.  

But what are cups, without the aid  
Of song to speed them as they flow?  
And see,—a lovely Georgian maid,  
With all the bloom, the freshest'd glow,  
Of her own country maidens' looks,  
When warm they rise from Teflis' brooks;  
And with an eye, whose restless ray,  
Full, floating, dark,—oh, he, who knows  
His heart is weak, of Heaven should pray  
To guard him from such eyes as those!—  
With a voluptuous wildness flings  
Her snowy hand across the strings  
Of a syrinda, and thus sings:—  

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,  
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 unequall'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 foun-
tains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
And, bless'd with the odour our goblet
gives forth,
What spirit the sweets of his 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
Was caught up by another lute, [sound, And so divinely breathed around,
That all stood hush'd and wondering,
And turn'd and look'd into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israfil, the Angel, there;—
So powerfully on every soul
That new, enchanted measure stole.
While now a voice, sweet as the note
Of the charm'd lute, was heard to float
Along its chords, and so entwine
Its sound with theirs, that none knew
whether
The voice or lute was most divine,
So wondrously they went together:—

There's a bliss beyond all that the
minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one
heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow
never cold, [till they die!
Love on through all ills, and love on
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wander-
ing bliss;
And oh! if there be an elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

'Twas not the air, 'twas not the words,
But that deep magic in the chords

And in the lips, that gave such power
As music knew not till that hour,
At once a hundred voices said,
"It is the mask'd Arabian maid!"
While Selim, who had felt the strain
Deepest of any, and had lain
Some minutes rapt, as in a trance,
After the fairy sounds were o'er,
Too inly touch'd for utterance,
Now motion'd with his hand for
more:—

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can
doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?
Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.
Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.
Then, come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!
So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and
shone
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years!
Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely throw
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.
But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well—'d rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

There was a pathos in this lay,
That, e'en without enchantment's art,
Would instantly have found its way
Deep into Selim's burning heart;
But breathing, as it did, a tone
To earthly lutes and lips unknown;
With every chord fresh from the touch
Of Music's spirit,—'twas too much!
Starting, he dash'd away the cup,—
Which, all the time of this sweet air,
His hand had held, untasted, up,
As if 'twere fix'd by magic there,—
And naming her, so long unnamed,
So long unseen, wildly exclaim'd,
"O Nourmahal! O Nourmahal!
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,
I could forget—forgive thee all,
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off—the charm is wrought—
And Selim to his heart has caught
In blushes, more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal, his Haram's Light!
And well do vanish'd frowns enhance
The charm of every brighten'd glance;
And dearer seems each dawning smile
For having lost its light awhile;
And, happier now for all her sighs,
As on his arm her 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 re-
capitulated the epithets "frivolous"—
"inharmonious"—"nonsensical," he
proceeded to say that, viewing it in the
most favourable light, it resembled one
of those Maldivian boats, to which the
Princess had alluded in the relation of
her dream,—a slight, gilded thing, sent
adrift without rudder or ballast, and with
nothing but vapid sweets and faded
flowers on board. The profusion, indeed,
of flowers and birds, which this Poet had
ready on all occasions,—not to mention
dews, gems, &c.—was a most oppressive
kind of opulence to his hearers; and had
the unlucky effect of giving to his style all
the glitter of the flower-garden without
its method, and all the flutter of the
aviary without its song. In addition to
this, he chose his subjects badly, and was
always most inspired by the worst parts
of them. The charms of paganism, the
merits of rebellion,—these were the
themes honoured with his particular
enthusiasm; and, in the poem just
recited, one of his most palatable pas-
sages was in praise of that beverage
of the Unfaithful, wine; "being, per-
haps," 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," con-
cluded 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 Cash-
mere 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 re-
pose, there was an end to all their
delightful evenings, and Lalla Rookh
saw no more of Feramor. She now
felt that her short dream of happiness
was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its few blissful hours, like the one draught of sweet water that serves the camel across the wilderness, to be her heart's refreshment during the dreary waste of life that was before her. The blight that had fallen upon her spirits soon found its way to her cheek, and her ladies saw with regret—though not without some suspicion of the cause—that the beauty of their mistress, of which they were almost as proud as of their own, was fast vanishing away at the very moment of all when she had most need of it. What must the King of Bucharia feel, when, instead of the lively and beautiful Lalla Rookh, whom the poets of Delhi had described as more perfect than the divinest images in the House of Azor, he should receive a pale and inanimate victim, upon whose cheek neither health nor pleasure bloomed, and from whose eyes Love had fled,—to hide himself in her heart!

If anything could have charmed away the melancholy of her spirits, it would have been the fresh airs and enchanting scenery of that Valley, which the Persians so justly called the Unequalled. But neither the coolness of its atmosphere, so luxurious after toiling up those bare and burning mountains—neither the splendour of the minarets and pagodas, that shone out from the depth of its woods, nor the grottos, hermitages, and miraculous fountains, which make every spot of that region holy ground;—neither the countless waterfalls, that rush into the Valley from all those high and romantic mountains that encircle it, nor the fair city on the Lake, whose houses, roofed with flowers, appeared at a distance like one vast and variegated parterre;—not all these wonders and glories of the most lovely country under the sun could steel her heart for a minute from those sad thoughts, which but darkened and grew bitter every step she advanced.

The gay pomp and processions that met her upon her entrance into the Valley, and the magnificence with which the roads all along were decorated, did honour to the taste and gallantry of the young King. It was night when they approached the city, and, for the last two miles, they had passed under arches, thrown from hedge to hedge, festooned with only those rarest roses from which the Attar Gul, more precious than gold, is distilled, and illuminated in rich and fanciful forms with lanterns of the triple-coloured tortoise-shell of Pegu. Sometimes, from a dark wood by the side of the road, a display of fireworks would break out so sudden and so brilliant, that a Bramin might think he saw that grove, in whose purple shade the God of Battles was born, bursting into a flame at the moment of his birth.—While, at other times, a quick and playful irradiation continued to brighten all the fields and gardens by which they passed, forming a line of dancing lights along the horizon; like the meteors of the north, as they are seen by those hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea.

These arches and fireworks delighted the ladies of the Princess exceedingly; and, with their usual good logic, they deduced from his taste for illuminations that the King of Bucharia would make the most exemplary husband imaginable. Nor, indeed, could Lalla Rookh herself help feeling the kindness and splendour with which the young bridegroom welcomed her;—but she also felt how painful is the gratitude which kindness from those we cannot love excites; and that their best blandishments come over the heart with all that chilling and deadly sweetness which we can fancy in the cold, odoriferous wind that is to blow over this earth in the last days.

The marriage was fixed for the morning after her arrival, when she was, for the first time, to be presented to the monarch in that imperial palace beyond the Lake, called the Shalimar. Though a night of more wakeful and anxious thought had never been passed in the Happy Valley before, yet, when she rose in the morning and her ladies came round her, to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and
LALLA ROOKH.

"It was Feramorz himself that stood before her!"—P. 303.
radiancy of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eyes, which is worth all the rest of loneliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf, and placed upon her brow a small coronet of jewels, of the shape worn by the ancient Queens of Bucharia, they flung over her head the rose-coloured bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake;—first kissing, with a mournful look, the little amulet of cornelian which her father had hung about her neck at parting.

The morning was as fair as the maid upon whose nuptials it rose, and the shining Lake, all covered with boats, the minstrels playing upon the shores of the islands, and the crowded summer-houses on the green hills around, with shawls and banners waving from their roofs, presented such a picture of animated rejoicing, as only she, who was the object of it all, did not feel with transport. To Lalla Rookh alone it was a melancholy pageant; nor could she have even borne to look upon the scene, were it not for a hope that, among the crowds around, she might once more perhaps catch a glimpse of Feramorz. So much was her imagination haunted by this thought, that there was scarcely an islet or boat she passed, at which her heart did not flutter with a momentary fancy that he was there. Happy, in her eyes, the humblest slave upon whom the light of his dear looks fell!—In the barge immediately after the Princess was Fadladeen, with his silken curtains thrown widely apart, that all might have the benefit of his august presence, and with his head full of the speech he was to deliver to the King, “concerning Feramorz, and literature, and the chabuk, as connected therewith.”

They had now entered the canal which leads from the Lake to the splendid domes and saloons of the Shalimar, and glided on through gardens ascending from each bank, full of flowering shrubs that made the air all perfume; while from the middle of the canal rose jets of water, smooth and unbroken, to such a dazzling height, that they stood like pillars of diamond in the sunshine. After sailing under the arches of various saloons, they at length arrived at the last and most magnificent, where the monarch awaited the coming of his bride; and such was the agitation of her heart and frame, that it was with difficulty she walked up the marble steps, which were covered with cloth of gold for her ascent from the barge. At the end of the hall stood two thrones, as precious as the Cerulean Throne of Kooburga, on one of which sat Aliris, the youthful King of Bucharia, and on the other was, in a few minutes, to be placed the most beautiful Princess in the world.—Immediately upon the entrance of Lalla Rookh into the saloon, the monarch descended from his throne to meet her; but scarcely had he time to take her hand in his, when she screamed with surprise and fainted at his feet. It was Feramorz himself that stood before her!—Feramorz was, himself, the Sovereign of Bucharia, who in this disguise had accompanied his young bride from Delhi, and, having won her love as an humble minstrel, now amply deserved to enjoy it as a king.

The consternation of Fadladeen at this discovery was, for the moment, almost pitiable. But change of opinion is a resource too convenient in courts for this experienced courtier not to have learned to avail himself of it. His criticisms were all, of course, recanted instantly; he was seized with an admiration of the King’s verses, as unbounded as, he begged him to believe, it was disinterested; and the following week saw him in possession of an additional place, swearing by all the saints of Islam that never had there existed so great a poet as the monarch, Aliris, and 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 Lalla Rookh, that, to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey, she never called the King by any other name than Feramorz.
The Fudge Family in Paris.

[In the autumn of 1817, Moore was tempted to make his first trip to Paris upon a holiday excursion. The circumstances under which he went thither must have been, in every way, delightful. Rogers, the banker-poet, offered him a seat in his carriage, and the two wits and fast friends journeyed together thus in exhilarating companionship. The capital of France at that time, according to his laughter-moving account of it, must have presented to view, both socially and politically, an aspect so anomalous as to have been a perpetual provocation to ridicule. As the humorist himself ludicrously puts it, "It was as if, in the days succeeding the Deluge, a small coterie of antediluvians had been suddenly evoked from out of the deep to take the command of a new and freshly starting world." The monuments and trophies of the gigantic empire of Napoleon were scattered around in all directions. But supreme in authority, once more, over the revolutionized metropolis, were the Legitimist princes who had been so long exiled in England, and many of whom Moore had personally known there as guests with himself, under the princely roof-beams of the Earl of Moira at Donnington. Among them were the Comte d'Artois, otherwise Monsieur (afterwards Charles X.), and the Duc d'Orleans (later on Louis Philippe), with his brothers the Duc de Montpensier and the Comte de Beaujolais. Conscious that he was hardly well enough versed in French politics to venture upon meddling with them, even in sport, without a risk of floundering, Moore, at that time, primed with fun—as, when placed upon an insulator, he might have been charged with electricity, jusqu'aux points des orteils—delivered himself of his abounding and sparkling hilarity by making his own countrymen, the travelled Cockneys who met him at every turn, in every place, and on boulevard, the vehicle or medium for the discharge of his effusive persiflage. To this end Miss Biddy Fudge and Mr. Bob Fudge, with Phil and Tim Fudge, and one Phelim Connor, stood him nobly in stead as conductors for the innocent lightening of his ridicule. The little work, which consisted of a dozen letters addressed, among other correspondents, to the Lord Viscount Castleragh, by one or another of the imaginary people just named, once fairly before the public, "went" like wildfire. Five editions were sold off in a fortnight, after which brief interval, Moore pocketed £350 as his merrily-won honorarium. Thomas Brown the Younger, of 245, Piccadilly, affected to be the editor and discoverer, or purloiner, of the Correspondence. His Preface was dated the 17th of April, 1818, and in the spring of that year the book was published. It reveals Moore to us at his blithest, and is the very antipodes or antithesis of his grave-faced satires high "Corruption" and "Intolerance."

—CASTIGLIONE.

Letter I.

From Miss Biddy Fudge to Miss Dorothy—, Of Clonkilty, in Ireland.

Amiens.

Dear Doll, while the tails of our horses are plaiting,
The trunks lying on, and Papa, at the door,
Into very bad French is, as usual, translating
His English resolve not to give a sou more,

I sit down to write you a line—only think!—
A letter from France, with French pens and French ink.
How delightful! though, would you believe it, my dear?
I have seen nothing yet very wonderful here;
No adventure, no sentiment, far as we've come,
But the corn-fields and trees quite as dull as at home;

Le Leggi della Maschera richiedono che una persona mascherata non sia salutata per nome da uno che la conosce malgrado il suo travestimento.—CASTIGLIONE.
And but for the post-boy, his boots and his queue,
I might just as well be at Clonkilty with you!
In vain, at Dessein’s, did I take from my trunk
That divine fellow, Sterne, and fall reading “The Monk;”
In vain did I think of his charming Dead Ass,
And remember the crust and the wallet—alas!
No monks can be had now for love or for money,
(All owing, I a says, to that infidel Boney;) And, though one little Neddy we saw in our drive
Out of classical Nampont, the beast was alive!
By the by, though, at Calais, Papa had a touch
Of romance on the pier, which affected me much
At the sight of that spot, where our darling Dixhuit
Set the first of his own dear legitimate feet, (Modell’d out so exactly, and—God bless the mark!
’Tis a foot, Dolly, worthy so Grand a Monarque),
He exclaimed, “Oh, mon Roi!” and, with tear-dropping eye,
Stood to gaze on the spot—while some Jacobin, nigh,
Mutter’d out with a shrug, (what an insolent thing!)
“Ma foi, he be right—tis de Englishman’s King;
And dat gros pied de cochon—begar, me vil say
Dat de foot look mosh better, if turn’d toder way.”
There’s the pillar, too—Lord! I had nearly forgot—
What a charming idea!—raised close to the spot;
The mode being now, (as you’ve heard, I suppose,) To build tombs over legs, and raise pillars to toes.
This is all that’s occurr’d sentimental as yet; Except, indeed, some little flow’r-nymphs we’ve met,
Who disturb one’s romance with pecuniary views,
Flinging flow’rs in your path, and then—bawling for sous!
And some picturesque beggars, whose multitudes seem
To recall the good days of the ancien régime,
All as ragged and brisk, you’ll be happy to learn,
And as thin as they were in the time of dear Sterne.

Our party consists (in a neat Calais job)
Of Papa and myself, Mr. Connor and Bob.
You remember how sheepish Bob look’d at Kilrandy,
But, Lord! he’s quite alter’d—they’ve made him a Dandy;
A thing, you know, whisker’d, great-coated, and laced,
Like an hour-glass, exceedingly small in the waist:
Quite a new sort of creatures, unknown yet to scholars,
With heads, so immovably stuck in shirt-collars,
That seats, like our music-stools, soon must be found them,
To twirl, when the creatures may wish to look round them.
In short, dear, “a Dandy” describes what I mean,
And Bob’s far the best of the genus I’ve seen:
An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
And goes now to Paris to study French dishes,
Whose names—think, how quick! he already knows pat,
À la braise, petits pois, and—what d’ye call that
They inflict on potatoes?—oh! maître d’hôtel—
I assure you, dear Dolly, he knows them as well
As if nothing else all his life he had ate,
Though a bit of them Bobby has never touch’d yet;
But just knows the names of French dishes and cooks,
As dear Pa knows the titles of authors and books.
As to Pa, what d’ye think?—mind, it’s all entre nous,
But you know, love, I never keep secrets from you—
Why, he’s writing a book—what! a tale? a romance?
No, ye Gods, would it were!—but his Travels in France;
At the special desire (he let out t’other day)
Of his great friend and patron, my Lord
Who said, “My dear Fudge”—I forget the exact words,
And, it’s strange, no one ever remembers
But ’twas something to say that, as all must allow,
A good orthodox work is much wanting just now,
To expound to the world the new—thingummie-science,
Found out by the—what’s-its-name—Holy Alliance,
And prove to mankind that their rights are but folly,
Their freedom a joke, (which it is, you know, Dolly),
“There’s none,” said his Lordship, “if I may be judge,
Half so fit for this great undertaking as Fudge!”

The matter’s soon settled—Pa flies to the
(The first stage your tourists now usually go),
Settles all for his quarto—advertisements, praises—
Starts post from the door, with his tablets—French phrases—
“Scott’s Visit,” of course—in short, ev’rything he has
An author can want, except words—and ideas—
And, lo! the first thing, in the spring of the year,
Is Phil. Fudge at the front of a Quarto, my dear!

But, bless me, my paper’s near out, so I’d better
Draw fast to a close:—this exceeding long letter

You owe to a déjeuner à la fourchette,
Which Bobby would have, and is hard at it yet.—
What’s next? oh, the tutor, the last of the party,
Young Connor:—they say he’s so like Bonaparte,
His nose and his chin—which Papa rather dreads,
As the Bourbons, you know, are suppressing all heads
That resemble old Nap’s, and who knows but their honours
May think, in their fright, of suppressing poor Connor’s?

Au reste (as we say), the young lad’s well enough,
Only talks much of Athens, Rome, virtue, and stuff;
A third cousin of ours, by the way—poor as Job
(Though of royal descent by the side of Mamma),
And for charity made private tutor to Bob;
Entre nous, too, a Papist—how lib’ral of Pa!

This is all, dear,—forgive me for breaking off thus,
But Bob’s déjeuner’s done, and Papa’s in a fuss.

B. F.

P.S.
How provoking of Pa! he will not let me stop
Just to run in and rummage some milliner’s shop;
And my début in Paris, I blush to think on it,
Must now, Doll, be made in a hideous low bonnet.
But Paris, dear Paris!—oh, there will be joy,
And romance, and high bonnets, and Madame Le Roi!

LETTER II.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—STL.—R—GH.

At length, my Lord, I have the bliss
To date to you a line from this
"Demoralized" metropolis;
Where, by plebeians low and scurvy,
The throne was turn'd quite topsy-turvy,
And Kingship, tumbled from its seat,
"Stood prostrate" at the people's feet;
Where (still to use your Lordship's tropes)
The level of obedience slopes
Upward and downward, as the stream
Of hydra faction kicks the beam!
Where the poor Palace changes masters
Quicker than a snake its skin,
And Louis is roll'd out on castors,
While Boney's borne on shoulders in:
But where, in every change, no doubt,
One special good your Lordship traces,—
That 'tis the Kings alone turn out,
The Ministers still keep their places.

How oft, dear Viscount C——gh,
I've thought of thee upon the way,
As in my job (what place could be
More apt to wake a thought of thee ?)—
Or, oftener far, when gravely sitting
Upon my dicky, (as is fitting
For him who writes a Tour, that he
May more of men and manners see,)—
I've thought of thee and of thy glories,
Thou guest of Kings, and King of Tories!
Reflecting how thy fame has grown
And spread, beyond man's usual share,
At home, abroad, till thou art known,
Like Major Semple, everywhere!
And marv'ling with what powers of breath
Your Lordship, having speech'd to death
Some hundreds of your fellow-men,
Next speech'd to Sov'reigns' ears,—and when
All Sov'reigns else were dosed, at last
Speech'd down the Sov'reign of Belfast.
Oh! 'mid the praises and the trophies
Thou gain'st from Morosophs and Sophis;
'Mid all the tributes to thy fame,
There's one thou shouldst be chiefly pleased at—
That Ireland gives her snuff thy name,
And C——gh's the thing now sneezed at!}

But hold, my pen!—a truce to praising—
Though ev'n your Lordship will allow
The theme's temptations are amazing;
But time and ink run short, and now,
(As thou wouldst say, my guide and teacher
In these gay metaphoric fringes,
I must embarré into the feature
On which this letter chiefly hinges ;)
My Book, the Book that is to prove—
And will, (so help ye Sprites above,
That sit on clouds, as grave as judges,
Watching the labours of the Fudges !)
Will prove that all the world, at present,
Is in a state extremely pleasant;
That Europe—thanks to royal swords
And bay'nets, and the Duke's commanding—
Enjoys a peace which, like the Lord's,
Passeth all human understanding;
That France prefers her go-cart King
To such a coward scamp as Boney;
Though round, with each a leading-string,
There standeth many a Royal cryon,
For fear the chubby, tottering thing
Should fall, if left there loney-poney;—
That England, too, the more her debts,
The more she spends, the richer gets;
And that the Irish, grateful nation!
Remember when by thee reign'd over,
And bless thee for their flagellation,
As Heloisa did her lover!—

That Poland, left for Russia's lunch
Upon the side-board, snug reposè:—
While Saxony's as pleased as Punch,
And Norway "on a bed of roses!"
That, as for some few million souls,
Transferr'd by contract, bless the clods!
If half were strangled—Spaniards,
Poles,
And Frenchmen—'twouldn't make much odds,
So Europe's goodly Royal ones,
Sit easy on their sacred thrones;
So Ferdinand embroiders gaily,
And Louis eats his salmi, daily;
So time is left to Emperor Sandy
To be half Cesar and half Dandy;
And G——ge the R——t (who'd forget
That doughtiest chieftain of the set?)
Hath wherewithal for trinkets new,
   For dragons, after Chinese models,
And chambers where Duke Ho and Soo
Might come and nine times knock their
   noddes I—
All this my Quarto 'll prove—much more
Than Quarto ever proved before:
In reas'ning with the Post I'll vie,
   My facts the Courier shall supply,
My jokes V—ns—t, P—le my sense,
   And thou, sweet Lord, my eloquence!

My Journal, penn'd by fits and starts,
   On Biddy's back or Bobby's shoulder,
(My son, my Lord, a youth of parts,
   Who longs to be a small place-holder,)
Is—though I say 't, that shouldn't say—
Extremely good; and, by the way,
One extract from it—only one—
To show its spirit, and I've done:

"Jul. thirty-first.—Went, after snack,
   To the Cathedral of St. Denny;
Sigh'd o'er the Kings of ages back,
   And—gave the old Concierge a penny.
(Mem.—Must see Rheims, much famed,'tis said,
   For making Kings and gingerbread.)
Was shown the tomb, where lay, so
   stately,
A little Bourbon, buried lately,
   Thrice high and puissant, we were told,
Though only twenty-four hours old!
Hear this, thought I, ye Jacobins:
Ye Burdets, tremble in your skins!
If Royalty, but aged a day,
Can boast such high and puissant sway,
What impious hand its pow'r would fix,
   Full fledged and wigg'd at fifty six!"

The argument's quite new, you see,
And proves exactly Q. E. D.
So now, with duty to the R—g—t,
I am, dear Lord,
   Your most obedient,

P. F.

Hôtel Breteuil, Rue Rivoli.
Neat lodgings—rather dear for me;
But Biddy said she thought 'twould look
   Genteeler thus to date my Book;
And Biddy's right—besides, it curries
   Some favour with our friends at Murray's,
Who scorn what any man can say,
   That dates from Rue St. Honore!

LETTER III.

FROM MR. ROB FUDGE TO RICHARD —, ESQ.

Oh Dick! you may talk of your writing
   and reading,
Your Logic and Greek, but there's no-
   thing like feeding;
And this is the place for it, Dicky, you dog,
Of all places on earth—the head-quarters
   of Prog!
Talk of England—her famed Magna
   Charta, I swear, is
Ah humbug, a flam, to the Carte at old Véry's;
And as for your Juries—who would not
   set o'er 'em
A Jury of Tasters, with woodcocks
   before 'em?
Give Cartwright his Parliaments, fresh
   every year;
But those friends of short Commons
   would never do here;
And let Romilly speak as he will on the
   question,
No Digest of Law's like the laws of
digestion!
By the by, Dick, I fatten—but n'importe
   for that,
'Tis the mode—your Legitimates always
   get fat.
There's the R—g—t, there's Louis—
   and Boney tried too,
But, though somewhat imperial in paunch,
   'twouldn't do;—
He improved, indeed, much in this point,
   when he wed,
But he ne'er grew right royally fat in the
   head.
Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris!
   —but stay—
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just
   sketch a Day,
As we pass it, myself and some comrades
   I've got,
All thorough-bred Gnostics, who know
   what is what.
After dreaming some hours of the land
   of Cocaigne,
That Elysium of all that is friand
   and nice,
Where for hail they have bon-bons, and
   claret for rain,
And the skaters in winter show off
   on cream-ice;
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
*Macaroni au aprmesan* grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
And the geese are all born with a liver complaint!
I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—
For a lad who goes into the world, Dick, like me,
Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—
Almost as tight as some lads who go out of it.
With whiskers well oil'd, and with boots that "hold up"
The mirror to nature"—so bright you could sup
Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that draws
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!
With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,
I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.
There, Dick, what a breakfast! oh, not like your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast;
But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out
One *pâte* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*;
One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with champagne!
Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or, mayhap,
*Chambertin*, which you know’s the pet tipple of Nap,
And which Dad, by the by, that legiti-
mate stickler,
Much scruples to taste, but I'm not so particl'ar—

Your coffee comes next, by prescription: and then, Dick, 's
The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,
(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't,
I'd swallow ev'n W—tk—ns', for sake of the end on't,)
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet tipp'd over one's lips.
This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd!)
Till a man's used to paying, there's something so queer in't!—
The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough air'd for us, Nobs, to appear in't,
We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, Dick, the phyzzes,
The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!
Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date Anno Domini i;
A laced hat, worsted stockings, and noble old soul!
A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;
Just such as our Pr—ce, who nor reason nor fun dreads,
Inflicts, without ev'n a court-martial, on hundreds.
Here trips a *grisset*, with a fond, roguish eye,
(Rather eatable things, these *grissets*, by the by;)
And there an old *demoiselle*, almost asfond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the Fronde.
There goes a French Dandy—ah, Dick! unlike some ones
We've seen about White's—the Moun-
seers are but rum ones;
Such hats!—fit for monkeys—I'd back Mrs. Draper
To cut neater weather-boards out of brown paper:
And coats—how I wish, if it wouldn't distress 'em,
They'd club for old Br—mm—I, from Calais, to dress 'em!
The collar sticks out from the neck such a space,
That you'd swear 'twas the plan of this head-lopping nation,
To leave there behind them a snug little place
For the head to drop into, on decapitation.
In short, what with mountebanks, counts, and friseurs,
Some mummers by trade, and the rest amateurs—
What, with captains in new jockey-boots
and silk breeches,
Old dustmen with swinging great opera hats,
And shoeblacks reclining by statues in niches,
There never was seen such a race of Jack Sprats!

From the Boulevards—but hearken!—yes—as I'm a sinner,
The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner;
So no more at present—short time for adorning—
My Day must be finish'd some other fine morning.
Now, hey for old Beauvilliers' larder, my boy!
And, once there, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy
Were to write, "Come and kiss me, dear Bob!" I'd not budge—
Not a step, Dick, as sure as my name is
R. FUDGE.

LETTER IV.

FROM PHELIM CONNOR TO ———.

"Return!" — no, never, while the with'ring hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless land;
While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
Ev'n in the fields where free those fathers trod,
I am proscribed, and—like the spot left bare
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth, that Slav'ry had been there—

On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
No! — let them stay, who in their country's pangs
See nought but food for factions and harangues;
Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores:
Still let your * * * *
Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,
Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—everywhere the scourge pursues—
Turn where he will, the wretched wand'rer views,
In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflections of th' Oppressor's face.
Everywhere gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are served up victims to the vile and few;
While E—gl—d, everywhere — the general foe
Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow.

Oh, E—gl—d! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one;
Were it a vengeance, sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
To hear his curses on such barb'rous sway
Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way:
Could this content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
Were this his lux'ry, never is thy name
Pronounced, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;
That low and desp'rate envy, which to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—
That monster, Self, too gross to be conceal'd,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffer'd shield;—
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gain'd,
Back to his masters, ready gagg'd and chain'd!
Worthy associate of that band of Kings,
That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promised good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood!
If thus to hear thee branded be a bliss
That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than this,
That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fall'n and tarnish'd thing thou art;
That, as the centaur gave th' infected vest
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
We sent thee C——gh:——as heaps of dead
Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
So hath our land breath'd out, thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb,
Her worst infections all condensed in him!

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh when
Will that redeeming day shine out on men,
That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heav'n and Nature meant mankind should be!
When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken Vict'ry, with a Nero's mirth,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
Those bright, those sole Legitimates of Heaven!

When will this be?——or, oh! is it, in truth,
But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things!
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all resign'd?——and are they only right,
Who say this world of thinking souls was made
To be by Kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd
In scales that, ever since the world begun,
Have counted millions but as dust to one?
Are they the only wise, who laugh to scorn
The rights, the freedom to which man was born?
Who

* * * * * * *
Who, proud to kiss each sep'rate rod of pow'r,  
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;  
Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,  
And take the thund'ring of his brass for Jove's!  
If this be wisdom, then farewell, my books,  
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,  
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,  
Of living Truth, that now must stagnate, there!—  
Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,  
Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight  
For Liberty, which once awakened my strings,  
Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,  
The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,  
Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's land,  
Against whole millions pantoing to be free,  
Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny.  
Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose blade  
Had stood the onset which his pen portray'd,  
Welcome * * * * * *  
And, 'stead of Aristides—woe the day  
Such names should mingle!—welcome C——gh!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,  
Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.  
My next shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,  
Thoughts that * * * * *  
Thoughts that—could patience hold—  
'twere wiser far  
To leave still hid and burning where they are.

LETTER V.  
FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY——

What a time since I wrote!—I'm a sad, naughty girl—  
For, though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl; —  
Yet ev'n (as you wittily say) a tee-totum  
Between all its twirls gives a letter to note 'em.  
But, Lord, such a place! and then,  
Dolly, my dresses,  
My gowns, so divine!—there's no language expresses,  
Except just the two words "superbe,"  
"magnifique,"  
The trimmings of that which I had home last week!  
It is call'd—I forget—à la—something which sounded  
Like alicampane—but, in truth, I'm confounded  
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's  
(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame Le Roi's:  
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,  
Things garni with lace, and things garni with eel,  
One's hair and one's cutlets both en papillote,  
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,  
I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,  
Between beef à la Psyche and curls à la braise.——  
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite à la Francaise,  
With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and poking,  
Like things that are put to keep chimney's from smoking.  
Where shall I begin with the endless delights  
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—  
This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting  
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?
Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!  
Brother Bobby's remark, t'other night  
was a true one;—  
"This must be the music," said he, "of  
the spears,  
For I'm curt if each note of it doesn't  
runt through one!"  
Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's  
to make out  
'Twas the Jacobins brought ev'ry mischief  
about)  
That this passion for roaring has come in  
of late,  
Since the rabble all tried for a voice in  
the State.—  
What a frightful idea, one's mind to  
or'whelm!  
What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon  
be let loose of it,  
If, when of age, every man in the realm  
Had a voice like old Lais, and chose  
to make use of it!  
No—never was known in this riotous  
sphere  
Such a breach of the peace as their sing-  
ing, my dear.  
So bad, too, you'd swear that the God of  
both arts,  
Of Music and Physic, had taken a  
frolic  
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,  
And composing a fine rumbling bass to  
a colic!  
But, the dancing—ah! parlez-moi, Dolly,  
de ça—  
There, indeed, is a treat that charms all  
but Papa.  
Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs  
of romance!  
Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if she  
has  
One light-footed nymph in her train that  
can dance  
Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny  
Bias!  
Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature—  
you'd swear,  
When her delicate feet in the dance  
twinkle round,  
That her steps are of light, that her home  
is the air,  
And she only par complaisance touches  
the ground,  
And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels  
Her black flowing hair, and by daemons  
is driven,  
Oh! who does not envy those rude little  
devils,  
That hold her and hug her, and keep her  
from heaven?  
Then, the music—so softly its cadences  
die,  
So divinely—oh Dolly! between you and  
I,  
It's as well for my peace that there's no-  
body nigh  
To make love to me then—you've a soul,  
and can judge  
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend  
Biddy Fudge!  
The next place (which Bobby has near  
lost his heart in)  
They call it the Play-house—I think—of  
St. Martin;  
Quite charming—and very religious—  
what folly  
To say that the French are not pious,  
dear Dolly,  
When here one beholds, so correctly and  
rightly,  
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames  
nightly;  
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scrip-  
tural facts,  
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in  
five acts.  
Here Daniel, in pantomime, bids bold  
defiance  
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuff'd  
lions,  
While pretty young Israelites dance round  
the Prophet,  
In very thin clothing, and but little of  
it;—  
Here Begrand, who shines in this scrip-  
tural path,  
As the lovely Suzanna, without ev'n a  
relic  
Of drapery round her, comes out of the  
bath  
In a manner that, Bob says, is quite  
Eve-angelic!  
But in short, dear, 'twould take me a  
month to recite  
All the exquisite places we're at day and  
night;
And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon, a place where—I doubt
If its charms I can paint—there are cars, that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, Doll—you hardly know where.

These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey hold too.

Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a match;
In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thund'ring, as if you went post to Old Scratch!

Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,
The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forced giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,—
That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyaenas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher!

Up he came, Doll, to me, and, unco'ring his head,
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,
"Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
Just for von littel course"—though I scarce understood
What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him, I would.

Off we set—and though faith, dear, I hardly knew whether
My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heav'n and earth, Dolly, coming together,—
Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it again.

And oh! as I gazed on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara!

This achieved, through the gardens we saunter'd about,
Saw the fire-works, exclaim'd "magnifique!" at each cracker,
And when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
With the air, I will say, of a Prince, to our fiacre.

Now, hear me—this stranger—it may be mere folly—
But who do you think we all think it is, Dolly?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,
Who's here now incog.—he, who made such a fuss, you
Remember, in incog.—he, who made such a fuss, you

When Sal was near kissing old Blucher's cravat off!
Pa says he's come here to look after his money,
(Not taking things now as he used under Boney,)
Which suits with our friend, for Bob saw him, he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver received at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Used three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
Some doctor, indeed, has declared that
such grief
Should—unless 'twould to utter de-
sparing its folly push—
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as Bob says, "like shot
through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu;—only think,
Dolly, think
If this should be the King—I have scarce
slept a wink
With imagining how it will sound in the
papers
And how all the Misses my good luck
will grudge,
When they read that Count Ruppin, to
drive away vapours,
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss
Biddy Fudge.

Nota Bene.—Papa's almost certain 'tis
he—
For he knows the Legitimate cut, and
could see,
In the way he went poising and managed
to tower
So erect in the car, the true Balance of
Power.

LETTER VI.

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO HIS BROTHER
TIM FUDGE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

Yours of the 12th received just now—
Thanks for the hint, my trusty brother!
'Tis truly pleasing to see how
We, Fudges, stand by one another.
But never fear—I know my chap,
And he knows me too—verbis sap.
My Lord and I are kindred spirits,
Like in our ways as two young ferrets;
Both fashion'd, as that supple race is,
To twist into all sorts of places;—
Creatures lengthy, lean, and hungering,
Fond of blood and burrow-mongering.

As to my Book in 91,
Call'd "Down with Kings; or, Who'd
have thought it?"
Bless you, the Book's long dead and
gone,—
Not even th' Attorney-General bought
it.

And, though some few seditious tricks
I play'd in 95 and 6,
As you remind me in your letter,
His Lordship likes me all the better—
We proselytes, that come with news
full,
Are, as he says, so vastly useful!
Reynolds and I—you know Tom Rey-
nolds—
Drinks his claret, keeps his chaise—
Lucky the dog that first unkennels
Traitors and Luddites now-a-days;
Or who can help to bag a few,
When S—d—th wants a death or
two;
Reynolds and I, and some few more,
All men, like us, of information,
Friends whom his Lordship keeps in
store,
As under-saviours of the nation—
Have form'd a club this season, where
His Lordship sometimes takes the chair,
And gives us many a bright oration
In praise of our sublime vocation;
Tracing it up to great King Midas,
Who though in fable typified as
A royal Ass, by grace divine
And right of ears, most asinine,
Was yet no more, in fact historical,
Than an exceeding well-bred tyrant;
And these, his ears, but allegorical,
Meaning informers, kept at high rent—
Gem'men, who touch'd the Treasury
list'ners,
Like us, for being trusty list'ners;
And picking up each tale and fragment,
For royal Midas's Green Bag meant.
"And wherefore," said this best of
Peers,
"Should not the R—g—t too have ears,
To reach as far, as long and wide as
Those of his model, good King Midas?"
This speech was thought extremely good,
And (rare for him) was understood—
Instant we drank "The R—g—t's
Ears,"
With three times three illustrious cheers,
Which made the room resound like
thunder—
"The R—g—t's Ears, and may he ne'er
From foolish shame, like Midas, wear
Old paltry wigs to keep them under!"
This touch at our old friends, the Whigs,
Made us as merry all as grigs.
In short (I'll thank you not to mention
These things again), we get on gaily;
And, thanks to pension and Suspension,
Our little club increases daily.
Castles and Oliver, and such,
Who don't as yet full salary touch,
Nor keep their chaise and pair, nor buy
Houses and lands, like Tom and I,
Of course don't rank with us, salvators,
But merely serve the Club as waiters.
Like Knights, too, we've our collar
days,
(For us, I own, an awkward phrase,)
When, in our new costume adorn'd,—
The R—g—t's buff and blue coats turn'd—
We have the honour to give dinners
To the chief Rats in upper stations;
Your W—ys, V—ns,—half-fledged sinners,
Who shame us by their imitations;
Who turn, 'tis true—but what of that?
Give me the useful preaching Rat;
Not things as mute as Punch, when bought,
Whose wooden heads are all they've brought;
Who, false enough to shirk their friends,
But too faint-hearted to betray,
Are, after all their twists and bends,
But souls in Limbo, damn'd half way.
No, no, we nobler vermin are—
A genus useful as we're rare;
'Midst all the things miraculous
Of which your natural histories brag,
The rarest must be Rats like us,
Who let the cat out of the bag.
Yet still these Tyros in the cause
Deserve, I own, no small applause;
And they're by us received and treated
With all due honours—only seated
In th' inverse scale of their reward,
The merely promised next my Lord;
Small pensions then, and so on, down,
Rat after rat, they graduate
Through job, red ribbon, and silk gown,
To Chanc'lorship and Marquisate.
This serves to nurse the rating spirit,
The less the bribe the more the merit.

Our music's good, you may be sure;
My Lord, you know, 's an amateur—

Takes every part with perfect ease,
Though to the Base by nature suited;
And, form'd for all, as best may please,
For whips and bolts, or chords and keys,
Turns from his victims to his glees,
And has them both well executed.

H—t—d, who, though no rat himself,
Delights in all such liberal arts,
Drinks largely to the House of Guelph,
And superintends the Corni parts.
While C—ng, who'd be first by choice,
Consents to take an under voice;
And Gr—ns, who well that signal knows,
Watches the Volti subitos.

In short, as I've already hinted,
We take, of late, prodigiously;
But as our Club is somewhat stinted
For Gentlemen, like Tom and me,
We'll take it kind if you'll provide
A few Squireens from t'other side—
Some of those loyal, cunning elves
(We often tell the tale with laughter),
Who used to hide the pikes themselves,
Then hang the fools who found them after.
I doubt not you could find us, too,
Some Orange Parsons that might do;
Among the rest, we've heard of one,
The Reverend—something—Hamilton.
Who stuff'd a figure of himself
(Delicious thought!) and had it shot at,
To bring some Papists to the shelf,
That couldn't otherwise be got at—
If he'll but join the Association,
We'll vote him in by acclamation.

And now, my brother, guide, and friend,
This somewhat tedious scrawl must end.
I've gone into this long detail
Because I saw your nerves were shaken
With anxious fears lest I should fail
In this new, loyal, course I've taken.
But, bless your heart! you need not doubt—
We, Fudges, know what we're about.
Look round, and say if you can see
A much more thriving family.
There’s Jack, the Doctor—night and day
Hundreds of patients so besiege him,
You’d swear that all the rich and gay
Fell sick on purpose to oblige him.
And while they think, the precious
ninnies,
He’s counting o’er their pulse so steady,
The rogue but counts how many guineas
He’s fobb’d, for that day’s work, already.
I’ll ne’er forget th’ old maid’s alarm,
When, feeling thus Miss Sukey Flirt, he
Said, as he dropp’d her shrivell’d arm,
“Damn’d bad this morning—only thirty!”

Your dowagers, too, every one,
So gen’rous are, when they call him in,
That he might now retire upon
The rheumatisms of three old women.
Then, whatso’er your ailments are,
He can so learnedly explain ye ’em—
Your cold, of course, is a catarrh,
Your headache is a hemi-cranium:
His skill, too, in young ladies’ lungs,
The grace with which, most mild of men,
He begs them to put out their tongues,
Then begs them—put them in again:
In short, there’s nothing now like Jack!—
Take all your doctors great and small,
Of present times and ages back,
Dear Doctor Fudge is worth them all.
So much for physic—then, in law too,
Counsellor Tim, to thee we bow;
Not one of us gives more éclat to
Th’ immortal name of Fudge than thou.
Not to expatiate on the art
With which you play’d the patriot’s part,
Till something good and snug should offer;—
Like one who, by the way he acts
Th’ enlight’ning part of candle-snuffer,
The manager’s keen eye attracts,
And is promoted thence by him
To strut in robes, like thee, my Tim!—
Who shall describe thy pow’rs of face,
Thy well-fee’d zeal in ev’ry case,
Or wrong or right—but ten times warmer
(As suits thy calling) in the former—
Thy glorious, lawyer-like delight
In puzzling all that’s clear and right,
Which, though conspicuous in thy youth,
Improves so with a wig and band on,
That all thy pride’s to waylay Truth,
And leave her not a leg to stand on.
Thy patent, prime morality,—
Thy cases, cited from the Bible—
Thy candour, when it falls to thee
To help in trouncing for a libel;—
“God knows, I, from my soul, profess
To hate all bigots and benighters!
God knows, I love, to ev’n excess,
The sacred Freedom of the Press,
My only aim’s to—crush the writers.”
These are the virtues, Tim, that draw
The briefs into thy bag so fast;
And these, oh Tim—if Law be Law—
Will raise thee to the Bench at last.

I blush to see this letter’s length—
But ’twas my wish to prove to thee
How full of hope, and wealth, and strength,
Are all our precious family.
And, should affairs go on as pleasant
As, thank the Fates, they do at present—
Should we but still enjoy the sway
Of S—dm—h and of C—gh,
I hope, ere long, to see the day
When England’s wisest statesmen, judges,
Lawyers, peers, will all be—Fudges!

Good-by—my paper’s out so nearly,
I’ve only room for

Yours sincerely.

LETTER VII.
FROM PHELM CONNOR TO ——.

BEFORE we sketch the Present—let us cast
A few, short, rapid glances to the Past.

When he, who had defied all Europe’s strength,
Beneath his own weak rashness sunk so length;—
When, loosed, as if by magic, from a chain
That seem'd like Fate's, the world was free again,
And Europe saw, rejoicing in the sight,
The cause of Kings, for once, the cause of Right;
Then was, indeed, an hour of joy to those
Who sigh'd for justice—liberty—repose,
And hoped the fall of one great vulture's nest
Would ring its warning round, and scare the rest.
All then was bright with promise;—Kings began
To own a sympathy with suff'ring Man,
And Man was grateful; Patriots of the South
Caught wisdom from a Cossack Emperor's mouth,
And heard, like accents thaw'd in Northern air,
Unwonted words of freedom burst forth there!
Who did not hope, in that triumphant time,
When monarchs, after years of spoil and crime,
Met round the shrine of Peace, and Heav'n look'd on,—
Who did not hope the lust of spoil was gone;
That that rapacious spirit, which had play'd
The game of Pilnitz o'er so oft, was laid;
And Europe's Rulers, conscious of the past,
Would blush, and deviate into right at last?
But no—the hearts, that nursed a hope so fair,
Had yet to learn what men on thrones can dare;
Had yet to know, of all earth's rav'ning things,
The only quite untameable are Kings!
Scarce had they met when, to its nature true,
The instinct of their race broke out anew;
Promises, treaties, charters, all were vain,
And "Rapine! rapine!" was the cry again.

How quick they carved their victims, and how well,
Let Saxony, let injured Genoa tell;—
Let all the human stock that, day by day,
Was, at that Royal slave-mart, truck'd away,—
The million souls that, in the face of heaven,
Were split to fractions, barter'd, sold, or given
To swell some despot Power, too huge before,
And weigh down Europe with one Mammoth more.
How safe the faith of Kings let France decide;—
Her charter broken, ere its ink had dried;—
Her Press enthrall'd—her Reason mock'd again
With all the monkery it had spurn'd in vain;
Her crown disgraced by one, who dared to own
He thank'd not France but England for his throne;
Her triumphs cast into the shade by those,
Who had grown old among her bitterest foes,
And now return'd, beneath her conqu'rors' shields,
Unblushing slaves! to claim her heroes' fields;
To tread down ev'ry trophy of her fame,
And curse that glory which to them was shame!—
Let these—let all the damning deeds, that then
Were dared through Europe, cry aloud to men,
With voice like that of crashing ice that rings
Round Alpine huts, the perfidy of Kings;
And tell the world, when hawks shall harmless bear
The shrinking dove, when wolves shall learn to spare
The helpless victim for whose blood they lusted,
Then, and then only, monarchs may be trusted.
It could not last—these horrors could not last—
France would herself have ris'n, in might, to cast
Th' insulters off—and oh! that then, as now
Chain'd to some distant islet's rocky brow,
Napoleon ne'er had come to force, to blight,
Ere half matured, a cause so proudly bright;—
To palsy patriot arts with doubt and shame,
And write on Freedom's flag a despot's name;—
To rush into the lists, unask'd, alone,
And make the stake of all the game of one!
Then would the world have seen again what power
A people can put forth in Freedom's hour;
Then would the fire of France once more have blazed;—
For every single sword, reluctant raised
In the stale cause of an oppressive throne,
Millions would then have leap'd forth in her own;
And never, never had th' unholy stain
Of Bourbon feet disgraced her shores again.

But fate decreed not so—th' Imperial Bird,
That, in his neighbouring cage, unfear'd, unstir'd,
Had seem'd to sleep with head beneath his wing,
Yet watch'd the moment for a daring spring;—
Well might he watch, when deeds were done, that made
His own transgressions whiten in their shade;
Well might he hope a world, thus trampled o'er
By clumsy tyrants, would be his once more:—
Forth from his cage the eagle burst to light,
From steeple on to steeple wing'd his flight,
With calm and easy grandeur, to that throne
From which a Royal craven just had flown;
And resting there, as in his aerie, furl'd
Those wings, whose very rustling shook the world!

What was your fury then, ye crown'd array,
Whose feast of spoil, whose plund'ring holiday
Was thus broke up, in all its greedy mirth,
By one bold chieftain's stamp on Gallic earth!
Fierce was the cry, and fulminant the ban,—
"Assassinate, who will—enchain, who
The vile, the faithless, outlaw'd, low-born man!"
"Faithless!"—and this from you—from you, forsooth,
Ye pious Kings, pure paragons of truth,
Whose honesty all knew, for all had tried;
Whose true Swiss zeal had served on every side;
Whose fame for breaking faith so long was known,
Well might ye claim the craft as all your own,
And lash your lordly tails, and fume to see
Such low-born apes of Royal perfidy!
Yes—yes—to you alone did it belong
To sin for ever, and yet ne'er do wrong.—
The frauds, the lies of Lords legitimate
Are but fine policy, deep strokes of state; But let some upstart dare to soar so high
In Kingly craft, and "outlaw" is the cry!
What, though long years of mutual treachery
Had peopled full your diplomatic shelves
With ghosts of treaties, murder'd 'mong yourselves;
Though each by turns was knave and dupe—what then?
A Holy League would set all straight again;
Like Juno's virtue, which a dip or two
In some bless'd fountain made as good as new!
Most faithful Russia—faithful to whose'er
Could plunder best, and give him ampest
share;
Who, ev'n when vanquish'd, sure to gain
his ends,
For want of foes to rob, made free with
friends,
And, deepening still by amiable grada-
tions,
When foes were stript of all, then fleeced
relations!
Most mild and saintly Prussia—steep'd
to th' ears
In persecuted Poland's blood and tears,
And now, with all her harpy wings out-
spread
O'er sever'd Saxony's devoted head!
Pure Austria too—whose hist'ry nought
repeats
But broken leagues and subsidized defeats;
Whose faith, as Prince, extinguish'd
Venice shows,
Whose faith, as man, a widow'd daughter
knows!
And thou, oh England—who, though
once as shy
As cloister'd maids, of shame or perfidy,
Art now broke in, and, thanks to
C—gh,
In all that's worst and falsest lead'st the
way!

Such was the pure divan, whose pens and
wits
Th' escape from Elba frighten'd into
fits;—
Such were the saints, who doom'd
Napoleon's life,
In virtuous frenzy to th' assassin's knife.
Disgusting crew!—who would not gladly fly
To open, downright, bold-faced tyranny,
To honest guilt, that dares do all but lie,
From the false, juggling craft of men like
these,
Their canting crimes and varnish'd
villanies;—
These Holy Leaguers, who then loudest
boast
Of faith and honour, when they've stain'd
them most;
From whose affection men should shrink
as loath
As from their hate, for they'll be fleeced
by both;

Who, ev'n while plund'r'ing, forge
Religion's name
To frank their spoil, and, without fear
or shame,
Call down the Holy Trinity to bless
Partition leagues, and deeds of devilish-
ness!
But hold—enough—soon would this swell
of rage
O'erflow the boundaries of my scanty
page;—
So, here I pause—farewell—another day,
Return we to those Lords of pray'r and
prey,
Whose loathsome cant, whose frauds by
right divine,
Deserve a lash—oh! weightier far than
mine!

LETTER VIII.
FROM MR. BOB FUDGE TO RICHARD—ESQ.

DEAR DICK, while old Donaldson's
mending my stays,—
Which I knew would go smash with
me one of these days,
And, at yesterday's dinner, when, full to
the throttle,
We lads had begun our dessert with a
bottle
Of neat old Constantia, on my leaning
back
Just to order another, by Jove, I went
crack!—
Or, as honest Tom said, in his nautical
phrase,
"D—n my eyes, Bob, in doubling the
'Cape you've miss'd stays."
So, of course, as no gentleman's seen out
without them,
They're now at the Schneider's—and,
while he's about them,
Here goes for a letter, post-haste, neck
and crop.
Let us see—in my last I was—where did
I stop?
Oh, I know—at the Boulevards, as
motley a road as
Man ever would wish a day's lounging
upon;
With its cafés and gardens, hotels and
pagodas,
Its founts, and old Counts sipping beer
in the sun:
With its houses of all architectures you please,
From the Grecian and Gothic, Dick, down by degrees
To the pure Hottentot, or the Brighton Chinese;
Where in temples antique you may breakfast or dinner it,
Lunch at a mosque, and see Punch from a minaret,
Then, Dick, the mixture of bonnets and bow'rs,
Of foliage and fripp'ry, _sacres_ and flow'rs,
Green-grocers, green-gardens—one hardly knows whether
'Tis country or town, they're so mess'd up together!
And there, if one loves the romantic, one sees
Jew clothes-men, like shepherds, reclined under trees;
Or Quidnuncs, on Sunday, just fresh from the barber's,
Enjoying their news and _groseille_ in those arbours;
While gaily their wigs, like the tendrils, are curling,
And fountains of red currant-juice round them are purling.

Here, Dick, arm in arm as we chattering stray,
And receive a few civil "God-dems" by the way,—
For, 'tis odd, these mounseers,—though we've wasted our wealth
And our strength, till we've thrown ourselves into a phthisic,
To cram down their throats an old King for their health,
As we whip little children to make them take physic;—
Yet, spite of our good-natured money and slaughter,
They hate us as Beelzebub hates holy-water!
But who the deuce cares, Dick, as long as they nourish us
Neatly as now, and good cookery flourishes—
Long as, by bay'nets protected, we, Natties,
May have our full fling at their _salmis_ and _pâtes_?

And, truly, I always declared 'twould be pity
[feeding city.
To burn to the ground such a choice-
Had Dad but his way, he'd have long ago blown
The whole batch to old Nick—and the people, I own,
If for no other cause than their curst monkey looks,
Well deserve a blow-up—but then, damn it, their Cooks!
As to Marshals, and Statesmen, and all their whole lineage,
For ought that I care, you may knock them to spinach;
But think, Dick, their Cooks—what a loss to mankind!
What a void in the world would their art leave behind!
Their chronometer spits—their intense salamanders—
Their ovens—their pots, that can soften old ganders,
All vanish'd for ever—their miracles or, And the _Marmite Perpétuelle_ bubbling no more!
Forbid it, forbid it, ye Holy Allies!
Take whatever ye fancy—take statues, take money—
But leave them, oh leave them, their Ferigueux pies,
Their glorious goose-livers, and high pickled tunny!
Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought us,
Though Royalty's here on her very last legs,
Yet, who can help loving the land that has taught us
Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs?

You see, Dick, in spite of their cries of "God-dam,"
"Coquin Anglais," et cæt'ra—how gen'rous I am!
And now (to return, once again, to my "Day,"
Which will take us all night to get through in this way,)
From the Boulevards we saunter through many a street,
Crack jokes on the natives—mine, all very neat—
Leave the Signs of the Times to political
fops,
And find twice as much fun in the Signs
of the Shops;—

Here, a Louis Dix-huit—there, a Martin-
mas goose,
(Much in vogue since your eagles are
gone out of use)—
Henri Quatres in shoals, and of Gods a
great many,
But Saints are the most on hard duty of
any;—
St. Tony, who used all temptations to
spurn,
Here hangs o'er a beer-shop, and tempts
in his turn;
While there St. Venecia sits hemming and
frilling her
Holy mouchoir o'er the door of some
milliner;—
Saint Austin's the "outward and visible
sign
Of an inward" cheap dinner, and pint of
small wine;
While St. Denys hangs out o'er some
hatter of ton,
And possessing, good bishop, no head of
his own,
Takes an int'rest in Dandies, who've got
—next to none!
Then we stare into shops—read the
evening's affiches—
Or, if some, who're Lotharios in feeding,
should wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon (a devilish
bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appe-
tite, Dick),
To the Passage des—what d'ye call't—
des Panoramas
We quicken our pace, and there heartily
cram as
Seducing young pâtés, as ever could
cozén
One out of one's appetite, down by the
dozens.
We vary, of course—petits pâtés do one
day,
The next we've our lunch with the Gau-
frier Hollandais,
That popular artist, who brings out, like
Sc—it,
His delightful productions so quick, hot
and hot;

Not the worse for the exquisite comment
that follows,—
Divine maresquino, which—Lord, how
one swallows!

Once more, then, we saunter forth after
our snack, or
Subscribe a few francs for the price of a
fiacre,
And drive far away to the old Montagnes
Russes,
Where we find a few twirls in the car of
much use
To regen'rate the hunger and thirst of us
sinners,
Who've lapsed into snacks—the perdition
of dinners,
And here, Dick—in answer to one of
your queries,
About which we, Gourmands, have
had much discussion—
I've tried all these mountains, Swiss,
French, and Ruggieri's,
And think, for digestion, there's none
like the Russian;
So equal the motion—so gentle, though
fleet—
It, in short, such a light and salubrious
scamper is,
That take whom you please—take old
L—s D—xh—t,
And stuff him—ay, up to the neck—
with stew'd lampreys,
So wholesome these Mounts, such a sol-
vent I've found them,
That, let me but rattle the Monarch well
down them,
The fiend, Indigestion, would fly far
away,
And the regicide lampreys be foil'd of
their prey!

Such, Dick, are the classical sports that
content us,
Till five o'clock brings on that hour so
momentous;
That epoch—but woa! my lad—here
comes the Schneider,
And, curse him, has made the stays three
inches wider—
Too wide by an inch and a half—what a
Guy!
But, no matter—'twill all be set right by-
and-by.
As we've Massinot's eloquent carte to eat still up,  
An inch and a half's but a trifle to fill up.  
So—not to lose time, Dick—here goes for the task;  
Au revoir, my old boy—of the Gods I but ask,  
That my life, like "the Leap of the German," may be,  
"Du lit à la table, de la table au lit!"  
R. F.  

LETTER IX.  

FROM PHIL. FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE LORD VISCOUNT C—STL.—GH.  

My Lord, th' Instructions, brought to-day,  
"I shall in all my best obey."  
Your Lordship talks and writes so sensibly!  
And—whatsoe'er some wags may say—Oh! not at all incomprehensibly.  

I feel th' inquiries in your letter  
About my health and French most flattering;  
Thank ye, my French, though somewhat better,  
Is, on the whole, but weak and smatterling:—  
Nothing, of course, that can compare  
With his who made the Congress stare  
(A certain Lord we need not name),  
Who ev'n in French, would have his trope,  
And talk of "bâtir un système  
Sur l'équilibre de l'Europe!"  
Sweet metaphor!—and then the Epistle,  
Which bid the Saxon King go whistle,—That tender letter to "Mon Prince,"  
Which shou'd alike thy French and sense;—Oh no, my Lord—there's none can do  
Or say un-English things like you;  
And, if the schemes that fill thy breast  
Could but a vent congenial seek,  
And use the tongue that suits them best,  
What charming Turkish wouldst thou speak!  

But as for me, a Frenchless grub,  
At Congress never born to stammer,  
Nor learn like thee, my Lord, to snub  
Fall'n Monarchs, out of Chambaud's grammar—  
Bless you, you do not, cannot know  
How far a little French will go;  
For all one's stock, one need but draw  
On some half-dozen words like these—Comme ça—par-là—là-bas—ah ha!  
They'll take you all through France with ease.  

Your Lordship's praises of the scraps  
I sent you from my Journal lately;  
(Enveloping a few laced caps  
For Lady C.) delight me greatly.  
Her flutt'ring speech—"What pretty things  
One finds in Mr. Fudge's pages!"  
Is praise which (as some poet sings)  
Would pay one for the toils of ages.  

Thus flatter'd, I presume to send  
A few more extracts by a friend:  
And I should hope they'll be no less  
Approved of than my last MS.—The former ones, I fear, were creased,  
As Biddy round the caps would pin them!  
But these will come to hand at least  
Unrumpled, for there's nothing in them.  

Extracts from Mr. Fudge's Journal,  
addressed to Lord C.  

Aug. 10.  

Went to the Mad-house—saw the man  
Who thinks; poor wretch, that, while the Fiend  
Of Discord here full riot ran,  
He, like the rest, was guillotined;—  
But that when under Boney's reign,  
(A more discreet, though quite as strong one,)  
The heads were all restored again,  
He, in the scramble, got a wrong one.  
Accordingly, he still cries out  
This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;  
And always runs, poor devil, about,  
Inquiring for his own incessantly!
While to his case a tear I dropt,  
And saunter'd home, thought I—ye Gods!

How many heads might thus be swopp'd,  
And, after all, not make much odds!

For instance, there's V—s—tt—t's head—
("Tam carum" it may well be said)

If by some curious chance it came
To settle on Bill Soames's shoulders,  
Th' effect would turn out much the same
On all respectable cash-holders:
Except that while, in its new socket,
The head was planning schemes to win
A zig-zag way into one's pocket,
The hands would plunge directly in.

Good Viscount S—dm—h, too, instead,
Of his own grave, respected head,
Might wear (for aught I see that bars)
Old Lady Wilhelmina Frump's—
So while the hand sign'd Circulars,
The head might lip out, "What is trumps?"

The R—g—t's brains could we transfer
To some robust man-milliner,
The shop, the shears, the lace, and ribbon
Would go, I doubt not, quite as glib on;
And, vice versa, take the pains
To give the P—ce the shopman's brains,
One only change from thence would flow,
Ribbons would not be wasted so.

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
And, ev'n at night, when laid in bed,
I found myself, before I snored,
Thus chopping, swopping head for head,
At length I thought, fantastic elf!
How such a change would suit myself.
'Twixt sleep and waking, one by one,
With various pericraniums saddled,
At last I tried your Lordship's on,
And then I grew completely addled—
Forgot all other heads, 'od rot 'em!
And slept, and dreamt that I was—
Bottom.  

Walk'd out with daughter Bid—was shown
The House of Commons, and the Throne,

Whose velvet cushion's just the same
Napoleon sat on—what a shame!
Oh, can we wonder, best of speechers,
When Louis seated thus we see,
That France's "fundamental features"
Are much the same they used to be?
However,—God preserve the Throne,
And cushion too—and keep them free

From accidents which have been known
To happen ev'n to Royalty!

Aug. 28.

Read, at a stall (for oft one pops
On something at these stalls and shops,
That does to quote, and gives one's Book
A classical and knowing look.—
Indeed I've found, in Latin, lately,
A course of stalls improves me greatly)—
'Twas thus I read, that, in the East,
A monarch's fat's a serious matter;
And once in ev'ry year, at least,
He's weigh'd—to see if he gets fatter:
Then, if a pound or two he be
Increased, there's quite a jubilee!
Suppose, my Lord—and far from me
To treat such things with levity—
But just suppose the R—g—t's weight
Were made thus an affair of state;
And, ev'ry sessions, at the close,—
'Stead of a speech, which all can see,
is
Heavy and dull enough, God knows,—
We were to try how heavy he is.
Much would it glad all hearts to hear
That, while the Nation's Revenue
Losses so many pounds a year,
The P—e, God bless him! gains a few.

With bales of muslin, chintzes, spices,  
I see the Easterns weigh their Kings;
But, for the R—g—t, my advice is,
We should throw in much heavier things:
For instance, 's quarto volumes,
Which, though not spices, serve to wrap them;
Domine St—dd—t's Daily columns,
"Prodigious!"—in, of course, we'd clap them,
Letters, that C—rtw—t's pen indites,
In which, with logical confusion,
The Major like a Minor writes,
And never comes to a Conclusion:
Lord S—m—rs' pamphlet—or his head—
(Ah, that were worth its weight in lead!)
Along with which we in may whip, sly,
The Speeches of Sir John C—x
H—pp—sly;
That Baronet of many words,
Who loves so, in the House of Lords,
To whisper Bishops—and so nigh
Unto their wigs in whisp'ring goes,
That you may always know him by
A patch of powder on his nose!—
If this won't do, we in must cram
The "Reasons" of Lord B—ck—g—h—m;
(A book his Lordship means to write,
Entitled "Reasons for my Rattling:"
Or, should these prove too small and light,
His r—p's a host—we'll bundle that in!
And, still should all these masses fail
To turn the R—g—t's ponderose scale,
Why then, my Lord, in Heaven's name,
Pitch in, without reserve or stint,
The whole of R—g—y's beauteous Dame—
If that won't raise him, devil's in't.

Aug. 31.

Consulted Murphy's Tacitus
About those famous spies at Rome,
Whom certain Whigs—to make a fuss—
Describe as much resembling us,
Informing gentlemen, at home.
But, bless the fools, they can't be serious,
To say Lord S—dm—th's like Tiberius!
What! he, the Peer, that injures no man,
Like that severe, blood-thirsty Roman!—
'Tis true the Tyrant lent an ear to
All sorts of spies—so doth the Peer, too.
'Tis true my Lord's Elect tell fibs,
And deal in perjury—ditto Tiber's.
'Tis true the Tyrant screen'd and hid
His rogues from justice—ditto Sid.
'Tis true the Peer is grave and glib
At moral speeches—ditto Tiber.
'Tis true, the feats the Tyrant did
Were in his dotage—ditto Sid.

So far, I own, the parallel
'Twixt Tib and Sid goes vastly well;
But there are points in Tib that strike
My humble mind as much more like Yourself, my dearest Lord, or him,
Of th' India Board—that soul of whim!
Like him, Tiberius loved his joke,
On matters, too, where few can bear one;
E.g. a man, cut up, or broke
Upon the wheel—a devilish fair one!
Your common fractures, wounds, and fits,
Are nothing to such wholesale wits;
But, let the suff'erer gasp for life,
The joke is then worth any money;
And, if he wriethe beneath a knife,—
Oh dear, that's something quite too funny.
In this respect, my Lord, you see
The Roman wag and ours agree:
Now as to your resemblance—mum—
This parallel we need not follow;
Though 'tis, in Ireland, said by some
Your Lordship beats Tiberius hollow:
Whips, chains, but these are things too serious,
For me to mention or discuss;
Whene'er your Lordship acts Tiberius,
Phil. Fudge's part is Tacitus!

Was thinking, had Lord S—dm—th got
Any good decent sort of Plot
Against the winter-time—if not,
Alas, alas, our ruin's fated;
All done up, and spifflicated!
Ministers and all their vassals,
Down from C—stl—gh to Castles,—
Unless we can kick up a riot,
Ne'er can hope for peace or quiet!
What's to be done?—Spa-Fields was clever;
But even that brought gibes and mockings
Upon our heads—so, mem.—must never
Keep ammunition in old stockings;
For fear some wag should in his curt head
Take it to say our force was worsted.
Mem. too—when Sid. an army raises,
It must not be "incog." like Bayes's:
Nor must the General be a hobbling
Professor of the art of cobbling;
Lest men, who perpetrate such puns,
Should say, with Jacobin grin,
He felt, from solemn Wellingtons,
A Wellington's great soul within!
Nor must an old Apothecary
Go take the Tower, for lack of pence,
With (what these wags would call, so merry),
Physical force and phial-ence!
No—no—our Plot, my Lord, must be
Next time contrived more skilfully,
John Bull, I grieve to say, is growing
So troublesomey sharp and knowing,
So wise—in short, so Jacobin—
'Tis monstrous hard to take him in.

Sept. 6.

Heard of the fate of our Ambassador
In China, and was sorely nettled;
But think, my Lord, we should not pass it o'er
Till all this matter's fairly settled;
And here's the mode occurs to me:
As none of our Nobility,
Though for their own most gracious King
(They would kiss hands, or—anything),
Can be persuaded to go through
This farce-like trick of the Ko-tou;
And as these Mandarins won't bend,
Without some mumming exhibition,
Suppose, my Lord, you were to send
Grimaldi to them on a mission:
As Legate, Joe could play his part,
And if, in diplomatic art,
The "volto scilto"'s meritorious,
Let Joe but grin, he has it, glorious!
A title for him's easily made;
And, by-the-by, one Christmas time,
If I remember right, he play'd
Lord Morley in some pantomime;
As Earl of M—rl—y, then gazette him,
If 'other Earl of M—rl—y'll let him.
(And why should not the world be blest
With two such stars, for East and West?)
Then, when before the Yellow Screen
He's brought—and, sure, the very essence
Of etiquette would be that scene
Of Joe in the Celestial Presence!—
He thus should say:—"Duke Ho and Soo,
I'll play what tricks you please for you,
If you'll, in turn, but do for me
A few small tricks you now shall see.

If I consult your Emperor's liking,
At least you'll do the same for my King.
He then should give them nine such grins,
As would astound ev'n Mandarins;
And throw such somersets before
The picture of King George (God bless him!)
As, should Duke Ho but try them o'er,
Would, by Confucius, much distress him!

I start this merely as a hint,
But think you'll find some wisdom in't;
And, should you follow up the job,
My son, my Lord (you know poor Bob),
Would in the suite be glad to go
And help his Excellency, Joe:—
At least, like noble Amh—rst's son,
The lad will do to practise on.

LETTER X.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY.

Well, it isn't the King, after all, my dear creature!
But don't you go laugh, now—there's nothing to quiz in't—
For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,
He might be a King, Doll, though, hang him, he isn't.
At first, I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,
If for no other cause but to vex Miss Malone,—
(The great heiress, you know, of Shan-
dangan, who's here,
Showing off with such airs, and a real Cashmere,
While mine's but a paltry old rabbit-skin, dear!)
But Pa says, on deeply consid'ring the thing,
"I am just as well pleased it should not be the King;"
As I think for my Biddy, so gentille and jolly,
Whose charms may their price in an honest way fetch,
That a Brandenburgh"—(what is a Brandenburgh, Dolly?)—
"Would be, after all, no such very great catch.
THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

If the R—g—t indeed"—added he, looking sly—
(You remember that comical squint of his eye)
But I stopp’d him with "La, Pa, how can you say so,
When the R—g—t loves none but old women, you know!"
Which is fact, my dear Dolly—we, girls of eighteen,
And so slim—Lord, he’d think us not fit
To be seen;
And would like us much better as old—
ay, as old
As that Countess of Desmond, of whom
I’ve been told
That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,
And was kill’d by a fall from a cherry-
tree then!
What a frisky old girl!—but, to come to my lover,
Who, though not a King, is a hero I’ll swear,—
You shall hear all that’s happen’d, just
briefly run over,
Since that happy night, when we
Whisk’d through the air!

Let me see—’twas on Saturday—yes, Dolly, yes—
From that evening I date the first dawn
Of my bliss,
When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,
Whose journey, Bob says, is so like
Love and Marriage,
"Beginning gay, desperate, dashing, down-hilly,
And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!"
Well, scarcely a wink did I sleep the night through;
And, next day, having scribbled my letter to you,
With a heart full of hope this sweet fellow to meet,
I set out with Papa to see Louis Dixo-
huit
Make his bow to some half-dozen women and boys,
Who get up a small concert of shrill
Vive la Rois—

And how vastly genteeler, my dear, even this is,
Than vulgar Pall-Mall’s oratorio of hisses!
The gardens seem’d full—so, of course, we walk’d o’er ’em,
’Mong orange-trees, clipp’d into town-
bred decorum,
And Daphnes, and vases, and many a statue,
There staring, with not ev’n a stitch on them, at you!
The ponds, too, we view’d—stood awhile
on the brink
To contemplate the play of those pretty
gold fishes—
"Live bullion," says merciless Bob,
"which, I think,
Would, if coin’d, with a little mint sauce, be delicious!"

But what, Dolly, what, is the gay orange-
grove,
Or gold fishes, to her that’s in search of her love?
In vain did I wildly explore every chair
Where a thing like a man was—no lover sat there!
In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs
That went past,
To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,—
A glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,
As the lock that, Pa says, is to Mussul-
men giv’n,
For the angel to hold by that "lugs them to heav’n!"
Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,
And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!
Disappointed, I found myself sighing out "Well-a-day,—"
Thought of the words of T—m M—re’s Irish Melody,
Something about the "green spot of de-
light"
(Which, you know, Captain Mackin-
tosh sung to us one day):
Ah, Dolly, my "spot" was that Saturday night,
And its verdure, how fleeting, had
wither’d by Sunday!
We dined at a tavern—La, what do I say?
If Bob wasto know!—a Restaurateur's, dear:
Where your properest ladies go dine every day,
And drink Burgundy, out of large tumblers, like beer.
Fine Bob (for he's really grown superfine)
Condescended, for once, to make one of the party;
Of course, though but three, we had dinner for nine,
And in spite of my grief, love, I own I ate hearty.
Indeed, Doll, I know not how 'tis, but, in grief,
I have always found eating a wondrous relief;
And Bob, who's in love, said he felt the same, quite—
"My sighs," said he, "ceased with the first glass I drank you;
The lamb made me tranquil, the puffs made me light,
And—now that's all o'er—why, I'm—pretty well, thank you!"

To my great annoyance, we sat rather late;
For Bobby and Pa had a furious debate
About singing and cookery—Bobby, of course,
Standing up for the latter Fine Art in full force;
And Pa saying, "God only knows which is worst,
The French Singers or Cooks, but I wish us well over it—
What with old Lais and Véry, I'm curt;
If my head or my stomach will ever recover it!"

'Twas dark when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,
And in vain did I look 'mong the street Macaronis,
When, sudden it struck me—last hope of my soul—
That some angel might take the dear man to Tortom's!

We enter'd—and, scarcely had Bob, with an air,
For a grappe à la jardinière call'd to the waiters,
When, oh Doll! I saw him—my hero was there
(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown leather gaiters),
A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,
And lots of red currant-juice sparkling before him!
Oh Dolly, these heroes—what creatures they are;
In the boudoir the same as in fields full of slaughter!
As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car,
As when safe at Tortoni's, o'er iced currant water!
He join'd us—imagine, dear creature, my ecstasy—
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!
Bob wish'd to treat him with Punch à la glace,
But the sweet fellow swore that my beauté, my grace,
And my je-ne-sais-quoi (then his whiskers he twirl'd)
Were, to him, "on de top of all Ponch in de world."—
How pretty!—though oft (as, of course, it must be)
Both his French and his English are Greek, Doll, to me.
But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;
And happier still, when 'twas fix'd, ere we parted,
That, if the next day should be pastoral weather,
We all would set off, in French buggies, together,
To see Montmorency—that place which, you know,
Is so famous for cherries and Jean Jacques Rousseau.
His card then he gave us—the name rather creased—
But 'twas Calicot—something—a Colonel at least!
After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he
Saw us safe home to our door in Rue Rivoli.
Where his last words, as, at parting, he threw
A soft look o'er his shoulders, were—
"How do you do?"
But, Lord,—there's Papa for the post—
I'm so vext—
Montmorency must now, love, be kept for my next.
That dear Sunday night!—I was charmingly dreft,
And—so providential!—was looking my best;
Such a sweet muslin gown, with a flounce—and my frills,
You've no notion how rich—(though Pa has by the bills)
And you'd smile had you seen, where we sat rather near,
Colonel Calicot eyeing the cambric, my dear.
Then the flow'res in my bonnet—but, la, it's in vain—
So, good-bye, my sweet Doll—I shall soon write again.  B. F.

Nota bene—our love to all neighbours about—
Your Papa in particular—how is his gout?

P.S.—I've just open'd my letter to say,
In your next you must tell me, (now do, Dolly, pray,
For I hate to ask Bob, he's so ready to quiz,
What sort of a thing, dear, a Brandenburg is.

LETTER XI.
FROM PHELM CONNOR TO —.

Yes, 'twas a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate—
A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
And own no power but of the Nation's choice!
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on Napoleon's single brow;
Such the sublime arbitration, that pour'd,
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A hallowing light, which never, since the day
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way!
Oh, 'twas not then the time for tame debates,
Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;
When he, who late had fled your Chief-tain's eye,
As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,
Denounced against the land, that spurn'd his chain,
Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—
Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
Through your best blood his path of vengeance back;
When Europe's Kings, that never yet combined
But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd,
Shed war and pestilence), to scourge mankind,
Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,
Hating Napoleon much, but freedom more,
And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see
The world yet left one chance for liberty!—
No, 'twas not then the time to weave a net
Of bondage round your Chief; to curb and fret
Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,
When every hope was in his speed and might—
To waste the hour of action in dispute,
And coolly plan how Freedom's boughs should shoot,
When your Invader's axe was at the root!
No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws
Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate—
Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,
I would have follow'd, with quick heart and hand,
Napoleon, Nero—ay, no matter whom—
To snatch my country from that damning doom,
That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits—
A Conqueror's satrap, throned within her gates!

True, he was false—despotic—all you please—
Had trampled down man's holiest liberties—
Had, by a genius, form'd for nobler things
Than lie within the grasp of vulgar Kings,
But raised the hopes of men—as eaglets fly
With tortoises aloft into the sky—
To dash them down again more shatt'ringly!
All this I own—but still * * * *

——

LETTER XII.
FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MISS DOROTHY.

At last, Dolly—thanks to a potent emetic,
Which Bobby and Pa, with grimace sympathetic,
Have swallow'd this morning to balance the bliss,
Of an eel matelote and a bisque d'hervevisses—
I've a morning at home to myself, and sit down
To describe you our heavenly trip out of town.
How agog you must be for this letter, my dear!
Lady Jane, in the novel, less languish'd to hear
If that elegant cornet she met at Lord Neville's
Was actually dying with love or—blue devils.

But Love, Dolly, Love is the theme I pursue;
With Blue Devils, thank Heav'n, I have nothing to do—
Except, indeed, dear Colonel Calicot spies
Any imps of that colour in certain blue eyes,
Which he stares at till I, Doll, at his do the same;
Then he simpers—I blush—and would often exclaim,
If I knew but the French for it, "Lord, Sir, for shame!"
Well, the morning was lovely—the trees in full dress
For the happy occasion—the sunshine express—
Had we order'd it, dear, of the best poet going,
It scarce could be furnish'd more golden and glowing.
Though late when we started, the scent of the air
Was like Gattie's rose-water, — and bright, here and there,
On the grass an odd dew-drop was glittering yet,
Like my aunt's diamond pin on her green tabbinet!
While the birds seem'd to warble as best on the boughs,
As if each a plumed Calicot had for her spouse;
And the grapes were all blushing and kissing in rows,
And—in short, need I tell you, wherever one goes
With the creature one loves, 'tis all couleur de rose;
And, ah, I shall ne'er, lived I ever so long, see
A day such as that at divine Montmorency!

There was but one drawback—at first, when we started,
The Colonel and I were inhumanly parted;
How cruel—young hearts of such moments to rob!
He went in Pa's buggy, and I went with Bob;
And, I own, I felt spitefully happy to know
That Papa and his comrade agreed but so-so.
For the Colonel, it seems, is a stickler of Boney's—
Served with him, of course—nay, I'm sure they were cronies.
So martial his features! dear Doll, you can trace
Ulm, Austerlitz, Lodi, as plain in his face
As you do on that pillar of glory and brass,
Which the poor Duc de B—ri must hate so to pass!
It appears, too, he made—as most foreigners do—
About English affairs an odd blunder or two.
For example—misled by the names, I dare say—
He confounded Jack Castles with Lord C—gh;
And—sure such a blunder no mortal hit ever on—
Fancied the present Lord C—md—n the clever one!

But politics ne'er were the sweet fellow's trade!
'Twas for war and the ladies my Colonel was made.
And, oh, had you heard, as together we walk'd
Through that beautiful forest, how sweetly he talk'd;
And how perfectly well he appear'd, Doll, to know
All the life and adventures of Jean Jacques Rousseau!—
"Twas there," said he—not that his words I can state—
'Twas a gibb'rish that Cupid alone could translate;—
But "there," said he, (pointing where, small and remote,
The dear Hermitage rose,) "there his Julie he wrote,—
Upon paper gilt-edged, without blot or erasure;
Then sanded it over with silver and azure,

And—oh, what will genius and fancy not do?—
Tied the leaves up together with non-paréille blue!"
What a trait of Rousseau! what a crowd of emotions
From sand and blue ribbons are conjured up here!
Alas, that a man of such exquisite notions
Should send his poor brats to the Foundling, my dear!

"'Twas here, too, perhaps," Colonel Calicot said—
As down the small garden he pensively led—
(Though once I could see his sublime forehead wrinkle
With rage not to find there the loved periwinkle)
"'Twas here he received from the fair D'Epiny
(Who call'd him so sweetly her Bear, every day,)
That dear flannel petticoat, pull'd off to form
A waistcoat to keep the enthusiast warm!"

Such, Doll, were the sweet recollections we ponder'd,
As, full of romance, through that valley we wander'd.
The flannel (one's train of ideas, how odd it is!)
Led us to talk about other commodities,
Cambric, and silk, and—I ne'er shall forget,
For the sun was then hast'ning in pomp to its set,
And full on the Colonel's dark whiskers shone down,
When he ask'd me, with eagerness,—who made my gown?
The question confused me—for, Doll, you must know,
And I ought to have told my best friend long ago,
That, by Pa's strict command, I no longer employ
That enchanting couturière, Madame Le Roi;
But am forced now to have Victorine, who—deuce take her!—
It seems is, at present, the King's mantuemaker—
I mean of his party—and, though much
the smartest,
Le Roi is condemn'd as a rank Bonapartist,
Think, Doll, how confounded I look'd—
so well knowing
The Colonel's opinion—my cheeks were quite glowing;
I stammer'd out something—nay, even half named
The legitimate sempstress, when, loud, he exclaim'd,
"Yes, yes, by the stitching 'tis plain to be seen
It was made by that Bourbonite b—h, Victorine!"
What a word for a hero!—but heroes will err,
And I thought, dear, I'd tell you things just as they were.
Besides, though the word on good manners intrench,
I assure you 'tis not half so shocking in French.
But this cloud, though embarrassing, soon pass'd away,
And the bliss altogether, the dreams of that day,
The thoughts that arise, when such dear fellows woo us—
The nothing's that then, love, are everything to us—
That quick correspondence of glances and sighs,
And what Bob calls the "Twopenny-post of the Eyes"—
Ah, Doll! though I know you've a heart, 'tis in vain
To a heart so unpractised these things to explain.
They can only be felt, in their fulness divine,
By her who has wander'd, at evening's decline,
Through a valley like that, with a Colonel like mine!
But here I must finish—for Bob, my dear
Dolly,
Whom physic, I find, always makes melancholy,
Is seized with a fancy for churchyard reflections;
And, full of all yesterday's rich recollections,
Is just setting off for Montmartre—"for there is,"
Said he, looking solemn, "the tomb of the Vérys!
Long, long have I wish'd, as a votary true,
O'er the grave of such talents to utter my moans;
And, to-day—as my stomach is not in
good cue
For the flesh of the Vérys—I'll visit their bones!"
He insists upon my going with him—how teasing!
This letter, however, dear Dolly, shall lie
Unseal'd in my draw'r, that, if anything pleasing
Occurs while I'm out, I may tell you—good-bye.

B. F.

Four o'clock.

Oh, Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm ruin'd for ever—
I ne'er shall be happy again, Dolly, never!
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—
My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick!
Oh, what do you think? after all my romancing,
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,
This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!—
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bob so,
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so,)—
For some little gift on my birth-day—September
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—
That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach,
(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would prove,)
To bespeak me a few of those mouchoirs de poche,
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love—
(The most beautiful things — two Napoleons the price—
And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,
But — ye Gods, what a phantom! — I thought I should drop—
There he stood, my dear Dolly — no room for a doubt—
There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,
With a piece of French cambric, before him roll'd out,
And that horrid yard-measure upraised in his hand!
Oh — Papa, all along, knew the secret,
’Tis clear—
’Twas a shopman he meant by a "Brandenburgh," dear!
The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,
And, when that too delightful illusion was past,
As a hero had worshipp’d — vile, treacherous thing—
To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!
My head swam around — the wretch smiled, I believe,
But his smiling, alas, could no longer deceive—

I fell back on Bob — my whole heart seem’d to wither—
And, pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!
I only remember that Bob, as I caught him,
With cruel facetiousness said, "Curse the Kiddy!"
A staunch Revolutionist always I’ve thought him,
But now I find out he’s a Counter one, Biddy!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known
To that saucy, satirical thing, Miss Malone!
What a story ’twill be at Shandangan for ever!
What laughs and what quizzing she’ll have with the men!
It will spread through the country — and never, oh, never,
Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again!
Farewell — I shall do something desp’rate, I fear—
And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,
One tear of compassion my Doll will not grudge
To her poor — broken-hearted — young friend,

BIDDY FUDGE.

Nota Bene.—I am sure you will hear, with delight,
That we’re going, all three, to see Brunet to-night,
A laugh will revive me— and kind Mr. Cox
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor’s box.
The Judges in England;

BEING A SEQUEL TO

"THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."

[ALTHOUGH several years elapsed between the date of the publication, for the first time, of "The Fudge Family in Paris" and that of its sequel, "The Judges in England," a rigid adherence to the chronological order in which the writings of Moore are otherwise arranged in this Centenary edition of his poetical works is, in the present instance, foregone, for the simple reason that the second portion of the imaginary Correspondence referred to is a sequel, and that the two books ought, therefore, to be brought thus into direct companionship. Another reason for disregarding the precise date of its original appearance, the Author may be said to have supplied by anticipation, where he facetiously remarks, in his miniature Preface, that "the interest attached to the facts and personages of the story renders it independent of all time and place." As for the locality in which the incidents described in the following pages are supposed to have occurred, while the writer affects to have purposely veiled it from any chance of recognition, it may shrewdly be suspected that the English country town there spoken of as "a well-known fashionable watering-place," was no other than the favourite haunt of Moore's old friend, James Corry, Cheltenham. Eleven epistles make up this delightfully ridiculous correspondence, the supposititious writers of it being, besides our old friends Biddy and Bob Fudge, Miss Fanny Fudge, Patrick Magan, Esq., and the Rev. Mortimer O'Mulligan, best of all, Larry O'Branigan, who writes to his wife Judy, at Mullinalad. J. G. Lockhart's own yellow-bound copy of the work, as published, in 1835, at Paris by the Messrs. A. and W. Galignani, 18, Rue Vivienne, is the one preserved in the British Museum, the autograph upon the primrose cover of which authenticates it as formerly the property of Scott's son-in-law, the editor of the Quarterly. "Si mea materiae respondet Musa jocosa, Vicimus," is the motto from Ovid imprinted upon the title-page. Considerably more than half the contents of the little volume, which runs to the length of no more than 148 octavo pages, are made up of "Trifles Reprinted"—trifles until then scattered broadcast in the columns of such leading newspapers as the Times and the Morning Chronicle, subsequent to the issuing from the press, in a collected form, of Moore's miscellaneous "Odes on Cash, Corn, and Catholics."]
And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations
From some much revered and much pall-sied relations,
Now wants but a husband, with requisi-
sites meet,—
Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature six feet,
And warranted godly—to make all com-
plete.
Nota Bene—a Churchman would suit, if he’s high,
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.
What say you, Dick? doesn’t this tempt your ambition?
The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown’d man of pith,
All brought to the hammer, for Church competition,—
Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith.
Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch!
While, instead of the thousands of souls you now watch,
To save Biddy Fudge’s is all you need do;
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of you.

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,
Wanting substance even more than your spiritual self,
Should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf,
Wh'en, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman yet
So much lack’d an old spinster to rid him from debt,
Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her
With tender love-suit—at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend:
Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature!—with eyes
Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-night skies.

At astronomers-royal, and laugh with delight
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.

While her figure—oh, bring all the gracefulllest things
That are borne through the light air by feet or by wings,
Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,
Which combines in itself the perfection of each;
While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

Ne'er, in short, was there creature more form’d to bewilder
A gay youth like me, who of castles aerial
(And only of such) am, God help me! a builder;
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,
And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,
Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the sky.

But, alas! nothing’s perfect on earth—even she,
This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes;
Talks learning—looks wise (rather painful to see),
Prints already in two County papers her rhymes;
And raves—the sweet, charming, absurd little dear!
About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,
In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends
Of that Annual blue fit, so distressing to friends;
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,
Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let’s hope for the best—and, meanwhile,
Be it mine still to bask in the niece’s warm smile;
While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play
the gallant
(Uphill work, I confess) to her Saint of
an Aunt.
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you,
who've a lack—
Not indeed of rupees, but of all other
specie,
What luck thus to find a kind witch at
your back;
An old goose with gold eggs, from all
debts to release ye;
Never mind, tho' the spinster be reverend
and thin,
What are all the Three Graces to her
Three per Cents?
While her acres!—oh Dick, it don't
matter one pin
How she touches th' affections, so you
touch the rents;
And Love never looks half so pleased as
when, bless him! he
Sings to an old lady's purse, "Open,
Sesame."

By the way, I've just heard, in my walks,
a report,
Which, if true, will ensure for your visit
some sport.
'Tis rumour'd our Manager means to
bespeak
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall
for next week;
And certainly ne'er did a queerer or
rummer set
Throw, for th' amusement of Christians,
a summerset.
'Tis fear'd their chief "Merriman,"
C—ke, cannot come,
Being call'd off, at present, to play
Punch at home;
And the loss of so practised a wag in
divinity
Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on
the Trinity:
His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately
Having pleased Robert Taylor, the
Reverend, greatly.

'Twill prove a sad drawbrack, if absent
he be,
As a wag: Presbyterian's a thing quite to
see;

And, 'mong the Five Points of the Cal-
vinists, none of 'em
Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of
'em.
But even though deprived of this comical
elf,
We've a host of buffoni in Murtagh him-
self,
Who of all the whole troop is chief
mummer and mime,
As C—ke takes the Ground Tumbling,
he the Sublime;
And of him we're quite certain, so, pray,
come in time.

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LETTER II.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE TO MRS.
ELIZABETH ——.

JUST in time for the post, dear, and mon-
strously busy,
With godly concerns—and worldly
ones too;
Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my
dear Lizzy,
In this little brain till, bewilder'd and
dizzy,
Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know
what I do.
First, I've been to see all the gay fashions
from Town,
Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the
spring has had down.
Sleeves still worn (which I think is wise)
à la folle,
Charming hats, pou de soie—though the
shape rather droll.
But you can't think how nicely the caps
of tulle lace,
With the mentonnières, look on this poor
sinful face;
And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy
thinks right,
To wear one at Mrs. Fitzwigram's to-
night.
The silks are quite heavenly:—I'm glad,
too, to say,
Gimp herself grows more godly and good
every day;
Hath had sweet experience—yea, even
doth begin
To turn from the Gentiles, and put away
sin—
And all since her last stock of goods was
laid in.
What a blessing one's milliner, careless of
pelf,
Should thus "walk in newness" as well
as one's self!
So much for the blessings, the comforts
of Spirit
I've had since we've met, and they're
more than I merit!—
Poor, sinful, weak creature in every re-
spect;
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be
one of th' Elect.
But now for the picture's reverse.—You
remember
That footman and cook-maid I hired last
December;
He, a Baptist Particular—she, of some
sect
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect;
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the
Word,
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss
Fudge and the Lord."
Well, my dear, of all men, that Particu-
lar Baptist
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the
aptest;
And, long as he said, do him justice, more rich in
Sweet savours of doctrine, there never
was kitchen.
He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd
in the hall,
He preach'd to the chambermaids, scul-
lions, and all.
All heard with delight his reprovings of
sin,
But above all, the cook-maid;—oh, ne'er
would she tire—
Though, in learning to save sinful souls
from the fire,
She would oft let the soles she was fry-
ing fall in.
(God forgive me for punning on points
thus of piety!—
A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen
society.)

But ah! there remains still the worst of
my tale;
Come, Ast'risks, and help me the sad
truth to veil—
Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own
secret turn pale!

* * * * * *

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-
singing pair,
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as I thought
they were,
Have together this last week eloped;
making bold
To whip off as much goods as both ves-
sels could hold—
Not forgetting some scores of sweet tracts
from my shelves,
Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,
And besides, from the drawer,—I neg-
lecting to lock it,—
My neat "Morning Manna, done up for
the pocket."

Was there e'er known a case so distress-
ing, dear Liz?
It has made me quite ill:—and the worst
of it is,
When rogues are all pious, 'tis hard to
detect
Which rogues are the reprobate, which
the elect.
This man "had a call," he said—impu-
dent mockery!
What call had he to my linen and crock-
ery?

I'm now, and have been for this week
past, in chase
Of some godly young couple this pair to
replace.
The inclosed two announcements have
just met my eyes,
In that venerable Monthly where Saints
advertise
For such temporal comforts as this world
supplies;
And the fruits of the Spirit are properly
made
An essential in every craft, calling, and
trade.
Where th' attorney requires for his 'pren-
tice some youth
Who has "learn'd to fear God, and to
walk in the truth;"
Where the sempstress, in search of employment, declares,
That pay is no object, so she can have prayers;
And th’ Establish’d Wine Company proudly gives out,
That the whole of the firm, Co. and all,
are devout.

Happy London, one feels, as one reads o’er the pages,
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages;
Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse
for himself,
And the serious frequenters of market and dock
All lay in religion as part of their stock.
Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,
When thus through all London the Spirit keeps moving,
And heaven’s so in vogue, that each shop advertisement
Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P.S.
Have mislaid the two paragraphs—can’t stop to look,
But both describe charming—both Footman and Cook,
She, “decidedly pious”—with pathos deplores
Th’ increase of French cookery and sin
on our shores;
And adds—(while for further accounts she refers
To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers,) That “though some make their Sabbaths
mere matter-of-fun days,
She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays.”
The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge;—
Has late been to Cambridge— to Trinity College;
Served last a young gentleman, studying divinity,
But left—not approving the morals of Trinity.

P.S.
I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps
Of my Journal—that Day-book I keep of my heart;
Where, at some little items, (partaking, perhaps,
More of earth than of heaven,) thy prudery may start,
And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art.
For the present, I’m mute—but, whate’er may befall,
Recollect, dear, (in Hebrews xiii. 4,) St. Paul
Hath himself declared, “Marriage is honourable in all.”

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.
TRIED a new châlé gown on—pretty.
No one to see me in it—pity!
Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid:—
The Lord forgive me!—she look’d dismay’d;
But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,
While she curl’d my hair, which made me calm.
Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
As sacred music—heavenly art!

Tuesday.
At two, a visit from Mr. Magan—
A remarkably handsome, nice young man;
And, all Hibernian though he be,
As civilized, strange to say, as we!
I own this young man’s spiritual state
Hath much engross’d my thoughts of late;
And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
To have some talk with him thereupon.
At present, I nought can do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way:
Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he
Would also her absence much prefer,
As oft, while list’n’ing intent to me,
He’s forced, from politeness, to look at her.
Heigho!—what a blessing should Mr. Magan 
Turn out, after all, a "renewed" young man; 
And to me should fall the task, on earth, 
To assist at the dear youth's second birth. 
Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie, 
Were it Heaven's high will, that he and I— 
But I blush to write the nuptial word—Should wed, as St. Paul says, "in the Lord;" 
Not this world's wedlock—gross, gallant, 
But pure—as when Amram married his aunt. 

Our ages differ—but who would count One's natural sinful life's amount, 
Or look in the Register's vulgar page 
For a regular twice-born Christian's age, 
Who, blessed privilege! only then 
Begins to live when he's born again. 
And, counting in this way—let me see— 
I myself but five years old shall be, 
And dear Magan, when th' event takes place, 
An actual new-born child of grace—Should Heaven in mercy so dispose— 
A six-foot baby, in swaddling clothes. 

Wednesday. 
Finding myself, by some good fate, 
With Mr. Magan, left tété-a-tété, 
Had just begun—having stirr'd the fire, 
And drawn my chair near his—to inquire 
What his notions were of Original Sin, 
When that naughty Fanny again bounced in; 
And all the sweet things I had got to say 
Of the Flesh and the Devil were whisk'd away! 

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan 
Is actually pleased and amused with Fan! 
What charms any sensible man can see 
In a child so foolishly young as she— 
But just eighteen, come next May-day, 
With eyes, like herself, full of nought but play— 
Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me. 

LETTER III. 

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, 
MISS KITTY——. 

STANZAS (INCLOSED) 

TO MY SHADOW; OR, WHY?—WHAT?—HOW? 

DARK comrade of my path! while earth and sky 
Thus wed their charms, in bridal light array'd, 
Why in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh, 
Black'ning my footsteps with thy length of shade— 
Dark comrade, Why? 

Thou mimic Shape that, 'mid these flowery scenes, 
Glistest beside me o'er each sunny spot, 
Sadd'ning them as thou goest—say, what means 
So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot— 
Grim goblin, What? 

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow, 
Thou bendest, too—then risest when I rise;— 
Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't that thou 
Thus com'st between me and those blessed skies— 
Dim shadow, How? 

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.) 

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge 
Than gloom of soul; while, as I eager cried, 
Oh, Why? What? How?—a Voice, that one might judge 
To be some Irish echo's, faint replied, 
Oh fudge, fudge, fudge!
You have here, dearest Coz, my last
lyric effusion;
And, with it, that odious "additional
stanzan!
Which Aunt will insist I must keep, as
conclusion,
And which, you'll at once see, is Mr.
Magan's;—a
Most cruel and dark-design'd ex-
travaganza,
And part of that plot in which he and
my Aunt are
To stifle the flights of my genius by
banter.
Just so 'twas with Byron's young eagle-
eyed strain,
Just so did they taunt him;—but vain,
critics, vain,
All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with
a chain!
To blot out the splendour of Fancy's
young stream,
Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledged
beam! ! !
Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, even while
these lines I indite,
Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break
out, wrong or right,
And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!
That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms,
and regards
Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of
all bards—
That she should make light of my works
I can't blame;
But that nice, handsome, odious Magan
—what a shame!
Do you know, dear, that, high as on
most points I rate him,
I'm really afraid—after all, I—must hate
him.
He is so provoking—nought's safe from
his tongue;
He spares no one authoress, ancient or
young.
Were you Sappho herself, and in Keep-
sake or Bijou
Once shone as contributor, Lord, how
he'd quiz you!
He laughs at all Monthlies—I've actually
seen
A sneer on his brow at the Court
Magazine!—

While of Weeklies, poor things, there's
but one he peruses,
And buys every book which that Weekly
abuses.
But I care not how others such sarcasm
may fear,
One spirit, at least, will not bend to his
sneer;
And though tried by the fire, my young
genius shall burn as
Uninjured as crucified gold in the
furnace!
(I suspect the word "crucified" must be
made "crucible,"
Before this fine image of mine is pro-
ducible.)

And now, dear—to tell you a secret
which, pray
Only trust to such friends as with safety
you may—
You know, and indeed the whole county
suspects
(Though the Editor often my best things
rejects,)
That the verses signed so, Q3, which you
now and then see
In our County Gazette (vide last), are by
me.
But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking
mistakes
The vile country Press in one's prosody
makes.
For you know, dear—I may, without
vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis
devils must print;
And you can't think what havoc these
demons sometimes
Choose to make of one's sense, and what's
worse, of one's rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon
Spring,
Which I meant to have made a most
beautiful thing,
Where I talk'd of the "dewdrops from
freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-
blown noses!"
And once when, to please my cross
Aunt, I had tried
To commemorate some saint of her clique,
who'd just died,
THE JUDGES IN ENGLAND.

Having said he "had taken up in heav'n his position,"
They made it, he'ud "taken up to heaven his physician!"

This is very disheartening; — but brighter days shine,
I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine;
For, what do you think? — so delightful! next year,
Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news prepare—
I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty, my dear,
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you're there!!
T'other night, at a Ball, 'twas my fortunate chance
With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
Who, 'twas plain, from some hints which I now and then caught,
Was the author of something — one couldn't tell what;
But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
It was something that Colburn had lately brought out.

We conversed of belles-lettres through all the quadrille,—
Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still;
Talk'd of Intellect's march — whether right 'twas or wrong—
And then settled the point in a bold en avant,

In the course of this talk 'twas that, having just hinted,
That I too had Poems which — long'd to be printed,
He protested, kind man! he had seen, at first sight,
I was actually born in the Keepsake to write.
"In the Annals of England let some," he said, "shine,
But a place in her Annuals, Lady, be thine!
Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,
Through the vista of years, as I gaze on those eyes,—
All letter'd and press'd, and of large-paper size!"

How unlike that Magan, who my genius would smother,
And how we, true geniuses, find out each other!

This, and much more he said, with that fine frenzied glance,
One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the dance;
Till between us 'twas finally fix'd that, next year,
In this exquisite task I my pen should engage;
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisp'd in my ear
These mystical words, which I could but just hear,
"Terms for rhyme — if it's prime — ten and sixpence per page."
Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his words right,
What a mint of half-guineas this small head contains;
If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains!

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a court'sy profound,
Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran;
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear, I've found
That he's quite a new species of literary man;
One, whose task is — to what will not fashion accustom us?
To edit live authors, as if they were posthumous,
For instance — the plan, to be sure, is the oddest!—
If any young he or she author feels modest
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher
Lends promptly a hand to the interesting blusher;
Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit to light,
Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,
And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.
LETTTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD —

He comes from Erin's speechful shore
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er
With hot effusions—hot and weak;
Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,

He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.
Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,
Twin proser, Watchman and Record!
Journals reserved for realms of bliss,
Being much too good to sell in this.
Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,
Ye Spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets;
And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,
Blow all your little penny trumpets.

He comes, the reverend man, to tell
To all who still the Church's part take,
Tales of parsonic woe, that well
Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache:

Of ten whole Bishops snatch'd away
For ever from the light of day;
(With God knows, too, how many more,
For whom that doom is yet in store)—

Of Rectors cruelly compell'd
From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,
Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,
Will not to Bath or Cheltenham come;
Nor will the flocks consent to pay
Their parsons thus to stay away;

Though, with such parsons, one may doubt
If 'tisn't money well laid out;
Of all, in short, and each degree
Of that once happy Hierarchy,
Which used to roll in wealth so pleasantly;

But now, alas, is doom'd to see
Its surplus brought to nonplus presently!

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
Priest of prose and Lord of bathos,
Will preach and preach t'ye, till your dull again;

Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim.

My Aunt says—though scarce on such points one can credit her—
He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.
'Tis certain the fashion's but newly invented;
And, quick as the change of all things and all names is,
Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are presented,
We, girls, may be edited soon at St. James's?
I must now close my letter—there's Aunt, in full screech,
Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite preach.
God forgive me, I'm not much inclined, I must say,
To go and sit still to be preach'd at, today.
And, besides—'twill be all against dancing, no doubt,
Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred devout.
That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a head,
For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,
She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.
There, again—coming, Ma'am!—I'll write more, if I can,
Before the post goes,
Your affectionate Fan.

Four o'clock.

Such a sermon!—though not about dancing, my dear;
'Twas only on th' end of the world being near.
Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year
That some state
As the time for that accident—some Forty-Eight:
And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,
As then I shall be an old maid, and 'twon't matter.
Once more, love, good-bye—I've to make a new cap;
But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap
Of the end of the world, that I must take a nap.
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

Shout to the stars his tuneful name,
Which Murtagh was, ere known to fame,
But now is Mortimer O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you're alive—
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.
Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant—
And Tuesday, in the market-place,
Intends, to every saint and sinner in't,
To state what he calls Ireland's Case;
Meaning thereby the case of his shop,—
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,
And all those other grades seraphic,
That make men's souls their special traffic,

Though caring not a pin which way
Th' erratic souls go, so they pay.—
Just as some roguey country nurse,
Who takes a loundling babe to suckle,
First pops the payment in her purse,
Then leaves poor dear to—suck its knuckle:

Even so these reverend rigmaroles
Pocket the money—starve the souls.
Murtagh, however, in his glory,
Will tell, next week, a different story;
Will make out all these men of barter,
As each a saint, a downright martyr,
Brought to the stake—i.e. a beef one,
Of all their martyrdoms the chief one;
Though try them even at this, they'll bear it,
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,
Your saintly, next to great and high uns—
(A Viscount be he what he may,
Would cut a Saint out, any day,) Has just announced a godly rout,
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,
And shown in his tame, week-day state:

"Prayers, half-past seven, tea at eight."
Even so the circular missive orders—
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick—you're lost, if you lose time;
Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,
Will surely carry off old Biddy,

Unless some spark at once propose,
And distance him by downright prose,
That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and lands
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories!) Is dying of angina pectoris;—
So that unless you're stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-moon,
And be the man of it, himself!

As for me, Dick—'tis whim, 'tis folly,
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.
'Tis true, the girl's a vile verse-maker—
Would rhyme all nature, if you'd let her;—
But even her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
'Too true it is, she's bitten sadly
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seized all ranks and classes,
Down to that new Estate, "the masses;"
Till one pursuit all taste combines—
One common railroad o'er Parnassus,
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,
And the whole world runs mad in lines.

Add to all this—what's even still worse,
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,
Sounds better to a chinking purse—
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,
While I can muster just a groat;
So that, computing self and Venus,
Tenpence would clear th' amount between us.

However, things may yet prove better:—
Meantime, what awful length of letter!
And how, while heaping thus with gibes
The Pegasus of modern scribes,
My own small hobby of farrago
Hath beat the pace at which even they go!

LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRAINIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

DEAR JUDY, I sind you this bit of a letter,
By mail-coach conveyance—for want of a better—
To tell you what luck in this world I
have had
Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullin-
afad.
Och, Judy, that night!—when the pig
which we meant.
To dry-nurse, in the parlour, to pay off
the rent,
Julianna, the craythur—that name was
the death of her—
Gave us the shlip and we saw the last
breath of her!
And there were the childher, six innocent
sowls,
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up
howls;
While yourself, my dear Judy (though
grievin’s a folly),
Stud over Julianna’s remains, melan-
choly—
Cryin’, half for the craythur, and half for
the money,
“Arrah, why did ye die till we’d sowl’d
you, my honey?”

But God’s will be done!—and then,
faith, sure enough,
As the pig was desaiced, ’twas high time
to be off,
So we gother’d up all the poor duds we
could catch,
Lock’d the owld cabin door, put the kay
in the thatch,
Then tuk laave of each other’s sweet
lips in the dark,
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn’d
out of the Ark;
The six childher with you, my dear Judy,
ochone!
And poor I wid myself, left condolin’
alone.

How I came to this England, o’er say
and o’er lands,
And what cruel hard walkin’ I’ve had on
my hands,
Is, at this present writin’, too tedious to
speak,
So I’ll mention it all in a postscript, next
week :
Only starved I was, surely, as thin as a
lath,
Till I came to an up-and-down place
they call Bath,

Where, as luck was, I managed to make
a meal’s meat,
By dhraggin’ owld ladies all day through
the street—
Which their docthrs (who pocket, like
fun, the pound starlins)
Have brought into fashion to plase the
owld darlins.
Div’I a boy in all Bath, though I say it,
could carry
The grannies up hill half so handy as
Larry;
And the higher they lived, like owld
crows, in the air,
The more I was wanted to lug them up
there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy,
they say,
And mine has both handles put on the
wrong way.
For, pondherin’, one morn, on a drame
I’d just had
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullin-
afad,
Och, there came o’er my sinses so plaisin’
a flutter,
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane
in the gutther,
Muff, feathers and all!—the descint was
most awful,
And—what was still worse, faith—I
knew ’twas unlawful:
For, though, with mere women, no very
great evil,
T’ upset an owld Countess in Bath is
the divil!
So, liftin’ the chair, with herself safe
upon it,
(For nothin’ about her was kilt but her
bonnet,)
Without even mentionin’ “ By your lave,
ma’am,”
I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am!
What’s the name of this town I can’t
say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you
hear what befell
Your own beautiful Larry, the very first
day,
(And a Sunday it was, shinin’ out mighty
gay,)
When his brogues to this city of luck
found their way.
Bein' hungry, God help me, and happen' to stop,  
Just to dine on the smell of a pastry-cook's shop,  
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,  
And read there a name, och! that made my heart caper—

Though printed it was in some quare A B C,  
That might bother a schoolmaster, let alone me.

By gor, you'd have laugh'd, Judy, could you've but listen'd,  
As, doubtin', I cried, "why it is!—no, it isn't:"  
But it was, after all—for, by spellin' quite slow,
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer"—then a great "O;"

And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull again,
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mul-ligan!"

Up I jump'd, like a skylark, my jewel, at that name,—  
Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it must be the same.  
"Masster Murthagh, himself," says I, "all the world over!
My own foster-brother—by jinks, I'm in clover.
Though there, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
One wet-nurse it was brought us both up by hand,
And he'll not let me shtarve in the enmy's land!"

Well, to make a long history short, niver doubt  
But I managed, in no time, to find the lad out;
And the joy of the meetin' bethuxed him and me,
Such a pair of owld cumrogues—was charmin' to see.
Nor is Murthagh less plased with th' evint than I am,
As he just then was wanting a Valley-de-

And, for dressin' a gentleman, one way or t'other,  
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case;  
And, in throth, it's the only drawback on my place,
'Twas Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,
With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago;  
That's to say, he turn'd Protestant—why, I can't larn;
But, of course, he knew best, an' it's not my consarn.
All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,
And myself am so still—nayther betther nor worse.
Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey,
And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,
When Murthagh—or Morthimer, as he's now chrishen'd,
His name being convarted, at laist, if he isn't—
Lookin' sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see)
"Of course, you're a Protestant, Larry," says he.
Upon which says myself, wid a wink just as shy,
"Is't a Protestant?—oh yes, I am, sir," says I;—
And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word
Controversial between us has since then occurr'd.

What Murthagh could mane, and, in throth, Judy dear,
What I myself meant, doesn't seem mighty clear;
But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a stickler,
I was just then too shtarved to be over partic'lar:—
And, God knows, between us, a comic'-ler pair
Of twin Protestants couldn't be seen anywhere.
Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills
I mition'd,
Address'd to the loyal and godly intin-
I'n'd),
His rivirence, my master, comes forward
to preach,—
Myself doesn't know whether sarmon or
speech,
But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand
at each;
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill
in orations
Quite bothers the blarney of all other
nations.
But, whisth!—there's his Rivirence, shoutin' out "Larry,"
And sorra a word more will this shmall
paper carry;
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a
letter,
Which, faix, I'd have made a much
bigger and betther,
But div'l a one Post-office hole in this
town
Fit to swallow a dacent sized billy-dux
down.
So good luck to the childer!—tell Molly,
I love her;
Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss
Katty all over—
Not forgettin' the mark of the red currant
whiskey
She got at the fair when yourself was so
frisky.
The heavens be your bed!—I will write,
when I can again,
Yours to the world's end,

LARRY OBRANIGAN.

LETTER VI.
FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS.
ELIZABETH ——.

How I grieve you're not with us!—pray,
come, if you can,
Ere we're robb'd of this dear oratorical
man,
Who combines in himself all the multiple
glory
Of Orangeman, Saint, quondam Papist
and Tory;—

(Choice mixture! like that from which,
duly confounded,
The best sort of brass was, in old times,
compounded)—
The sly and the saintly, the worldly and
godly,
All fused down in brogue so deliciously
oddly!
In short, he's a dear—and such audiences
draws,
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts
of applause,
As can't but do good to the Protestant
cause.
Poor dear Irish Church!—he to-day
sketch'd a view
Of her history and prospects, to me at
least new,
And which (if it takes as it ought) must
arouse
The whole Christian world her just rights
to espouse.
As to reasoning—you know, dear, that's
now of no use,
People still will their facts and dry figures
produce,
As if saving the souls of a Protestant
flock were
A thing to be managed "according to
Cocker!"
In vain do we say, (when rude radicals
hector
At paying some thousands a year to a
Rector,
In places where Protestants never yet
were,)"Who knows but young Protestants may
be born there?"
And granting such accident, think, what
a shame,
If they didn't find Rector and Clerk
when they came!
It is clear that, without such a staff on
full pay,
These little Church embryos must go
astray;
And, while fools are computing what
Parsons would cost,
Precious souls are meanwhile to th' Establishment lost!
In vain do we put the case sensibly thus;—
They'll still with their figures and facts
make a fuss,
And ask "if, while all, choosing each his own road,
Journey on, as we can, towards the Heavenly Abode,
It is right that seven eighths of the travellers should pay
For one eighth that goes quite a different way?"—
Just as if, foolish people, this wasn't, in reality,
A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,
That, though hating Popery in other respects,
She to Catholic money in no way objects;
And so liberal her very best Saints, in this sense,
That they even go to heaven at the Catholic's expense.

But, though clear to our minds all these arguments be,
People cannot or will not their cogency see;
And, I grieve to confess, did the poor Irish Church
Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left in the lurch.
It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,
That I heard this nice Reverend O' something we've here,
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and reading,
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,
In novelty, force, and profundness of thought,
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and past,
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the last;
Considering how strange its original birth—
Such a thing having never before been on earth—
How opposed to the instinct, the law, and the force
Of nature and reason has been its whole course;

Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resistance,
Scorn, hate, execration—yet still in existence!
Considering all this, the conclusion he draws
Is that Nature exempts this one Church from her laws—
That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,
And before the portentous anomaly stands mute;—
That, in short, 'tis a Miracle!—and, once begun,
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,
For the honour of miracles, ought to go on.

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.
For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,
The more they make out the miraculous case,
And the more all good Christians must deem it profane
To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.

As for scriptural proofs, he quite placed beyond doubt
That the whole in th' Apocalypse may be found out,
As clear and well-proved, he would venture to swear,
As anything else has been ever found there:—
While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he deals
With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,
And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,
Shows him quite a first-rate at all these sort of things.

So much for theology:—as for th' affairs
Of this temporal world—the light, drawing-room cares
And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,
From no love of such things, but in humbleness meek,
And to be, as th' Apostle was, "weak with the weak,"
Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less busy)
In th' extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Last night, having nought more holy to do,
Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,
About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"
Which we wish by some shorter name to dub:
As the use of more vowels and consonants Than a Christian, on Sunday, really wants,
Is a grievance that ought to be done away,
And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

Sir Andrew's answer!—but, shocking to say,
Being frank'd unthinkingly yesterday,
To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,
It arrived on this blessed Sunday morn!—
How shocking!—the postman's self cried "shame on't,"

Seeing th' immaculate Andrew's name on't!:
What will the Club do?—meet, no doubt,
'Tis a matter that touches the Class Devout,
And the friends of the Sabbath must speak out.

Saw to-day, at the raffle—and saw it with pain—
That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.
Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces—
She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of flounces,

And show'd, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being frights,
This, I own, much alarms me; for though one's religious,
And strict and—all that, there's no need to be hideous;
And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way
Of one's going to heaven, 'tisn't easy to say.

Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing—if her custom we drop,
Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop?
If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,
She'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven;
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the burning,"
May fall in again at the very next turning.

Mem.—To write to the India-Mission Society;
And send £20—heavy tax upon piety!

Of all Indian luxuries we now-a-days boast,
Making "Company's Christians" perhaps costs the most.
And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,
Having lived in their faith, mostly die in our own,
Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and whey,
Think, how horrid, my dear!—so that all's thrown away;
And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice
They consumed, while believers, we saints pay the price.

Still 'tis cheering to find that we do save a few—
The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangcadoo;
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

Doorkotchum reckons seven, and four
Trevandrum,
While but one and a half's left at Coo-
roopadam.
In this last-mention'd place, 'tis the
barbers enslave 'em,
For, once they turn Christians, no barber
will shave 'em.

To atone for this rather small Heathen
amount,
Some Papists, turn'd Christians, are
tack'd to th' account.
And though, to catch Papists, one needn't
go so far,
Such fish are worth hooking, wherever
they are;
And now, when so great of such converts
the lack is,
One Papist well caught is worth millions
of Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and
funny,
I cannot resist recording it here.—
Methought that the Genius of Matrimony
Before me stood, with a joyous leer,
Leading a husband in each hand,
And 'both for me, which look'd rather
queer;—
One I could perfectly understand,
But why there were two wasn't quite
so clear.
'Twas meant, however, I soon could see,
'To afford me a choice—a most excellent
plan;
And—who should this brace of candidates be,
But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan:—
A thing, I suppose, unheard of till
then,
To dream, at once, of two Irishmen!—
That handsome Magan, too, with wings
on his shoulders
(For all this pass'd in the realms of
the Blest,)
And quite a creature to dazzle beholders;
While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and
drest [best.
As an elderly cherub, was looking his
Ah, Liz, you, who know me, scarce can
doubt
As to which of the two I singled out.

But—awful to tell—when, all in dread
Of losing so bright a vision's charms,
I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,
Like a mist, away, and I found but the
head
Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my
arms!
The Angel had flown to some nest divine,
And the elderly Cherub alone was mine! Heigho!—it is certain that foolish Magan
Either can't or won't see that he might be
the man;
And, perhaps, dear—who knows?—if
ought better befell
But—O'Mulligan may be the man, after
all.

N.B.
Next week mean to have my first scrip-
tural rout,
For the special discussion of matters
devout;—
Like those soirées at Powerscourt, so
justly renown'd,
For the zeal with which doctrine and
negus went round;
Those theology routs which the pious
Lord R—d—n,
That pink of Christianity, first set the
mode in;
Where, blessed down-pouring! from tea
until nine,
The subjects lay all in the Prophecyline;—
Then, supper—and then, if for topics
hard driven,
From thence until bed-time to Satan was
given;
While R—d—n, deep read in each topic
and tome,
On all subjects (especially the last) was
at home.

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN,
MISS KITTY ——

IRREGULAR ODE.

Bring me the slumbering souls of flowers,
While yet, beneath some northern sky,
Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,
They wait the breath of summer hours,
To wake to light each diamond eye,
And let loose every florid sigh!
Bring me the first-born ocean waves,
From out those deep primeval caves,
Where from the dawn of Time they’ve lain—

**THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN!**—
Untaught as yet, young things, to speak
The language of their Parent Sea
(Polyphlysbean named in Greek),
Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,
Round startled isle and wondering peak,
They’ll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla’s iced abode,
Young fires—

I had got, dear, thus far in
my Ode,
Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,
But, having invoked such a lot of fine things,
Flowers, billows and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings,
Didn’t know what to do with ’em, when
I had got ’em.
The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,
Of past MSS. any new ones to try.
This very night’s coach brings my destiny in it—

Decides the great question, to live or to die!
And, whether I’m henceforth immortal or no,
All depends on the answer of Simpkins and Co.!

You’ll think, love, I rave, so ’tis best to let out
The whole secret, at once—I have publish’d a Book!!!

Yes, an actual Book:—if the marvel you doubt,
You have only in last Monday’s
*Courier* to look,
And you’ll find “This day publish’d by Simpkins and Co.
A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled ‘Woe Woe!’
By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly so $&$.”

This I put that my friends mayn’t be left in the dark,
But may guess at my writing by knowing my mark.

How I managed, at last, this great deed to achieve,
Is itself a “Romaunt” which you’d scarce, dear, believe;
Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
Looking out for the Magnet, explain it, dear girl.

Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence—
(Though “God knows,” as aunt says, my humble ambition
Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition)—

One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,
I’ve managed to scrape up this year past, by stinting
My own little wants in gloves, ribbons, and shoes, [Muse!]
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the
And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?
What’s eau de Cologne to the sweet breath of fame?
Yards of ribbon soon end—but the measures of rhyme,
Dipp’d in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time.
Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,
And the dancing-shoe’s gloss in an evening is gone,
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.
The remaining expense, trouble, risk—and, alas!
My poor copyright too—into other hands pass;
And my friend, the Head Dev’l of the
*County Gazette* (The only Mecænas I’ve ever had yet),
He who set up in type my first juvenile lays, [days;]
Is now set up by them for the rest of his
And while Gods (as my “Heathen Mythology” says)
Live on nought but ambrosia, his lot how much sweeter
To live, lucky dev’l, on a young lady’s metre!
As for puffing—that first of all literary boons,
And essential alike both to bards and balloons—
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 'tis found
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground;—
In this respect, nought could more pros'rous befall;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)
Knows the whole world of critics—the hypers and all. [rhyme, I suspect he himself, indeed, dabbles in Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time;]
As I've heard uncle Bob say, 'twas known among Gnostics, That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics.
But hark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from Town—
How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down.
That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum, All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em.
And then the great point—whether Simpkins and Co.
Are actually pleased with their bargain or no!—

Five o'clock.
All's delightful—such praises!—I really fear
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear;
I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps— [perhaps. All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday,

FROM THE "MORNING POST."
'Tis known that a certain distinguish'd physician
Prescribes, for dyspepsia, a course of light reading;
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition
(Ere critics have injured their powers of nutrition),
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.

Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific;
But smooth, female sonnets he deems a specific,
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.
Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,
Is a volume just publish'd by Simpkins and Co.,
Where all such ingredients—the flowery, the sweet, [receipt, And the gently narcotic—are mix'd per
With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitation
To say that—'bove all, for the young generation—
'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.
Nota bene—for readers, whose object's to sleep,
And who read, in their nightcaps, the publishers keep
Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE—FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."
T'other night, at the Countess of •••'s rout, [about, An amusing event was much whisper'd It was said that Lord ——, at the Council, that day,
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,
And flown to a corner, where—heedless, they say, [der'd away—
How the country's resources were squan.
He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his pocket.
Some thought them despatches from Spain or the Turk,
Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius;
But it turn'd out 'twas only Miss Fudge's new work,
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious—
Messrs. Simpkins and Co., to avoid all delay,
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,
He had distanced the whole reading world by a day!
LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV.
MORTIMER O’MULLIGAN.

Tuesday evening.

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,
I could not come to *** to meet you;
But this curst gout won’t let me stir—
Ev’n now I but by proxy greet you,
As this vile scrawl, whate’er its sense is,
Owes all to an amanuensis.
Most other scourges of disease
Reduce men to extremities—
But gout won’t leave one even these.

From all my sister writes, I see
That you and I will quite agree.
I’m a plain man, who speak the truth,
And trust you’ll think me not uncivil,
When I declare that, from my youth,
I’ve wish’d your country at the devil:
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all
I’ve heard of your high patriot fame—
From every word your lips let fall—
That you most truly wish the same.
It plagues one’s life out—thirty years
Have I had dinning in my ears,
“‘Ireland wants this, and that, and
’tother,”
And, to this hour, one nothing hears
But the same vile, eternal bother.
While, of those countless things she
wanted,
Thank God, but little has been granted,
And ev’n that little, if we’re men
And Britons, we’ll have back again!
I really think that Catholic question
Was what brought on my indigestion;
And still each year, as Popery’s curse
Has gather’d round us, I’ve got worse;
Till ev’n my pint of port a day
Can’t keep the Pope and bile away.
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,
I never wanted draught or pill,
The settling of that cursed question
Has quite unsettled my digestion.

Look what has happen’d since—the Elect
Of all the bores of every sect,
The chosen triers of men’s patience,
From all the Three Denominations,
Let loose upon us;—even Quakers
Turn’d into speechers and law-makers,

Who’ll move no question, stiff-rump’d elves,
Till first the Spirit moves themselves;
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,
Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,
Will soon to death’s own slumber snore us.
Then, too, those Jews!—I really sicken
To think of such abomination;
Fellows, who won’t eat ham with chicken,
To legislate for this great nation!—
Depend upon’t, when once they’ve sway,
With rich old Goldsmid at the head o’ them,
Th’ Excise laws will be done away,
And Circumcise ones pass’d instead o’ them!

In short, dear sir, look where one will,
Things all go on so devilish ill,
That ’pon my soul, I rather fear
Our reverend Rector may be right,
Who tells me the Millennium’s near;
Nay, swears he knows the very year,
And regulates his leases by’t;—
Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,
Before the world’s own lease is out.
He thinks, too, that the whole thing’s ended
So much more soon than was intended,
Purely to scourgis those men of sin
Who brought th’ accurst Reform Bill in.

However, let’s not yet despair;
Though Toryism’s eclipsed, at present,
And—like myself, in this old chair—
Sits in a state by no means pleasant;
Feet crippled—hands, in luckless hour
Disabled of their grasping power;
And all that rampant glee, which revell’d
In this world’s sweets, be-dull’d, be-devil’d—
Yet, though condemn’d to frisk no more,
And both in Chair of Penance set,
There’s something tells me, all’s not o’er,
With Toryism or Bobby yet;
That though, between us, I allow
We’ve not a leg to stand on now;
Though curst Reform and colchicum
Have made us both look deuced glum,
Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,
Again we’ll shine triumphant out!
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND

Yes—back again shall come, egad,
Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.
And then, O'Mulligan—oh then,
When mounted on our nags again,
You, on your high-flown Rosinante,
Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallantee
(Butter great from substance scanty);—
While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride
Your faithful Sancho, by your side;
Then—talk of tilts and tournaments!
Dam'me, we'll——

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents
To Reverend Sir his compliments;
Is grieved to say an accident
Has just occur'd which will prevent
The Squire—though now a little better—
From finishing this present letter.
Just when he'd got to "Dam'me,
His Honour, full of martial zeal,
Rasped at his crutch, but not being able
To keep his balance or his hold,
Tumbled, both self and crutch, and
roll'd,
Like ball and bat, beneath the table.
All's safe—the table, chair, and crutch;—
Nothing, thank God, is broken much,
But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,
Got bump'd consid'rably—that's all;
At this no great alarm we feel,
As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

Wednesday morning.
Squire much the same—head rather light—
Raved about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.
Our housekeeper, old Mrs. Griggs,
Suspects that he meant "barbarous
Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BREANIGAN, TO HIS WIFE
JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sent you a
letter,
You'll wondher, dear Judy, what this
is about;
And, throt't, it's a letter myself would
like betther,
Could I manage to lave the contints of
it out;

For sure, if it makes even me onaisy,
Who takes things quiet, 'twill dhrive you
crazy.

Oh, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad
cran to him!
That e'er I should come to've been sar-
vant-man to him,
Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,
And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not
ev'n the Flood
Was able to wash away clane from the
earth)
As to serve one whose name, of mere
yestherday's birth,
Can no more to a great O, before it, pur-
tend,
Than mine can to wear a great Q at its
end.

But that's now all over—last night I gev
warnin',
And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him
this mornin'.
The thief of the world!—but it's no use
baraggin';—
All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be
draggin'
Owld ladies up hill to the ind of my
days,
Than with Murthagh to roawl in a chaise,
at my aise,
And be forced to discind through the same
dirty ways.
Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last
show'd his phiz,
I'd have known what a quare sort of
monther he is;
For, by gor, 'twas at Exether Change,
sure enough,
That himself and his other wild Irish
show'd off;
And it's pity, so 'tis, that they hadn't got
no man
Who knew the wild craythurs to act as
their showman—
Sayin', "Ladies and Gentlemen, plaze to
take notice,
How shlim and how shleek this black
animal's coat is;
All by raison, we're towld, that the
nathur o' the baste
Is to change its coat once in its lifetime,
at last;
And such objiks, in our countny, not bein' common ones,
Are bought up, as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons.
In regard of its name—why, in throth, I'm consarn'd
To differ on this point so much with the Larn'd,
Who call it a 'Morthimer,' whereas the craythur
Is plainly a 'Murthagh,' by name and by nathur."
This is how I'd have towld them the rights of it all,
Had I been their showman at Exether Hall—
Not forgettin' that other great wonder
Of Airin
(Of th' owld bitther breed which they call Prosbetairin),
The famed Daddy C—ke—who, by gor,
I'd have shown 'em
As proof that such bastes may be tamed,
when you've thrown 'em
A good frienly sop of the rale Raigin Donem.

But, throth, I've no laisure just now, Judy dear,
For anything, barrin' our own doings here,
And the cursin' and dammin' and thun-drin', like mad,
We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had.
He says we're all murtherers—div'l a bit less—
And that even our priests, when we go to confess,
Give us lessons in murth'ring and wish us success!

When ax'd how he daard, by tongue or by pen,
To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,
Faith, he said 'twas all towld him by Docthor Den!
"And who the div'l's he?" was the ques-
tion that flew
From Chrishtian to Chrishtian—but not a sowl knew.
While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,
Blasphaming us Cath'lics all the while,

As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, vil-
lians,
All the whole kit of th' aforesaid mil-
lians,—
Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
And the innocent craythur that's at your breast,
All rogues together, in word and deed,
Owld Den our instructor and Sin our creed!

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,
Div'l an answer he'd give but Docthor Den.
 Couldn't he call into oort some livin' men?
"No, thank you"—he'd stick to Docthor Den—
An owld gentleman dead a century or two,
Who all about us, live Cath'lics, knew;
And of course was more handy, to call in a hurry,
'Than Docthor MacHale or Docthor Murray!

But, throth, it's no case to be jokin' upon,
Though myself, from bad habits, is makin' it one.
Even you, had you witness'd his grand climacetherics,
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics—
Or, och! had you heerd such a purty re-
mark as his,
That Papists are only "Humanity's Car-
casses,
Ris'n"—but, by dad, I'm afeard I can't give it ye—
"Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity;
And, like owld corpses, dug up from an-
tikity,
Wand'rin' about in all sorts of ini-
kity!"—

Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld Light,
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant flight
Of that figure of speech call'd the Blath-
eruskit.
As for me, though a funny thought now and then came to me,
Rage got the betther at last—and small blame to me!
So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers of Delf,
Says I bowdly, "I'll make a noration myself."
And with that up I jumps—but, my darl-
I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse re-
I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse re-
Though, sauted, I could have got beauti-
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was
Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, what-
At laste in our legs show a strong un-
Howsumdever, determind the chaps should pursaive
What I thought of their doin's, before I
tuk love,
"In regard of all that," says I—there I
Not a word more would come, though I
So, shnapping my fingers at what's call'd
And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'like)
"In regard of all that," says I bowdly again—
"To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer—and
Upon which the whole company cried out
And myself was in hopes 'twas to what I
But, by gor, no such thing—they were
For, 'twas all to a pray'r Murthagh had
By way of fit finish to job so devout;
That is—aft'er well damning one half
To pray God to keep all in peace an' in
This is all I can stuff in this letther,
Of news, faith, I've got to fill more—if
But I'll add, on the outside, a line, should I need it,
(Writin' "Private, upon it, that no one
To tell you how Mortimer (as the Saints
Bears the big shame of his sarvant's
good as new—
Without ev'n a single tranee in my
Let alone a good, decent pound-starlin',
Is a mysh't'ry I lave to the One that's
Who takes care of us, dissolute souls,

LETTER X.
FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO
THE REV.———.

These few brief lines, my reverend friend,
By a safe, private hand I send,
(Fearing lest some low Catholic wag
Should pry into the Letter-bag,)
To tell you, far as pen can dare,
How we, poor errant martyrs, fare;
Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,
As Saints were, some few ages back,
But—scarce less trying in its way—
To laughter, wheresoe'er we stray;
To jokes, which Providence mysterious
_permits on men and things so serious,
Lowering the Church still more each minute,
And—injuring our preferment in it.
Just think, how worrying 'tis, my friend,
To find, where'er our footsteps bend,
Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing;
And bear the eternal torturing play
Of that great engine of our day,
Unknown to th' Inquisition—quizz-

N 2
Your men of thumb-screws and of racks
Aim'd at the body their attacks;
But modern torturers, more refined,
Work their machinery on the mind.
Had St. Sebastian had the luck
With me to be a godly rover,
Instead of arrows, he'd be stuck
With stings of ridicule all over;
And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd
By being on a gridir'n grill'd,
Had he but shared my errant lot,
Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,
A moral roasting would have got.
Nor should I (trying as all this is)
Much heed the suffering or the shame—
As, like an actor, used to hisses,
I long have known no other fame,
But that (as I may own to you,
Though to the world it would not do,) No hope appears of fortune's beams
Shining on any of my schemes;
No chance of something more per ann.
As supplement to K—llym—n;
No prospect that, by fierce abuse
Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce
The rulers of this thinking nation
To rid us of Emancipation;
To forge anew the severed chain,
And bring back Penal Laws again.
Ah, happy time! when wolves and priests
Alike were hunted, as wild beasts;
And five pounds was the price, per head,
For bagging either, live or dead—
Though oft, we're told, one outlaw'd brother
Saved cost, by eating up the other.
Finding thus all those schemes and hopes
I built upon my flowers and tropes
All scatter'd, one by one, away,
As flashy and unsound as they,
The question comes—what's to be done?
And there's but one course left me—one.
Heroes, when tired of war's alarms,
Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms.
The weary Day-God's last retreat is
The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis;
And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,
Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!
Start not, my friend—the tender scheme,
Wild and romantic though it seem,
Beyond a parson's fondest dream,
Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes—
So pleasing to a parson's eyes—
That only gilding which the Muse
Cannot around her sons diffuse;—
Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,
From wealthy Miss or benefice,
To Mortimer indifferent is,
So he can make it only his.
There is but one slight damp I see
Upon this scheme's felicity,
And that is, the fair heroine's claim
That I shall take her family name.
To this (though it may look henpeck'd),
I can't quite decently object,
Having myself long chosen to shine
Conspicuous in the alias line;
So that henceforth, by wife's decree
(For Biddy from this point won't budge),
Your old friend's new address must be
The Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge—
The "O" being kept, that all may see
We're both of ancient family.
Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,
My public life's calm Euthanasia.
Thus bid I long farewell to all
The freaks of Exeter's old Hall—
Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,
And rivalling its bears in breeding.
Farewell, the platform fill'd with preachers,—
The pray'r giv'n out, as grace by speechers,
Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures:—
Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,
And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns:—
From each and all I now retire,
My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,
To bring up little filial Fudges,
To be M.P's, and Peers, and Judges—
Parsons I'd add too, if, alas!
There yet were hope the Church could pass
The gulf now oped for hers and her,
Or long survive what Exeter—
Both Hall and Bishop, of that name—
Have done to sink her reverend fame.
Adieu, dear friend—you'll oft hear from me,
Now I'm no more a travelling drudge:
Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
How well the surname will become me)
Yours truly,
Mortimer O'Fudge.
LETTER XI.
FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV.
RICHARD ——.

————, Ireland.

DEAR Dick—just arrived at my own humble gîte,
I inclose you, post-haste, the account,
all complete,
Just arrived, per express, of our late noble feat.

[Extract from the "County Gazette."]
This place is getting gay and full again.

Last week was married, "in the Lord,"
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,
Preacher, in Irish, of the Word,
(He, who the Lord's force lately led on—
Exeter Hall his Armagh-geddon,)
To Miss B. Fudge of Pisgah Place,
One of the chos'n, as "heir of grace,"
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge.

Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 'tis hinted—
Niece of the above, (whose "Sylvan Lyre,"
In our Gazette, last week, we printed,)
The fugitives were track'd, some time,
After they'd left the Aunt's abode,
By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,
Found strewd along the Western road;—
Some of them, ci-devant curl-papers,
Others, half burnt in lighting tapers.
This clue, however, to their flight,
After some miles was seen no more;
And, from inquiries made last night,
We find they've reach'd the Irish shore.

Every word of it true, Dick—th' escape from Aunt's thrall—
Western road—lyric fragments—curl-papers and all.
My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine
(As some balance between Fanny's numbers and mine),
Was that, when we were one, she must give up the Nine:

Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS. [transgress.
With a vow never more against prose to
This she did like a heroine;—smack went to bits
The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits—
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets— [metres,
Some twisted up neatly, to form allu-
Some turn'd into papillotes, worthy to rise
And enwreath Berenice's bright locks in
the skies!
While the rest, honest Larry (who's now in my pay),
Begg'd, as "lover of po'thry," to read on
the way.

Having thus of life's poetry dared to dispose,
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its prose,
With such slender materials for style, Heaven knows!
But—I'm call'd off abruptly—another Express!

What the deuce can it mean?—I'm alarm'd, I confess.

P.S.
Hurrah, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thousand hurrahs! [days.
I'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my
There—read the good news—and while glad, for my sake,
That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining wake,
Admire also the moral—that he, the sly elf,
Who has fudged all the world, should be
now fudged himself!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.
With pain the mournful news I write,
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;
And much to mine and friends' surprise,
By will doth all his wealth devise—
Lands, dwellings—rectories likewise—
To his "beloved grand-niece," Miss Fanny,
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited—not a penny!
Have notified the same to latter,
And wait instructions in the matter.
For self and partners, &c. &c.
Rhymes on the Road,

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLING MEMBER OF

THE POCOCURANTE SOCIETY.

[The central portion of the little pocket volume, described in the preceding note, comprised between pp. 67-133. "Rhymes on the Road Extracted from the Journal of a Travelling Member of the Pococurante Society, 1819." An introductory copy of verses and eight extracts constitute the integral parts of this collection. In the slight prefatory advertisement by which the very introduction, as may be said, was introduced, it is amusing to remark how Moore incidentally utilized in a parenthesis a momentary flash of fun upon the first utterance of which, as Lord John Russell has elsewhere related, the Poet convulsed his travelling companions with laughter when serio-comically referring to his then all but crushing anxieties in regard to the Bermuda complication. "The gentleman from whose journal the following extracts are taken," writes Moore, in the passage we here allude to, "was obliged to leave England some years ago (in consequence of an unfortunate attachment which might have ended in bringing him into Doctors' Commons), and has but very recently been able to return to England." As herse set forth, the chief part of these extracts are represented as having been jotted down in an old calèche to beguile the tedious of solitary travelling.]

INTRODUCTORY RHYMES.

Different Attitudes in which Authors compose—
Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c.—
Writing in Bed—in the Fields—Plato and Sir Richard Blackmore—Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs—Madame de Staël—Rhyming on the Road, in an old calèche.

WHAT various attitudes and ways,
And tricks, we authors have in writing!
While some write sitting, some, like Bayes,
Usually stand, while they're inditing.
Poets there are, who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride;
While some, like Henry Stephens, pour out
Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride.
Herodotus wrote most in bed;
And Richerand, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclined position.
If you consult Montaigne and Pliny on
The subject, 'tis their joint opinion

That Thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields;
That bards, who deal in small retail,
At home may, at their counters, stop;
But that the grove, the hill, the vale,
Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.
And, verily, I think they're right—
For, many a time, on summer eves,
Just at that closing hour of light,
When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves
For distant war his Haram bow'rs,
The Sun bids farewell to the flow'rs,
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing
'Mid all the glory of his going!—
Ev'n I have felt, beneath those beams,
When wand'r'ing through the fields alone,
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
Which, far too bright to be my own,
Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Pow'r,
That was abroad at that still hour.
RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

If thus I've felt, how must they feel,
The few, whom genuine Genius warms;
Upon whose souls he stamps his seal,
Graven with Beauty's countless forms;—
The few upon this earth, who seem
Born to give truth to Plato's dream,
Since in their thoughts, as in a glass,
Shadows of heavenly things appear,
Reflections of bright shapes that pass
Through other worlds, above our sphere!

But this reminds me I digress;—
For Plato, too, produced, 'tis said,
(As one, indeed, might almost guess,)
His glorious visions all in bed.
'Twas in his carriage the sublime
Sir Richard Blackmore used to rhyme;
And (if the wits don't do him wrong)
'Twixt death and epics pass'd his time,
Scribbling and killing all day long—
Like Phæbus in his car, at ease,
Now warbling forth a lofty song,
Now murr'ring the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,
Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the pains
And horrors of exenteration,
Nine charming odes, which, if you'll look,
You'll find preserved, with a translation,
By Bartholinus in his book.
In short, 'twere endless to recite
The various modes in which men write.
Some wits are only in the mind,
When beaux and belles are round them prating;
Some, when they dress for dinner, find
Their muse and valet both in waiting;
And manage, at the self-same time,
To adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some bards there are who cannot scribble
Without a glove, to tear or nibble;
Or a small twig to whisk about—
As if the hidden founts of Fancy,
Like wells of old, were thus found out
By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.
Such was the little feathery wand,
That, held for ever in the hand
Of her who won and wore the crown
Of female genius in this age,
Seem'd the conductor, that drew down
Those words of lightning to her page.

As for myself—to come, at last,
To the odd way in which I write—
Having employ'd these few months past
Chiefly in travelling, day and night,
I've got into the easy mode,
Of rhyming thus along the road—
Making a way-bill of my pages,
Counting my stanzas by my stages—
'Twixt lays and re-lays no time lost—
In short, in two words, writing post.

EXTRACT I.

View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura—
Anxious to reach it before the Sun went down—Obliged to proceed on Foot—Alps—Mont Blanc—Effect of the Scene.

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view,
Before the day-beams quite withdrew; And feeling as all feel, on first Approaching scenes, where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes will burst,
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,
Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn'd to the sun, who now began
To call in all his out-post rays, And form a denser march of light, Such as beseems a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wish'd for Joshua's pow'r,
To stay the brightness of that hour! But no—the sun still less became,
Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
That on th' Apostles' heads descended!

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its Lake,
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranced—as Rabbins say
This whole assembled, gazing world
Will stand, upon that awful day,
When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,
EXTRACT II.

Venice.


Mourn not for Venice—let her rest
In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
No—let us keep our tears for them,
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,
But from high daring in the cause
Of human Rights—the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His mighty sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for Venice; though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish ev'ry King and State,
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against God and man!

True, her high spirit is at rest,
And all those days of glory gone,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;
When, with her countless barks she went
To meet the Orient Empire's might,
And her Giustinianis sent
Their hundred heroes to that fight.

Vanish'd are all her pomp's, 'tis true,
But mourn them not—for vanish'd, too,
(Thanks to that Pow'r, who, soon or late,
Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)  
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
Where the Republic's standard stood.
Desolate Venice! when I track
Thy haughty course through cent'ries back;

Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!

Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me,
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget,
The dream, the trance that rapt me
then!

'Twas all that consciousness of pow'r
And life, beyond this mortal hour;—
Those mountings of the soul within
At thoughts of Heav'n—as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise,
When near their time for change of skies;—
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame—oh bitter shame!—
At having risk'd that splendid right,
For aught that earth, through all its range
Of glories, offers in exchange!
'Twas all this, at that instant brought,
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought—
'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
Thus purely ever, man might grow,
Ev'n upon earth a thing divine,
And be, once more, the creature made
To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade!

No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place.
And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,
Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy pow'r,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour,
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And feel my immortality!
Thy ruthless pow'r, obey'd but curst—
The stern machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,
Had stronger fear not chill'd ev'n hate;—
Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
Thy own unblushing Sarpi taught;—
Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death;—

Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
Closed against humble Virtue's name,
But open'd wide for slaves who sold
Their native land to thee and shame;—
Thy all-pervading host of spies,
Watching o'er ev'ry glance and breath,
Till men look'd in each others' eyes,
To read their chance of life or death;—
Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
And legalized the assassin's knife;—
Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
And racks, and Leads, that burnt out life;—

When I review all this, and see
The doom that now hath fall'n on thee;
Thy nobles, tow'ring once so proud,
Themselves beneath the yoke now bow'd,—
A yoke, by no one grace redeem'd,
Such as, of old, around thee beam'd,
But mean and base as e'er yet gall'd,
Earth's tyrants, when, themselves, enthralld,—
I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
And, smiling o'er the wreck, repeat,
"Thus perish ev'ry King and State,
That tread the steps which Venice trod,
Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against man and God!"

EXTRACT III.

As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is giv'n,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremulously,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heav'n—
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like Psaphon's birds, speaking their master's name,
In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame?—
How all, who've felt the various spells combined
Within the circle of that master-mind,—
Like spells, derived from many a star, and met
Together in some wondrous amulet,—
Would burn to know when first the Light awoke
In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
Most pain or bliss in those on whom they blazed;
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that pow'r,
Which hath grown ample, grander, ev'ry hour;
And feel, in watching o'er his first advance,
As did the Egyptian traveller, when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
The fast small fountains of that mighty flood.
They, too, who, 'mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,—
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
On earth of old, had touch'd them with its beams,—

VENICE.

Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by himself—
Reflections, when about to read them.

LET me, a moment,—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light;—
How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse;
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts
Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!

Eventful volume! whatsoever the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings, we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd;
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who served him, young, and serve him still;
Of gen'rous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart;
Of acts—but, no—not from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.

While they, who court the world, like Milton's cloud,
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night;
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
'Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

EXTRACT IV.

Vénice.
The English to be met with everywhere—Alps and Threadneedle Street—The Simpion and the Stocks—Rage for travelling—Blue Stockings among the Wahabees—Parasols and Pyramids—Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of China.

AND is there then no earthly place,
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some curl, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision?
'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,
Unholy cits we're doom'd to meet;
Nor highest Alps nor Apennines
Are sacred from Threadneedle Street!

If up the Simpion's path we wind,
Fancying we leave this world behind,
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear
As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my dear,—
The Funds—(phew, curse this ugly hill)—
Are low'ring fast—(what, higher still?)—
And—(zooks, we're mounting up to heaven!)—
Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,
Eternal London haunts us still.
The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—
And scarce a pin's head difference which—
Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,
With every rill from Helicon!
And, if this rage for travelling lasts,
If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,
Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,
RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

To gape at things in foreign lands,
No soul among them understands;
If Blues desert their coteries,
To show off 'mong the Wahabees;
If neither sex nor age controls,
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
Young ladies, with pink parasols,
To glide among the Pyramids—
Why, then, farewell all hope to find
A spot that's free from London-kind!
Who knows, if to the West we roam,
But we may find some Blue "at home"
Among the Blacks of Carolina—
Or, flying to the Eastward, see
Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
And toast upon the Wall of China!

EXTRACT V.

No—'tis not the region where Love's to be found—
They have bosoms that sigh, they have
glances that rove,
They have language a Sappho's own lip
might resound,
When she warbled her best—but they've
nothing like Love.
Nor is't that pure sentiment only they want,
Which Heav'n for the mild and the
tranquil hath made—
Calm, wedded affection, that home-rooted
plant,
Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles
in the shade;
That feeling, which, after long years have
gone by,
Remains, like a portrait we've sat for
in youth,
Where, ev'n though the flush of the
colours may fly,
The features still live, in their first
smiling truth;
That union, where all that in Woman is
kind,
With all that in Man most ennoblingly
tow'rs,
Grow wreath'd into one—like the column,
combined
Of the strength of the shaft and the
capital's flow'rs.

Of this—bear ye witness, ye wives, ev'ry-
where,
By the Arno, the Po, by all Italy's
streams—
Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious
to share,
Not a husband hath even one glimpse
in his dreams.

But it is not this, only;—born full of the
light
Of a sun, from whose fount the luxu-
riant festoons
Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so
bright,
That, beside him, our suns of the north
are but moons,—

We might fancy, at least, like their
climate they burn'd;
And that Love, though unused, in this
region of spring,
To be thus to a tame Household Deity
turn'd,
Would yet be all soul, when abroad on
the wing.

And there may be, there are, those explo-
sions of heart,
Which burst, when the senses have
first caught the flame;
Such fits of the blood as those climates
impart,
Where Love is a sun-stroke, that mad-
dens the frame.

But that Passion, which springs in the
depth of the soul;
Whose beginnings are virginly pure as
the source
Of some small mountain rivulet, destined
to roll
As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in
its course—

A course, to which Modesty's struggle
but lends
A more headlong descent, without
chance of recall;
But which Modesty ev'n to the last edge
attends,
And, then, throws a halo of tears round
its fall!
This exquisite Passion—ay, exquisite, even
'Mid the ruin its madness too often hath made,
As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of
the heaven,
That heaven of Virtue from which it has stray'd—

This entireness of love, which can only be found
Where Woman, like something that's holy, watch'd over,
And fenced, from her childhood, with purity round,
Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover!

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,
Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move;
And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,
Can only be reach'd through the temple of Love!—

This perfection of Passion—how can it be found,
Where the mystery nature hath hung round the tie
By which souls are together attracted and bound,
Is laid open, for ever, to heart, ear, and eye;—

Where nought of that innocent doubt can exist,
That ignorance, even than knowledge more bright,
Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist,
And curtains them round in their own native light;—

Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,
Or for Fancy, in visions, to gleam o'er the thought;
But the truths which, alone, we would die to conceal
From the maiden's young heart, are the only ones taught.

No, no, 'tis not here, howsoever we sigh,
Whether purely to Hymen's one planet we pray,
Or adore, like Sabæans, each light of Love's sky,
Here is not the region, to fix or to stray.
For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,
Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain,
What have they, a husband can mourn as a loss?
What have they, a lover can prize as a gain?

EXTRACT VI.

Rome.

Reflections on reading Du Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347—The Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May—Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol—Rienzi's Speech.

'TWAS a proud moment—ev'n to hear the words
Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breathed,
And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,
In the Republic's sacred name unsheathed—
That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day,
For his dear Rome, must to a Roman be,
Short as it was, worth ages pass'd away
In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.
'Twas on a night of May, beneath that moon,
Which had, through many an age, seen Time untune
The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell
From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell—
The sound of the church clock, near Adrian's Tomb,
Summon'd the warriors, who had risen for Rome,
To meet unarm'd,—with none to watch them there,  
But God's own eye,—and pass the night in pray'r.  
Holy beginning of a holy cause,  
When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause  
Before high Heav'n, and, humble in their might,  
Call down its blessing on that coming fight.  
At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band;  
And, as the breeze, fresh from the Tiber, fann'd  
Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see  
The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of Heav'n—

Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,  
That were to bless them, when their chains were riv'n.  
On to the Capitol the pageant moved,  
While many a Shade of other times, that still  
Around that grave of grandeur sighing roved,  
Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,  
And heard its mournful echoes, as the last  
High-minded heirs of the Republic pass'd.

'Twas then that thou, their Tribune,  
(name, which brought Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)  
Didst, with a spirit Rome in vain shall seek  
To wake up in her sons again, thus speak:—

"Romans, look round you — on this sacred place  
There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men.  
What see you now? what solitary trace  
Is left of all, that made Rome's glory then?  
The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft  
Ev'n of its name—and nothing now remains  
But the deep mem'ry of that glory, left  
To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!

But shall this be?—our sun and sky the same,—  
Treading the very soil our fathers trode,—  
What with'ring curse hath fall'n on soul and frame,  
What visitation hath there come from God,  
To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves, Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?  
It cannot be—rise up, ye Mighty Dead,—  
If we, the living, are too weak to crush These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,  
Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush!

Happy, Palmyra, in thy desert domes,  
Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;  
And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes  
For the stork's brood, superb Persepolis!  
Thrice happy both, that your extinguish'd race  
Have left no embers—no half-living No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,  
Till past renown in present shame's forgot.  
While Rome, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,  
If lone and lifeless through a desert hurl'd,  
Would wear more true magnificence than decks  
Th' assembled thrones of all th' existing world—  
Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, stain'd and curst,  
Through ev'ry spot her princely Tiber laves,  
By living human things—the deadliest, worst,  
This earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves!  
And we—oh shame!—we, who have ponder'd o'er  
The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay;  
Having mounted up the streams of ancient lore,  
Tracking our country's glories all the way—
Ev'n we have tamely, basely kiss'd the ground
Before that Papal Power,—that Ghost of Her,
The World's Imperial mistress—sitting, crown'd,
And ghastly, on her mould'ring sepulchre!
But this is past:—too long have lordly priests
And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
With'ring about us—like devoted beasts,
Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.
'Tis o'er—the dawn of our deliv'rance breaks!
Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
The Geniits of the Old Republic, free
As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
And sends his voice through ages yet to come,
Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome,
Eternal Rome!''

EXTRACT VII.


No wonder, Mary, that thy story
Touches all hearts—for there we see
The soul's corruption, and its glory,
Its death and life combined in thee.

From the first moment, when we find
Thy spirit haunted by a swarm
Of dark desires,—like demons shrined
Unholy in that fair form,—
Till when, by touch of Heav'n set free,
Thou cam'st, with those bright locks of gold
(So oft the gaze of Bethany),
And, cov'ring in their precious fold
Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years!
Thence on, through all thy course of love
To Him; thy Heavenly Master,—Him,
Whose bitter death-cup from above
Had yet this cordial round the brim,

That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by Him to the last:—
Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine!
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
When risen from the dead, first shone;
That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,
Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,
And make that bright revelation known
To hearts, less trusting than thy own.
All is affecting, cheering, grand;
The kindliest record ever giv'n,
Ev'n under God's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heav'n!

No wonder, Mary, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where Man before his God appears,
Hopeless—were he not taught to see
All hope in Him, who pardon'd thee!
No wonder that the painter's skill
Should oft have triumph'd in the pow'r
Of keeping thee all lovely still
Ev'n in thy sorrow's bitt'rest hour;
That soft Correggio should diffuse
His melting shadows round thy form;
That Guido's pale, unearthly hues
Should, in portraying thee, grow warm;
That all—from the ideal, grand,
Inimitable Roman hand,
Down to the small, enamelling touch
Of smooth Carlino—should delight
In pict'ring her, who "loved so much,"
And was, in spite of sin, so bright!

But, Mary, 'mong these bold essays
Of Genius and of Art to raise
A semblance of those weeping eyes—
A vision, worthy of the sphere
Thy faith has earn'd thee in the skies,
And in the hearts of all men here,—
None e'er hath match'd, in grief or grace,
Canova's day-dream of thy face,
In those bright sculptured forms, more bright
With true expression's breathing light,
Than ever yet, beneath the stroke
Of chisel, into life awoke.
The one, portraying what thou wert
In thy first grief,—while yet the flow'r
Of those young beauties was unhurt
By sorrow's slow, consuming pow'r;
And mingling earth's seductive grace
With heav'n's subliming thoughts so well,
We doubt, while gazing, in which place
Such beauty was most form'd to dwell!
The other, as thou look'dst, when years
Of fasting, penitence, and tears
Had worn thy frame;—and ne'er did Art
With half such speaking pow'r express
The ruin which a breaking heart.
Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness.
Those wasting arms, that keep the trace,
Ev'n still, of all their youthful grace,
That loosen'd hair, of which thy brow
Was once so proud,—neglected now!—
Those features, ev'n in fading worth
The freshest bloom to others giv'n,
And those sunk eyes, now lost to earth,
But to the last, still full of heav'n!

Wonderful artist! praise, like mine—
Though springing from a soul, that feels
Deep worship of those works divine,
Where Genius all his light reveals—
How weak 'tis to the words that came
From him, thy peer in heart and fame,
Whom I have known, by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight;
And, while his wing'd hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays,
Give thee, with all the gen'rous zeal
Such master-spirits only feel
That best of fame, a rival's praise!

EXTRACT VIII.

Les Charmettes.

A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with
Madame de Warrens—Their Ménage—Its Grossness—Claude Anet—Reverence with
which the Spot is now visited—Absurdity of
this blind Devotion to Fame—Feelings excited
by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene—Disturbed by its Associations with
Rousseau's History—Impostures of Men of
Genius—Their power of mimicking all the

Strange power of Genius, that can throw
Round all that's vicious, weak, and low,
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes

'Tis worse than weak—'tis wrong, 'tis shame,
This mean prostration before Fame;
This casting down, beneath the car
Of Idols, whatsoe'er they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies,
To be career'd o'er, as they please.
No—give triumphant Genius all
For which his loftiest wish can call:
If he be worshipp'd, let it be
For attributes, his noblest, first;
Not with that base idolatry,
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold;—may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should know;
That holy homage, which is felt
In treading where the great have dwelt;
This rev'rense, whatsoe'er it be,
I fear, I feel, I have it not:
For here, at this still hour, to me
The charms of this delightful spot,
Its calm seclusion from the throng
From all the heart would fain forget;
This narrow valley, and the song
Of its small murm'ring rivulet;
The fitting, to and fro, of birds,
Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
Of Man, disturb'd their orisons;
Those little, shadowy paths, that wind
Up the hill-side, with fruit-trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes,
Or vistas, here and there that ope
Through weeping willows, like the snatches
Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope
Ev'n through the shade of sadness catches!

All this, which—could I once but lose
The memory of those vulgar ties,
Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues
Of Genius can no more disguise,
Than the sun's beams can do away
The fih of fans o'er which they play—
This scene, which would have fill'd my heart
With thoughts of all that happiest is;
Of Love, where self hath only part,
As echoing back another's bliss;
Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;
Which, while it shelters, never chills
Our sympathies with human woe,
But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,
'Purer and fresher in their flow;
Of happy days, that share their beams
'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ;
Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,
The moonlight of the morning's joy!—
All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those gross mementos near;
Those sullying truths, that cross the track
Of each sweet thought, and drive them back
Full into all the mire, and strife,
And vanities of that man's life,
Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd
With Fancy's flame (and it was his)
In fullest warmth and radiance), show'd
What an impostor Genius is;
How, with that strong, mimetic art,
Which forms its life and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes;
How like a gem its light may smile
O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm, the while,
As crawls at midnight o'er the sod;
What gentle words and thoughts may fall
From its false lip, what zeal to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
Lie waste beneath its selfishness;
How, with the pencil hardly dry
From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through heav'n they rove,
They, who can thus describe and move,
The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor know a joy, above
Some Maman's or Theresa's arms!
How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues, they want the most;
And, while with freedom on their lips,
Sounding their timbrels, to set free
This bright world, labouring in th' eclipse
Of priestcraft, and of slavery,—
They may, themselves, be slaves as low
As ever Lord or Patron made
To blossom in his smile, or grow,
Like stunted brushwood, in his shade.
Out on the craft!—I'd rather be
One of those hinds, that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noonday sun that's o'er his head,
Than thus, with high-built genius curst,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all, at once, that's brightest, worst,
Sublimest, meanest in creation!
Fables for the Holy Alliance.

[As Secretary of the Pococurante Society, and Author of the "Fudge Family" and "The Twopenny Post-Bag," Thomas Brown the Younger, otherwise Thomas Moore, stepped to the front once more, in 1823, with a little volume of 212 small octavo pages, full of rhymed fun and frolic, entitled "Fables for the Holy Alliance, Rhymes on the Road, and Miscellaneous Poems," by different members of the Pococurante Society aforesaid. The effusions thus grouped together were the result of the writer’s journey through France and Switzerland into Italy with Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell, and of his separate excursions from Turin to Venice, whither (while his companion branched off at a tangent to Genoa) he went on direct to stay for some days with Lord Byron. "To the Right Honourable Lord Byron," the book was thus, in a cordial but off-hand note, inscribed by the hypothetical author,—"Dear Lord Byron,—Though this volume should possess no other merit in your eyes than that of recalling the short time we passed together at Venice, where some of the trifles which it contains were written, you will, I am sure, receive the Dedication of it with pleasure, and believe that I am, my dear Lord, ever faithfully yours, T. B." Sixty-six pages comprised within them the eight Fables for the Holy Alliance, the motto for which was the fragmentary sentence chosen from Virgil’s Georgics, "Tu Regibus alas eripe," or "Clip the wings of these high-flying arbitrary kings," as Dryden expresses it in his translation.]

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FABLE I.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

A DREAM.

I've had a dream that bodes no good
Unto the Holy Brotherhood.
I may be wrong, but I confess—
As far as it is right or lawful
For one, no conjurer, to guess—
It seems to me extremely awful.

Methought, upon the Neva’s flood
A beautiful Ice Palace stood,
A dome of frost-work, on the plan
Of that once built by Empress Anne,
Which shone by moonlight—as the tale is—
Like an Aurora Borealis.

In this said Palace, furnish’d all
And lighted as the best on land are,
I dreamt there was a splendid Ball,
Given by the Emperor Alexander,

To entertain with all due zeal,
Those holy gentlemen, who’ve shown a
Regard so kind for Europe’s weal,
At Troppau, Laybach, and Verona.

The thought was happy—and design’d
To hint how thus the human Mind
May, like the stream imprison’d there,
Be check’d and chill’d, till it can bear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
E’er yet be-praised, to dance upon it.

And all were pleased, and cold, and stately,
Shivering in grand illumination—
Admired the superstructure greatly,
Nor gave one thought to the foundation.
Much too the Czar himself exulted,
To all plebeian fears a stranger,
For, Madame Krudener, when consulted,
Had pledged her word there was no danger.
So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,
Thinking himself extremely clever,
And waltz'd away with all his might,
As if the Frost would last for ever.

Just fancy how a bard like me,
Who reverence monarchs, must have trembled
To see that goodly company,
At such a ticklish sport assembled.

Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
My loyal soul, at all unfounded—
For, lo! ere long, those walls so massy
Were seized with an ill-omen'd driping,
And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
Their Holinesses took to slipping.
The Czar, half through a Polonaise,
Could scarce get on for downright stumbling;
And Prussia, though to slippery ways
Well used, was cursorily near tumbling.

Yet still 'twas, who could stamp the floor most,
Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost.—
And now, to an Italian air,
This precious brace would, hand in hand, go;
Now—while old Louis, from his chair,
Intreated them his toes to spare—
Call'd loudly out for a Fandango.

And a Fandango, 'faith, they had,
At which they all set to like mad!
Never were Kings (though small th' expense is
Of wit among their Excellencies)
So out of all their princely senses.
But, ah, that dance—that Spanish dance—
Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
When, glaring red, as 'twere a glance
Shot from an angry Southern sun,
A light through all the chambers flamed,
Astonishing old Father Frost,
Who, bursting into tears, exclaim'd,
"A thaw, by Jove—we're lost, we're lost;
Run, France—a second Waterloo
Is come to drown you—sauve qui peut!"

Why, why will monarchs caper so
In palaces without foundations?
Instantly all was in a flow,
Crowns, fiddles, sceptres, decorations—

Those Royal Arms, that look'd so nice,
Cut out in the resplendent ice—
Those Eagles, handsomely provided
With double heads for double dealings—
How fast the globes and sceptres glided
Out of their claws on all the ceilings!
Proud Prussia's double bird of prey
Tame as a spatch cock, slunk away;
While—just like France herself, when she
Proclaims how great her naval skill is—
Poor Louis' drowning fleurs-de-lys,
Imagined themselves water-lilies.

And not alone rooms, ceilings, shelves,
But—still more fatal execution—
The Great Legitimates themselves
Seem'd in a state of dissolution.
Th' indignant Czar—when just about
To issue a sublime Ukase,
"Whereas all light must be kept out"—
Dissolved to nothing in its blaze.
Next Prussia took his turn to melt,
And, while his lips illustrious felt
The influence of this southern air,
Some word, like "Constitution"—

Congeal'd in frosty silence there—
Came slowly thawing from his tongue.
While Louis, lapsing by degrees,
And sighing out a faint adieu
To truffles, salmis, toasted cheese
And smoking fondus, quickly grew,
Himself, into a fondu too;—
Or like that goodly King they make
Of sugar for a Twelfth-night cake,
When, in some urchin's mouth, alas,
It melts into a shapeless mass!

In short, I scarce could count a minute,
Ere the bright dome, and all within it,
Kings, Fiddlers, Emperors, all were gone—
And nothing now was seen or heard
But the bright river, rushing on,
Happy as an enfranchised bird,
And prouder of that natural ray,
Shining along its chainless way—
More proudly happy thus to glide
In simple grandeur to the sea,
Than when, in sparkling fetters tied,
'Twas deck'd with all that kingly pride
Could bring to light its slavery!
Such is my dream—and, I confess,  
I tremble at its awfulness.  
That Spanish dance — that southern beam—  
But I say nothing—there's my dream—  
And Madame Krudener, the she-prophet,  
May make just what she pleases of it.

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FABLE II.  
THE LOOKING-GLASSES.  
PROEM.  
WHERE Kings have been by mob-elections  
Raised to the throne, 'tis strange to see  
What different and what odd perfections  
Men have required in Royalty.  
Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,  
Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the weight;—  
Some wish'd them tall, some thought your dumplin',  
Dutch-built, the true Legitimate.  
The Easterns in a Prince, 'tis said,  
Prefer what's call'd a jolter-head:  
Th' Egyptians weren't at all particular,  
So that their Kings had not red hair—  
This fault not even the greatest stickler  
For the blood-royal well could bear.  
A thousand more such illustrations  
Might be adduced from various nations.  
But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,  
Touching th' acquired or natural right  
Which some men have to rule their fellows,  
There's one, which I shall here recite:—

FABLE.  
There was a land—to name the place  
Is neither now my wish nor duty—  
Where reign'd a certain Royal race,  
By right of their superior beauty.  
What was the cut legitimate  
Of these great persons' chins and noses,  
By right of which they ruled the state,  
No history I have seen discloses.  
But so it was—a settled case—  
Some Act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,  
Had voted them a beauteous race,  
And all their faithful subjects ugly.

As rank, indeed, stood high or low,  
Some change it made in visual organs;  
Your peers were decent—Knights, so so—  
But all your common people, gorgons!  
Of course, if any knave had hinted  
That the King's nose was turn'd awry,  
Or that the Queen (God bless her!) squinted,  
The judges doom'd that knave to die.

But rarely things like this occur'd,  
The people to their King were duteous,  
And took it, on his Royal word,  
That they were frights, and He was beauteous.

The cause whereof, among all classes,  
Was simply this—these island elves—  
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,  
And, therefore, did not know themselves.  

Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces  
Might strike them as more full of reason,  
More fresh than those in certain places—  
But, Lord, the very thought was treason!  
Besides, howe'er we love our neighbour,  
And take his face's part, 'tis known  
We ne'er so much in earnest labour  
As when the face attack'd's our own.  
So, on they went—the crowd believing—  
(As crowds well-govern'd always do,)  
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—  
So old the joke, they thought 'twas true.

But jokes, we know, if they too far go,  
Must have an end—and so, one day,  
Upon that coast there was a cargo  
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said, some Radicals, somewhere,  
Had laid their wicked heads together,  
And forced that ship to founder there,—  
While some believe it was the weather.  

However this might be, the freight  
Was landed without fees or duties;  
And from that hour historians date  
The downfall of the Race of Beauties.
The looking-glasses got about,  
And grew so common through the land,  
That scarce a tinker could walk out  
Without a mirror in his hand.

Comparing faces, morning, noon,  
And night, their constant occupation—  
By dint of looking-glasses, soon,  
They grew a most reflecting nation.

In vain the Court, aware of errors  
In all the old establish’d mazars,  
Prohibited the use of mirrors,  
And tried to break them at all hazards:—

In vain—their laws might just as well  
Have been waste paper on the shelves;  
That fatal freight had broke the spell;  
People had look’d—and knew themselves.

If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,  
Presumed upon his ancient face,  
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)  
They popp’d a mirror to his Grace:

Just hinting, by that gentle sign,  
How little Nature holds it true,  
That what is call’d an ancient line,  
Must be the line of Beauty too.

From Dukes’ they pass’d to regal phizzes,  
Compared them proudly with their own,  
And cried, “How could such monstrous quizzes  
In Beauty’s name usurp the throne!”

They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,  
Upon Cosmetical Economy,  
Which made the King try various looks,  
But none improved his physiognomy.

And satires at the Court were levell’d,  
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,  
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil’d  
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.

At length—but here I drop the veil,  
To spare some loyal folks’ sensations;  
Besides, what follow’d is the tale  
Of all such late enlighten’d nations;

Of all to whom old Time discloses  
A truth they should have sooner known—  
That Kings have neither rights nor noses  
A whit diviner than their own.

FABLE III.  

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I saw it all in Fancy’s glass—  
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,  
Who bid this splendid day-dream pass,  
And named each gliding apparition.

’Twas like a torch-race—such as they  
Of Greece perform’d, in ages gone,  
When the fleet youths, in long array,  
Pass’d the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th’ expectant nations stand,  
To catch the coming flame in turn;—  
I saw, from ready hand to hand,  
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.

And, oh, their joy, as it came near,  
’Twas, in itself, a joy to see;—  
While Fancy whisper’d in my ear,  
“That torch they pass is Liberty!”

And, each, as she received the flame,  
Lighted her altar with its ray;  
Then, smiling, to the next who came,  
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine  
Was furnish’d with the fire already,  
Columbia caught the boon divine,  
And lit a flame, like Albion’s, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,  
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising  
The brand aloft, its sparksles shook,  
As she would set the world a-blazing!

Thus kindling wild, so fierce and high  
Her altar blazed into the air,  
That Albion, to that fire too nigh,  
Shrunk back, and shudder’d at its glare!

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,  
Leap’d at the torch—but, ere the spark  
That fell upon her shrine could stir,  
’Twas quench’d—and all again was dark.
Yet, no—not quench’d—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies:
Again her living light look’d forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame? alas,
Unworthy Naples—shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch’d the torch,
When, frightened by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting ev’n to feel the scorch,
She dropp’d it to the earth—and fled.

And fall’n it might have long remain’d;
But Greece, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate,
And waved it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bade me mark where, o’er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurell’d spirits seem’d to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended:

"Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
Divinest gift of Gods to men!
From Greece thy earliest splendour came,
To Greece thy ray returns again.

"Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
When dimm’d, revive, when lost, return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!"

FABLE IV.

THE FLY AND THE BULLOCK.

PROEM.

Of all that, to the sage’s survey,
This world presents of topsy-turvy,
There’s nought so much disturbs one’s patience,
As little minds in lofty stations.
’Tis like that sort of painful wonder,
Which slender columns, labouring under

Enormous arches, give beholders;—
Or those poor Caryatides,
Condemn’d to smile and stand at ease,
With a whole house upon their shoulders.

If, as in some few royal cases,
Small minds are born into such places—
If they are there, by Right Divine,
Or any such sufficient reason,
Why—Heav’n forbid we should re-
pine!—
To wish it otherwise were treason;
Nay, ev’n to see it in a vision,
Would be what lawyers call misprision.

Sir Robert Filmer saith—and he,
Of course, knew all about the mat-
ter—
"Both men and beasts love Monarchy;"
Which proves how rational—the latter.
Sidney, we know, or wrong or right,
Entirely differ’d from the Knight!
Nay, hints a King may lose his head,
By slipping awkwardly his bridle:—
But this is treasonous, ill-bred,
And (now-a-days, when Kings are led
In patent snaffles) downright idle.

No, no—it isn’t right-line Kings,
(Those sovereign lords in leading-strings
Who, from their birth, are Faith-Defend-
ers,)
That move my wrath—’tis your pretend-
ers,
Your mushroom rulers, sons of earth,
Who—not, like t’others, bores by birth,
Establish’d gratià Dei blockheads,
Born with three kingdoms in their pockets—
Yet, with a brass that nothing stops,
Push up into the loftiest stations,
And, though too dull to manage shops,
Presume, the dolts, to manage nations!

This class it is that moves my gall,
And stirs up bile, and spleen, and all.
While other senseless things appear
To know the limits of their sphere—
While not a cow on earth romances
So much as to conceit she dances—
While the most jumping frog we know of,
Would scarce at Astley’s hope to show off—
"No wonder," said t'other, "you stare at the sight,
But we as a Symbol of Monarchy view it—
That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
And that Bullock, the People, that's sacrificed to it."

FABLE V.

CHURCH AND STATE.

PROEM.

"The moment any religion becomes national,
or established, its purity must certainly be lost,
because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected
with men's interests; and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them." 

SOAME JENYNs.

Thus did Soame Jenyns—though a Tory,
A Lord of Trade and the Plantations—
Feel how Religion's simple glory
Is stain'd by State associations.

When Catherine, ere she crush'd the Poles,
Appeal'd to the benign Divinity;
Then cut them up in protocols,
Made fractions of their very souls—
All in the name of the bless'd Trinity;
Or when her grandson, Alexander,
That mighty northern salamander,
Whose icy touch, felt all about,
Put every fire of Freedom out—
When he, too, winds up his Ukases
With God and the Panagia's praises—
When he, of royal Saints the type,
In holy water dips the sponge,
With which, at one imperial wipe,
He would all human rights expunge;
When Louis (whom as King, and eater,
Some name Dix-huit and some Des-huîtres,)
Calls down "St. Louis' God" to witness
The right, humanity, and fitness
Of sending eighty thousand Solons,
Sages, with muskets and laced coats,
To cram instruction, nolens volens,
Down the poor struggling Spaniards' throats—

Your * * *s, your * * *s dare,
Untrain'd as are their minds, to set them
To any business, any where,
At any time that fools will let them.

But leave we here these upstart things—
My business is, just now, with Kings;
To whom, and to their right-line glory,
I dedicate the following story.

FABLE.

The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;
And, ev'n when they most condescended to teach,
They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their mummies,
In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.

They were also, good people, much given to Kings—
Fond of craft and of crocodiles, monkeys and mystery;
But blue-bottle flies were their best-beloved things—
As will partly appear in this very short history.

A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,
To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis),
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,
Made much of, and worshipp'd, as something divine;
While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,
Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

Surprised at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher—
"If 'tisn't impertinent, may I ask why
Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle Fly?"
FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

I can't help thinking, (though to Kings
I must, of course, like other men,
bow,) 
That when a Christian monarch brings
Religion's name to gloss these things—
Such blasphemy out-Benbows Ben-
bow!

Or—not so far for facts to roam,
Having a few much nearer home—
When we see Churchmen, who, if ask'd,
"Must Ireland's slaves be tithed, and

And driv'n like Negroes or Croâts,
That you may roll in wealth and

Look from beneath their shovel hats
With all due pomp, and answer
"Yes!"

But then, if question'd, "Shall the brand
Intolerance flings throughout that land,—
Shall the fierce strife now taught to
grow

Betwixt her palaces and havels,
Be ever quench'd?"—from the same
shovels

Look grandly forth, and answer
"No."

Alas, alas! have these a claim
To merciful Religion's name?
If more you seek, go see a bevy
Of bowing parsons at a levee—
(Choosing your time, when straw's before
Some apoplectic bishop's door,) Then, if thou canst, with life, escape
That rush of lawn, that press of crape,
Justice their rev'rances and graces,
As on each smirking suitors frisks,
And say, if those round shining faces
to heav'n or earth most turn their
disks?

This, this it is—Religion, made
'Twixt Church and State, a truck, a
trade—
This most ill-match'd, unholy Co.,
From whence the ills we witness flow;
The war of many creeds with one—
The extremes of too much faith, and
none—
Till, betwixt ancient trash and new,
'Twixt Cant and Blasphemy—the two
Rank ills with which this age is curst—
We can no more tell which is worst,

Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
In various plagues, determine which
She thought most pestilent and vile,
Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlisle,
Croaking their native mud-notes loud,
Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
Of pluralists, obesely low'ring,
At once benighting and devouring!

This—this it is—and here I pray
Those sapient wits of the Reviews,
Who make us poor, dull authors say,
Not what we mean, but what they
choose;
Who to our most abundant shares
Of nonsense add still more of theirs,
And are to poets just such evils,
As caterpillars find those flies,
Which, not content to sting like devils,
Lay eggs upon their backs likewise—
To guard against such foul deposits
Of other's meaning in my rhymes,
(A thing more needful here, because it's
A subject, ticklish in these times)—
I, here, to all such wits make known,
Monthly and Weekly, Whig and Tory,
'Tis this Religion—this alone
I aim at in the following story:

FABLE.

When Royalty was young and bold,
Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become
If 'tisn't civil to say old,
At least, a ci-devant jeune homme;

One evening, on some wild pursuit
Driving along, he chanced to see
Religion, passing by on foot,
And took him in his vis-à-vis.

This said Religion was a Friar,
The humblest and the best of men,
Who ne'er had notion or desire
Of riding in a coach till then.

"I say"—quoth Royalty, who rather
Enjoyed a masquerading joke—
"I say, suppose, my good old father,
You lend me, for a while, your cloak."

The Friar consented—little knew
What tricks the youth had in his head;
Besides, was rather tempted too
By a laced coat he got instead.
Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,  
Scamp’ring like mad about the town;  
Broke windows, shiver’d lamps to smash,  
And knock’d whole scores of watchmen down.  
While nought could they, whose heads were broke,  
Learn of the “why” or the “wherefore.”  
Except that ’twas Religion’s cloak,  
The gentleman who crack’d them, wore.  
Meanwhile the Friar, whose head was turn’d  
By the laced coat, grew frisky too;  
Look’d big—his former habits spurn’d—  
And storm’d about, as great men do:  
Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses—  
Said “d—mn you” often, or as bad—  
Laid claim to other people’s purses—  
In short, grew either knave, or mad.  
As work like this was unbecitting,  
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,  
The Court of Common Sense, then sitting,  
Summon’d the culprits both before it.  
Where, after hours in wrangling spent  (As Courts must wrangle to decide well),  
Religion to St. Luke’s was sent,  
And Royalty pack’d off to Bridewell.  
With this proviso—should they be  
Restored, in due time, to their senses,  
They both must give security,  
In future, against such offences—  
Religion ne’er to lend his cloak,  
Seeing what dreadful work it leads to;  
And Royalty to crack his joke,—  
But not to crack poor people’s heads too.

FABLE VI.

THE LITTLE GRAND LAMA.

PROEM.

NOVELLA, a young Bolognese,  
The daughter of a learn’d Law Doctor,  
Who had with all the subtleties  
Of old and modern jurists stock’d her,  
Was so exceeding fair, ’tis said,  
And over hearts held such dominion,  
That when her father, sick in bed,  
Or busy, sent her, in his stead,  
To lecture on the Code Justinian,  
She had a curtain drawn before her,  
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students  
Should let their young eyes wander o’er her,  
And quite forget their jurisprudence.  
Just so it is with Truth, when seen,  
Too dazzling far,—’tis from behind  
A light, thin allegoric screen,  
She thus can safest teach mankind.

FABLE.

In Thibet once there reign’d, we’re told,  
A little Lama, one year old—  
Raised to the throne, that realm to bless,  
Just when his little Holiness  
Had cut—as near as can be reckon’d—  
Some say his first tooth, some his second.  
Chronologers and Nurses vary,  
Which proves historians should be wary.  
We only know th’ important truth,  
His Majesty had cut a tooth.  
And much his subjects were enchanted,—  
As well all Lama’s subjects may be,  
And would have giv’n their heads, if wanted,  
To make tee-totums for the baby.  
Throned as he was by Right Divine—  
(What Lawyers call Jure Divino,  
Meaning a right to yours, and mine,  
And everybody’s goods and rhino),  
Of course, his faithful subjects’ purses  
Were ready with their aids and succours;  
Nothing was seen but pension’d Nurses,  
And the land groan’d with bibs and tuckers;  
Oh! had there been a Hume or Bennet,  
Then sitting in the Thibet Senate,  
Yc Gods, what room for long debates  
Upon the Nursery Estimates!  
What cutting down of swaddling-clothes  
And pin-a-fores, in nightly battles!  
What calls for papers to expose  
The waste of sugar-plums and rattles!  
But no—if Thibet had M.P.’s,  
They were far better bred than these;
Nor gave the slightest opposition,  
During the Monarch's whole dentition.  
But short this calm;—for, just when he  
Had reach'd th' alarming age of three,  
When Royal natures, and, no doubt,  
Those of all noble beasts break out—  
The Lama, who till then was quiet,  
Show'd symptoms of a taste for riot;  
And, ripe for mischief, early, late,  
Without regard for Church or State,  
Made free with whoso'er came nigh;  
Tweak'd the Lord Chancellor by the  
Turn'd all the Judges' wigs awry, [nose,  
And trod on the old Generals' toes:  
Pelted the Bishops with hot buns,  
Rode cockhorse on the City maces,  
And shot from little devilish guns,  
Hard pease into his subjects' faces.  
In short, such wicked pranks he play'd,  
And grew so mischievous, God bless him!  
That his Chief Nurse—with ev'n the aid  
Of an Archbishop—was afraid,  
When in these moods, to comb or dress him.  
Nay, ev'n the persons most inclined  
Through thick and thin, for Kings to stickle,  
Thought him (if they'd but speak their mind,  
Which they did not) an odious pickle.  

At length some patriot lords—a breed  
Of animals they've got in Thibet,  
Extremely rare, and fit, indeed,  
For folks like Pidcock, to exhibit—  
Some patriot lords, who saw the length  
To which things went, combined their strength,  
And penn'd a manly, plain, and free  
Remonstrance to the Nursery;  
Protesting warmly that they yielded  
To none, that ever went before 'em,  
In loyalty to him who wielded  
Th' hereditary pap-spoon o'er 'em;  
That, as for treason, 'twas a thing [of—  
That made them almost sick to think  
That they and theirs stood by the King,  'Throughout his measles and his chinchough,  
When others, thinking him consumptive,  
Had ratted to the Heir Presumptive!—  
But, still—though much admiring Kings  
(And chiefly those in leading-strings),  
They saw, with shame and grief of soul,  
There was no longer now the wise  
And constitutional control  
Of birch before their ruler's eyes;  
But that, of late, such pranks, and tricks,  
And freaks occur'd the whole day long,  
As all, but men with bishopricks,  
Allow'd, in ev'n a King, were wrong.  
Wherefore it was they humbly pray'd  
That Honourable Nursery,  
That such reforms be henceforth made,  
As all good men desired to see;—  
In other words (lest they might seem  
Too tedious), as the gentlest scheme  
For putting all such pranks to rest,  
And in its bud the mischief nipping—  
They ventured humbly to suggest  
His Majesty should have a whipping!  
When this was read, no Congreve rocket,  
Discharged into the Gallic trenches,  
E'er equal'd the tremendous shock it  
Produced upon the Nursery benches.  
The Bishops, who of course had votes,  
By right of age and petticoats,  
Were first and foremost in the fuss—  
"What, whip a Lama! suffer birch  
To touch his sacred—infamous!  
Deistical!—assailing thus  
The fundamentals of the Church!—  
No—no—such patriot plans as these,  
(And help them Heav'n—and their Sees!)  
They held to be rank blasphemies."  
Th' alarm thus given, by these and other  
Grave ladies of the Nursery side,  
Spread through the land, till, such a pother,  
Such party squabbles, far and wide,  
Never in history's page had been  
Recorded, as were then between  
The Whippers and Non-whippers seen,  
Till, things arriving at a state,  
Which gave some fears of revolution,  
The patriot lords' advice, though late,  
Was put at last in execution.  
The Parliament of Thibet met—  
The little Lama, call'd before it,  
Did, then and there, his whipping get,  
And (as the Nursery Gazette  
Assures us) like a hero bore it.  
And though, 'mong Thibet Tories, some  
Lament that Royal Martyrdom  
(Please to observe, the letter D  
In this last word's pronounced like B),
Yet to th' example of that Prince
So much is Thibet's land a debtor,
That her long line of Lamas, since,
Have all behaved themselves much better.

FABLE VII.
THE EXTINGUISHERS.

PROEM.

THOUGH soldiers are the true supports,
The natural allies of Courts,
Woe to the Monarch, who depends
Too much on his red-coated friends;
For even soldiers sometimes think—
Nay, Colonels have been known to reason,—
And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
Or red, or blue, are on the brink
(Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
As fond of liberty as Mina;
Else—woe to kings, when Freedom's fever
Once turns into a Scarletina!
For then—but hold, 'tis best to veil
My meaning in the following tale:—

FABLE.

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,
Just come into a large estate,
Was shock'd to find he had, for neighbours,
Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,
Whose fires, beneath his very nose,
In heretic combustion rose.
But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,
Do what they will—so, one fine morning,
He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,
First giving a few kicks for warning.
Then, thanking Heaven most piously,
He knock'd their Temple to the ground,
Blessing himself for joy to see
Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.
But much it vex'd my Lord to find,
That, while all else obey'd his will,
The fire these Ghebers left behind,
Do what he would, kept burning still.
Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown
Could scare the bright insurgent down;

But, no—such fires are headstrong things,
And care not much for Lord or Kings.
Scarce could his Lordship well contrive
The flashes in one place to smother,
Before—hey presto!—all alive,
They sprung up freshly in another.

At length when, spite of prayers and
imens,
'Twas found the sturdy flame defied him,

His stewards came, with low salams,

Off'ring, by contract, to provide him

Some large Extinguishers, (a plan
Much used, they said, at Isphahan,

Vienna, Petersburgh—in short,

Wherever Light's forbid at court,)

Machines no Lord should be without,
Which would, at once, put promptly out
All kinds of fires—from staring, stark

Volcanoes to the tiniest spark;

Till all things slept as dull and dark,
As, in a great Lord's neighbourhood,

'Twas right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies

Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd
(All of the true Imperial size),

And there, in rows, stood black and burnish'd,

Ready, where'er a gleam but shone
Of light or fire, to be clapp'd on.

But, ah, how lordly wisdom errs,

In trusting to extinguishers!

One day, when he had left all sure
(At least, so thought he), dark, secure—

The flame, at all its exits, entries,

Obstructed to his heart's content,

And black extinguishers, like sentries,

Placed over every dangerous vent—

Ye Gods, imagine his amaze,

His wrath, his rage, when, on returning,

He found not only the old blaze,

Brisk as before, crackling and burning,

Not only new, young conflagrations,

Popping up round in various stations—

But, still more awful, strange, and dire,

Th' Extinguishers themselves on fire!

They, they—those trusty, blind machines,

His Lordship had so long been praising,

As, under Providence, the means

Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
Were now, themselves—alas, too true
The shameful fact—turn’d blazers too,
And, by a change as odd as cruel,
Instead of dampers, served for fuel!

Thus, of his only hope bereft,
"What," said the great man, "must be done?"
All that, in scrapes like this, is left
To great men is—to cut and run.
So run he did; while to their grounds,
The banish’d Ghebers blest return’d;
And, though their Fire had broke its bounds,
And all abroad now wildly burn’d,
Yet well could they, who loved the flame,
Its wand’ring, its excess reclaim;
And soon another, fairer Dome
Arose to be its sacred home,
Where, cherish’d, guarded; not confined,
The living glory dwelt enthron’d,
And, shedding lustre strong, but even,
Though born of earth, grew worthy heav’n.

MORAL.
The moral hence my Muse infers
Is, that such Lords are simple elves,
In trusting to Extinguishers,
That are combustible themselves

FABLE VIII.
LOUIS FOURTEENTH’S WIG.
The money raised—the army ready—
Drums beating, and the Royal Neddy
Valiantly braying in the van,
To the old tune "Eh, eh, Sire Ane!"—
Nought wanting, but some coup dramatic,
To make French sentiment explode,
Bring in, at once, the goût fanatic,
And make the war "la dernière mode"—

Instantly, at the Pavillon Marsan,
Is held an Ultra consultation—
What’s to be done, to help the farce on?
What stage-effect, what decoration,
To make this beauteous France forget,
In one grand, glorious pirouette,
All she had sworn to but last week,
And, with a cry of "Magnifique!"
Rush forth to this, or any war,
Without inquiring once—"What for?"

After some plans proposed by each,
Lord Châteaubriand made a speech,
(Quoting, to show what men’s rights are,
Or rather what men’s rights should be,
From Hobbes, Lord Castlereagh, the Czar,
And other friends to Liberty,)
Wherein he—having first protested
'Gainst humouring the mob—suggested
(As the most high-bred plan he saw
For giving the new War éclat)
A grand, Baptismal Melo-drame,
To be got up at Notre-Dame,
In which the Duke (who, bless his Highness!
Had by his hilt acquired such fame,
’Twas hoped that he as little shyness
Would show, when to the point he came),
Should, for his deeds so lion-hearted,
Be christen’d Hero, ere he started;
With power, by Royal Ordonnance,
To bear that name—at least in France.
Himself—the Viscount Châteaubriand—
'(To help th’ affair with more esprit on)'
Off’ring, for this baptismal rite,
Some of his own famed Jordan water—
(Marie Louise not having quite
Used all that for young Nap, he brought her,)
The baptism, in this case, to be
Applied to that extremity,
Which Bourbon heroes must expose;
And which (as well all Europe knows)
Happens to be, in this Defender
Of the true Faith, extremely tender.

Or if (the Viscount said) this scheme
Too rash and premature should seem—
If thus discounting heroes, on tick—
This glory, by anticipation,
Was too much in the genre romantique
For such a highly classic nation,
He begg’d to say, the Abyssinians
A practice had in their dominions,
Which, if at Paris got up well,
In full costume, was sure to tell.
At all great epochs, good or ill,
They have, says Bruce (and Bruce ne’er
budges
From the strict truth), a grand Quadrille
In public danced by the Twelve Judges—
And, he assures us, the grimaces,
The entre-chats, the airs and graces,
Of dancers so profound and stately,
Divert the Abyssinians greatly.

"Now (said the Viscount), there's but few
Great Empires, where this plan would do:
For instance, England;—let them take
What pains they would—twere vain to strive—
The twelve stiff Judges there would make,
The worst Quadrille-set now alive.
One must have seen them, ere one could
Imagine properly Judge Wood
Performing, in his wig, so gaily,
A queue-de-chat with Justice Bailey!
French Judges, though, are, by no means,
This sort of stiff be-wigg'd machines!
And we, who've seen them at Saumur,
And Poitiers lately, may be sure
They'd dance quadrilles, or anything,
That would be pleasing to the King—
Nay, stand upon their heads, and more do,
To please the little Duke de Bordeaux!"

After these several schemes there came
Some others—needless now to name,
Since that, which Monsieur plann'd,
himself,
Soon doom'd all others to the shelf,
And was received par acclamation,
As truly worthy the Grande Nation.

It seems (as Monsieur told the story)
That Louis the Fourteenth,—that glory,
That Coryphée of all crown'd pates,—
That pink of the Legimitates,—
Had, when, with many a pious pray'r, he
Bequeath'd unto the Virgin Mary
His marriage deeds, and cordon bleu,
Bequeath'd to her His State Wig too—
(An off'ring which, at Court, 'tis thought,
The Virgin values as she ought)—
That Wig, the wonder of all eyes,
The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,
To watch and tend whose curls adored,
Re-build its tow'ring roof, when flat,
And round its rumpled base, a Board
Of sixty Barbers daily sat,
With Subs, on State-days, to assist,
Well pension'd from the Civil List:—
That wond'rous Wig, array'd in which,
And form'd alike to awe or witch,
He beat all other heirs of crowns,
In taking mistresses and towns,

Requiring but a shot at one,
A smile at 'other, and 'twas done!—

"That Wig" (said Monsieur, while his brow
Rose proudly) "is existing now;—
That Grand Perruque, amid the fall
Of ev'ry other Royal glory,
With curls erect survives them all,
And tells in ev'ry hair their story.
Think, think, how welcome at this time
A relic, so beloved, sublime!
What worthier standard of the Cause
Of Kingly Right can France demand?
Or who among our ranks can pause
To guard it, while a curl shall stand?
Behold, my friends?"—(while thus he cried,
A curtain, which conceal'd this pride
Of Princely Wigs was drawn aside)—
"Behold that Grand Perruque—how big
With recollections for the world—
For France—for us—Great Louis' Wig,
By Hippolyte new frizz'd and curl'd—
New frizz'd! alas, 'tis but too true,
Well may you start at that word new—
But such the sacrifice, my friends,
Th' Imperial Cossack recommends;
Thinking such small concessions sage,
To meet the spirit of the age,
And do what best that spirit flatters,
In Wigs—if not in weightier matters.
Wherefore, to please the Czar, and show
That we too, much-wrong'd Bourbons, know
What liberalism in Monarchs is,
We have conceded the New Friz!
Thus arm'd, ye gallant Ultras, say,
Can men, can Frenchmen, fear the fray?
With this proud relic in our van,
And D'Angoulême our worthy leader,
Let rebel Spain do all she can,
Let recreant England arm and feed her,—

Urged by that pupil of Hunt's school,
That Radical, Lord Liverpool,— [it—
France can have nought to fear—far from
When once astounded Europe sees
The wig of Louis, like a Comet,
Streaming above the Pyrenees,
All's o'er with Spain—then on, my sons,
On, my incomparable Duke,
And, shouting for the Holy Ones,
1 Cry Vive la Guerre—et la Perruque!"
The Loves of the Angels.

[By a curious coincidence Byron and Moore simultaneously lit upon the same idea, as suggestive to the former of a drama, “Heaven and Earth,” and to the latter of a poem, “The Loves of the Angels.” This poem, as the writer intimates in his preface to it, was originally designed as an episode to a larger work. It was hurried to a completion, rather precipitately, however, and brought out separately, as he goes on to relate, by reason of his having heard, to his dismay, of the alarming circumstances under which his theme was about to be anticipated. Feeling the disadvantage, as he says, of coming after so formidable a competitor, Moore determined upon publishing his sketch immediately, thereby, at any rate, giving himself the chance of what astronomers call an Heliacal rising—before the luminary in whose light he feared, as he gracefully said, he might be lost, should have actually to come to view. The notion seized by the two was that extravagant one derived by Tertullian and Lactantius, either from the apocryphal Book of Enoch, ch. vii. sec. 2, or from the misinterpretation in the Septuagint of a single word in ch. vi. verse 2, of Genesis. In the Vulgate the words of Genesis are “Videntes filii Dei filias hominum quod essent pulchra, acceperunt sibi uxores ex omnibus quas elegerant:” rendered, in the Douay version, “The sons of God, seeing the daughters of men that they were fair, took to themselves wives of all which they chose.” According to S. Chrysostom, the sons of God meant merely the descendants of Seth and Enos, who were God-fearing, while the daughters of men meant merely the descendants of the outcast and murderer, Cain. According to the Septuagint, on the other hand, in place of the Sons of God in this passage, there ought to be read the Angels of God—Ἄγγελοι τοῦ Θεοῦ. Moore boldly chose, however, as the motto for the title-page of his poem, the rhapsodical words from the Book of Enoch—“It happened, after the sons of men had multiplied, in those days that daughters were born to them elegant and beautiful; and when the angels, the sons of Heaven, beheld them, they became enamoured of them.” The work, thus precipitately hurried through the press in 1823, was published by the Messrs. Longman in a purple-cloth-covered octavo of 158 pages, a five-shilling volume of Illustrations to the Three Angels’ Stories comprised in it being simultaneously announced as engraved by Charles Heath from paintings by Richard Westall, R.A. Derived as the root idea of the poem was from rabbinical legends, it had this redeeming excellence about the moral by which it was inter-penetrated, that, like the sixth book of the “Æneid,” though after a very different fashion, indeed, it was designed by its author to typify, through an allegory, the descent of the soul of man from its original purity.]

'TWAS when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birthdays by the sun;

When, in the light of Nature’s dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and heav’n her curtain
yet!

When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,
Ev’n then, the morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heav’ly birth—
And that from Woman’s love should fall
So dark a stain, most sad of all!

One ev’ning, in that primal hour,
On a hill’s side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, bright’ning rill and bow’r,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they look’d, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight hurl’d
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—

Spirits, who once, in brotherhood
Of faith and bliss, near Alla stood,
And o’er whose cheeks full oft had blown
The wind that breathes from Alla’s
throne,
Creatures of light, such as still play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the
Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charm’d them thence;
Till, yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening’s influence—
The silent breathing of the flow’rs,
The melting light that beam’d above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird, from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman’s smile he lost the skies.

The first who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three—
A Spirit of light mould, that took
The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who, ev’n in heav’n, was not of those
Nearest the Throne, but held a place
Far off, among those shining rows
That circle out through endless space,
And o’er whose wings the light from Him
In Heaven’s centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
Among those youths th’ unheavenliest one—
A creature, to whom light remain’d
From Eden still, but alter’d, stain’d,
And o’er whose brow not Love alone
A blight had, in his transit, cast,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
And left their foot-prints as they pass’d.
Sighing, as back through ages flown,
Like a tomb-searcher, Mem’ry ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had thrown
O’er buried hopes, he thus began—

FIRST ANGEL’S STORY.

“’Twas in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night’s delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom,
Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent,
And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element—
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!
One of earth’s fairest womankind,
Half-veil’d from view, or rather shrined
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.
Pausing in wonder I look’d on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shine,
She moved in light of her own making.
At length, as from that airy height
I gently lower’d my breathless flight,
The tremble of my wings all o’er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach’d the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem’d as if each thought, and look,
And motion, were that minute chain’d
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn’d—so still remain’d!
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

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In pity to the wond’ring maid,
Though loth from such a vision turning,
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings to hide the burning
Of glances, which—I well could feel—
For me, for her, too warmly shone;
But, ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal
One sidelong look, the maid was gone—

Hid from me in the forest leaves,
Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the pow’r,
The despotism that, from that hour,
Passion held o’er me. Day and night
I sought around each neighbouring spot;
And, in the chase of this sweet light,
My task, and heav’n, and all forgot;—
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself, whole happy days,
List’n’ing to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden’s seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warm’d by love,
But, wanting that, far, far above!—
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heav’n, more worshipp’d than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heav’n to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed, while she breath’d it too;

[sky, Though dark the flow’rs, though dim the

Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the one, that small,
Beloved, and consecrated spot
Where Lea was—the other, all
The dull, wide waste, where she was not!

But vain my suit, my madness vain;
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
One earthly look, one stray desire,
I would have torn the wings, that hung
Furl’d at my back, and o’er the Fire
In Gehim’s pit their fragments flung;—
'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmoved
She stood, as lilies in the light
Of the hot noon but look more white;—
And though she loved me, deeply loved,
'Twas not as man, as mortal—no,
Nothing of earth was in that glow—
She loved me but as one, of race
Angelic, from that radiant place
She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven,
To which her prayers at morn were sent,
And on whose light she gazed at even,
Wishing for wings, that she might go
Out of this shadowy world below,
To that free, glorious element!

Well I remember by her side
Sitting at rosy even-tide,
When,—turning to the star, whose head
Look’d out, as from a bridal bed,
At that mute, blushings hour,—she said,
'Oh! that it were my doom to be
The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
Dwelling up there in purity,
Alone, as all such bright things are;—
My sole employ to pray and shine,
To light my censer at the sun,
And cast its fire towards the shrine
Of Him in heav’n, th’ Eternal One!'

So innocent the maid, so free
From mortal taint in soul and frame,
Whom 'twas my crime—my destiny—
To love, ay, burn for, with a flame,
To which earth’s wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips th’ avowal burst;
Not anger’d—no—the feeling came
From depths beyond mere anger’s flame—
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So fill’d her heart was to the brink,
So fix’d and froze with grief, to think
That angel natures—that ev’n I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky—
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of all that heav’n hath pure and bright!
That very night—my heart had grown
Impatient of its inward burning;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers near the throne,
Already, if a meteor shone
Between them and this nether zone,
Thought 'twas their herald’s wing re-

turning.
Oft did the potent spell-word, giv'n
To Envos hither from the skies,
To be pronounced, when back to heav'n
It is their time or wish to rise,
Come to my lips that fatal day;
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumeage in the ray
And breeze of heav'n began to play;—
When my heart fail'd—the spell was broken—
The word unfinish'd died away,
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me?
No matter where my wand'ring were,
So there she look'd, breathed, moved about—
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than Paradise itself, without!

But, to return—that very day
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
Came—crowding thick as flow'rs that play
In summer winds—the young and gay
And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there, and 'mid the young
And beautiful stood first, alone;
Though on her gentle brow still hung
The shadow I that morn had thrown—
The first, that ever shame or woe
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was madden'd;—in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth—that rush
Of desp'rate gaiety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness!
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions—like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in flight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain—
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things—
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,
But grasping Heav'n, too, in their span!—

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
Its dews of darkness through my lips.
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
To my lost soul into eclipse;
And filling it with such wild dreams
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of heav'n's beams,
Haunt us for ever—like wild-fires
That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest!—our banquet done,
I sought her in 'th' accustom'd bow'r,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
At the same silent, moonlight hour.
Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd
To her loved star, whose lustre burn'd
Purer than ever on that night;
While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though she borrow'd of its light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which, had my burning brain not been
Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,
As though I trod celestial ground.
Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame—
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And though too well each glance of mine
To the pale, shrinking maiden proved
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which I loved,
Yet must she, too, have seen—oh yes,
'Tis soothing but to think she saw
The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then placed above him—far above—
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
When, with a voice, where Passion

All the deep sadness of her pow'r,
Her melancholy power—I said,
'Then be it so; if back to heaven
I must unloved, unpitied fly,
Without one blest memorial giv'n
To soothe me in that lonely sky;
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

One look, like those the young and fond
give when they're parting—which
would be,
ev'n in remembrance, far beyond
All heav'n hath left of bliss for me!
Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,
And those mild eyes look up to mine,
Without a dread, a thought of harm!
To meet, but once, the thrilling touch
Of lips too purely fond to fear me—
Or, if that boon be all too much,
ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near
me!
Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
Give them but kindly and I fly;
Already, see, my plumes have stirr’d,
And tremble for their home on high.
Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
One minute’s lapse will be forgiv’n,
And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flow’rs beneath
The scorching of the south wind’s
breath:
But when I named—alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder’d then,—
Instantly, when I named the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness that spoke
The sudden light that o’er her broke,
'The spell, the spell!'—oh, speak it now,
And I will bless thee!' she exclaim’d—
Unknowing what I did, inflamed,
And lost already, on her brow
I stamp’d one burning kiss, and named
The mystic word, till then ne’er told
To living creature of earth’s mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heav’n she spoke it out
With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapour from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unc lose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle around Alla’s Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moonbeam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth, I knew
Was light from Eden, glist’ning through!
Most holy vision! ne’er before
Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Eblis, in his downfall, bore
The third of the bright stars away—
Rise, in earth’s beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
Did not I, too, proclaim out thrice
The pow’rful words that were, that
night,—
Oh ev’n for heaven too much delight!—
Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did—I spoke it o’er and o’er—
I pray’d, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had pow’r no more.
There seemed around me some dark
chain
Which still, as I essay’d to soar,
Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour:
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So wills th’ off ended God—for ever!

It was to yonder star I traced
Her journey up th’ illumined waste—
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now—such, Purity,
Thy blest reward—ordain’d to be
Her home of light for evermore!
Once—or did I but fancy so?—
ev’n in her flight to that fair sphere,
Mid all her spirit’s new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn’d below
On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.
But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,
Till lessen'd to a point, as small
As are those specks that yonder
burn,—
Those vivid drops of light, that fall
The last from Day's exhausted urn,
And when at length she merged, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heav'n and love both pass'd away;
And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,
Till I became—what I am now!"

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;
A shame, that of itself would tell—
Were there not ev'n those breaks of flame,
Celestial, through his clouded frame—
How grand the height from which he fell!
That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets,
Th' unblench'd renown it used to wear;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine has been there.

Once only, while the tale he told,
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless star, where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity!
One minute did he look, and then—
As though he felt some deadly pain
From its sweet light through heart and brain—
Shrank back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit? he
With the proud front and piercing glance—
Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,
As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into th' Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where Alla's grandest secrets lie?
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew.

'Twas Rubi—once among the prime
And flow'r of those bright creatures, named
Spirits of: Knowledge, who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claim'd
Second alone to Him, whose light
Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night;
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
The vague shores of Infinity!

'Twas Rubi, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
Like echoes, in some silent place,
When first awaked from many a year;
And when he smiled, if o'er his face
Smile ever shone, 'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.
Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,
A soft'ning shade from sorrow came;
And though at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw—
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke
The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
Closed the sad hist'ry of his fall;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
For many a day, resumed his cheek—
Beautiful, as in days of old;
And not those eloquent lips alone
But every feature seem'd to speak—
Thus his eventful story told:

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

"You both remember well the day,
When unto Eden's new-made bow'rs,
Alla convoked the bright array
Of his supreme angelic pow'rs,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation’s birth,
When, ’mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman’s eyes
First open’d upon heav’n and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went,
Like first light through the firmament!
Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken’d breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which
seem’d
To grow transparent, as there beam’d
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o’er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face,
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heav’n’s reflections there—
Or, like the light of ev’n, stealing
O’er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.
Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden’s lone, enchanted ground
She look’d, and saw, the sea—the skies—
And heard the rush of many a wing,
On high behests then vanishing;
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still ling’ring—mine among the rest,—
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest?
From that miraculous hour, the fate
Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,
Upon my spirit—early, late,
Whate’er I did, or dream’d, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That matchless creature mix’d with all,—
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come—whate’er
Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face.
All waked my soul’s intensest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
Creation’s strangest mystery!
It was my doom—ev’n from the first,
When witnessing the primal burst
Of Nature’s wonders, I saw rise
Those bright creations in the skies,—
Those worlds instinct with life and light,
Which man, remote, but sees by night,—
It was my doom still to be haunted
By some new wonder, some sublime
And matchless work, that, for the time,
Held all my soul enchain’d, enchanted,
And left me not a thought, a dream,
A word, but on that only theme!
The wish to know—that endless thirst,
Which ev’n by quenching is awakened,
And which becomes or blest or curst,
As is the fount whereat ’tis shak’d—
Still urged me onward, with desire
Insatiate, to explore, inquire
Whate’er the wondrous things might be,
That waked each new idolatry—
Their inmost pow’rs, as though for me
Existence on that knowledge hung.
Oh what a vision were the stars,
When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
Of light, for gods to journey by!
They were my heart’s first passion—days
And nights, unwearied, in their rays
Have I hung floating, till each sense
Seem’d full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy! alas, how much
Of misery had I shunn’d below,
Could I have still lived blest with such;
Nor, proud and restless, burn’d to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.
Often—so much I loved to trace
The secrets of this starry race—
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes—
Then fleetly wing’d I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,
That watch, like winking sentinels,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells;
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow—lest a ray
Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exultingly, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn,
Ere yet this newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flow'rs of Paradise!
Thenceforth my nature all was changed,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
And he, who but so lately ranged
Yon wonderful expanse, where glow
Worlds upon worlds,—yet found his mind
Ev'n in that luminous range confined,—
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
In vain my former idols glisten'd
From their far thrones; in vain these ears
To the once-thrilling music listen'd,
That hymn'd around my favourite spheres—
To earth, to earth each thought was giv'n,
That in this half-lost soul had birth;
Like some high mount, whose head's in heav'n,
While its whole shadow rests on earth!
Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrill'd
My spirit in his burning ties;
And less, still less could it be call'd
That greater flame, round which Love flies
Nearer and nearer, till he dies—
No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion, more profound, intense,—

A vehement, but wand'ring fire,
Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,—
Though through all womankind it took
Its range, as lawless lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon One.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
Th' insatiate curiosity
To know how shapes, so fair, must feel—
To look, but once, beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness, and see
What souls belong'd to such bright eyes—
Whether, as sunbeams find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
Those looks could inward turn their ray,
And make the soul as bright as they:
All this impell'd my anxious chase,
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conqu'ring race,
Th' intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their Eve,
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which sprung there solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man—oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.
I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite,—her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true;
That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led—
Mingled with—what I durst not blame,
For 'tis my own—that zeal to know,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;
Which, though from heav'n all pure it came,
Yet stain'd, misused, brought sin and shame
On her, on me, on all below!
I had seen this; had seen Man, arm'd,
As his soul is, with strength and sense,
By her first words to ruin charm'd;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smiled away.
Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this—
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
(And with her—that, at least, was bliss,) -
Had I not heard him, ere he crost
The threshold of that earthly heav'n,
Which by her wildering he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiv'n!—
Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail, fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her—ev'n then—his Life!—his
Life!
Yes, such the love-taught name, the first,
That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Ev'n in his outcast hour, when curst
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love, the grave!
She, who brought death into the world,
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near!
Could I help wond'ring at a creature,
Thus circled round with spells so strong—
One, to whose ev'ry thought, word, feature,
In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence Heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her—
New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise and blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
He still th' unreasoning worshipper,
And they, throughout all time, the same,
Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by Heav'n seems cast,
To save or ruin, as they please!

Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some one, from out that witching throng,
Some abstract of the form and mind
Of the whole matchless sex, from which
In my own arms beheld, possesst,
I might learn all the pow'rs to witch,
To warm, and (if my fate unblest
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
Rife, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer—
(For such—oh what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferr'd)—
At length my ominous prayer was heard—
But whether heard in heaven or hell,
Listen—and thou wilt know too well.
There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along th' unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at ev'ry step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless;
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought;
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form, as plant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
That drop from it in summer's hour;—
'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest women's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make ev'n them more fair—
But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear
Through her whole frame—the soul, still near,
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun
That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon—
'Twas this, all this, in one combined—
Th' unnumber'd looks and arts that form
The glory of young woman-kind,
Taken, in their perfection, warm,
Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefined,
The impress of Divinity!

'Twas this—a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of everything most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own—
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to Heaven as I,
A bright twin-sister from on high—
One, in whose love, I felt, were given
The mix'd delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here.

Had we—but hold—hear every part
Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last, dark precipice,
Where perish'd both—the fallen, the dead!
From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her—day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
And 'mid her loneliest musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowing,
Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—

Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
And rainbow joys that end in weeping;
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flowerets sleeping:

'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er
Young hearts are beating—I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspirations high—beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
Glimpses of glory, far away
Into the bright, vague future given;
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too—what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art!
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
Enshrined itself in form so fair,
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve
With every fruit of Eden blest,
Save one alone—rather than leave
That one unreach'd, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
With gentle mastery o'er her mind—
In that rich twilight of the soul,
When reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds—
'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
Vague, glimmering visions to her view;—
Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
And vistas, with no pathway through;—
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
Then closed, dissolved, and left no trace—
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Through every dream still in her sight,
Th' enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
Who said, 'Behold, you world of light,'
Then sudden dropt a veil between!

At length, when I perceived each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
But these illusive scenes, and me—
The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revelations only meant
To madden curiosity—
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,
One night—twas in a holy spot,
Which she for prayer had chosen—a grot
Of purest marble, built below
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,
Brightly pervading all the place—
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face.
There, at her altar, while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt, [sighs—
When God and man both claim'd her
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies.
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—
Then, as the mystic light's soft ray
Grew softer still, as though its ray
Was breathed from her, I heard her say:—

'Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
Thy nature be—human, divine,
Or but half heav'nly—still too fair,
Too heavenly to be ever mine!'

Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
Slumber so lovely that it seems
No longer life to live awake,
Since heav'n itself descends in dreams.
Why do I ever lose thee? why
When on thy realms and thee I gaze
Still drops that veil, which I could die,
Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?
Long ere such miracles as thou
And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst
For light was in this soul, which now
Thy looks have into passion nursed.
There's nothing bright above, below,
In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
Doth not intensely burn to know,
And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!—
Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
The curtains of thy radiant home,
If thou wouldst be as angel shrined,
Or loved and clasp'd as mortal, come!
Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
That I may, waking, know and see;
Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
Thy heaven or—ay, even that with thee!

Demon or God, who hold'st the book
Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
Give me, with thee, but one bright look
Into its leaves, and let me die!

By those ethereal wings, whose way
Lies through an element, so fraught
With living Mind, that, as they play,
Their every movement is a thought!

By that bright, wraithed hair, between
Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
Of Paradise so late hath been,
And left its fragrant soul behind!

By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
Their light into the inmost heart;
Like sunset in the waters, felt
As molten fire through every part—

I do implore thee, oh most bright
And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
My waking, wondering eyes, this night,
This one blest night—I ask no more!

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she raised;
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blazed
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace;—my crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;

Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than may
The dawning hour of some young star;
And nothing left, but what beseeem'd
Th' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd
Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same;
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love—oh more
Of heaven's light than ev'n the power
Of heav'n itself could now restore!
And yet, that hour!”—

The Spirit here
Stopp’d in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts—like chords,
Midway in some enthusiast’s song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong;
While the clench’d hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throb’d there now!
But soon ’twas o’er—that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days—
That relic of a flame, whose burning
Had been too fierce to be resumed
Soon pass’d away, and the youth, turning
To his bright listeners, thus resumed:

“Days, months elapsed, and though
what most
On earth I sigh’d for was mine, all—
Yet—was I happy? God, thou know’st,
Howe’er they smile, and feign, and boast,
What happiness is theirs, who fall!
’Twas bitterest anguish, made more keen
Ev’n by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
In purgatory catch of heaven!
The only feeling that to me
Seem’d joy—or rather my sole rest
From aching misery—was to see
My young, proud, blooming Lilis blest.
She, the fair fountain of all ill
To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
Fervidly pant’d after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first—
To see her happy—to reflect
Whatever beams still round me play’d
Of former pride, of glory wreck’d,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipp’d ev’n my shade—
This was, I own, enjoyment—this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.
And proud she was, fair creature!—proud,
Beyond what ev’n most queenly stirs
In woman’s heart, nor would have bow’d
That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem’d her Cherub’s love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger—to which even
Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
Everything strange in earth and heaven;
Not only all that, full reveal’d,
Th’ eternal Alla loves to show,
But all that He hath wisely seal’d
In darkness, for man not to know—
Ev’n this desire, alas, ill-starr’d
And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr’d
Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As ne’er, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal’s sight!
In the deep earth—beneath the sea—
Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—
Wherever sleeping Mystery
Had spread her curtain, we were there—
Love still beside us, as we went,
At home in each new element,
And sure of worship everywhere!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman’s worshipping feet, and say,
‘Bright creature, this is all thine own!’
Then first were diamonds, from the night
Of earth’s deep centre brought to light,
And made to grace the conquering way
Of proud young beauty with their ray.

Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
Unsightly, in the sunless sea,
(As ’twere a spirit, forced to dwell
In form unlovely) was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrow’d too.
For never did this maid—what’er
Th’ ambition of the hour—forget
Her sex’s pride in being fair;
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman’s form, more mighty yet.
Nor was there aught within the range
Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,
I did not seek, with such fond care,
That when I’ve seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,
I’ve said, ‘Nay, look not there, my love;
Alas, I cannot give it thee!’

MOORE’S POETICAL WORKS.
THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

But not alone the wonders found
Through Nature's realm—th' unveil'd,
material,
Visible glories, that abound,
Through all her vast, enchanted ground—
But whatsoever unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence—
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis spread
Through men or angels, flowers or suns—
The workings of th' Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos He design'd
The outlines of this world; and through
That depth of darkness—like the bow
Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue—
Saw the grand, gradual picture grow:—
The covenant with human kind
By Alla made—the chains of Fate
He round Himself and them hath twined,
Till His high task He consummate;
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,
And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again!

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some, ev'n more obscure, profound,
And wildering to the mind than these,
Which—far as woman's thought could sound,
Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach—
She dared to learn, and I to teach.
Till—fill'd with such unearthly lore,
And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that fancy had, before,
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings—
Th' enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
Inspired, among her own dark race,
Who from their ancient shrines would run,
Leaving their holy rites undone,
To gaze upon her holier face.
And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet, 'mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke—
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,
But startled the still dreaming world!

Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which Heav'n would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till its own time,
Stole out in these revelations then—
Revelations dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the great, Sealing One!
Like that imperfect dawn, or light
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful east half bright,
Before the real morning shines!

Thus did some moons of bliss go by—
Of bliss to her, who saw but love
And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
I seem'd—as is the sun on high—
The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, and land, and air,
Whose influence, felt everywhere,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
Ev'n to the world's extremest part;
While through that world her relentless mind
Had now career'd so fast and far,
That earth itself seem'd left behind,
And her proud fancy, unconfined,
Already saw Heaven's gates ajar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh, still
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
And sees both comfortless, both black—
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill;
Or, if pain would not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmur'd not.
When thoughts of an offended heaven,
Of sinfulness, which I—ev'n I,
While down its steep most headlong driven—
Well knew could never be forgiven,
Came o'er me with an agony—
Beyond all reach of mortal woe—
A torture kept for those who know,
Know every thing, and—worst of all—
Know and love Virtue while they fall!
Even then, her presence had the power
To soothe, to warm—nay, ev'n to bless—
If ever bliss could graft its flower,
On stem so full of bitterness—
Even then her glorious smile to me
  Brought warmth and radiance, if not
Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,
  Bright'ning the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheart'ning fear,
  Which all who love, beneath yon sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear—
  The dreadful thought that it must die!
That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads!
This fear, so sad to all—to me
Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;
That Heaven to me this final seal
Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel
  The death-pang, without power to die!
Ev'n this, her fond endearments—fond
As ever cherish'd the sweet bond
'Twixt heart and heart—could charm away;
Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!
But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of her tempter's sin,
Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence
To snatch the fated victim thence!

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which in love had dreamt away;
In that same garden, where—the pride
Of seraph splendour laid aside,
And those wings furl'd, whose open light
For mortal gaze were else too bright—
I first had stood before her sight,
And found myself—oh, ecstasy,
Which ev'n in pain I ne'er forget—
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
And loved as never man was yet!

In that same garden were we now,
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
With its own silent fancies shining.

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
In looking at that light—even she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
Felt the still hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world—the close
Of all things beautiful and bright—
The last, grand sunset, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as though some livelier thought
Had suddenly her fancy caught,
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
As 'twere to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smiled and said:

'I had, last night, a dream of thee,
Resembling those divine ones, given
Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.

The same rich wreath was on thy brow
Dazzling as if of starlight made;
And these wings, lying darkly now,
Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

Thou stood'st all bright, as in those dreams,
As if just wafted from above;
Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's beams,
A creature to adore and love.

Sudden I felt thee draw me near
To thy pure heart, where, fondly placed,
I seem'd within the atmosphere
Of that exhaling light embraced;
And felt, methought, th' ethereal flame 
Pass from thy purer soul to mine; 
Till—oh, too blissful—I became, 
Like thee, all spirit, all divine!

Say, why did dream so blest come o'er me, 
If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone? 
When will my Cherub shine before me 
Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?

When shall I, waking, be allow'd 
To gaze upon those perfect charms, 
And clasp thee once, without a cloud, 
A chill of earth, within these arms?

Oh what a pride to say, this, this 
Is my own Angel—all divine, 
And pure, and dazzling as he is, 
And fresh from heaven—he's mine, he's mine!

Think'st thou, were Lilis in thy place, 
A creature of yon lofty skies, 
She would have hid one single grace, 
One glory from her lover's eyes?

No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me, 
Shine, out, young Spirit, in the blaze 
Of thy most proud divinity, 
Nor think 'tould wound this mortal gaze.

Too long and oft I've look'd upon 
Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus— 
Too near the stars themselves have gone, 
To fear aught grand or luminous.

Then doubt me not—oh, who can say 
But that this dream may yet come true, 
And my blest spirit drink thy ray, 
Till it becomes all heavenly too?

Let me this once but feel the flame 
Of those spread wings, the very pride 
Will change my nature, and this frame 
By the mere touch be deified!

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not used 
To be by earth or heaven refused— 
As one, who knew her influence o'er 
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were, 
And, though to heaven she could not soar, 
At least would bring down heaven to her,

Little did she, alas, or I— 
Even I, whose soul, but half-way yet 
Immerged in sin's obscurity 
Was as the earth whereon we lie, 
O'er half whose disk the sun is set— 
Little did we foresee the fate, 
The dreadful—how can it be told? 
Such pain, such anguish to relate 
Is o'er again to feel, behold! 
But, charged as 'tis, my heart must speak 
Its sorrow out, or it will break!

Some dark misgivings had, I own, 
Pass'd for a moment thro' my breast— 
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown, 
To one, or both—something unblest 
To happen from this proud request, 
But soon these boding fancies fled; 
Nor saw I aught that could forbid 
My full revelation, save the dread 
Of that first dazzle, when, unhid, 
Such light should burst upon a lid

Ne'er tried in heaven;—and even this glare 
She might, by love's own nursing care, 
Be, like young eagles, taught to bear. 
For well I knew, the lustre shed 
From cherub wings, when proudest spread, 
Was, in its nature, lambent, pure, 
And innocent as is the light 
The glow-worm hangs out to allure 
Her mate to her green bower at night. 
Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept 
Through clouds in which the lightning slept, 
As in its lair, ready to spring, 
Yet walked it not—though from my wing 
A thousand sparks fell glittering! 
Oft, too, when round me from above 
The feather'd snow, in all its whiteness, 
Fell, like the moultings of heaven's Dove,—
So harmless, though so full of brightness, 
Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake 
From off its flowers each downy flake 
As delicate, unmelted, fair, 
And cool as they had lighted there.

Nay ev'n with Lilis—had I not 
Around her sleep all radiant beam'd, 
Hung o'er her slumbers, nor forgot 
To kiss her eyelids, as she dream'd?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
    Had she not waked, unscathed and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
    Though by the fire-fly kiss’d all night?
Thus having—as, alas, deceived
By my sin’s blindness, I believed—
No cause for dread, and those dark eyes
Now fix’d upon me, eagerly
As though th’ unlocking of the skies
    Then waited but a sign from me—
How could I pause? how ev’n let fall
A word, a whisper, that could stir
In her proud heart a doubt, that all
    I brought from heaven belong’d to her?
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, and pride,
    She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses at eventide,
    Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose light, when once its orbath shone,
’Twill madden them to look upon!
Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
Was left behind me, in yon star
That shines from out those clouds afar,—
Where, relic sad, ’tis treasured yet,
The downfallen angel’s coronet!—
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting:—but th’ illumined brow,
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now
Had love’s spell added to their own,
And pour’d a light till then unknown:—
Th’ unfolded wings, that, in their play,
Shed sparkles bright as Alla’s throne;
All I could bring of heaven’s array,
    Of that rich panoply of charms
A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
    Thus glorious, glided to her arms;
Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,
Her dazzled brow had, instantly,
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
    To clasp the form she durst not see!
Great Heaven! how could thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love’s own arms?

Scarce had I touch’d her shrinking frame
    When—oh most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
    Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now, by my transgression, turn’d into gross, earthly fire, which burn’d,
Burn’d all it touch’d, as fast as eye
Could follow the fierce, raving flashes;
Till there—oh God, I still ask why
Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie
Blackening within my arms to ashes!
That brow, a glory but to see—
Those lips, whose touch was what the first

Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel’s thirst!
Those clasp ing arms, within whose round—
My heart’s horizon—the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, even in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,
Loosed not in death the fatal bond,
    But, burning, held me to the last!
All, all, that, but that morn, had seem’d
As if Love’s self there breathed and beam’d,

Now, parch’d and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came;—
I, the curst spirit, whose’caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

’Twas madd’ning!—but now hear even worse—
Had death, death only, been the curse
I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust—and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
’Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—
Too shocking ’tis for earth to hear—
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agonized farewell,
And look’d in mine with—oh, that look!
    Great vengeful Power, what’er the hell
Thou may’st to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—

In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,
So withering!—I feel it now—
’Twas fire—but fire, ev’n more unblest.
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell’s everlastling element!
Deep, deep it pierced into my brain,
Madd’ning and torturing as it went;
And here—mark here, the brand, the stain
It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which all the pomp and pride
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence—
Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, (but for one proud, fond offence,) Had honour’d heaven itself, should be
Now doom’d—I cannot speak it—no,
Mercifull Alla! ’tis not so—
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.
And yet, that look—so deeply fraught
With more than anguish, with despair—
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
In heaven or earth—this scorch I bear!—
Oh—for the first time that these knees Have bent before thee since my fall, Great Power, if ever thy decrees Thou couldst for prayer like mine recall,
Pardon that spirit, and on me, On me, who taught her pride to err, Shed out each drop of agony Thy burning phial keeps for her! See, too, where low beside me kneel Two other outcasts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know The pain, the penitence, the woe
That Passion brings upon the best, The wisest, and the loveliest,— Oh, who is to be saved, if such
Bright, erring souls are not forgiven;
So loth they wander, and so much Their very wand’rings lean towards heaven!
Again, I cry, Just Power, transfer That creature’s sufferings all to me— Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be, To save one minute’s pain to her, Let mine last all eternity!"

He paused, and to the earth bent down
His throbbing head; while they, who felt
That agony as ’twere their own,
Those angel youths, beside him knelt,
And, in the night’s still silence there,
While mournfully each wand’ring air
Play’d in those plumes, that never more
To their lost home in heaven must soar,
Breathed inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy’s ear—
And which if Mercy did not hear,
Oh, God would not be what this bright
And glorious universe of His,
This world of beauty, goodness, light,
And endless love, proclaims He is:

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood That crown’d that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound, As from a lute, that just had found Some happy theme, and murmur’d round The new-born fancy, with fond tone,
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own!
Till soon a voice, that match’d as well That gentle instrument, as suits The sea-air to an ocean-shell (So kin its spirit to the lute’s), Tremblingly follow’d the soft strain, Interpreting its joy, its pain, And lending the light wings of words To many a thought, that else had lain Unfledged and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound—but chief The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier trace;
As if, even yet, through pain and ill, Hope had not fled him—as if still Her precious pearl, in sorrow’s cup, Unmelted at the bottom lay, To shine again, when, all drunk up, The bitterness should pass away. Chiefly did he, though in his eyes There shone more pleasure than surprise, Turn to the wood, from whence that sound Of solitary sweetness broke:
Then, listening, look delighted round To his bright peers, while thus it spoke:

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.
"Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
My angel-lord, come pray with me;
In vain to-night; my lip hath strove
To send one holy prayer above—
The knee may bend, the lip may move,
But pray I cannot, without thee!
I've fed the altar in my bower
With droppings from the incense tree;
I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
But dim it burns the livelong hour,
As if, like me, it had no power
Of life or lustre, without thee!

A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am, without thee!

Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
In life or death, thyself from me;
But when again, in sunny pride,
Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
A prostrate shadow, by thy side—
Oh happier thus than without thee!"

The song had ceased, when, from the wood
Which, sweeping down that airy height,
Reach'd the lone spot whereon they stood—
There suddenly shone out a light,
From a clear lamp, which, as it blazed
Across the brow of one, who raised
Its flame aloft (as if to throw
The light upon that group below),
Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places
Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
'Twas but a moment—the blush, brought
O'er all her features at the thought
Of being seen thus, late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought,
Had scarcely for an instant shone
Through the dark leaves, when she was gone—
Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
"Behold, how beautiful!"—tis fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words "I come,
I come, my Nama," reach'd her ear,
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home,—
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow one,—of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear;
A music, breathing of the past,
The present, and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
Lengthen out life's true harmony!

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
Summon'd away, remain behind;
Nor did there need much time to tell
What they—alas, more fall'n than he,
From happiness and heaven—knew well,
His gentler love's short history!

Thus did it run—not as he told
The tale himself, but as 'tis graved
Upon the tablets that, of old,
By Seth were from the deluge saved,
All written over with sublime
And sadd'ning legends of th' unblest,
But glorious Spirits of that time,
And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
That in th' eternal heavens abide—
Circles of light, that from the same
Unclouded centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side—
Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound,
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffused into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne
Of Alla, as if most his own,
The Seraphs stand—this burning sign
Traced on their banner, "Love Divine!"
Their rank, their honours, far above
Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,
Though knowing all;—so much doth
Love
Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in heaven!
'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he loved steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by even a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay,
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—
There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er th' horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium roll'd away!
Of God she sung, and of the mild,
Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smiled,
Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the way!
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd!
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song,
That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some sea-nymph gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracing that music's melting course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore, a maiden stand,
Before whose feet th' expiring waves
Flung their last offering with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She raised, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd rather given
To be adored than to adore—
Such eyes, as may have look'd from heaven,
But ne'er were raised to it before!

'Twixt these was Zaraph once—and none
E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearn'd towards th' Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire.
Love was to his impass'd soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole—
The very life-breath of his heart!
Oft, when from Alla's lifted brow
A lustre came, too bright to bear
And all the seraph ranks would bow,
To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare
To look upon th' effulgence there—
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
(Such pride he in adoring took),
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
The power of looking, than not look!
Then, too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of Zaraph above all rejoice!
Love was in ev'ry buoyant tone—
Such love, as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone
Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song!

Alas, that it should e'er have been
In heav'n as 'tis too often here,
Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near;—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance unto ill;
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, ev'n the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel—such
The charm, that sloped his fall along,
From good to ill, from loving much,
Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—
Ev'n so that amorous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
From the bright things above the moon
Down to earth's beaming eyes descending,
Till love for the Creator soon
In passion for the creature ended.
Oh Love, Religion, Music—all
That’s left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion’s wing,
When time or grief staid his own!
How near to Love’s beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranced Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They both still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could Zaraph fail to feel
That moment’s witcheries?—one, so fair,
Breathing out music, that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he did feel it, all too well—
With warmth, that far too dearly cost—
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
Before Religion’s altar see
Two hearts in wedlock’s golden tie
Self-pledged, in love to live and die.
Blest union! by that Angel wove,
And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fall’n or exiled from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress’d,
Had, from his station ’mong the blest
Won down by woman’s smile, allow’d
Terrestrial passion to breathe o’er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God’s image, there so bright before—
Yet never did that Power look down
On error with a brow so mild;
Never did Justice wear a frown
Through which so gently Mercy smiled.

For humble was their love—with awe
And trembling like some treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law—
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
And o’er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both—but most
In Nama’s heart, by whom alone
Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,
Seem’d all unvalued and unknown;
And when her Seraph’s eyes she caught,
And hid hers glowing on his breast,
Even bliss was humbled by the thought—
“What claim have I to be so blest?”
Still less could maid, so meek, have nursed
Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst.
With which the sex hath all been cursed,
From luckless Eve to her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the angels: no—
To love as her own Seraph loved,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—
Faith, that, were even its light removed,
Could, like the dial, fix’d remain,
And wait till it shone out again;—
With Patience that, though often bow’d
By the rude storm, can rise anew;
And Hope that, ev’n from Evil’s cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through!
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heaven than all a Cherub’s lore—
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
Of her fond heart—th’ unreasoning scope
Of all its views, above, below—
So true she felt it that to hope,
To trust, is happier than to know.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash’d, but pure before their God;
Nor e’er did earth behold a sight
So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar’s holy light
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last!—
Two fallen Splendors, from that tree,
Which buds with such eternally,
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,
However sweet, must bear its brand,) Their only doom was this—that, long
As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here—the same,
Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
Still looking to that goal sublime,
Whose light remote, but sure, they see;
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity!

Subject, the while, to all the strife
True Love encounters in this life—
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;
The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapour, ere they rise;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies:—
Still worse, th' illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him, on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas!—
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the loved face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again!—
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chymic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far!

Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants—
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,
As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot—
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills—
Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above—
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to 'th' other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
'Tis Zaraph and his bride we see;
And call young lovers round, to view
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
Their pathway towards eternity.
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

FIRST EVENING.

"The sky is bright—the breeze is fair,
And the mainsail flowing, full and free—
Our farewell word is woman's pray'r,
And the hope before us—Liberty!
Farewell, farewell.
To Greece we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young Zian Maids!
The moon is in the heavens above,
And the wind is on the foaming sea—
Thus shines the star of woman's love
On the glorious strife of Liberty!
Farewell, farewell.
To Greece we give our shining blades,
And our hearts to you, young Zian Maids!"

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way—
Oh, speed their way,—the chosen flow'r
Of Zia's youth, the hope and stay
Of parents in their wintry hour,
The love of maidens, and the pride
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died—
All, all are in that precious bark,
Which now, alas! no more is seen—
Though every eye still turns to mark
The moonlight spot where it had been.

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,
And mothers, your beloved are gone!—
Now may you quench those signal fires,
Whose light they long look'd back upon
From their dark deck—watching the flame
As fast it faded from their view,
With thoughts, that, but for manly shame,
Had made them droop and weep like you.
Home to your chambers! home, and pray
For the bright coming of that day,
When, bless'd by Heaven, the Cross shall sweep
The Crescent from the Ægean deep,
And your brave warriors, hast'ning back,
Will bring such glories in their track,
As shall, for many an age to come,
Shed light around their name and home!

There is a Fount on Zia's isle,
Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,
On which the sun of Greece looks down,
Pleased as a lover on the crown
His mistress for her brow hath twined,
When he beholds each flow'ret there,
Himself had wish'd her most to wear;
Here bloom'd the laurel-rose, whose
wreath
Hangs radiant round the Cypriot
shrines,
And here those bramble-flowers, that breathe
Their odour into Zante's wines:—
The splendid woodbine, that, at eve,
To grace their floral diadems,
The lovely maids of Patmos weave:—
And that fair plant, whose tangled
stems
Shine like a Nereid's hair, when spread,
Dishevell'd, o'er her azure bed;—
All these bright children of the clime,
(Each at its own most genial time,
The summer, or the year's sweet prime,) Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn
The Valley, where that Fount is born;
While round, to grace its cradle green,
Groups of Velani oaks are seen,
Tow'ring on every verdant height—
Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,
Like Genii, set to watch the birth
Of some enchanted child of earth—
Fair oaks, that over Zia's vales,
Stand with their leafy pride unfurl'd;
While Commerce, from her thousand
sails,
Scatters their fruit throughout the world!

'Twas here—as soon as prayer and sleep
(Those truest friends to all who weep)
Had lighten'd every heart, and made
Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade—
Among these maidens there was one,  
Who to Leucadia late had been—  
Had stood, beneath the evening sun,  
On its white tow'ring cliffs, and seen  
The very spot where Sappho sung  
Her swan-like music, ere she sprung  
(Still holding, in that fearful leap,  
By her loved lyre,) into the deep,  
And dying quench'd the fatal fire,  
At once, of both her heart and lyre.  

Mutely they listen'd all—and well  
Did the young travell'd maiden tell  
Of the dread height to which that steep  
Beetles above the eddying deep—  
Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round  
The dizzy edge with mournful sound—  
And of those scented lilies found  
Still blooming on that fearful place—  
As if call'd up by Love, to grace  
Th' immortal spot, o'er which the last  
Bright footsteps of his martyr pass'd!  

While fresh to ev'ry listener's thought  
These legends of Leucadia brought  
All that of Sappho's hapless flame  
Is kept alive, still watch'd by Fame—  
The maiden, tuning her soft lute,  
While all the rest stood round her, mute,  
Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,  
That o'er the tender Lesbian stole;  
And, in a voice whose thrilling tone  
Fancy might deem the Lesbian's own,  
One of those fervid fragments gave,  
Which still,—like sparkles of Greek  
Fire,  
Undying, ev'n beneath the wave,—  
Barn on through Time, and ne'er ex- 
pire!

—O—

SONG.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid  
In love-sick languor hung her head,  
Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,  
She weeping turn'd away, and said,  
"Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—  
I cannot weave, as once I wove—  
So wilder'd is my heart and brain  
With thinking of that youth I love!"

Again the web she tried to trace,  
But tears fell o'er each tangled thread;  
While, looking in her Mother's face,  
Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said,

"Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—  
I cannot weave, as once I wove—  
So wilder'd is my heart and brain  
With thinking of that youth I love!"

A silence follow'd this sweet air,  
As each in tender musing stood,  
Thinking, with lips that moved in pray'r,  
Of Sappho and that fearful flood:  
While some, who ne'er till now had  
known  
How much their hearts resembled hers,  
Felt, as they made her griefs their own,  
That they, too, were Love's worshippers.

At length a murmur, all but mute,  
So faint it was, came from the lute  
Of a young melancholy maid,  
Whose fingers, all uncertain play'd  
From chord to chord, as if in chase  
Of some lost melody, some strain  
Of other times, whose faded trace  
She sought among those chords again.  
Slowly the half-forgotten theme  
(Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)  
Came to her memory—as a beam  
Falls broken o'er some shaded spot;—  
And while her lute's sad symphony  
Fill'd up each sighing pause between;  
And Love himself might weep to see  
What ruin comes where he hath been—  
As wither'd still the grass is found  
Where fays have danced their merry round—  
Thus simply to the list'ning throng  
She breathed her melancholy song:—

—O—

SONG.

weeping for thee, my love, through the  
long day,  
Lonely and wearily life wears away.  
Weeping for thee, my love, through the  
long night—  
No rest in darkness, no joy in light!  
Nought left but Memory, whose dreary  
tread  
Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where  
all lies dead—  
Waking the echoes of joy long fled!
Of many a stanza, this alone
Had 'scape'd oblivion—like the one
Stray fragment of a wreck, which, thrown,
With the lost vessel's name, ashore,
Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
Can touch it with peculiar power—
As when the air is warm, the scent
Of the most wild and rustic flower
Can fill the whole rich element—
And, in such moods, the homeliest tone
That's link'd with feelings, once our own—
With friends or joys gone by—will be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!

But some there were, among the group
Of damsels there, too light of heart
To let their spirits longer droop,
Ev'n under music's melting art;
And one upspringing, with a bound,
From a low bank of flowers, look'd round
With eyes that, though so full of light,
Had still a trembling tear within;
And, while her fingers, in swift flight,
Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,
Thus sung the song her lover late
Had sung to her—the eye before
That joyous night, when, as of yore,
All Zia met, to celebrate
The Feast of May, on the sea-shore.

—O—

SONG.

WHEN the Balika
Is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the Romaika
By moonlight with thee.
If waves then, advancing,
Should steal on our play,
Thy white feet, in dancing,
Shall chase them away.

When the Balika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'll dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

Then, at the closing
Of each merry lay,
How sweet 'tis, reposing,
Beneath the night ray!

Or if, declining,
The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how fealty
The dance we'll renew,
Treading so fleetly
Its light mazes through:
Till stars, looking o'er us
From heaven's high bow'rs,
Would change their bright chorus
For one dance of ours!

When the Balika
Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'll dance the Romaika,
My own love, with me.

How changingly for ever veers
The heart of youth, 'twixt smiles and tears!
Ev'n as in April, the light vane
Now points to sunshine, now to rain.
Instant this lively lays dispell'd
The shadow from each blooming brow,
And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held
Full empire o'er each fancy now.
But say—what shall the measure be?
"Shall we the old Romaika tread
(Some eager ask'd), "as anciently
'Twas by the maids of Delos led,
When, slow at first, then circling fast,
As the gay spirits rose—at last,
With hand in hand, like links, enlock'd,
Through the light air they seem'd to flit
In labyrinthine maze, that mock'd
The dazzled eye that follow'd it?"

Some call'd aloud, "The Fountain Dance!"

While one young, dark-eyed Amazon,
Whose step was air-like, and whose glance
Flash'd like a sabre in the sun,
Sportively said, "Shame on these soft
And languid strains we hear so oft.
Daughters of Freedom! have not we
Learn'd from our lovers and our sires
The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free—
That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,
But sword and shield clash on the ear— 
A music tyrants quake to hear? 
Heroines of Zia, arm with me, 
And dance the Dance of Victory!"

Thus saying, she, with playful grace, 
Loosed the wide hat, that o'er her face 
(From Anatolia came the maid) 
Hung, shadowing each sunny charm;

And, with a fair young armourer's aid, 
Fixing it on her rounded arm, 
A mimic shield with pride display'd; 
Then, springing tow'rds a grove that spread 
Its canopy of foliage near, 
Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said, 
"To arms, to arms!" while o'er her head 
She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all 
Obey'd their Chief's heroic call;— 
Round the shield-arm of each was tied 
Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be;

The grove, their verdant armoury, 
Falchion and lance alike supplied; 
And as their glossy locks, let free, 
Fell down their shoulders carelessly, 
You might have dream'd you saw a throng 
Of youthful Thyads, by the beam 
Of a May moon, bounding along 
Peneus' silver-eddied stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured tread, 
Martially, o'er the shining field; 
Now, to the mimic combat led 
(A heroine at each squadron's head), 
Struck lance to lance and sword to shield; 
While still, through every varying feat, 
Their voices, heard in contrast sweet 
With some, of deep but soften'd sound, 
From lips of aged sires around, 
Who smiling watch'd their children's play—

Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay:

---o---

SONG.

"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here — now there — retreat — advance!"

Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy
Danced in those happy days, when Greece was free;
When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,
Thus train'd their steps to war and victory.

"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here — now there — retreat — advance!"

Such was the Spartan warriors' dance.

"Grasp the falchion—gird the shield—
Attack—defend—do all, but yield."

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,
Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the sea
That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light
They nobly died for thee and liberty!

"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
Now here — now there — retreat — advance!"

Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

Scarce had they closed this martial lay
When, flinging their light spears away,
The combatants, in broken ranks,
All breathless from the war-field fly;
And down, upon the velvet banks
And flow'ry slopes, exhausted lie,
Like rosy huntresses of Thrace,
Resting at sunset from the chase.

"Fond girls!" an aged Zian said—
One who, himself, had fought and bled,
And now, with feelings, half delight,
Half sadness, watch'd their mimic fight—
"Fond maids! who thus with War can jest—
Like Love, in Mars's helmet drest,
When, in his childish innocence,
Pleased with the shade that helmet flings,
He thinks not of the blood, that thence
Is dropping o'er his snowy wings.
Ay—true it is, young patriot maids,
If Honour's arm still won the fray,
If luck but shone on righteous blades,
War were a game for gods to play!
But, no, alas!—hear one, who well
Hath track’d the fortunes of the brave—
Hear me, in mournful ditty, tell
What glory waits the patriot’s grave:

—o—

SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquish’d Chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the Free;
And, there, the last unfinished word
He dying wrote was “Liberty!”

At night the sea-bird shriek’d the knell
Of him who thus for Freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were cover’d by the sounding sea;—
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for Liberty!

That tribute of subdued applause
A charm’d, but timid, audience pays,
That murmur, which a minstrel draws
From hearts, that feel, but fear to praise,
Follow’d this song, and left a pause
Of silence after it, that hung
Like a fix’d spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound
Was heard from ’midst a group, that round
A bashful maiden stood, to hide
Her blushes, while the lute she tried—
Like roses, gath’ring round to veil
The song of some young nightingale,
Whose trembling notes steal out between
The cluster’d leaves, herself unseen.
And, while that voice, in tones that more
Through feeling than through weakness err’d,
Came, with a stronger sweetness, o’er
Th’ attentive ear, this strain was heard:

—o—

SONG.

I saw, from yonder silent cave,
Two Fountains running, side by side,
The one was Mem’ry’s limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion’s tide.
“O’er Love!” said I, in thoughtless dream,
As o’er my lips the Lethe pass’d,
Here in this dark and chilly stream
Be all my pains forgot at last.”

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Mem’ry’s fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, “Oh Love! whate’er my lot,
Still let this soul to thee be true—
Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remember’d too!”

The group that stood around, to shade
The blushes of that bashful maid,
Had, by degrees, as came the lay
More strongly forth, retired away,
Like a fair shell, whose valves divide,
To show the fairer pearl inside;
For such she was—a creature, bright
And delicate as those day-flow’rs,
Which, while they last, make up, in light
And sweetness, what they want in hours.

So rich upon the ear had grown
Her voice’s melody—its tone
Gath’ring new courage, as it found
An echo in each bosom round—
That, ere the nymph, with downcast eye
Still on the chords, her lute lay by,
“Another Song,” all lips exclam’d,
And each some matchless fav’rite named;
While blushing, as her fingers ran
O’er the sweet chords, she thus began:

—o—

SONG.

Oh, Memory, how coldly
Thou paintest joy gone by:
Like rainbows, thy pictures
But mournfully shine and die.
Or, if some tints thou keepest,  
That former days recall,  
As o'er each line thou weepest,  
Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly  
Thou paintest grief that’s past;  
Joy’s colours are fleeting,  
But those of Sorrow last.
And while thou bring’st before us  
Dark pictures of past ill,  
Life’s evening, closing o’er us,  
But makes them darker still.

So went the moonlight hours along,  
In this sweet glade; and so, with song  
And witching sounds—not such as they,  
The cymbalists of Ossa, play’d,  
To chase the moon’s eclipse away,  
But soft and holy—did each maid  
Lighten her heart’s eclipse awhile,  
And win back Sorrow to a smile.

Not far from this secluded place,  
On the sea-shore a ruin stood;—  
A relic of th’ extinguish’d race,  
Who once look’d o’er that foamy flood,  
When fair Ioulis, by the light  
Of golden sunset, on the sight  
Of mariners who sail’d that sea,  
Rose, like a city of chrysolite,  
Call’d from the wave by witchery.

This ruin—now by bar’rous hands  
Debased into a motley shed,  
Where the once splendid column stands  
Inverted on its leafy head—  
Form’d, as they tell, in times of old,  
The dwelling of that bard, whose lay  
Could melt to tears the stern and cold,  
And sadden, ’mid their mirth, the gay—
Simonides, whose fame, through years  
And ages past, still bright appears—  
Like Hesperus, a star of tears!
'Twas hither now—to catch a view  
Of the white waters, as they play’d  
Silently in the light—a few  
Of the more restless damsels stray’d;  
And some would linger ’mid the scent  
Of hanging foliage, that perfumed  
The ruin’d walls; while others went,  
Culling whatever flow’ret bloom’d

In the lone leafy space between,  
Where gilded chambers once had been;  
Or, turning sadly to the sea,  
Sent o’er the wave a sigh unblest  
To some brave champion of the Free—  
Thinking, alas, how cold might be,  
At that still hour, his place of rest!
Meanwhile there came a sound of song  
From the dark ruins—a faint strain,  
As if some echo, that among  
Those minstrel halls had slumber’d long,  
Were murm’ring into life again.
But, no—the nymphs knew well the tone—  
A maiden of their train, who loved,  
Like the night-bird, to sing alone,  
Had deep into those ruins roved,  
And there, all other thoughts forgot,  
Was warbling o’er, in lone delight,  
A lay that, on that very spot,  
Her lover sung one moonlight night:

---

**SONG.**

**Ah!** where are they, who, heard, in former hours,  
The voice of Song in these neglected bow’rs?  
*They* are gone—all gone!  
The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,  
That all, who heard him, wish’d his pain their own—  
He is gone—he is gone!  
And, she, who, while he sung, sat list’n-ing by,  
And thought, to strains like these ’twere sweet to die—  
She is gone—she too is gone!
'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will say  
Of her who hears, and him who sings, this lay—  
They are gone—they both are gone!

The moon was now, from heaven’s steep,  
Bending to dip her silv’ry urn  
Into the bright and silent deep—  
And the young nymphs, on their return
From those romantic ruins, found
Their other playmates, ranged around
The sacred Spring, prepared to tune
Their parting hymn, ere sunk the moon,
To that fair Fountain, by whose stream
Their hearts had form'd so many a dream.

Who has not read the tales, that tell
Of old Eleusis' sacred Well,
Or heard what legend-songs recount
Of Syra, and its holy Fount,
Gushing, at once, from the hard rock
Into the laps of living flowers—
Where village maidens loved to flock,
On summer-nights, and, like the hours,
Link'd in harmonious dance and song,
Charm'd the unconscious night along;
While holy pilgrims, on their way
To Delos' isle, stood looking on,
Enchanted with a scene so gay,
Nor sought their boats till morning shone?

Such was the scene this lovely glade
And its fair inmates now display'd,
As round the Fount, in linked ring,
They went, in cadence slow and light,
And thus to that enchanted Spring
Warbled their Farewell for the night:

SECON D EVENING.

SONG.

Here, while the moonlight dim
Falls on that mossy brim,
Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
Maidens of Zia!
Nothing but Music's strain,
When Lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maids of Zia!

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood, with their locks of gold,
Fountain of Zia!
Not even Castaly,
Famed though its streamlet be,
Murmurs or shines like thee,
Oh, Fount of Zia!

Thou, while our hymn we sing,
Thy silver voice shall bring,
Answering, answering,
Sweet Fount of Zia!
For, of all rills that run,
Sparkling by moon or sun,
Thou art the fairest one,
Bright Fount of Zia!

Now, by those stars that glance
Over heaven's still expanse,
Weave we our mirthful dance,
Daughters of Zia!
Such as, in former days,
Danced they, by Dian's rays,
Where the Eurotas strays,
Oh, Maids of Zia!

But, when to merry feet
Hearts with no echo beat,
Say, can the dance be sweet?
Maidens of Zia!
No, nought but Music's strain,
When Lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maids of Zia!

When evening shades are falling
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,
Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover,
Where all was strife before.
Oh thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away:
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!
On Helle's sea the light grew dim,  
As the last sounds of that sweet hymn  
Floated along its azure tide—  
Floated in light, as if the lay  
Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,  
And light and song together died,  
So soft through evening's air had breathed  
That choir of youthful voices, wreathed  
In many-linked harmony,  
That boats, then hurrying o'er the sea,  
Paused, when they reach'd this fairy shore,  
And linger'd till the strain was o'er.

Of those young maids who've met to fleet  
In song and dance this evening's hours,  
Far happier now the bosoms beat,  
Than when they last adorn'd these bowers;  
For tidings of glad sound had come,  
At break of day, from the far isles—  
Tidings like breath of life to some—  
That Zia's sons would soon wing home,  
Crown'd with the light of Vict'ry's smiles,  
To meet that brightest of all meeds  
That wait on high, heroic deeds,  
When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,  
Could trace the warrior's parting track,  
Shall, like a misty morn that clear's,  
When the long-absent sun appears,  
Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.

How fickle still the youthful breast!—  
More fond of change than a young moon,  
No joy so new was e'er possess'd  
But Youth would leave for newer soon.  
These Zian nymphs, though bright the spot,  
Where first they held their evening play,  
As ever fell to fairy's lot  
To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,  
Had now exchanged that shelter'd scene  
For a wide glade beside the sea—  
A lawn, whose soft expanse of green  
Turn'd to the west sun smilingly,  
As though, in conscious beauty bright,  
It joy'd to give him light for light. 

And ne'er did evening more serene  
Look down from heav'n on lovelier scene.

Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,  
O'er the blue shining element,  
Light barks, as if with fairy feet  
That stirr'd not the hush'd waters, went;  
Some that, ere rosy eve fell o'er  
The blushing wave, with mainsail free,  
Had put forth from the Attic shore,  
Or the near Isle of Ebony;—  
Some, Hydriot barks, that deep in caves  
Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,  
Had all day lurk'd, and o'er the waves  
Now shot their long and dart-like skiffs.  
Woe to the craft, however fleet,  
These sea-hawks in their course shall meet,  
Laden with juice of Lesbian vines,  
Or rich from Naxos' emery mines;  
For not more sure, when owlets flee  
O'er the dark crags of Pendeele,  
Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,  
Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

And what a moon now lights the glade  
Where these young island nymphs are met!  
Full-orb'd, yet pure, as if no shade  
Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet;  
And freshly bright, as if just made  
By Love's own hands, of new-born light  
Stol'n from his mother's star to-night.

On a bold rock, that o'er the flood  
Jutted from that soft glade, there stood  
A Chapel, fronting tow'rds the sea,—  
Built in some by-gone century,—  
Where, nightly, as the seaman's mark,  
When waves rose high or clouds were dark,  
A lamp, bequeath'd by some kind Saint,  
Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,  
Waking in way-worn men a sigh  
And pray'r to Heav'n, as they went by.

'Twas there, around that rock-built shrine,  
A group of maidens and their sires  
Had stood to watch the day's decline,  
And, as the light fell o'er their lyres,  
Sung to the Queen-Star of the Sea  
That soft and holy melody.

But lighter thoughts and lighter song  
Now woo the coming hours along:
For, mark, where smooth the herbage lies,
Yon gay pavilion, curtain'd deep
With silken folds, through which bright eyes,
From time to time, are seen to peep;
While twinkling lights, that, to and fro,
Beneath those veils, like meteors, go,
Tell of some spells at work, and keep
Young fancies chain'd in mute suspense,
Watching what next may shine from thence.
Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen
That mystic curtain backward drew,
And all, that late but shone between,
In half-caught gleams, now burst to view.
A picture 'twas of the early days
Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays
Of rich, immortal Mind were hers
That made mankind her worshippers;
While, yet unsung, her landscape shone
With glory lent by Heaven alone;
Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,
Nor Muse immortalized her rolls;
Nor aught but the mute poesy
Of sun, and stars, and shining sea
Illumed that land of bards to be.
While, prescient of the gifted race
That yet would realm so blest adorn,
Nature took pains to deck the place
Where glorious Art was to be born.

Such was the scene that mimic stage
Of Athens and her hills portrayed;
Athens, in her first, youthful age,
Ere yet the simple violet braid,
Which then adorn'd her, had shone down
The glory of earth's loftiest crown.
While yet undream'd, her seeds of Art
Lay sleeping in the marble mine—
Sleeping till Genius made them start
To all but life, in shapes divine;
Till deified the quarry shone,
And all Olympus stood in stone!

There, in the foreground of that scene,
On a soft bank of living green,
Sat a young nymph, with her lap full
Of newly-gather'd flowers, o'er which
She graceful lean'd, intent to cull
All that was there of hue most rich,
To form a wreath, such as the eye
Of her young lover, who stood by,
With pallet mingled fresh, might choose
To fix by Painting's rainbow hues.

The wreath was form'd; the maiden raised
Her speaking eyes to his, while he—
Oh not upon the flowers now gazed,
But on that bright look's witchery.
While, quick as if ' but then the thought,
Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught
His pencil up, and, warm and true
As life itself, that love-look drew:
And, as his raptured task went on,
And forth each kindling feature shone,
Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,
From lips as moonlight fresh and pure,
Thus hail'd the bright dream passing there,
And sung the Birth of Portraiture.

—0—

SONG.

As once a Grecian maiden wove
Her garland 'mid the summer bow'rs,
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
To watch her while she wretched the flow'rs.
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
Nor knew what magic hues the heart
Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright-below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
And sketch'd the rays that light the brook;
But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look?
"Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,
This, this," he cried, "is all my pray'r,
To paint that living light I see,
And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breathed, was heard;
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
From lifeless flow'rs to woman's form.
Still as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
Where only colours glow'd before.
Then first carnations learn’d to speak,
And lilies into life were brought;
While, mantling on the maiden’s cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
Upon the locks of Beauty threw;
And violets, transform’d to eyes,
Inshrined a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.
Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that’s fair and bright below.
Song was cold and Painting dim
Till Song and Painting learn’d from him.

Soon as the scene had closed, a cheer
Of gentle voices, old and young,
Rose from the groups that stood to hear
This tale of yore so aptly sung;
And while some nymphs, in haste to tell
The workers of that fairy spell
How crown’d with praise their task had been,
Stole in behind the curtain’d scene,
The rest, in happy converse stray’d—
Talking that ancient love-tale o’er—
Some, to the groves that skirt the glade,
Some, to the chapel by the shore,
To look what lights were on the sea,
And think of th’ absent silently.

But soon that summons, known so well
Through bow’r and hall, in Eastern lands,
Whose sound, more sure than gong or bell,
Lovers and slaves alike commands,—
The clapping of young female hands,
Calls back the groups from rock and field
To see some new-form’d scene reveal’d;—
And fleet and eager, down the slopes
Of the green glade, like antelopes,
When, in their thirst, they hear the sound
Of distant rills, the light nymphs bound.

Far different now the scene—a waste
Of Libyan sands, by moonlight’s ray;
An ancient well, whereon were traced
The warning words, for such as stray
Unarmed there, “Drink and away!”
While, near it, from the night-ray screen’d,
And like his bells, in hush’d repose,
A camel slept—young as if wean’d
When last the star, Canopus, rose.

Such was the back-ground’s silent scene;—
While nearer lay, fast slumb’ring too,
In a rude tent, with brow serene,
A youth whose cheeks of way-worn hue
And pilgrim-bonnet, told the tale
That he had been to Mecca’s Vale:
Haply in pleasant dreams, ev’n now
Thinking the long-wish’d hour is come
When, o’er the well-known porch at home,
His hand shall hang the aloe bough—
Trophy of his accomplish’d vow.
But brief his dream—for now the call
Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,
“Bind on your burdens,” wakes up all
The widely slumb’ring caravan;
And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear
Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,
The song of one who, ling’ring near,
Had watch’d his slumber, cheerly breaks.

—o—

SONG.
Up and march ! the timbrel’s sound
Wakes the slumb’ring camp around;
Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
Armèd sleeper, up, and on !
Long and weary is our way
O’er the burning sands to-day;
But to pilgrim’s homeward feet
Ev’n the desert’s path is sweet.

When we lie at dead of night,
Looking up to heaven’s light,
Hearing but the watchman’s tone
Faintly chaunting “God is one,”
Oh what thoughts then o’er us come
Of our distant village home,
Where that chaunt, when ev’ning sets,
Sounds from all the minarets.

Cheer thee !—soon shall signal lights,
Kindling o’er the Red Sea heights,
Kindling quick from man to man,
Hail our coming caravan:
Think what bliss that hour will be!
Looks of home again to see,
And our names again to hear
Murmur’d out by voices dear.
So pass'd the desert dream away,
Fleeting as his who heard this lay.  
Nor long the pause between, nor moved 
The spell-bound audience from that 
spot? 
While still, as usual, Fancy roved 
On to the joy that yet was not;— 
Fancy, who hath no present home, 
But builds her bower in scenes to come, 
Walking for ever in a light 
That flows from regions out of sight. 

But see, by gradual dawn descried, 
A mountain realm—rugged as e'er 
Upraised to heav'n its summits bare, 
Or told to earth, with frown of pride, 
That Freedom's falcon nest was there, 
Too high for hand of lord or king 
To hood her brow, or chain her wing. 

'Tis Maina's land—her ancient hills, 
The abode of nymphs—her countless 
rills 
And torrents, in their downward dash, 
Shining, like silver, through the shade 
Of the sea-pine and flow'ring ash— 
All with a truth so fresh portray'd 
As wants but touch of life to be 
A world of warm reality. 

And now, light bounding forth, a band 
Of mountaineers, all smiles, ad-

Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand, 
Link'd in the Ariadne dance; 
And while, apart from that gay throng, 
A minstrel youth, in varied song, 
Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills 
Of these wild children of the hills, 
The rest by turns, or fierce or gay, 
As war or sport inspires the lay, 
Follow each change that wakes the 
strings, 
And act what thus the lyrist sings. 

No life is like the mountaineer's, 
His home is near the sky, 
Where, throned above this world, he 
hears 
Its strife at distance die. 
Or, should the sound of hostile drum 
Proclaim below, "We come—we come," 
Each crag that tow'r's in air 
Gives answer, "Come who dare!" 

While, like bees, from dell and dingle, 
Swift the swarming warriors mingle, 
And their cry "Hurra!" will be, 
"Hurra, to victory!" 

Then, when battle's hour is over, 
See the happy mountain lover, 
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride, 
Seated blushing by his side,— 
Every shadow of his lot 
In her sunny smile forgot. 
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's, 
His home is near the sky, 
Where, throned above this world, he hears 
Its strife at distance die. 

Nor only thus through summer suns 
His blithe existence cheerily runs— 
Ev'n winter, bleak and dim, 
Brings joyous hours to him; 
When, his rifle behind him flinging, 
He watches the roe-buck springing, 
And away, o'er the hills away 
Re-echoes his glad "Hurra." 
Then how blest, when night is closing, 
By the kindled existence of the hearth repos'd, 
To his rebeck's drowsy song, 
He beguiles the hour along; 
Or, provoked by merry glances, 
To a brisker movement dances, 
Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain, 
He dreams o'er chase and dance again, 
Dreams, dreams them o'er again. 

As slow that minstrel, at the close, 
Sunk, while he sung, to feign'd repose, 
Aplyd did they, whose mimic art 
Follow'd the changes of his lay, 
Portray the lull, the nod, the start, 
Through which, as faintly died away 
His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd, 
Till voice and lute lay hush'd at last. 
But now far other song came o'er 
Their startled ears—song that, at first, 
As solemnly the night-wind bore 
Across the wave its mornful burst, 
Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge 
Of some lone Spirit of the Sea, 
Singing o'er Helle's ancient surge 
The requiem of her Brave and Free. 

Sudden, amid their pastime, pause 
The wond'ring nymphs; and, as the 
sound 
Of that strange music nearer draws, 
With mute inquiring eye look round,
Asking each other what can be
The source of this sad minstrelsy?
Nor longer can they doubt, the song
Comes from some island-bark, which now
Courses the bright waves swift along,
And soon, perhaps, beneath the brow
Of the Saint's Rock will shoot its prow.

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd
'Twixt fear's and fancy's influence,
Flew to the rock, and saw from thence
A red-sail'd pinnace tow'rd's them glide,
Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,
Scatter'd the moonlight's smiles away.
Soon as the mariners saw that throng
From the cliff gazing, young and old,
Sudden they slack'd their sail and song,
And, while their pinnacle idly roll'd
On the light surge, these tidings told:

'Twas from an isle of mournful name,
From Missolonghi, last they came—
Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing yet
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame
That e'er in life's young glory set!—
And now were on their mournful way,
Wafting the news through Helle's isles;
News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's ray,
And sadden Vict'ry 'mid her smiles.

Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,
Out spread the galliot's wings again;
And, as she sped her swift career,
Again that Hymn rose on the ear—
"Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!"
As oft 'twas sung, in ages flown,
Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed
A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own.

---O---

SONG.

THOU art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,
Still lights this world below.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread!
And flow'r's ethereal blow,
Thy god-like Spirit now is led,
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,
Forgets all taste of woe.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread
Which struck the immortal blow,
Throughout all time, with leaves unshed—
The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread—
Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
Though quench'd the vital glow,
Their mem'ry lights a flame, instead,
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wed,
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
Or Helle's waters flow.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

'Mong those who linger'd list'ning there,—
List'ning, with ear and eye, as long
As breath of night could tow'rd's them bear
A murmur of that mournful song,—
A few there were, in whom the lay
Had call'd up feelings far too sad
To pass with the brief strain away,
Or turn at once to theme more glad;
And who, in mood untuned to meet
The light laugh of the happier train,
Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat
Where they might rest, in converse sweet,
Till vanish'd smiles should come again.

And seldom e'er hath noon of night
To sadness lent more soothing light.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye

---O---
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,  
'Mong tiny stars that round her 
gleam'd,  
The young moon, like the Roman mother  
Among her living "jewels," beam'd.  

Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,  
A pensive maid—one who, though young,  
Had known what 'twas to see unwound  
The ties by which her heart had clung—  
Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound,  
And to its faint accords thus sung:—

---

SONG.

CALM as, beneath its mother's eyes,  
In sleep the smiling infant lies,  
So, watch'd by all the stars of night,  
Yon landscape sleeps in light.  
And while the night-breeze dies away,  
Like relics of some faded strain,  
Loved voices, lost for many a day,  
Seem whisp'ring round again.  
Oh youth! oh Love! ye dreams, that shed  
Such glory once—where are ye fled?  

Pure ray of light that, down the sky  
Art pointing, like an angel's wand,  
As if to guide to realms that lie  
In that bright sea beyond:  
Who knows but, in some brighter deep  
Than ev'n that tranquil, moon-lit main,  
Some land may lie, where those who weep  
Shall wake to smile again!

With cheeks that had regain'd their power  
And play of smiles,—and each bright eye,  
Like violets after morning's shower,  
The brighter for the tears gone by,  
Back to the scene such smiles should grace  
These wand'ring nymphs their path retrace,  
And reach the spot, with rapture new,  
Just as the veils asunder flew,  
And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,  
The blue-eyed Queen of Wisdom stood;—  
Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,  
With brow unveil'd, divine, severe;  
But soften'd, as on bards she beams,  
When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,  
A music, not her own, she brings,  
And, through the veil which Fancy flings  
O'er her stern features, gently sings.  

But who is he—that urchin nigh,  
With quiver on the rose-trees hung,  
Who seems just dropp'd from yonder sky,  
And stands to watch that maid, with eye  
So full of thought, for one so young?—  
That child—but, silence! lend thine ear,  
And thus in song the tale thou'lt hear:—

---

SONG.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,  
Who should he see, at that soft hour,  
But young Minerva, gravely playing  
Her flute within an olive bow'r.  
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion  
That, grave or merry, good or ill,  
The sex all bow to his dominion,  
As woman will be woman still.  

Though seldom yet the boy hath giv'n  
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,  
So handsome Pallas look'd, that ev'n,  
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.  
Besides, a youth of his discerning  
Knew well that, by a shady rill,  
At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,  
A woman will be woman still.  

Her flute he praised in terms extatic,—  
Wishing it dumb, nor cared how soon;—  
For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,  
To Love seem always out of tune.  
But long as he found face to flatter,  
The nymph found breath to shake and trill;  
As, weak or wise—it doesn't matter—  
Woman, at heart, is woman still.  

Love changed his plan, with warmth explaining,  
"How rosy was her lip's soft dye!"  
And much that flute, the flatt'rer, blaming,  
For twisting lips so sweet awry.
The nymph look'd down, beheld her features
Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.

Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the Goddess took,
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodic,
Flung it into the glassy brook;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
'Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating,
"Woman, alas, vain woman still!"

An interval of dark repose—
Such as the summer lightning knows,
'Twixt flash and flash, as still more bright
The quick revelation comes and goes,
Op'ning each time the veils of night,
To show, within, a world of light—
Such pause, so brief, now pass'd between
This last gay vision and the scene,
Which now its depth of light disclosed.
A bow'r it seem'd, an Indian bow'r,
Within whose shade a nymph repos'd,
Sleeping away noon's sunny hour—
Lovely as she, the Sprite, who weaves
Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves,
And there, as Indian legends say,
Dreams the long summer hours away.
And mark, how charm'd this sleeper seems
With some hid fancy—she, too, dreams!
Oh for a wizard's art to tell
The wonders that now bless her sight!
'Tis done—a truer, holier spell
Than e'er from wizard's lip yet fell
Thus brings her vision all to light:

---

SONG.

"Who comes so gracefully
Gliding along,
While the blue rivulet
Sleeps to her song;
Song, richly vying
With the faint sighing
Which swans, in dying,
Sweetly prolong?"

So sung the shepherd-joy
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat
Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing
That Syren, singing
To the hush'd tide.

"Stay," said the shepherd-boy,
"Fairy-boat, stay,
Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
Linger, a day."
But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,
Song and boat, speeding,
Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
Joy and hope shone;
So, while we gazed on them,
Fast they flew on;—
Like flow'rs, declining
Ev'n in the twining,
One moment shining,
And, the next, gone!

Soon as the imagined dream went by,
Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye
Turn'd to the clouds, as though some boon
She waited from that sun-bright dome,
And marvell'd that it came not soon
As her young thoughts would have it come.

But joy is in her glance!—the wing
Of a white bird is seen above;
And oh, if round his neck he bring
The long-wish'd tidings from her love,
Not half so precious in her eyes
Ev'n that high-omen'd bird would be,
Who dooms the brow o'er which he flies
To wear a crown of Royalty.

She had, herself, last evening, sent
A winged messenger, whose flight
Through the clear, roseate element,
She watch'd till, less'ning out of sight.
Far to the golden West it went,
Wafting to him, her distant love,
A missive in that language wrought
Which flow'rs can speak, when aptly wove,
Each hue a word, each leaf a thought!
And now—oh speed of pinion, known
To Love's light messengers alone!—
Ere yet another ev'ning takes
Its farewell of the golden lakes,
She sees another envoy fly,
With the wish'd answer, through the sky.

—o—

SONG.

WELCOME, sweet bird, through the
sunny air winging,
Swift hast thou come o'er the far-
shining sea,
Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck
bringing
Love's written vows from my lover tome.
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I
number!—
Saying oft, "Idle bird, how could he
rest?"
But thou art come at last, take now thy
slumber,
And lull thee in dreams of all thou
lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop—even now while I
utter
Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies
away;
Cheer thee, my bird—were it life's ebb-
ing flutter,
This fondling bosom should woo it to
stay.
But no—thou'rt dying—thy last task is
over—
Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and
to me!
The smiles thou hast waken'd by news
from my lover,
Will now all be turn'd into weeping
for thee.

While so this scene of song, the last
That was to charm their fancies, pass'd,
A few presiding nymphs, whose care
Watch'd over all, invisibly,
As do those guardian sprites of air,
Whose watch we feel, but cannot see,
Had from the circle (scarcely miss'd,
Ere they were sparkling there again)
Glided, like fairies, to assist
Their handmaids on the moonlight
plain,

Where, hid by intercepting shade
From the stray glance of curious eyes,
A feast of fruits and wines was laid—
Soon to shine out, a glad surprise!

And now the moon, her ark of light
Steering through heav'n, as though
she bore
In safety through that deep of night,
Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,
To some remote immortal shore,
Had half-way sped her glorious way,
When, round reclined on hillocks
green,
In groups, beneath that tranquil ray,
The Zians at their feast were seen.
Gay was the picture—ev'ry maid
Whom late the lighted scene display'd,
Still in her fancy garb array'd;—

The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here
Beside the nymph of India's sky;
While there the Mainiote mountaineer
Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear,
And urchin Love stood laughing by.

Meantime the elders round the board,
By mirth and wit themselves made
young,
High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd,
And, while the flask went round, thus
sung:—

—o—

SONG.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim;
Let not a moonbeam glimmer
'Twixt the flood and brim.
When hath the world set eyes on
Aught to match this light,
Which, o'er our cup's horizon,
Dawns in bumpers bright?

Truth in a deep well lieth—
So the wise aver:
But Truth the fact denieth—
Water suits not her.
No, her abode's in brimmers,
Like this mighty cup—
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring her up.
Thus circled round the song of glee,
And all was tuneful mirth the while,
Save on the cheeks of some, whose smile,
As fix'd they gaze upon the sea,
Turns into paleness suddenly!
What see they there? a bright blue light
That, like a meteor, gliding o'er
The distant wave, grows on the sight
As though 'twere wing'd to Zia's shore.

To some, 'mong those who came to gaze,
It seem'd the night-light, far away,
Of some lone fisher, by the blaze
Of pine torch, luring on his prey;
While others, as 'twixt awe and mirth,
They breathed the bless'd Panaya's name,
Vow'd that such light was not of earth,
But of that drear, ill-omen'd flame,
Which mariners see on sail or mast,
When Death is coming in the blast.

While marv'ling thus they stood, a maid,
Who sat apart, with downcast eye,
Nor yet had, like the rest, survey'd
That coming light which now was nigh,
Soon as it met her sight, with cry
Of pain-like joy, "'Tis he! 'tis he!"
Loud she exclaim'd, and, hurryng by
The assembled throng, rush'd tow'rd the sea.
At burst so wild, alarm'd, amazed
All stood, like statues, mute, and gazed
Into each other's eyes, to seek
What meant such mood, in maid so meek?

Till now, the tale was known to few,
But now from lip to lip it flew:—
A youth, the flower of all the band,
Who late had left this sunny shore,
When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand,
Ling'ring, to kiss it o'er and o'er,
By his sad brow too plainly told
Th' ill-omen'd thought which cross'd him then,
That once those hands should loose their hold,
They ne'er would meet on earth again!

In vain his mistress, sad as he,
But with a heart from Self as free,
As gen'rous woman's only is,
Veil'd her own fears to banish his:—
With frank rebuke, but still more vain,
Did a rough warrior, who stood by,
Call to his mind this martial strain,
His favourite once, ere Beauty's eye
Had taught his soldier-heart to sigh:—

March! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so fondly close they come;
Closer still will they enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March!—one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
And, when wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them shining at her feet!
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—
Proud as waves that on the beach
Lay their war-crest down, and die?

There! I see thy soul is burning—
She herself, who clasps thee so,
Pains, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And, while clasping, bids thee go.
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear and then—
March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.

Even then, e'er loath their hands could part,
A promise the youth gave, which bore
Some balm unto the maiden's heart,
That, soon as the fierce fight was o'er,
To home he'd speed, if safe and free—
Nay, ev'n if dying, still would come,
So the blest word of "Victory!"
Might be the last he'd breathe at home.
"By day," he cried, "thou'lt know my bark;"
But, should I come through midnight dark,
A blue light on the prow shall tell
That Greece hath won, and all is well!"
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

Fondly the maiden, every night,
Had stolen to seek that promised light;
Nor long her eyes had now been turn'd
From watching, when the signal burn'd!

Happy signal—for her, for all—
Fleetly the boat now nears the land,
While voices, from the shore-edge, call
For tidings of the long-wish'd band.
Oh the blest hour, when those who've been
Through peril's paths by land or sea,
Lock'd in our arms again are seen,
Smiling in glad security;

When heart to heart we fondly strain,
Questioning quickly o'er and o'er—
Then hold them off, to gaze again,
And ask, though answer'd oft before,
If they, indeed, are ours once more?

Such is the scene, so full of joy,
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,
As fathers, sisters, friends all run
Bounding to meet him—all but one,
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,
Is yet the happiest of them all.

And now behold him, circled round
With beaming faces, at that board,
While cups, with laurel foliage crown'd,
Are to the coming warriors pour'd,—
Coming, as he, their herald, told,
With blades from vict'ry scarce yet cold,
With hearts untouched by Moslem steel,
And wounds that home's sweet breath will heal.

"Ere morn," said he,—and, while he spoke,
Turn'd to the east, where, clear, and pale,
The star of dawn already broke—
"We'll greet, on yonder wave, their sail!"

Then, wherefore part? all, all agree
To wait them here, beneath this bower;
And thus, while ev'n amidst their glee,
Each eye is turn'd to watch the sea,
With song they cheer the anxious hour.

SONG.

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" said the cup-loving boy,
As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
To witness and hallow its birth.

The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flamed
Till the sunbeam that kiss'd it look'd pale:

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,
While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
'Twas the light from his lips, as he spoke.

"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,
"And the fount of Wit never can fail:" 

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valleys reply,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire
Each tendril and cluster it wore,
From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
As made the tree tremble all o'er.

Oh, never did flow'r of the earth, sea, or sky,
Such a soul-giving odour inhale:

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" all re-echo the cry,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say;—

A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale:

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" laughing myriads resound,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"
Verses from the Epicurean.

[Under the title of "Alciphron," Moore began, at Paris, to write a poem which he never completed. Even as a fragment it was left unpublished until 1839, and a mere fragment it has ever since remained. The extraordinary intricacy of the plot rendered the theme so difficult of treatment, even by Moore, in a metrical narrative, that he found himself impelled at last to shake off the shackles of verse, and with the solid ground, as it were, under his feet as a novelist, to recount in prose the fiction which, by that time, filled and fairly captivated his imagination. The romance, thus transformed, was published by the Messrs. Longman, in 1827, as an octavo of 340 pages, and was inscribed by its Author to Lord John (afterwards Earl) Russell, Moore speaking of himself as "One who admires his character and talents, and is proud of his friendship." The tale, as thus told, was gravely set forth as the translation from a curious Greek manuscript which had been purchased by a chance traveller while passing through the Valley of the Lakes of Natron, and tarrying for a while at the Monastery of St. Macarius. The merest shredded blossoms of verse, floating lightly on the current of the narrative, have been here en passant caught up and preserved.]

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THE CORINTHIAN MAID AND THE STUDENT.

"As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below
There sat a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While, by her side, the youthful Sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o'ershadow all the page."

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THE LADY OF THE PYRAMID.

"Fair Rhodope, as story tells,
The bright unearthly nymph, who dwells
'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid!"

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THE LUMINOUS INSCRIPTION.

You, who would try
Yon terrible track,
To live, or to die,
But ne'er to look back—

You, who aspire
To be purified there,
By the terrors of Fire,
Of Water, and Air—

If danger, and pain,
And death, you despise,
On—for again
Into light you shall rise;

Rise into light
With that Secret Divine,
Now shrouded from sight
By the Veils of the Shrine!
THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.

While, far as sight could reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever bless'd this sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods—and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands:
While, there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
Gems from the Isle of Meröe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay,
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims on their way
To Sais or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
While, haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last!

SONG OF THE TWO CUP-BEARERS.

FIRST CUPBEARER.

"Drink of this cup—Osiris sips
The same in his halls below;
And the same he gives, to cool the lips
Of the Dead who downward go.

"Drink of this cup—the water within
Is fresh from Lethe's stream;
'Twill make the past, with all its sin,
And all its pains and sorrows, seem
Like a long-forgotten dream!

"The pleasure, whose charms
Are steep'd in woe;
The knowledge, that harms
The soul to know;

"The hope, that, bright
As the lake of the waste,
Allures the sight,
But mocks the taste;

"The love, that binds
Its innocent wreath,
Where the serpent winds,
In venom, beneath;

"All that, of evil or false, by thee
Hath ever been known or seen,
Shall melt away in this cup; and be
Forgot, as it never had been!"

SECOND CUPBEARER.

"Drink of this cup—when Isis led
Her boy, of old, to the beaming sky,
She mingled a draught divine, and said—
'Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!'

"Thus do I say and sing to thee,
Heir of that boundless heaven on high,
Though frail, and fall'n, and lost thou be,
Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!

"And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
Dreams of a former, happier day,
When heaven was still the Spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away!

"Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not.
But, oh! what again shall brightly be,"
SONG OF THE NUBIAN GIRL.

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute
Of thy bough's salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower.

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, 'Come, rest thee here.'
Oh! Abyssinian tree
Thus bow thy head to me!"
Cash, Corn, and Catholics.

[A collection of fifty-two jeux d'esprit, dignified by the title of "Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, and other Matters," was issued from the press, in 1828, in the form of a duodecimo of 189 pages, by the Messrs. Longman. Though no author's name appeared upon its title-page, everybody in Clubland and its precincts, knew perfectly well whose were those sprightly and often caustic productions. They had originally come before the public, at uncertain intervals, in the columns of the Times newspaper. Gathered together at last in book form, they were labelled with the utterly meaningless motto from Figaro, "None but little minds dread little books." Beginning with the "Amatory Colloquy between Bank and Government," they ended with a seeming promise of more, if the title of the last whimsicality, "Write On, Write On," might he regarded as having any significance in the way of an augury. A footnote to the "Ode addressed to the Sublime Porte," indicated clearly enough, in the first imprint of the volume, how its author was smarting, at the moment, under the gibe of a then formidable critic, punitively dubbed by him en revanche Fun-blank, "a painstaking gentleman," quoth he, "who had been at the trouble of counting, with the assistance of Cocker, the number of metaphors in Moore's Life of Sheridan," and who had found them to amount, as nearly as possible, to 2,235—and some fractions!" The ripest grain of all, it may be said, in this well-brimmed bushel, is the one which may be found in the very centre of it, and from which it derives the chief part of its title, "Corn and Catholics." Nothing, indeed, could be more felicitous, in the way of innocently derisive banter, in regard to the double craze then, and long afterwards, haunting the brain of John Bull even in his dreams, as Moore (for once indulging in Virgilian puns that would fairly have convulsed Martinus Scriblerus with laughter), thus preposterously expressed it—

Now, Dantzic wheat before you floats—now, Jesuits from California—
Now Ceres, link'd with Titus Oats, comes dancing through the "Porta Cernae."]

AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK AND GOVERNMENT.

1826.

BANK.

Is all then forgotten? those amorous pranks
You and I, in our youth, my dear Government, play'd;
When you call'd me the fondest, the truest of Banks,
And enjoy'd the endearing advances I made!

When left to ourselves, unmolested and free,
To do all that a dashing young couple should do,
A law against paying was laid upon me,
But none against owing, dear helpmate, on you.

Government.

And is it then vanish'd?—that "hour (as Othello
tioned ?"
So happily calls it) of Love and Direc-
And must we, like other fond doves, my
dear fellow,
Grow good in our old age, and cut the connexion?

Government.

Even so, my beloved Mrs. Bank, it must be;
This paying in cash plays the devil with Wooing;
We've both had our swing, but I plainly foresee
There must soon be a stop to our bill-
ing and cooing.

Propagation in reason—a small child or-
two—[friend to;
Even Reverend Malthus himself is a
The issue of some folks is moderate and few—
But ours, my dear corporate Bank,
there's no end to!

So—hard though it be on a pair, who've already
Disposed of so many pounds, shillings, and pence;
And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy,
So lavish of cash and so sparing of sense—

The day is at hand, my Papyria Venus,
When—high as we once used to carry our capers—
Those soft *billet-doux* we're now passing between us,
Will serve but to keep Mrs. Coutts in curl-papers:

And when—if we still must continue our love,
(After all that has pass'd)—our amour, it is clear,
Like that which Miss Danâe managed with Jove,
Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my dear!

*February, 1826.*

---o---

**DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE-POUND NOTE.**

"O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
Agna lupos, capreaque leones."  

Said a Sov'reign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met in a neat purse of leather,
"How happens it, I prithee,
That, though I'm wedded *with* thee,
Fair Pound, we can never live together?"

"Like your sex, fond of *change*,
With Silver you can range,
And of lots of young Sixpences be mother;
While with *me*—upon my word,
Not my Lady and my Lord
Of W—*stm*—th see so little of each other!"

---o---

**AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.**

"Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?"  

Said a Sov'reign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met in a neat purse of leather,
"How happens it, I prithee,
That, though I'm wedded *with* thee,
Fair Pound, we can never live together?"

"Like your sex, fond of *change*,
With Silver you can range,
And of lots of young Sixpences be mother;
While with *me*—upon my word,
Not my Lady and my Lord
Of W—*stm*—th see so little of each other!"

---o---

The indignant Note replied
(Lying crumpled by his side),
"Shame, shame, it is *yourself* that roam, Sir;
One cannot look askance,
But, whip! you're off to France,
Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

"Your scampering began
From the moment Parson Van,
Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter;
'For better or for worse'
Is the usual marriage curse,
But ours is all 'worse' and no 'better.'

"In vain are laws pass'd,
There's nothing holds you fast,
Though you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you—
At the smallest hint in life,
You forsake your lawful wife,
As other Sovereigns did before you.

"I flirt with Silver, true—
But what can ladies do,
When disown'd by their natural protectors?
And as to falsehood, stuff!
I shall soon be *false* enough,
When I get among those wicked Bank Directors.

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
Now swore, upon his honour,
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
But, within an hour or two,
Why—I sold him to a Jew,
And he's now at No. 10, Palais Royal.

---o---
Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,
On a question, my Lord, there’s so much to abhor in?
A question—like asking one, "How is your wife?"—
At once so confounded domestic and foreign.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast;
But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show,
(Like the well-physick’d elephant, lately deceased),
Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you know.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bored and distrest
Were their high noble hearts by your merciless tale,
When the force of the agony wrung even a jest
From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord L—d—d—le!

Bright peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire gave
A humour, endow’d with effects so provoking,
That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,
You may always conclude that Lord L—d—d—le’s joking!

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth—
Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms
Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,
‘Twixt those who have heir-looms, and those who’ve but looms!

"To talk now of starving!"—as great Ath—I said—
(And the nobles all cheer’d, and the bishops all wonder’d),
"When, some years ago, he and others had fed
Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hundred!"

It follows from hence—and the Duke’s very words
Should be publish’d wherever poor rogues of this craft are—
That weavers, once rescued from starving by Lords,
Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians
Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each row;
But not so the plan of our noble physicians,
"No Bread and the Tread-mill’s" the regimen now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,
As I shall my poetry—neither convinces;
And all we have spoken and written but shows,
When you tread on a nobleman’s corn, how he winces.

THE SINKING FUND CRIED.

"Now what, we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund—these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the amount of four hundred thousand pounds annually? Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself?"—The Times.

Take your bell, take your bell,
Good Crier, and tell
To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears are stunn’d,
That, lost or stolen,
Or fall’n through a hole in
The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!

O yes! O yes!
Can anybody guess
What the deuce has become of this Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt’s name on’t,
All brass, in the front,
And R—b—ns—n’s, scrawl’d with a goose-quill, under.
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Folks well knew what
Would soon be its lot,
When Frederick and Jenky sat hob-nobbing,
And said to each other,
"Suppose, dear brother,
We make this funny old Fund worth robbing."

We are come, alas!
To a very pretty pass—
Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay,
With but Five in the till,
To discharge the bill,
And even that Five, too, whipp'd away!
Stop thief! stop thief!
From the Sub to the Chief,
These Gemmen of Finance are plundering cattle—
Call the watch—call Brougham,
Tell Joseph Hume,
That best of Charleys, to spring his rattle,
Whoever will bring
This aforesaid thing
To the well-known house of Robinson and Jenkin,
Shall be paid, with thanks,
In the notes of banks,
Whose Funds have all learn'd "the Art of Sinking."

O yes! O yes!
Can anybody guess
What the devil has become of this Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,
And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

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ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.

BY SIR TH—M—S L—THBR—E.

"Legiferæ Cereri Phœboque."—VIRGIL.

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know,
(Among other odd whims of those comical bodies),
Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show
Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's Goddess.

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,
An eloquent Squire, who most humbly beseeches,
Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing doesn't bore thee),
Thou'lt read o'er the last of his—never-last speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know'st not the slander and scorn
Now heap'd upon England's 'Squire-archy, so boasted;
Improving 'on Hunt, 'tis no longer the Corn,
'Tis the growers of Corn, that are now, alas! roasted.

In speeches, in books, in all shapes, they attack us—
Reviewers, economists—fellows, no doubt,
That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,
And Gods of high fashion know little about.

There's B—nth—m, whose English is all his own making,—
Who thinks just as little of settling a nation,
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking
(What he, himself, calls) his "post-prandial vibration."

There are two Mr. M—lls, too, whom those that love reading
Through all that's unreadable, call very clever;—
And, whereas M—ll Senior makes war on good breeding,
M—ll Junior makes war on all breeding whatever!

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided
Between ultra blockheads and superfine sages;—
With which of these classes we, landlords, have sided
Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt read a few pages.
For therein I've proved, to my own satisfaction,
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,
That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction
To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.
On the contrary, such the "chaste notions" of food
That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,
They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,
That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,
When the Land and the Silk shall, in fond combination,
(like Silky and Silky, that pair in the play),
Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and Starvation!

Long life to the Minister!—no matter who,
Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he
Keeps the ports shut—and the people's mouths, too,—
We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.
And, as for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn
To hate the whole crew who would take our rents from us,
Had England but One to stand by thee,
Dear Corn,
That last, honest Uni-Corn would be Sir Th—is—s!

—o—

A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS,

"Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo."

AND now—cross-buns and pancakes o'er—
Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!
Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain!

The short eclipse of April-Day
Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,
Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin,—
With Paddy H—imes for whipper-in,—
Whate'er the job, prepared to back it;
Come, voters of Supplies—bestowers
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,
At eighty mortal pounds the jacket!

Come—free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares—
Ye Senators of many Shares,
Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary;
So fond of aught like Company,
That you would even have taken tea
(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry.

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;
Come, wise Sir Thomas—wisest then,
When creeds and corn-laws are debated;
Come, rival even the Harlot Red,
And show how wholly into bread
A 'Squire is transubstantiated.

Come, L—derd—e, and tell the world,
That—surely as thy scratch is curl'd,
As never scratch was curl'd before—
Cheap eating does more harm than good,
And working-people, spoil'd by food,
The less they eat, will work the more.

Come, G—lb—rn, with thy glib defence
(Which thou'dst have made for Peter's Pence)
Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter;
Two pipes of port (old port, 'twas said
By honest Newport) bought and paid
By Papists for the Orange Altar!

Come, H—rt—n, with thy plan, so merry,
For peopling Canada from Kerry—
Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,
As grafting on the dull Canadians
That liveliest of earth's contagions,
The bull-pock of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wondrous men
Of wit and wisdom, come again;
Though short your absence, all deplore it—
Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,
That you can, after April-Day,
Be just as—sapient as before it.
MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1826.

The Budget—quite charming and witty—no hearing.
For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were in it;
Great comfort to find, though the Speech isn’t cheering,
That all its gay auditors were, every minute.

What, still more prosperity!—mercy upon us,
“This boy’ll be the death of me”—oft as, already,
Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,
For Ruin made easy there’s no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension express’d by the Peers,
Lest—calling to life the old Peachums and Lockkitts—
The large stock of gold we’re to have in three years,
Should all find its way into highwaymen’s pockets!

WEDNESDAY.

Little doing—for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art
To the seven-o’clock joys of full many a table—
When the Members all meet, to make much of that part,
With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable.

It appear’d, though, to-night, that—as churchwardens, yearly,
Eat up a small baby—those cormorant sinners,
The Bankrupt-Commissioners, bolt very nearly
A moderate-sized bankrupt, tout chaud, for their dinners!

Nota bene—a rumour to day, in the City,
“Mr. R—b—ns—n just has resign’d”—what a pity!

The Bulls and the Bears all fell a-sobbing,
When they heard of the fate of poor Cock Robin;
While thus, to the nursery tune, so pretty,
A murmuring Stock-dove breathed her ditty:

Alas, poor Robin, he crow’d as long
And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow;
But his note was small, and the gold-finch’s song
Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.
Who’ll make his shroud?

“I,” said the Bank, “though he play’d me a prank,
While I have a rag, poor Rob shall be roll’d in’t,
With many a pound I’ll paper him round,
Like a plump rouleau—without the gold in’t.”

--o--

ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA.)

“The Public Debt is due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolves itself into a Family Account.”—Sir Robert Peel’s Letter.

Tune—“My banks are all furnish’d with bees.”

My banks are all furnish’d with rags,
So thick, even Freddy can’t thin them;
I’ve torn up my old money-bags,
Having little or nought to put in ’em.
My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,
But this is all nothing, they say;
For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins,—
So, it’s all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,
As sages the matter explain;—
Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy Just owes it to Bob back again.
Since all have thus taken to owing,
There’s nobody left that can pay;
And this is the way to keep going,—
All quite in the family way.
CASH, CORN, AND CATHOLICS. 429

My senators vote away millions,  
To put in Prosperity's budget;  
And though it were billions or trillions,  
The generous rogues wouldn't grudge it.  
'Tis all but a family hop,  
'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay;  
Hands round!—why the deuce should we stop?  
'Tis all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,  
As any great man of the State does;  
And now the poor devils are put on  
Small rations of tea and potatoes.  
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,  
The King is your father, they say;  
So, ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,  
'Tis all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,  
My poor ones have nothing to chew;  
And, even if themselves do not grumble,  
Their stomachs undoubtedly do.  
But coolly to fast en famille,  
Is as good for the soul as to pray;  
And famine itself is genteel,  
When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,  
A secret for next Budget day;  
Though, perhaps, he may know it already,  
As he, too,'s a sage in his way.  
When next for the Treasury scene he Announces "the Devil to pay,"  
Let him write on the bills, "Nota bene,  
'Tis all in the family way."

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step  
which they did, of proposing a fair comparison  
of strength, upon the understanding that whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest,  
should give way to the other."—Extract from  
Mr. W. T. B—kes's Letter to Mr. G—lb—n.

B—kes is weak, and G—lb—n too,  
No one e'er the fact denied;—  
Which is "weakest" of the two,  
Cambridge can alone decide.  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—n of the Pope afraid is,  
B—kes, as much afraid as he;  
Never yet did two old ladies  
On this point so well agree.  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.  
Each a different mode pursues,  
Each the same conclusion reaches;  
B—kes is foolish in Reviews,  
G—lb—n, foolish in his speeches.  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,  
When his own affairs have gone ill;  
B—kes he damneth Buckingham,  
G—lb—n damneth Dan O'Connell.  
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,  
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh  
Fix'd th' election to a throne,  
So, which ever first shall bray,  
Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.  
Choose him, choose him by his bray,  
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.  
June, 1826.

—O—

MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

1826.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR.—Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an avalanche, where he had remained, bien frappé, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject.—Yours, &c.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

WHAT a lucky turn up!—just as  
Eld—n's withdrawing,  
To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year  
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only  
wants thawing,  
To serve for our times quite as well as the Peer:—

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom alone  
[our shelves,  
Of our Ancestors, such as 'tis found on  
But, in perfect condition, full-wig'd and  
full-grown,  
To shovel up one of those wise bucks  
themselves!
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home—
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way;
With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him come,
And our Tories will hail him with "Hear!" and "Hurra!"

What a God-send to them!—a good, obsolete man,
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a reader;—
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can,
And the L-ns—les and H-rt—rds shall choose him for leader.

Yes, sleeper of ages, thou shalt be their chosen;
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good men,
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,
So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it again.

And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad innovation
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO DIABOLO, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

St. James's Street, July 1, 1826.

GREAT Sir, having just had the good luck to catch
An official young Demon, preparing to go,
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-leg despatch
From the Hell here, at Cr—ckf—rd's to our Hell, below—

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,
To say that, first having obey'd your directions,
And done all the mischief I could in "the Panic,"
My next special care was to help the Elections.

Well knowing how dear were those times to thy soul,
When every good Christian tormented his brother,
And caused, in thy realm, such a saving of coal,
From all coming down, ready grill'd by each other:

Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd thee to part
With the Old Penal Code—that chef-d'œuvre of Law,
In which (though to own it too modest thou art)
We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy claw;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive,
(Though Eld—n, with help from your Highness, would try,)
'Twould still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,
Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry;—

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,
So like is to ours, in its spirit and tone,
That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,
To think that Religion should make it her own.

So, having sent down for th' original notes
Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,
With a few pints of lava, to gargle the throats
Of myself and some others, who sing it "with fire,"

Thought I, "if the Marseillois Hymn could command
Such audience, though yell'd by a Sans-culotte crew,
What wonders shall we do, who've men in our band,  
That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too."

Such then were my hopes; but, with sorrow, your Highness,  
I'm forced to confess—be the cause what it will,

Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shyness,—  
Our Beelzebub chorus has gone off but  
The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key,  
The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so  
And certain base voices, that look'd for afee  
At the York music-meeting, now think it precarious.

Even some of our Reverends might have been warmer,—  
Though one or two capital roarers we've had;  
Doctor Wise is, for instance, a charming performer,  
And Huntingdon Maberley's yell was  
Altogether, however, the thing was not heartly;—  
Even Eld——n allows we got on but so so;  
And when next we attempt a No-Popery We must, please your Highness, recruit from below.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his whip—  
Excuse me, Great Sir—there's no time to be civil;—  
The next opportunity shan't be let slip,  
But, till then,  
I'm, in haste, your most dutiful  
July, 1826.  

THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REVEREND MR. IRY-NG "ON PROPHECY."  
1826.

A MILLENNIUM at hand—I'm delighted to hear it—  
As matters, both public and private,  
With multitudes round us all starving, or near it,  
A good rich Millennium will come à

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,  
Instead of thy bankrupt old City of Rags,  
A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,  
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the flags—

A City, where wine and cheap corn shall abound—  
A celestial Cocaigne, on whose buttery shelves  
We may swear the best things of this world will be found,  
As your Saints seldom fail to take care of themselves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures Elysian,  
Divine Squintifobus, who, placed within reach  
Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision,  
Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each;—

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou affordest, that we  
May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee share,  
Which so long has been promised by prophets like thee,  
And so often postponed, we began to despair.

There was Whiston, who learnedly took Prince Eugène  
For the man who must bring the Millennium about;  
There's Faber, whose pious predictions have been  
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out;—

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M.P.,  
Who discoursed on the subject with signal éclat,  
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see  
A Millennium break out in the town of Armagh!
There was also—but why should I burden my lay
With your Brotherses, Southcotes, and names less deserving,
When all past Millennuums henceforth must give way
To the last new Millennium of Orator Irv—ng.

Go on, mighty man,—doom them all to the shelf,—
And when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy sconce,
Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself
Art the Beast (Chapter iv.) that sees nine ways at once.

---O---

THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus letamur tribus. 1826.

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,
There are three that all Doctors out-top,
Doctor Eady, that famous M.D.,
Doctor S—th—y, and dear Doctor Slop.

The purger—the prosor—the bard—
All quacks in a different style;
Doctor S—th—y writes books by the yard,
Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile!

Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone
By his scribbling or physicking brother,
Can dose us with stuff like the one,
Ay, and doze us with stuff like the other.

Doctor Eady good company keeps
With "No Popery" scribes on the walls;
Doctor S—th—y as gloriously sleeps
With "No Popery" scribes, on the stalls.

Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,
Such Bedlamite slaver lets drop,
That, if Eady should take the mad line,
He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,
Doctor S—th—y attacks, like a Turk;
Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,
Attacks but his maid-of-all-work.

Doctor S—th—y, for his grand attack,
Both a laureate and pensioner is;
While poor Doctor Eady, alack,
Has been had up to Bow-street, for his!

And truly, the law does so blunder,
That, though little blood has been spilt
he
May probably suffer as, under
The Chalking Act, known to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime
(With whose catalogue ne'er should I stop)
Of the three greatest lights of our time,
Doctor Eady, and S—th—y, and Slop!

Should you ask me, to which of the three
Great Doctors the preference should fall,
As a matter of course, I agree
Doctor Eady must go to the wall.

But as S—th—y with laurels is crown'd,
And Slop with a wig and a tail is,
Let Eady's bright temples be bound
With a swingeing "Corona Muralis!"

---O---

EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

LAMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,
For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,
Apollo for a star he'd quit,
And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford,
He took, of course, to peers' relations;
And, rather than not sport a Lord,
Put up with even the last creations.

Even Irish names, could he but tag 'em
With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to call;
And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum
Was better than no Lord at all.
Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be
Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,
Than saved in vulgar company.

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ODE TO A HAT.

"altum Edificat caput." Juv. 1826.

HAIL, reverend Hat!—sublime 'mid all
The minor felts that round thee grovel;—
Thou, that the Gods "a Delta" call,
While meaner mortals call thee "shovel."

When on thy shape (like pyramid,
Cut horizontally in two)
I raptured gaze, what dreams, unbid,
Of stalls and mitres bless my view!

That brim of brims, so sleekly good—
Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyans',
But looking (as all churchmen should)
Devoutly upward — towards the crown.

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,
So redolent of Church all over,
What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim,—
Some pig-tail'd, some likecherubim,
With ducklings' wings — around it hover!
Tenths of all dead and living things,
That Nature into being brings,
From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,
The very cock most orthodox,
To which, of all the well-fed throng
Of Zion, joy'st thou to belong?
Thou'rt not Sir Harcourt Lee's—no—
For hats grow like the heads that wear 'em;
And hats, on heads like his, would grow Particularly harum-scarum.
Who knows but thou may'st deck the pate
Of that famed Doctor Ad—mth—te,
(The reverend rat, whom we saw stand
On his hind-legs in Westmoreland,)

Who changed so quick from blue to yellow,
And would from yellow back to blue,
And back again, convenient fellow,
If 'twere his interest so to do.

Or, haply, smartest of triangles,
Thou art the hat of Doctor Ow—n;
The hat that, to his vestry wrangels,
That venerable priest doth go in,—
And, then and there, amid the stare
Of all St. Olave's, takes the chair,
And quotes, with phiz right orthodox,
Th' example of his reverend brothers,
To prove that priests all fleece their flocks,
And he must fleece as well as others.

Blest Hat! (who'er thy lord may be)
Thus low I take off mine to thee,
The homage of a layman's castor,
To the spruce delta of his pastor.
Oh may'st thou be, as thou proceedest,
Still smarter cock'd, still brush'd the brighter,
Till, bowing all the way, thou leadest
Thy sleek possessor to a mitre!

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NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

1826.

DEAR COZ, as I know neither you nor
Miss Draper,
When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,
But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends
As you chance to pick up from political friends—
Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down
To transmit you the last newest news that's in town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things couldn't look better—
His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)
Has just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter
To Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Master;
Engaging to change the old name, if he can,
From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St. Dan;—
Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better whim)
Being made the Colossus, 'tis all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are that the Czar—
Most generous and kind, as all sovereigns are,
And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose)
Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes—
Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,
The late Emperor's nightcaps, and thinks of bestowing.
One nightcap apiece (if he has them to spare)
On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going.
(While I write, an arrival from Riga—
Having nightcaps on board for Lord Eld—n and others.)

Last advices from India—Sir Archy, 'tis thought,
Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught,
In N. Lat. 21.)—and his Highness Burmese,
Being very hard press'd to shell out the rupees,
And not having rhino sufficient, they say, meant,
To pawn his august Golden Foot for the payment.
(How lucky for monarchs, that thus, when they choose,
Can establish a running account with the Jews!)
The security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"
A loan will be shortly, of course, set on foot;
The parties are Rothschild, A. Baring and Co.
With three other great pawnbrokers: each takes a toe,

And engages (lest Gold-foot should give us leg-bail,
As he did once before) to pay down on the nail.
This is all for the present—what vile pens and paper!
Yours truly, dear Cousin—best love to Miss Draper.

September, 1826.

A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTABEL."

"Up!" said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray
One hasty orison, whirl'd me away
To a Limbo, lying—I wist not where—
Above or below, in earth or air;
For it glimmer'd o'er with a doubtful light,
One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night;
And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,
One didn't know how to get on or back;
And I felt like a needle that's going astray
(With its one eye out) through a bundle of hay;
When the Spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd me,
"Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery!"

Around me flitted unnumber'd swarms
Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms;
(Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room
Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home)—
All of them, things half kill'd in rearing;
Some were lame—some wanted hearing;
Some had through half a century run,
Though they hadn't a leg to stand upon.
Others, more merry, as just beginning,
Around on a point of law were spinning;
Or balanced aloft, 'twixt Bill and Answer,
Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer.
Some were so cross, that nothing could please 'em;—
Some gulp'd down affidavits to ease 'em;—
All were in motion, yet never a one,  
Let it move as it might, could ever move on.  
"These," said the Spirit, "you plainly see,  
Are what they call suits in Chancery!"

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,  
Like a chorus by fifty Vellutis sung;  
Or an Irish Dump ("the words by Moore")  
At an amateur concert scream'd in score;  
So harsh on my ear that wailing fell  
Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell!  
It seem'd like the dismal symphony  
Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see;  
Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook  
Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,  
To cry all night, till life's last dregs,  
"Give us our legs!—give us our legs!"  
Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,  
I ask'd what all this yell might mean,  
When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,  
"'Tis the cry of the Suitors in Chancery!"

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,  
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.  
In his aged hand he held a wand,  
Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band,  
And they moved and moved, as he waved it o'er,  
But they never got on one inch the more.  
And still they kept limping to and fro,  
Like Ariels round old Prospero—  
Saying, "Dear Master, let us go,"  
But still old Prospero answer'd "No."  
And I heard, the while, that wizard elf  
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,  
While o'er as many old papers he turn'd,  
As Hume e'er moved for, or Omar burn'd.  
He talk'd of his virtue—"though some, less nice,  
(He own'd with a sigh) preferr'd his Vice"—

And he said, "I think"—"I doubt"—  
"I hope,"  
Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope;  
With many more sleights of tongue and hand  
I couldn't, for the soul of me, understand.  
Amazed and posed, I was just about  
To ask his name, when the screams without,  
The merciless clack of the imps within,  
And that conjurer's mutterings, made such a din,  
That, startled, I woke—leap'd up in my bed—  
Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjurer fled,  
And bless'd my stars, right pleased to see  
That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery.

THE PETITION OF THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

To the people of England, the humble Petition  
Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing—  
That sad, very sad, is our present condition;—  
Our jobbing all gone, and our noble selves going;—  
That, forming one-seventh, within a few fractions,  
Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,  
We hold it the basest of all base transactions  
To keep us from murr'dring the other six parts;—

That, as to laws made for the good of the many,  
We humbly suggest there is nothing less true;  
As all human laws (and our own, more than any,)  
Are made by and for a particular few;—
When the words ex and per served as well to annoy
One's neighbours and friends with, as con and trans now;
And Christians, like S—th—y, who stickled for or;
Cut the throats of all Christians who stickled for ou.
That, relying on England, whose kind-ness already
So often has help'd us to play this game o'er,
We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,
And wait but the word to show sport, as before.
That, as to the expense—the few millions, or so,
Which for all such diversions John Bull has to pay—
'Tis, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know,
That to Orangemen's pockets 'twill all find its way.
For which your petitioners ever will pray,
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

COTTON AND CORN.

A DIALOGUE.

Said Cotton to Corn, 't'other day,
As they met and exchanged a salute—
(Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,
Poor Cotton, half-famish'd, on foot):

"Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil
To hint at starvation before you,
Look down on a poor hungry devil,
And give him some bread, I implore you!"

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,
Perceiving he meant to make free—
"Low fellow, you've surely forgotten
The distance between you and me!
"To expect that we, Peers of high birth,
Should waste our illustrious acres,
For no other purpose on earth
Than to fatten curst calico-makers!—

That much it delights every true Orange brother,
To see you, in England, such ardour evince,
In discussing which sect most tormented the other,
And burn'd with most gusto, some hundred years since;

That love we to behold, while old England grows faint,
Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied Saint,
Ever truly and really pull'd the Devil's nose;

Whether 't'o other Saint, Dominic, burnt the Devil's paw—
Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mother—
And many such points, from which Southey can draw
Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

That 'tis very well known this devout Irish nation
Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,
Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,
One party in Trans and the other in Con;

That we, your petitioning Cons, have, in right
Of the said monosyllable, ravaged the lands,
And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and night,
Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for Trans;—

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,
For keeping us still in the same state of mind;
Pretty much as the world used to be in those ages,
When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind;—
"That Bishops to bobbins should bend—
Should stoop from their Bench’s sublimity,
Great dealers in law’n, to befriend
Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

“No—vile Manufacture! ne’er harbour
A hope to be fed at our boards;—
Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,
What claim canst thou have upon Lords?

“No—thanks to the taxes and debt,
And the triumph of paper o’er guineas,
Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,
May defy your whole rabble of Jennys!"

So saying—whip, crack, and away
Went Corn in his chaise through the throng.
So headlong, I heard them all say,
"Squire Corn would be down, before long."

---o---

THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT
B—TT—RW—RTH.

"A Christian of the best edition."—RABELAIS.

CANONIZE him!—yea, verily, we'll
canonize him;
Though Cant is his hobby, and
meddling his bliss,
Though sages may pity, and wits may
despise him,
He'll ne'er make a bit the worse Saint
for all this.

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet
spread
The dominion of humbug o’er land and
o’er sea,
Descend on our B—tt—rw—rth’s biblical
head,
Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and
M.P.

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from
thy sphere,
And bring little Shiloh—if ’tisn’t too
far—
Such a sight will to B—tt—rw—rth’s
bosom be dear,
His conceptions and thine being much
on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to
behold
A world thou hast honour’d by cheat-
ing so many;
Thou’lt find still among us one Person-
age old,
Who also by tricks and the Seals makes
a penny.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother
Lee!
Thy smiles to beatified B—ti—r-
w—rth deign;
Two "lights of the Gentiles" are thou,
Anne, and he,
One hallowing Fleet Street, and t’other
Toad Lane!

The Heathen, we know, made their
Gods out of wood,
And Saints may be framed of as handy
materials;—
Old women and B—tt—rw—rths make
just as good
As any the Pope ever book’d as
Ethereals.

Stand forth, Man of Bibles!—not
Mahomet’s pigeon,
When, perch’d on the Koran, he
dropp’d there, they say,
Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o’er
religion
Such glory as B—tt—rw—rth sheds
every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour
he crams
Down Erin’s idolatrous throats, till
they crack again,
Bolus on bolus, good man!—and then
damns
Both their stomachs and souls, if they
dare cast them back again.

How well might his shop—as a type
representing
The creed of himself and his sanctified
clan,
On its counter exhibit "the Art of
Tormenting,"
Bound neatly, and letter’d "Whole
Duty of Man!"
Canonize him!—by Judas, we will
canonize him;
For Cant is his hobby, and twaddling
his bliss;
And, though wise men may pity and
wits may despise him,
He'll make but the better shop-saint
for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of
Canter,
Convoking all the serious Tag-rag of the
nation;
Bring Shakers and Sniffers and Jumpers
and Ranters,
To witness their B—tt—rw—rth's
Canonization!

Yea, humbly I've ventured his merits to
paint,
Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to
portray,
And they form a sum-total for making a
Saint,
That the Devil's own Advocate could
not gainsay.

Jump high, all ye Jumpers, ye Ranters
all roar,
While B—tt—rw—rth's spirit, upraised
from your eyes,
Like a kite made of fooscap, in glory
shall soar,
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to
the skies!

——

AN INCANTATION.
Sung by the Bubble Spirit.

Air—"Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow."

Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go;
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope
Drew from fancy—or from soap;
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent
From its frothy element!
Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go.
Mix the lather, Johnny W—looks,
Thou, who rhym'st so well to bilks;
Mix the lather—who can be
Fitter for such task than thee,
Great M.P. for Sudsbury!

Now the frothy charm is ripe,
Puffing Peter, bring thy pipe,—
Thou, whom ancient Coventry
Once so dearly loved, that she
Knew not which to her was sweeter,
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter;—
Puff the bubbles high in air,
Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, bravo, Peter M—re!
Now the rainbow humbugs soar,
Glitt'ring all with golden hues,
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews;—
Some, reflecting mines that lie
Under Chilli's glowing sky,
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep
Cloister'd in the southern deep;
Others, as if lent a ray
From the streaming Milky Way,
Glist'ning o'er with curds and whey
From the cows of Alderney.

Now's the moment—who shall first
Catch the bubbles, ere they burst?
Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,
Br—gd—n, T—ynh—to, P—lm—

John W—looks junior runs beside ye!
Take the good the knaves provide ye!
See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,
Where the Shareman, Br—gd—n,
stands,
Gaping for the froth to fall
Down his gullet—lye and all.

See!——

But, hark, my time is out—

Now, like some great water-spout,
Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,
Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!

[Here the stage darkens—a discordant crash
is heard from the orchestra—the broken bubbles
descend in a saponaceous but uncleanly mist over
the heads of the Dramatis Personae, and the
scene drops, leaving the bubble-hunters—all in
the suds.]

——

A DREAM OF TURTLE.
By Sir W. Curtis.

'Twas evening time, in the twilight sweet
I sail'd along, when—whom should I
meet
But a Turtle journeying o'er the sea,
"On the service of his Majesty."

1826.
When spying him first through twilight dim,
I didn’t know what to make of him;
But said to myself, as slow he plied
His fins, and roll’d from side to side
Conceitedly o’er the watery path—

’Tis my Lord of St—w—ll taking a bath,
And I hear him now, among the fishes,
Quoting Vatel and Burgersdicius!”

But, no—’twas, indeed, a Turtle, wide
And plump as ever these eyes descried;
A Turtle, juicy as ever yet
Glued up the lips of a Baronet!
And much did it grieve my soul to see
That an animal of such dignity,
Like an absentee abroad should roam,
When he ought to stay and be ate at home.

But now, “a change came o’er my dream,”
Like the magic lantern’s shifting slider—
I look’d, and saw, by the evening beam,
On the back of that Turtle sat a rider—

A goodly man, with an eye so merry,
I knew ’twas our Foreign Secretary,
Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,
Like Waterton on his crocodile;
Cracking such jokes, at every motion,
As made the Turtle squeak with glee,
And own they gave him a lively notion
Of what his forced-meat balls would be.

So, on the Sec. in his glory went,
Over that briny element,
Waving his hand, as he took farewell,
With graceful air, and bidding me tell
Inquiring friends that the Turtle and he
Were gone on a foreign embassy—
To soften the heart of a Diplomat,
Who is known to dote upon verdant fat,
And to let admiring Europe see,
That calipash and calipee
Are the English forms of Diplomacy.

THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.

A FABLE.

—“fessus jam sudat asellus,
Parce illi; vestrum delicium est asinus.”
Virgil, Copa.

A Donkey, whose talent for burdens was wondrous,
So much that you’d swear he rejoiced in a load,
One day had to jog under panniers so pond’rous,
That—down the poor Donkey fell smack on the road!

Her owners and drivers stood round in amaze—
What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
So easy to drive, through the dirtiest ways,
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have “hailed” as a “brother”) had just been proclaiming his Donkey’s renown
For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other—
When, lo! ’mid his praises, the Donkey came down.

But, how to upraise him?—one shouts, t’other whistles,
While Jenky, the Conjurer, wisest of all,
Declared that an “over-production of thistles”—
(Here Ned gave a stare)—“was the cause of his fall.”

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes—
“There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease;
The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,
And this is his mode of transition to peace.”
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,
 Pronounced that too long without shoes he had gone,
 "Let the blacksmith provide him a sound metal basis."
 (The wise-acres said), "and he's sure to jog on."

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,
 Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan;
 And—what was still dolefuller—lending
 To advisers, whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far
 As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd—
 "Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
 Or, your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last!"

*October, 1826.*

ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

1826.

GREAT Sultan, how wise are thy state compositions!
 And oh, above all, I admire that Decree,
 In which thou command'st, that all she politicians
 Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea.

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster—[puts;]
 A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy
 Who talks, with a lisp, of "the last new Westminster;"
 And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon Gluts;"

Who tells you how clever one Mr. Fun-blank is,
 How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility;—
 And assures you that even a gentleman's rank is,
 In Jeremy's school, of no sort of utility.

To see her, ye Gods, a new Number perusing—
 ART. 1. "On the Needle's variations," by Pl—e;
 ART. 2.—By her fav'rite Fun-blank—so amusing!
 "Dear man! he makes Poetry quite a Law case."

ART. 3.—"Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's own—
 (Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find readers);—
 ART. 4.—"Upon Honesty," author unknown;—
 ART. 5.—(by the young Mr. M——) "Hints to Breeders."

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the bag
 And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call—
 Though drowning's too good for each blue-stocking hag,
 I would bag this she Benthamite first of them all!

And, lest she should ever again lift her head
 From the watery bottom, her clack to renew—
 As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,
 I would hang round her neck her own darling Review.

———

CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum
Dirius borum?
Incerti Auctoris.

WHAT! still those two infernal questions,
 That with our meals, our slumbers mix—
 That spoil our tempers and digestions—
 Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?
 Nothing else talk'd of night or morn—
 Nothing in doors, or out of doors,
 But endless Catholics and Corn!
Never was such a brace of pests—
While Ministers, still worse than either,
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,
Plague us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet
Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,
Whether, this year, 'twas bonded Wheat,
Or bonded Papists, they let out.

*Here*, landlords, *here*, polemics nail you,
Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;
*Prices and Texts* at once assail you—
From Daniel *these*, and *those* from Jacob.

And when you sleep, with head still torn
Between the two, their shapes you mix,
Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn—
Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now, Dantzic wheat before you floats—
Now, Jesuits from California—
Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*,
Comes dancing through the "Porta Cornea."

Oft, too, the Corn grows animat,
And a whole crop of heads appears,
Like Papists, *bearding* Church and State—
Themselves, together by the ears!

In short, these torments never cease;
And oft I wish myself transfer'd off
To some far, lonely land of peace,
Where Corn or Papists ne'er were heard of.

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole;
For—if my fate is to be chosen
'Twixt bores and icebergs—on my soul,
I'd rather, of the two, be frozen!

---

**A CASE OF LIBEL.**

"The greater the truth, the worse the libel."

A *CERTAIN* Sprite, who dwells below,
("Twere a libel, perhaps, to mention where,) Came up *incog.*, some years ago,
To try, for a change, the London air.

---

So well he look'd, and dress'd, and talk'd,
And hid his tail and horns so handy,
You'd hardly have known him as he walk'd,
From C——e, or any other Dandy.

(His horns, it seems, are made *t'unscrew*;
So, he has but to take them out of the socket,
And—just as some fine husbands do—Conveniently clap them into his pocket.)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,
And ev'n contrived—to his own great wonder—By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,
To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under.

And so my gentleman *hoof'd* about,
Unknown to all but a chosen few
At White's and Crockford's, where, no doubt,
He had many *post-obits* falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit,
At night he was seen with Crockford's crew,
At morn with learned dames would sit—
So pass'd his time 'twixt *black* and *blue*.

Some wish'd to make him an M. P.,
But, finding W—lks was also one, he swore in a rage, "he'd be d—d, if he would ever sit in one house with Johnny."

At length, as secrets travel fast,
And devils, whether he or she,
Are sure to be found out at last,
The affair got wind most rapidly.

The Press, the impartial Press, that snubs
Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers—Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's—Fired off a squib in the morning papers:

"We warn good men to keep aloof From a grim old Dandy, seen about, With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out."
Now,—the Devil being a gentleman,  
Who piques himself on well-bred dealings,—  
You may guess, when o'er these lines he ran,  
How much they hurt and shock'd his feelings.

Away he posts to a Man of Law,  
And 'twould make you laugh could you have seen 'em,  
As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,  
And 'twas "hail, good fellow, well met," between 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd—  
And much the Devil enjoyed the jest,  
When, asking about the Bench, he heard  
That, of all the Judges, his own was Best.

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof  
That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil—  
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof,  
And Stultz to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,  
And readers of virtuous Sunday papers)  
Found for the Plaintiff—on hearing which  
The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, 'twas nuts to the Father of Lies  
(As this wily fiend is named in the Bible)  
To find it settled by laws so wise,  
That the greater the truth, the worse the libel!

---

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—Authors of all work, to job for the season,  
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;  
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,  
Can manage, like *****, to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics;  
Your gaol is for Travellers a charming retreat;  
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,  
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—  
He can study high life in the King's Bench community;  
Aristotle could scarce keep him more within rules,  
And of place he, at least, must adhere to the unity.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age  
To have good "Reminiscences" (three score or higher),  
Will meet with encouragement — so much, per page,  
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with what their remembrance is stock'd,  
So they'll only remember the quantum desired:—  
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, oct.,  
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old jeu-d'esprits,  
Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical frolic;  
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,  
That gingerbread-cakes always give them the colic.

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,  
By "Farmers" and "Landholders"— (worthies whose lands Enclosed all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,  
Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands).
CASH, CORN, AND CATHOLICS.

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,
Sure of a market;—should they, too, who pen 'em,
Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O’S——l——v—n,
Something extra allow’d for th’ additional venom.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;—
To write upon all is an author’s sole chance
For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of any.

Nine times out of ten, if his title is good,
The material within of small consequence is;—
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why—that’s the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to show,
That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)
Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—“Quodcunque in Fund is, assess it.”

—0—

THE IRISH SLAVE.

1827.

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,
“He is dead—he is dead,” the rumour flew;
And I raised my chain, and turn’d me round,
And ask’d, through the dungeon-window, “Who?”

I saw my livid tormentors pass;
Their grief ’twas bliss to hear and see!
For, never came joy to them, alas,
That didn’t bring deadly bane to me.

Eager I look’d through the mist of night,
And ask’d, “What foe of my race hath died?
Is it he—that Doubter of law and right,
Whom nothing but wrong could e’er decide—

Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,
Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt
What suitors for justice he’d keep in,
Or what suitors for Freedom he’d shut out—

Who, a clog for ever on Truth’s advance,
Hangs round her (like the Old Man of the Sea
Round Sinbad’s neck), nor leaves a chance
Of shaking him off—is’t he? is’t he?”

Ghostly my grim tormentors smiled,
And thrust me back to my den of woe,
With a laughter even more fierce and wild
Than their funeral howling, answer’d “No.”

But the cry still pierced my prison-gate,
And again I ask’d, “What scourge is gone?
Is it he—that Chief, so coldly great,
Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon—

“Whose name is one of th’ ill-omen’d words
They link with hate on his native plains;
And why?—they lent him hearts and swords,
And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains!

“Is it he? is it he?” I loud inquired,
When, hark!—there sounded a Royal knell;
And I knew what spirit had just expired,
And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledged a hate unto me and mine,
He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,
But seal’d that hate with a Name Divine,
And he now was dead, and—I couldn’t rejoice!
He had fan'd afresh the burning brands
Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim;
He had arm'd anew my torturers' hands,
And them did I curse—but sigh'd for him.

For, his was the error of head, not heart;
And—oh, how beyond the ambush'd foe,
Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,
And carries a smile, with a curse below!

If ever a heart made bright amends
For the fatal fault of an erring head—
Go, learn his fame from the lips of friends,
In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,
To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,
For Worth he had ever a hand and smile,
And for Misery ever his purse and tear.

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,
I calmly sunk in my chains again;
While, still as I said, "Heaven rest his soul!"
"Amen!"
My mates of the dungeon sigh'd
January, 1827.

—O—

ODE TO FERDINAND.

QUIT the sword, thou King of men,
Grasp the needle once again;
Making petticoats is far
Safer sport than making war;
Trimming is a better thing,
Than the being trim'd, oh King!
Grasp the needle bright with which
Thou didst for the Virgin stitch
Garment, such as ne'er before
Monarch stitch'd or Virgin wore,
Not for her, oh semster nimble!
Do I now invoke thy thimble;
Not for her thy wanted aid is,
But for certain grave old ladies,
Who now sit in England's cabinet,
Waiting to be clothed in tabinet,
Or whatever choice cloth is
Fit for Dowagers in office.

First, thy care, oh King devote
To Dame Eld—n's petticoat.

Make it of that silk, whose dye
Shifts for ever to the eye,
Just as if it hardly knew
Whether to be pink or blue.
Or—material fitter yet—
If thou couldst a remnant get
Of that stuff, with which, of old,
Sage Penelope, we're told,
Still by doing and undoing,
Kept her sailors always wooing—
That's the stuff which I pronounce, is
Fittest for Dame Eld—n's flounces.

After this, we'll try thy hand,
Mantua-making, Ferdinand,
For old Goody W—stm—l—d;
One who loves, like Mother Cole,
Church and State with all her soul;
And has pass'd her life in frolics
Worthy of your Apostolics.
Choose, in dressing this old flirt,
Something that won't show the dirt,
As, from habit, every minute
Goody W—stm—l—d is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,
Hie thee, monarch, to thy task;
Finish Eld—n's frills and borders,
Then return for further orders.
Oh what progress for our sake,
Kings in millinery make!
Ribands, garters, and such things,
Are supplied by other Kings,—
Ferdinand his rank denotes
By providing petticoats.

—O—

HAT VERSUS WIG.

"At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord Eld—n, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony."

— metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjicit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

'TWIXT Eld—n's Hat and Eld—n's Wig
There lately rose an altercation,—
Each with its own importance big,
Disputing which most serves the nation.
Quoth Wig, with consequential air,
"Pooh! pooh! you surely can't design,
My worthy beaver, to compare
Your station in the state with mine.
"Who meets the learned legal crew?
Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?
The Wig, the Wig, my friend—while you
Hang dangling on some peg outside.
"Oh, 'tis the Wig, that rules, like Love,
Senate and Court, with like éclat—
And wards below, and lords above,
For Law is Wig and Wig is Law!
"Who tried the long, Long W—ll—sl—y suit,
Which tried one's patience, in return?
Not thou, oh Hat!—though, couldst thou don't,
Of other brims than thine thou'dst learn.
"'Twas mine our master's toil to share;
When, like 'Truepenny,' in the play,
He, every minute, cried out 'Swear,'
And merrily to swear went they;—
"When, loth poor W—ll—sl—y to condemn,
With nice discrimination weigh'd,
Whether 'twas only 'Hell and Jimmy,'
Or 'Hell and Tommy' that he play'd.
"No, no, my worthy beaver, no—
Though cheapen'd at the cheapest hatter's,
And smart enough, as beavers go,
Thou ne'er wert made for public matters."

Here Wig concluded his oration,
Looking, as wig's do, wondrous wise;
While thus, full cock'd for declamation,
The veteran Hat enraged replies:—
"Ha! dost thou then so soon forget
What thou, what England owes to me?
Ungrateful Wig!—when will a debt,
So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?
"Think of that night, that fearful night,
When, through the steaming vault below,
Our master dared, in gout's despite,
To venture his podagric toe!

"Who was it then, thou boaster, say,
When thou hadst to thy box sneak'd off,
Beneath his feet protecting lay,
And saved him from a mortal cough?
"Think, if Catarrh had quench'd that sun,
How blank this world had been to thee!
Without that head to shine upon,
Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?
"You, too, ye Britons—had this hope
Of Church and State been ravish'd from ye,
Oh think, how Canning and the Pope
Would then have play'd up 'Hell and Tommy!'
"At sea, there's but a plank, they say,
'Twixt seamen and annihilation;
A Hat, that awful moment, lay
'Twixt England and Emancipation!
"Oh! ! !—"

At this "Oh! ! !" The Times' Reporter
Was taken poorly, and retired;
Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric shorter,
Than justice to the case required.

On his return, he found these shocks
Of eloquence all ended quite;
And Wig lay snoring in his box,
And Hat was—hung up for the night.

---

THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

"To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 ryals, besides the revenue of the Locusts and Periwinkles, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,435,768," &c. &c.—RABELAIS.

"Hurra! hurra!" I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Laird of Salmagundi went,
To open in state his Parliament.
The Salmagundians once were rich,  
Or thought they were—no matter which—  
For, every year, the Revenue  
From their Periwinkles larger grew,  
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick  
And legerdemain of arithmetic  
Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,  
5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,  
Such various ways, behind, before,  
That they made a unit seem a score,  
And proved themselves most wealthy men!  
So, on they went, a prosperous crew,  
The people wise, the rulers clever—  
And God help those, like me and you,  
Who dared to doubt (as some now do)  
That the Periwinkle Revenue  
Would thus go flourishing on for ever.  
"Hurra! hurra!" I heard them say,  
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,  
As the Great Panurge in glory went  
To open his own dear Parliament.  

But folks at length began to doubt  
What all this conjuring was about;  
For, every day, more deep in debt  
They saw their wealthy rulers get:—  
"Let's look (said they) the items through,  
And see if what we're told be true  
Of our Periwinkle Revenue."  
But, Lord! they found there wasn't a tittle  
Of truth in aught they heard before;  
For, they gain'd by Periwinkles little,  
And lost by Locusts ten times more!  
These Locusts are a lordly breed  
Some Salmagundians love to feed.  
Of all the beasts that ever were born,  
Your Locust most delights in corn;  
And, though his body be but small,  
To fatten him takes the devil and all!  
"Oh fie! oh fie!" was now the cry,  
As they saw the gaudy show go by,  
And the Laird of Salmagundi went  
To open his Locust Parliament!
Beside him Sir John comes, with equal \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, in;—
Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we measure ye;
Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of \_\_\_\_\_\_,
Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles on the Treasury.

But, bless us!—behold a new candidate come—
In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written;
He poisseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and thumb,
And he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers of Great Britain! !

"Forbid it," cried Jenky, "ye Viscounts, ye Earls! —
Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchanted,
If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of pearls,
And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb supplanted!

"No—ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor H—if—rd—
If nought but a Peerage can gladden thy life,
And young Master H—if—rd as yet is too small for't,
Sweet Doctor, we'll make a she Peer of thy wife.

"Next to bearing a coronet on our own brows,
Is to bask in its light from the brows of another;
And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,
As o'er V—you F—tz—d 'twill shine through his mother."

Thus ended the First Batch—and Jenky, much tired
(It being no joke to make Lords by the heap),
Took a large dram of ether—the same that inspired
His speech 'gainst the Papists—and prosed off to sleep.

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA QUESTION.

BY LORD ELD—N.

"Vos inumbrelles video."


1827.

My Lords, I'm accused of a trick that, God knows, is
The last into which, at my age, I could fall—
Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,
Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all.

My Lords, on the question before us at present,
No doubt I shall hear, "'Tis that cursed old fellow,
That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and pleasant,
'Who won't let the Lords give the man his umbrella!"

God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to me;
I am ancient—but were I as old as King Priam,
Not much, I confess, to your credit 'twould be,
To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous,
And, long as God spares me, will always maintain,
That, once having taken men's rights, or umbrellas,
We ne'er should consent to restore them again.

What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,
If thus you give back Mr. Bell's para-pluie,
That he mayn't, with its stick, come about all your ears,
And then—where would your Protestant periwigs be?
No, Heaven be my judge, were I dying
to-day,
Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a
medlar that's mellow,
"For God's sake"—at that awful mo-
ment I'd say—
"For God's sake, don't give Mr. Bell
his umbrella."

["This address," says a ministerial jour-
nal, "delivered with amazing emphasis and earn-
nestness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in
the House. Nothing since the memorable ad-
dress of the Duke of York has produced so
remarkable an impression."]

---o---

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY JOHN BULL.

"Dublin, March 12, 1827.—Friday, after the
arrival of the packet bringing the account of
the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of
Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House
to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball
cartridge to the different garrisons round the
country."—Freeman's Journal.

I have found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her;—
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,
But ill she her wants understood;—
Ball cartridges, morning and night,
Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives
But we read, in some amiable trials,
How husbands make love to their wives
Through the medium of hemp and of
phials.

One thinks, with his mistress or mate
A good halter is sure to agree—
That love-knot which, early and late,
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While another, whom Hymen has bless'd
With a wife that is not over placid,
Consigns the dear charmer to rest,
With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

Thus, Erin! my love do I show—
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!
And, as poison and hemp are too slow,
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be
shaken,
Ask R—d—n, that mildest of saints;
He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,
Alone can remove thy complaints;—
That, blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant
But being hang'd, tortured, and shot,
Much oftener than thou art at present.

Even W—l—t—n's self hath aver'd
Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,
And I loved him the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,
Dear partner, I herewith inclose;
'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,
From Cromwell to Eld—n, propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,
How I wish that, before you set out,
The Devil of the Freischutz could
Know
The good work you are going about.

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,
Into such supernatural wit,
That you'd all of you know, as you sped,
Where a bullet of sense ought to hit.

---o---

A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.

Regnis ex-sul ademits.—Virg. 1827.

To Swanage—that neat little town, in
whose bay
Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver
slippers—
Lord Bags took his annual trip t'other
day,
To taste the sea breezes, and chat with
the dippers.

There—learn'd as he is in conundrums
and laws—
Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft
plays the wag on),
"Why are Chancery suitors like bathers?"
—"Beause
Their suits are put off, till—they
haven't a rag on."
Thus on he went chatting—but, lo, while he chats,
With a face full of wonder around him he looks;
For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,
Who used to flock round him at Swanage like rooks.

How is this, Lady Bags?—to this region aquatic
Last year they came swarming, to make me their bow,
As thick as Burke's cloud o'er the vales of Carnatic,
Deans, Rectors, D.D.'s—where the devil are they now?"

"My dearest Lord Bags!" saith his dame,
"can you doubt?
I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;
But don't you perceive, dear, the Church have found out
That you're one of the people call'd Ex's, at present?"

'Ah, true—you have hit it—I am, indeed, one
Of those ill-fated Ex's (his Lordship replies),
And, with tears, I confess—God forgive me the pun!—
We X's have proved ourselves not to be Y's."

—o—

WO! WO!

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it—
That beautiful Light, which is now on its way;
Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bags of Belturbet,
Now brightens sweet Ballinafad with its ray!

Oh F—rnh—m, Saint F—rnh—m, how much do we owe thee!
How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs!
The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,
The young as an amateur scourger of boys,

Wo, wo, to the man, who such doings would smother!—
On, Luther of Cavan! On, Saint of Kilgroggy!
With whip in one hand, and with Bible in 'other,
Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preacher and floggee."

Come, saints from all quarters, and marshal his way;
Come, L—rt—n, who, scorning profane erudition,
Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river, one day,
Though 'twas only old Bowdler's Vul-luti edition.

Come, R—den, who doubtest—so mild are thy views—
Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;
Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to choose,
'Twixt good old Rebellion and new Reformation.

What more from her saints can Hibernia require?
St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful daughter,
Supplied her, 'tis said, with perpetual fire,
And Saints keep her, now, in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,
Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,
When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,
We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as potatoes.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,
Had been trying their talent for many a day;
Till F—rnh—m, when all had been tried, came to show,
Like the German flea-catcher, "anoder goot way."
And nothing's more simple than F—m—h—m's receipt;—
"Catch your Catholic, first—soak him well in poten—
Add salary sauce, and the thing is complete,
You may serve up your Protestant,
smoking and clean."

"Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh
at such cookery!"
Thus, from his perch, did I hear a black crow
Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery
Open'd their bills, and re-echo'd "Wo! wo!"

---0---

TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.

"If, in China or among the natives of India,
we claimed civil advantages which were connected with religious usages, little as we might value those forms in our hearts, we should think common decency required us to abstain from treating them with offensive contumely; and, though unable to consider them sacred, we would not sneer at the name of Fot, or laugh at the imputed divinity of Vishnu."—Courier, Tuesday, Jan. 16.

1827.

COME, take my advice, never trouble your cranium,
When "civil advantages" are to be gain'd,
What god or what goddess may help to obtain you 'em,
Hindoo or Chinese, so they're only obtain'd.

In this world (let me hint in your organ auricular)
All the good things to good hypocrites fall;
And he, who in swallowing creeds is particular,
Soon will have nothing to swallow at all.

Oh place me where Fo (or, as some call him, Fot)
Is the god, from whom "civil advantages" flow,
And you'll find, if there's anything snug to be got,
I shall soon be on excellent terms with old Fo.

Or were I where Vishnu, that four-handed god,
Is the quadruple giver of pensions and places,
I own I should feel it unchristian and odd
Not to find myself also in Vishnu's good graces.

For, among all the gods that humanely attend
To our wants in this planet, the gods to my wishes
Are those that, like Vishnu and others, descend
In the form, so attractive, of loaves and of fishes!

So take my advice—for, if even the devil
Should tempt men again as an idol to try him,
'Twere best for us Tories, even then, to be civil,
As nobody doubts we should get something by him.

---0---

ENIGMA.

Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.

COME, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,
And tell me what my name may be.
I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,
And therefore no chicken, as you may suppose;—
Though a dwarf in my youth (as my nurses have told),
I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my clothes;
Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,
That, if folks were to furnish me now with a suit,
It would take ev'ry morsel of scrip in the land
But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot.
Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of my stature,
To cover me nothing but rags will supply;
And the doctors declare that, in due course of nature,
About the year 30 in rags I shall die.
Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated around,
An object of interest, most painful, to all;
In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace
I'm found, holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall.
Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree.
Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his book,
Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw,
O'er his shoulders with large cipher eyeballs I look,
And down drops the pen from his paralyzed paw!
When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,
And expects through another to caper and prank it,
You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "Boo!"
How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the blanket.
When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the hall
His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's overthrew,
Lo, "Eight Hundred Millions" I write on the wall,
And the cup falls to earth and—the gout to his toe!
But the joy of my heart is when largely I cram
My maw with the fruits of the Squirearchy's acres,
And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,
Like the monster of Frankenstein, worry my makers.
Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,
And tell, if thou know'st, who I may be.

DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN.

"Vox clamantis in deserto."

Said Malthus, one day, to a clown
Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the sun,—
"What's the number of souls in this town?"
"The number! Lord bless you, there's none.

"We have nothing but dabs in this place,
Of them a great plenty there are;
But your soles, please your revere and grace,
Are all t'other side of the bar."

And so 'tis in London just now,
Not a soul to be seen, up or down;—
Of dabs a great glut, I allow,
But your soles, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wondrous or new;
No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;
Mrs. B——, and a Mermaid or two,
Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,
That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?
Where, Eld—n, art thou, with thy tears?
And thou, with thy sense, L—d—d—y?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,
In the dog-days, with thee must be puzzled!—
It being his task to take care
That such animals shan't go unmuzzled.

Thou, too, whose political toils
Are so worthy a captain of horse—
Whose amendments (like honest Sir Boyle's)
Are "amendments, that make matters worse;"

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains
To prove—what is granted, nem. con.—
With how mod'rate a portion of brains
Some heroes contrive to get on.
And, thou, too, my R—d—sd—e, ah, where
Is the peer, with a star at his button,
Whose quarters could ever compare
With R—d—sd—e's five quarters of mutton?

Why, why have ye taken your flight,
Ye diverting and dignified crew?
How ill do three farces a night,
At the Haymarket, pay us for you!

For, what is Bombastes to thee,
My Ell—nbro', when thou look'st big?
Or, where's the burletta can be
Like L—d—rd—le's wit, and his wig?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof could
(Though Griffin's a comical lad)
Invent any joke half so good
As that precious one, "This is too bad!"

Then come again, come again, Spring!
Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;
And—of all things the funniest—bring
These exalted Grimaldis again!

—o—

THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE DEAD LION."

1828.

NEXT week will be publish'd (as
"Lives" are the rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wondrous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they
call "sad,"
'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how Lions behave—among friends;

How that animal eats, how he snores,
how he drinks;
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the Lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well—this the puppy allows—
It was all, he says, borrow'd—all second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bower
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a Cynic could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,
[habits.]
And judges of lions by puppy-dog
Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,
And—does all a dog, sodominutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in
[bred,]
Examples and warnings to lions high
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen
Who'll feed on them living, and soul them when dead.

Exeter 'Change.
—o—

ODE TO DON MIGUEL.

Et tu, Brute! 1828.

WHAT! Miguel, not patriotic? oh, fye,
After so much good teaching 'tis quite a take-in, Sir;
First school'd, as you were, under Metternich's eye,
And then (as young misses say)
"finish'd" at Windsor!
I ne'er in my life knew a case that was harder;—
Such feasts as you had, when you made us a call!
Three courses each day from his Majesty's larder,—
And now, to turn absolute Don, after all!!

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style and the matter
Of each thing they write suit the way that they dine,
Roast sirloin for Epic, broil'd devils for Satire,
And hotchpotch and trifle for rhymes such as mine.

That Rulers should feed the same way,
I've no doubt;—
Great Despots on bouilli served up à la Russe,
Your small German Princes on frogs and sour crout,
And your Vice-roy of Hanover always on goose.

Some Dons, too, have fancied (though this may be fable)
A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they blunder it;—
Not content with the common hot meat on a table,
They're partial (eh, Mig?) to a dish of cold under it!

No wonder a Don of such appetites found
Even Windsor's collations plebeianly plain;
Where the dishes most high that my Lady sends round
Are her Maintenon cutlets and soup à la Reine.

Alas! that a youth with such charming beginnings,
Should sink, all at once, to so sad a conclusion,
And, what is still worse, throw the losings and winnings
Of worthies on 'Change into so much confusion!

The Bulls, in hysterics—the Bears just as bad—
The few men who have, and the many who've not tick,
All shock'd to find out that that promising lad,
Prince Metternich's pupil, is—not patriotic!

THOUGHTS OF THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

Oft have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,
Some well-rough'd youth round Astley's Circus ride
Two stately steeds—standing, with graceful straddle,
Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,
While to soft tunes—some jigs, and some andantes—
He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.

So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,
That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present;—
Papist and Protestant the coursers twain,
That lend their necks to his impartial rein,
And round the ring—each honoured, as they go,
With equal pressure from his gracious toe—
To the old medley tune, half "Patrick's Day"
And half "Boyne Water," take their cant'ring way,
While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks
His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubt-ful hacks.
Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art!
How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start;—
If Protestant's old restive tricks were gone,
And Papist's winkers could be still kept on!
But no, false hopes—not even the great Ducrow
'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an overthrow:
If solar hacks play'd Phaëton a trick,
What hope, alas, from hackney's lunatic?
If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,
Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses;
If Peel but gives one extra touch of whip
To Papist's tail or Protestant's ear-tip—
That instant ends their glorious horsemanship!
Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free,
And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea!

—0—

THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

A DREAM.
"Ciò che si perde quà, là si raguna."
Ariosto.
"—- a valley, where he sees Things that on earth were lost."
Milton.
1828.

KNOW'ST thou not him the poet sings,
Who flew to the moon's serene domain,
And saw that valley, where all the things,
That vanish on earth, are found again—
The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,
The vow of the lover, the dream of the sage,
The golden visions of mining cits,
The promises great men strewed about them;—
And, pack'd in compass small, the wits
Of monarchs, who rule as well without them!—
Like him, but diving with wing profound,
I have been to a Limbo under ground.
Where characters lost on earth, (and cried, In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide,) In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown, And there, so worthless and fly-blown, That ev'n the imps would not purloin them, Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

Curious it was to see this mass
Of lost and torn-up reputations;—
Some of them female wares, alas,
Mislaid at innocent assignations;
Some, that had sigh'd their last amen
From the canting lips of saints that would be;
And some once own'd by "the best of men,"
Who had proved—no better than they should be.
'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,
Once shining fair, now soak'd and black—
"No wonder" (an imp at my elbow cried),
"For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack!"

Just then a yell was heard o'er head,
Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty summons;
And lo! a devil right downward sped,
Bringing, within his claws so red,
Two statesmen's characters, found, he said,
Last night, on the floor of the House of Commons;
The which, with black official grin,
He now to the Chief Imp handed in;—
Both these articles much the worse
For their journey down, as you may suppose;
But one so devilish rank—"Odds curse!"
Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.

"Ho, ho " quoth he, "I know full well From whom these two stray matters fell;"—
Then, casting away, with loathful shrug, Th' uncleaner waif (as he would a drug Th' Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd), His gaze on the other firm he fix'd, And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his eye, To be moral, because of the young imps by,
"What a pity!" he cried—"so fresh its gloss,
So long preserved—tis a public loss!
This comes of a man, the careless block-head, Keeping his character in his pocket:
CASH, CORN, AND CATHOLICS.

And there—without considering whether
There's room for that and his gains togeth-
Cramming, and cramming, and cramming away,
Till—out slips character some fine day!

"However"—and here he view'd it round—
"This article still may pass for sound.
Some flaws, soon patch'd, some stains are all
The harm it has had in its luckless fall.
Here, 'Puck!'—and he call'd to one of
his train—
The owner may have this back again.
Though damaged for ever, if used with skill,
It may serve, perhaps, to trade on still;
Though the gem can never, as once, be set,
It will do for a Tory Cabinet."

---o---

HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.

'MONG our neighbours, the French, in
the good olden time
When Nobility flourish'd, great Barons
and Dukes
Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,
Bur ne'er took the trouble to write their
own books.

Poor devils were found to do this for
their betters;—
And one day, a Bishop, addressing a
Blue,
Said, "Ma'am, have you read my new
Pastoral Letters?"
To which the Blue answer'd—"No,
Bishop, have you?"

The same is now done by our privileged
class;
And, to show you how simple the pro-
cess it needs,
If a great Major-General wishes to pass
For an author of History, thus he pro-
ceeds:

First, scribbling his own stock of notions
as well
As he can, with a goose-quill that claims
him as kin,
He settles his neckcloth—takes snuff—
rings the bell,
And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

The Subaltern comes—sees his General
seated,
In all the self-glory of authorship
swelling;—
"There, look," saith his Lordship, "my
work is completed—
It wants nothing now, but the grammar
and spelling."

Well used to a breach, the brave Subal-
tern dreads
Awkward breaches of syntax a hun-
dred times more;
And, though often condemn'd to see
breaking of heads,
He had ne'er seen such breaking of
Priscian's before.

However, the job's sure to pay—that's
enough—
So, to it he sets with his tinkering
hammer,
Convinced that there never was job half
so tough
As the mending a great Major-Gen-
eral's grammar.

But, lo! a fresh puzzlement starts up to
view—
New toil for the Sub.—for the Lord
new expense:
'Tis discover'd that mending his grammar
won't do,
As the Subaltern also must find him in
sense!

At last—even this is achieved by his aid;
Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and
—the story;
Drums beat—the new Grand March of
Intellect's play'd—
And off struts my Lord, the Historian,
in glory!

---o---
IMITATION OF THE INFERNO
OF DANTE.

"Cost quel siato gli spiriti mali
Di quà, di là, di giù, di su gli mena."

_Inferno_, canto 5.

I TURND my steps, and lo, a shadowy throng
Of ghosts came fluttering tow’rds me—
Like cockchafers in high autumnal storms,
By many a fitful gust that through their forms
Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy puff,
And puff’d as—though they’d never puff enough.

"Whence and what are ye?" pitying I inquired
Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter’d, tost, and tired
With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand
On their lean legs while answering my demand.

"We once were authors"—thus the Sprite, who led
This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said—

"Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter,
Who, early smit with love of praise and—p tender,
On C—lb—n’s shelves first saw the light of day,
In ——’s puffs exhaled our lives away—
Like summer windmills, doom’d to dusty peace,
When the brisk gales, that lent them motion cease.
Ah, little knew we then what ills await
Much-lauded scribblers in their after state;
Bepuff’d on earth—how loudly Str—t can tell—
And, dire reward, now doubly puff’d in hell!

Touch’d with compassion for his ghastly crew,
Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind sung through

In mournful prose,—such prose as Rosa’s ghost
Still at th’ accustom’d hour of eggs and toast,
Sighs through the columns of the M—ru—
—ng P—t,—
Pensive I turn’d to weep, when he, who stood
Foremost of all that flatulential brood,
Singing a she’-ghost from the party, said,
"Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.,
One of our letter’d nymphs—excuse the pun—
Who gain’d a name on earth by—having none!
And whose initials would immortal be,
Had she but learn’d those plain ones, A. B. C.
Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry and neat,
Wrapp’d in his own dead rhymes—fit winding-sheet—
Still marvels much that not a soul should care
One single pin to know who wrote ‘May Fair’;—
While this young gentleman,” (here forth he drew
A dandy spectre, puff’d quite through and through,
As though his ribs were an Æolian lyre
For the old Row’s soft tradé-winds to inspire,)‘This modest genius breathed one wish alone,
To have his volume read, himself unknown;
But different far the course his glory took,
All knew the author, and—none read the book.

‘Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,
Who rides the blast, Sir J—n—h B—r—r—t—n;—
In tricks to raise the wind his life was spent,
And now the wind returns the compli-
ment.
This lady here, the Earl of ——’s sister,
Is a dead novelist; and this is Mister—
Begpardon—Honourable Mister L—st—r,
A gentleman who; some weeks since, came over
In a smart puff (wind S.S.E.) to Dover.
Yonder behind us limps young Vivian Grey,
Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown away,
Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind
No further purchase for a puff can find."

"And thou thyself"—here, anxious, I exclaim'd—
"Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself, art named."
"Me, Sir!" he blushing cried—"Ah, there's the rub—
Know, then—a waiter once at Brooks's Club,
A waiter still I might have long remain'd, And long the club-room's jokes and glasses drain'd;
But, ah, in luckless hour, this last December,
I wrote a book, and Colburn dubb'd me 'Member'—
'Member of Brooks's'?—oh Promethean puff,
To what wilt thou exalt even kitchen-stuff!
With crumbs of gossip, caught from dining wits,
And half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like half-chew'd bits,
To be, each night, the waiter's perquisites;—
With such ingredients, served up oft before,
But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er,
I managed, for some weeks, to dose the town,
Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me down;
And, ready still even waiters' souls to damn,
The Devil but rang his bell, and—here I am;—
Yes—'Coming up, Sir,' once my favourite cry,
Exchanged for 'Coming down, Sir,' here am I!"

Scarce had the spectre's lips these words let drop,
When, lo, a breeze—such as from ——'s shop

Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,
And speeds the sheets and swells the lagging sale—
Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop,
And, whirling him and all his grisly group
Of literary ghosts—Miss X. Y. Z.—
The nameless author, better known than read—
Sir Jo.—the Honourable Mr. L.—st—r,
And, last, not least, Lord Nobody's tw n—sister—
Blew them, ye gods, with all their prose and rhymes
And sins about them, far into those climes
"Where Peter pitch'd his waistcoat" in old times,
Leaving me much in doubt, as on I prest,
With my great master; through this realm unblest,
Whether old Nick or C—lb—n puffs the best.

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LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD B—TH—ST'S TAIL.

All in again—unlook'd-for bliss!
Yet, ah, one adjunct still we miss;—
One tender tie, attach'd so long
To the same head, through right and wrong.
Why, B—th—st, why didst thou cut off
That memorable tail of thine?
Why—as if one was not enough—
Thy pig-tie with thy place resign
And thus, at once, both cut and run?
Alas, my Lord, 'twas not well done,
'Twas not, indeed—though sad at heart,
From office and its sweets to part,
Yet hopes of coming in again,
Sweet Tory hopes! beguiled our pain;
But thus to miss that tail of thine,
Through long, long years our rallying sign—
As if the State and all its powers
By tenancy in tail were ours—
To see it thus by scissors fall,
This was "th' unkindest cut of all!"
It seem'd as though th' ascendant day
Of Toryism had pass'd away,
And, proving Samson's story true,
She lost her vigour with her queue.

Parties are much like fish, 'tis said—
The tail directs them, not the head;
Then, how could any party fail? [tail?]
That steer'd its course by B—th—st's
Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's fight,
E'er shed such guiding glories from it,
As erst, in all true Tories' sight,
Blazed from our old Colonial comet!

If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,
(As W—ll—gt—n will be anon)
Thou might'st have had a tail to spare;
But no, alas, thou hadst but one,
And that—like Troy, or Babylon,
A tale of other times—is gone!

Yet—weep ye not, ye Tories true—
Fate has not yet of all bereft us;
Though thus deprived of B—th—st's queue,
We've E—b'h's curls still left us;—
Sweet curls, from which young Love, so vicious,
His shots, as from nine pounders, issues;
Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,
Surcharged with all a nation's fate,
His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God did,
And oft in thundering talk comes near him;—
Except that, there, the speaker nodded,
And, here, 'tis only those who hear him.
Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil
Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,
With plenty of Macassar oil,
Through many a year your growth to nourish!

And, ah, should Time too soon unseath
His barbarous shears such locks to sever,
Still dear to Tories, even in death,
Their last, loved relics we'll bequeath,
A hair-loom to our sons for ever.

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THE CHERRIES.

A PARABLE.

See those cherries, how they cover
Yonder sunny garden wall;—
Had they not that network over,
Thieving birds would eat them all.

So, to guard our posts and pensions,
Ancient sages wove a net,
Through whose holes, of small dimensions,
Only certain knaves can get.

Shall we then this network widen?
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which, even already, slide in
Lots of small dissenting souls?

"God forbid!" old Testy crieth;
"God forbid!" so echo I;
Every ravenous bird that fieth
Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,
And, behold, what bevises break in;
Here, some curtst old Popish crow
Pops his long and lickerish beak in;

Here, sly Arians flock unnumber'd,
And Socinians, slim and spare,
Who, with small belief encumber'd,
Slip in easy anywhere;—

Methodists, of birds the aptest,
Where there's pecking going on;
And that water-fowl, the Baptist—
All would share our fruits anon;

Every bird, of every city,
That, for years, with ceaseless din,
Hath reversed the starling's ditty,
Singing out "I can't get in."

"God forbid!" old Testy snivels;
"God forbid!" I echo too;
Rather may ten ten thousand d-v-ls
Seize the whole voracious crew!

If less costly fruit won't suit 'em,
Hips and haws, and such like berries,
Curse the cormorants! stone 'em, shoot 'em,
Anything—to save our cherries.

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STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF DEFEAT.

Go, seek for some abler defenders of wrong,
If we must run the gauntlet through blood and expense;
Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude strong,
Be content with success, and pretend not to sense.
CASH, CORN, AND CATHOLICS.

If the words of the wise and the gen’rous are vain,
If Truth by the bowstring must yield up her breath,
Let Mutés do the office—and spare her the pain
Of an In—gl—is or T—nd—l to talk her to death.

Chain, persecute, plunder—do all that you will—
But save us, at least, the old womanly lore
Of a F—st—r, who, dully prophetic of ill,
Is, at once, the two instruments, Augur and Bore.

Bring legions of Squires—if they’ll only be mute—
And array their thick heads against reason and right,
Like the Roman of old, of historic repute,
Who with droves of dumb animals carried the fight;

Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court,
Your Bedchamber lordlings, your salaried slaves,
Who, ripe for all job-work, no matter what sort,
Have their consciences tack’d to their patents and staves.

Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal sings,
Are the Treasury’s creatures, wherever they swim;
With all the base, time-serving toadies of Kings,
Who, if Punch were the monarch, would worship even him;

And while, on the one side, each name of renown,
That illumines and blesses our age is combined;
While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Cannings look down,
And drop o’er the cause their rich mantles of Mind;

Let bold Paddy H—lmes show his troops on the other,
And, counting of noses the quantum desired,
Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi’s famed mother,
"Come forward, my jewels"—’tis all that’s required,
And thus let your farce be enacted hereafter—
Thus honestly persecute, outlaw, and chain;
But spare even your victims the torture of laughter,
And never, oh never, try reasoning again!

ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

1828.

Let other bards to groves repair,
Where linnets strain their tuneful throats,
Mine be the Woods and Forests, where
The Treasury pours its sweeter notes.

No whispering winds have charms for me,
Nor zephyr’s balmy sighs I ask;
To raise the wind for Royalty
Be all our Sylvan zephyr’s task!

And, ’stead of crystal brooks and floods,
And all such vulgar irrigation,
Let Gallic rhino through our Woods
Divert its "course of liquid-ation."

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well
What Woods and Forests ought to be,
When, sly, he introduced in hell
His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree:

Nor see I why, some future day,
When short of cash, we should not send
Our H—rs—down—he knows the way—
To see if Woods in hell will lend.

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,
Beneath whose "branches of expense"
Our gracious K—g gets all he wants,—
Except a little taste and sense.

Long, in your golden shade reclined,
Like him of fair Armida’s bower;
May W—ll—n some wood-nymph find,
To cheer his dozenth lustrum’s hours;
To rest from toil the Great Untaught,
And sooth the pangs his warlike brain
Must suffer, when, unused to thought,
It tries to think, and—tries in vain.
Oh long may Woods and Forests be
Preserved, in all their teeming graces,
To shelter Tory bards, like me,
Who take delight in Sylvan places!

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS
OF THE SHANNON.

"Take back the virgin page."
MOORE'S Irish Melodies.

No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy [brother,
At hearing it said by thy Treasury
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my
V—sey,
And he, the dear innocent placeman, another.
For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee;—
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more;
By St. Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a lesson upon thee
As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before.
Come—on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,
(Or O'Connell has green ones he haply would lend you,) [book]
Read V—sey all o'er (as you can't read a
And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send you;

A lesson, in large Roman characters traced,
Whose awful impressions from you and your kin [effaced—
Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be
Unless, 'stead of paper, your mere assets' skin.
Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,
Could I risk a translation, you should have a rare one;
But pen against sabre is desperate odds,
And you, my Lord Duke (as you hinted once), wear one.

Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er;—
You will find him worth all the old scrolls of papyrus,
That Egyp't e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,
Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of to tire us.
All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and Dukes,
Whose plain, simple drift if they won't understand,
Though caress'd at St. James's, they're fit for St. Luke's.
Talk of leaves of the Sibyls!—more meaning convey'd is
In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,
Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies
That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eld—n.

"IF" AND "PERHAPS."

Oh tidings of freedom! oh accents of hope!
Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,
And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,
From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

"If mutely the slave will endure and obey,
Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,
His masters, perhaps, at some far distant day,
May think (tender tyrants!) of loosening his chains."

Wise "if" and "perhaps"—precious salve for our wounds,
If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes,
Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that resounds;
Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.
If—if, I say—breathings like these should come o'er
The chords of remembrance, and hrill,
as they come,
Then, perhaps—ay, perhaps—but I dare
not say more;
Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should
be mute—I am dumb.

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WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

A BALLAD.

Air—"Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear."
Salvete, fratres Asini.—St. Francis.

Write on, write on, ye Barons dear,
Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;
The good we've sought for many a year
Your quills will bring at last.
One letter more, N—wc—stile, pen
To match Lord K—ny—n's two,
And more than Ireland's host of men,
One brace of Peers will do.
Write on, write on, &c.

Sure, never, since the precious use
Of pen and ink began,
Did letters, writ by fools, produce
Such signal good to man.
While intellect, 'mong high and low,
Is marching on, they say,
Give me the Dukes and Lords, who go,
Like crabs, the other way.
Write on, write on, &c.

Even now I feel the coming light—
Even now, could Folly lure
My Lord M—ntc—sh—I, too, to write,
Emancipation's sure.
By geese (we read in history)
Old Rome was saved from ill;
And now, to quills of geese, we see
Old Rome indebted still.
Write on, write on, &c.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,
Nor beat for sense about—
Things, little worth a Noble's while,
You're better far without.
Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,
Such miracles were done;
For, write but four such letters more,
And Freedom's cause is won!
THE VOICE.

It came o' er her sleep, like a voice of those days,
When love, only love, was the light of her ways;
And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,
It whisper'd her name from the garden below.

"Alas," sigh'd the maiden, "how fancy can cheat!
The world once had lips that could whisper thus sweet;
But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,
Where, oh that beside them this heart too could sleep!"

She sunk on her pillow—but no, 'twas in vain
To chase the illusion, that Voice came again!

She flew to the casement—but, hush'd as the grave,
In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave.

"Oh sleep, come and shield me," in anguish she said,
"From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead!"
And sleep came around her—but, starting, she woke,
For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke!

"I come," she exclaim'd, "be thy home where it may,
On earth or in heaven, that call I obey;"
Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast
And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.
Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone;
And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on;
But whither she wander’d, by wave or by shore,
None ever could tell, for she came back no more.
No, ne’er came she back,—but the watchman who stood,
That night in the tow’r which o’er-shadows the flood,
Saw dimly, ’tis said, o’er the moon-lighted spray,
A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.
They told her that he, to whose vows she had listen’d
Through night’s fleeting hours, was a Spirit unblest;—
Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten’d,
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

“When next in thy chamber the bride-groom reclineth,
Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies;
And there, as the light o’er his dark features shineth,
Thou’lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs!”

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light;
And saw—such a vision!—no image, appearing
To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth, but just passing from childhood’s sweet morning,
While round him still linger’d its innocent ray;
Though gleams, from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning
Of summer-noon lightnings that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown’d it
Seem’d fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,
What late was but love is idolatry now;
But, ah—in her tremor the fatal lamp raising—
A sparkle flew from it and dropp’d on his brow.

All’s lost!—with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
The Spirit flash’d o’er her his glances of fire;
Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms breaking,
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:

“Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath broken!
Thus ever Affection’s fond vision is crost;
Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken, And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost!”

HERO AND LEANDER.

“The night-wind is moaning with mournful sigh,
There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,
No star over Helle’s sea;
Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,
One love-kindled star through the deep of night,
To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee!”

Thus saying, he plunged in the foamy stream,
Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam
No eye but a lover’s could see;
And still, as the surge swept over his head,
“To-night,” he said tenderly, “living or dead,
Sweet Hero, I’ll rest with thee!”
THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

"Tell me, kind Seer, I pray thee,
So may the stars obey thee,
So may each airy
Moon elf and fairy
Nightly their homage pay thee!
Say, by what spell, above, below,
In stars that wink or flow'rs that blow,
I may discover,
Ere night is over,
Whether my love loves me or no,
Whether my love loves me."

"Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee
Hath charms no gold could buy thee;
Its stem enchanted,
By moon-elves planted,
Will all thou seek'st supply thee.
Climb to yon boughs that highest grow,
Bring thence their fairest leaf below;
And thou'lt discover,
Ere night is over,
Whether thy love loves thee or no,
Whether thy love loves thee."

"See, up the dark tree going,
With blossoms round me bowing,
From thence, oh Father,
This leaf I gather,
Fairest that there is growing.
Say, by what sign I now shall know
If in this leaf lie bliss or woe;
And thus discover,
Ere night is over,
Whether my love loves me or no,
Whether my love loves me."

"Fly to yon fount that's welling,
Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,
Dip in its water
That leaf, oh Daughter,
And mark the tale 'tis telling;
Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
List thou, the while, that fountain's flow,
And thou'lt discover
\"hether thy lover,
Loved as he is, loves thee or no,
Loved as he is, loves thee."

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
To seek that fount benighted;
But, scarce a minute
The leaf lay in it,
When, lo, its bloom was blighted!
And as she ask'd, with voice of woe—
List'ning, the while, that fountain's flow—
\"Shall I recover
My truant lover?\"
The fountain seem'd to answer, \"No;\"
The fountain answer'd, \"No.\"

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A hunter once in that grove reclined
To shun the noon's bright eye,
And oft he woo'd the wandering wind,
To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay ev'n the wild bee's hum,
Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
His song was still \"Sweet air, oh come!\"
While Echo answer'd, \"Come, sweet Air!\"

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket rise!
What meaneth that rustling spray?
\"Tis the white-horn'd doe," the Hunter cries,
\"I have sought since break of day.\"
Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,
The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
\"Hilliho—hilliho!\" he gaily sings,
While Echo sighs forth \"Hilliho!\"
Alas, 'twas not the white-horn'd doe
He saw in the rustling grove,
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
Of his own young wedded love.
LEGENDARY BALLADS.

And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,
For pale at his feet he sees her lie;—
"I die, I die," was all she said,
While Echo murmur'd, "I die, I die!"

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YOUTH AND AGE.

"TELL me, what's Love?" said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who crost his way.—
"It is a sunny hour of play,
For which repentance dear doth pay;
Repentance! Repentance!
And this is Love, as wise men say."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth once more,
Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore.—
"Soft as a passing summer's wind:
Wouldst know the blight it leaves behind?
Repentance! Repentance!
And this is Love—when love is o'er."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth again,
Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.
"Sweet as a May tree's scented air—
Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear,
Repentance! Repentance!
This, this is Love—sweet Youth, beware."

Just then, young Love himself came by,
And cast on Youth a smiling eye;
Who could resist that glance's ray?
In vain did Age his warning say,
"Repentance! Repentance!
Youth laughing went with Love away.

---

THE DYING WARRIOR.

A WOUNDED Chieftain, lying
By the Danube's leafy side,
Thus faintly said, in dying,
"Oh! bear, thou foaming tide,
This gift to my lady-bride."

'Twas then, in life's last quiver,
He flung the scarf he wore
Into the foaming river,
Which, ah too quickly, bore
That pledge of one no more!

---

With fond impatience burning,
The Chieftain's lady stood,
To watch her love returning
In triumph down the flood,
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated!
The lady saw, instead
Of the bark whose speed she waited,
Her hero's scarf, all red
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek—and all was over—
Her life-pulse ceased to beat;
The gloomy waves now cover
That bridal-flower so sweet,
And the scarf is her winding sheet!

---

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"COME, if thy magic Glass have pow'r
To call up forms we sigh to see;
Show me my love, in that rosy bow'r,
Where last she pledged her truth to me."

The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay;
"True-hearted maid," said the happy Knight,
"She's thinking of one, who is far away."

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;
"'Tis," said the Knight, "the same bright boy,
Who used to guide me to my dear."

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flow'r;
"Such," he exclaim'd, "was the girl that she
Each morning sent me from that bow'r!"

She gives her page the blooming rose,
With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!"
"Thus," thought the Knight, "she soothes her woes,
By fancying, still, her true-love nigh."
But the page returns, and—oh, what a sight,
For trusting lover's eyes to see!—
Leads to that bow'r another Knight,
As young and, alas, as loved as he!

"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love!"

Then, darting forth, with furious bound,
Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
And strew'd it all in fragments round.

**MORAL.**

Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

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**THE PILGRIM.**

Still thus, when twilight gleam'd,
Far off his Castle seem'd,
Traced on the sky;
And still, as Fancy bore him
To those dim tow'rs before him,
He gazed, with wishful eye,
And thought his home was nigh.

"Hall of my Sires!" he said,
"How long, with weary tread,
Must I toil on?"
Each eve, as thus I wander,
Thy tow'rs seem rising yonder,
But, scarce hath daylight shone,
When, like a dream, thou'rt gone!"

So went the Pilgrim still,
Down dale and over hill,
Day after day;
That glimpse of home, so cheering,
At twilight still appearing,
But still, with morning's ray,
Melting, like mist, away!

Where rests the Pilgrim now?
Here, by this cypress bough,
Closed his career;
That dream, of Fancy's weaving,
No more his steps deceiving,
Alike past hope and fear,
The Pilgrim's home is here.

**THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.**

In vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her,
But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whosoever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,
"That Knight must the conqueror of conquerors be;
He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in;—
None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her
On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree;
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
His visor was down—but, with voice that thrill'd through her,
He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,
In me the great conqueror of conquerors see;
Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!"

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
And proud was the step, as her bride-groom convey'd her
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.
"But whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me? Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree; Is this the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?" With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye. "'Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures"— Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see; But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features, And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!

**THE INDIAN BOAT.**

'TWAS midnight dark, The seaman's bark, Swift o'er the waters bore him, When, through the night, He spied a light Shoot o'er the wave before him. "A sail! a sail!" he cries; "She comes from the Indian shore, And to-night shall be our prize, With her freight of golden ore. Sail on! sail on!" When morning shone He saw the gold still clearer; But, though so fast The waves he pass'd, That boat seem'd never the nearer.

Bright daylight came, And still the same Rich bark before him floated; While on the prize His wishful eyes Like any young lover's doated: "More sail! more sail!" he cries, While the waves o'ertop the mast; And his bounding galley flies, Like an arrow before the blast. Thus on, and on, Till day was gone, And the moon through heav'n did hie her, He swept the main, But all in vain, That boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day To night gave way, And many a morn succeeded; While still his flight, Through day and night, That restless mariner speeded. Who knows—who knows what seas He is now careering o'er? Behind, the eternal breeze, And that mocking bark, before! For, oh, till sky And earth shall die, And their death leave none to rue it, That boat must flee O'er the boundless sea, And that ship in vain pursue it.

**THE STRANGER.**

COME list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground; Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger Hears soft fairy music re-echo around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady, Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand: But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady, Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping, A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears; So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping, Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.

We thought 'twas an anthem some angel had sung us;— But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high, With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us, All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.
Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue,
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung—oh, but once to have seen them—
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart;
While her looks and her voice made a language between them,
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore her—
Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast;
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing—
Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb;
For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.
The Summer Fête.

[Another folio of music and poetry was published, in 1831, by James Power of 34, Strand, in which Moore and Bishop again wrote in collaboration. The work, which extended to 108 pages, and the price of which was fifteen shillings, instead of being merely a string of songs, was so far symmetrical in its structure that it could be accurately described as a poem in which eleven musical compositions were introduced. Begun in the August of 1830, according to the Poet’s Journal, it is there referred to as a mere bagatelle, “a thing,” he slightly terms it, “to be called (I think) The Summer Fête.” It celebrated, under the guise of an imaginary al fresco feast, a memorable entertainment given, five years previously, on the 30th of June, 1827, at Boyle Farm, then the seat of Lord Henry Fitzgerald. Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor subscribed about £500 a piece towards defraying the expenses. At what would be regarded now as the unearthly hour of half-past five the guests sat down to dinner, in number 450, under a tent upon the lawn, fifty more being at the royal table in the conservatory. Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, Madame Vestriss, and others sang barcarolles from gondolas floating on the river. After nightfall the gardens, by the aid of coloured lamps, were brilliantly illuminated. When dancing began, twenty-six of the prettiest girls of the fashionable world, Foresters, Brudenells, De Rooses, and others opened the quadrille in the pavilion, arrayed as rosières. Caroline Norton (née Sheridan) having been one of the most distinguished ornaments of that radiant evening, Moore, with every feeling of admiration and regard, and speaking of himself in the same breath as her father’s warmly attached friend, not unnaturally selected as the one with whose name should be associated a fanciful little poem, designed by him as that summer fête’s reflection.

TO

THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

For the groundwork of the following Poem, I am indebted to a memorable Fête, given some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald. In commemoration of that evening—of which the lady to whom these pages are inscribed was, I well recollect, one of the most distinguished ornaments— I was induced at the time to write some verses, which were afterwards, however, thrown aside unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet, whose playful and happy jeu-d’esprit on the subject has since been published. It was but lately, that, on finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of founding on them such a description of an imaginary Fête as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music.

Such is the origin and object of the following Poem, and to Mrs. Norton it is, with every feeling of admiration and regard, inscribed by her father’s warmly attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

SLOPERTON COTTAGE,
November, 1831.

“Where are ye now, ye summer days,
That once inspired the poet’s lays?
Blest time! ere England's nymphs and swains,
For lack of sunbeams, took to coals—
Summers of light, undimmed by rains,
Whose only mocking trace remains
In watering-pots and parasols."

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,
As, on the morning of that Fête
Which bards unborn shall celebrate,
She backward drew her curtain's shade,
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,
Peep'd with the other at the sky—
Th' important sky, whose light or gloom
Was to decide, this day, the doom
Of some few hundred Beauties, Wits,
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exquisites.

Faint were her hopes; for June had now
Set in with all his usual rigour!
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
But Eurus in perpetual vigour;
And, such the biting summer air,
That she, the nymph now nestling there—
Snug as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine—
Had, more than once, been caught of late
Kneeling before her blazing grate,
Like a young worshipper of fire,
With hands uplifted to the flame,
Whose glow, as if to woo them nigher,
Through the white fingers flushing came.

But oh! the light, th' unhoped-for light,
That now illumed this morning's heaven!
Up sprung Ianthe at the sight,
Though—hark!—the clocks but strike eleven,
And rarely did the nymph surprise
Mankind so early with her eyes.

Who now will say that England's sun
(Like England's self, these spendthrift days)
His stock of wealth hath near outrun,
And must retrench his golden rays—
Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,
And to mere moonshine come at last?

"Calumnious thought!" Ianthe cries,
While coming mirth lit up each glance,
And, prescient of the ball, her eyes
Already had begun to dance:
For brighter sun than that which now
Sparkled o'er London's spires and towers,
Had never bent from heaven his brow
To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers.
What must it be—if thus so fair
'Mid the smoked groves of Grosvenor Square—
What must it be where Thames is seen
Gliding between his banks of green,
While rival villas, on each side,
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of Harem beauties, on he goes—
A lover, loved for ev'n the grace
With which he slides from their embrace.

In one of those enchanted domes,
One, the most flow'rly, cool, and bright
Of all by which that river roams,
The Fête is to be held to-night—
That Fête already link'd to fame,
Whose cards in many a fair one's sight
(When look'd for long, at last they came,)
Seem'd circled with a fairy light;—
That Fête to which the cull, the flower
Of England's beauty, rank and power,
From the young spinster just come out,
To the old Premier, too long in—
From legs of far descended gout,
To the last new-mustachio'd chin—
All were convoked by Fashion's spells
To the small circle where she dwells,
Collecting nightly, to allure us,
Live atoms, which, together hurl'd,
She, like another Epicurus,
Sets dancing thus, and calls "the World."

Behold how busy in those bowers
(Like May-flies, in and out of flowers,) The countless menials swarming run,
To furnish forth, ere set of sun,
The banquet-table richly laid
Beneath yon awning's lengthen'd shade,
Where fruits shall tempt, and winesentice,
And Luxury's self, at Gunter's call,
Breathe from her summer-throne of ice
A spirit of coolness over all,
And now th' important hour drew nigh,
When, 'neath the flush of evening's sky,
The west end "world" for mirth let loose,
And moved, as he of Syracuse
Ne'er dreamt of moving worlds, by force
Of four-horse power, had all combined
Through Grosvenor Gate to speed their course,

Leaving that portion of mankind,
Whom they call "Nobody," behind;—
No star for London's feasts to-day,
No moon of beauty, new this May,
To lend the night her crescent ray;—
Nothing, in short, for ear or eye,
But veteran belles, and wits gone by,
The relics of a past beau monde,
A world, like Cuvier's, long dethroned!
Ev'n Parliament this evening nods
Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,
On half its usual opiate's share;
The great dispensers of repose,
The first-rate furnishers of prose
Being all call'd to—prose elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square
That last impregnable redoubt,
Where, guarded with Patrician care,
Primeval Error still holds out—
Where never gleam of gas must dare
'Gainst ancient Darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
The dowagers one single jolt:—
Where, far too stately and sublime
To profit by the lights of time,
Let Intellect march how it will,
They stick to oil and watchmen still:—
Soon as through that illustrious square
The first epistolary bell,
Sounding by fits upon the air,
Of parting pennies rung the knell;
Warm'd by that telltale of the hours,
And by the daylight's westering beam,
The young Íánthe, who with flowers
Half-crown'd, had sat in idle dream
Before her glass, scarce knowing where
Her fingers roved through that bright hair,
While, all capriciously, she now
Dislodged some curl from her white brow,
And now again replaced it there;—

As though her task was meant to be
One endless change of ministry—
A routing-up of Loves and Graces,
But to plant others in their places.

Meanwhile—what strain is that which floats
Through the small boudoir near—like notes
Of some young bird, its task repeating
For the next linnet music-meeting?
A voice it was, whose gentle sounds
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,
Nor yet had ventured to exalt
Its rash ambition to B all,
That point towards which when ladies rise,
The wise man takes his hat and—flies.
Tones of a harp, too, gently play'd,
Came with this youthful voice comming;
Tones true, for once, without the aid
Of that inflective process, tuning—
A process which must oft have given
Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound;
So pleased, among the joys of heav'n,
He specifies "harps ever tuned."
She who now sung this gentle strain
Was our young nymph's still younger sister—
Scarce ready yet for Fashion's train
In their light legions to enlist her,
But counted on, as sure to bring
Her force into the field next spring.

The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,
Gave forth "so sweetly and so well,"
Was one in Morning Post much famed,
From a divine collection, named,
"Songs of the toilet"—every Lay
Taking for subject of its Muse,
Some branch of feminine array,
Some item, with full scope, to choose,
From diamonds down to dancing shoes;
From the last hat that Herbault's hands
Bequeath'd to an admiring world,
Down to the latest flounce that stands
Like Jacob's Ladder—or expands
Far forth, tempestuously unfurl'd.

Speaking of one of these new Lays,
The Morning Post thus sweetly says:—
"Not all that breathes from Bishop's
lyre,
That Barnett dreams, or Cooke con-
ceives,
Can match for sweetness, strength, or
fire,
This fine Cantata upon Sleeves.
The very notes themselves reveal
The cut of each new sleeve so well;
A flat betrays the Imbéciles,
Light fugues the flying lappets tell;
While rich cathedral chords awake
Our homage for the Manches d'Evêque."

'Twas the first op'ning song—the Lay
Of all least deep in toilet-lore,
That the young nymph, to while away
The tiring hour, thus warbled o'er:

—o—

SONG.

ARRAY thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.

Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but one so bright.

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below—the moon's above—
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.

Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wond'ring eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way!

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.

Now in his Palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fann'd to rest,
Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;
While round his couch's golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch his last smile e'er he slept.
How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames
The golden eve its lustre pour'd,
Shone out the high-born knights and dames
Now group'd around that festal board;
A living mass of plumes and flowers,
As though they'd robb'd both birds and bowers—
A peopled rainbow, swarming through
With habitants of every hue;
While, as the sparkling juice of France
High in the crystal brimmers flow'd,
Each sunset ray that mix'd by chance
With the wine's sparkles, show'd
How sunbeams may be taught to dance.

If not in written form exprest,
'Twas known, at least, to every guest,
That, though not bidden to parade
Their scenic powers in masquerade,
(A pastime little found to thrive
In the bleak fog of England's skies,
Where wit's the thing we best contrive,
As masqueraders, to disguise,
It yet was hoped—and well that hope
Was answer'd by the young and gay—
That, in the toilet's task to-day,
Fancy should take her wildest scope;—
That the rapt milliner should be
Let loose through fields of poesy,
The tailor, in inventive trance,
Up to the heights of Epic clamber,
And all the regions of Romance
Be ransack'd by the femme de chambre.
Accordingly, with gay Sultanas,  
Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas—  
Circassian slaves whom Love would pay  
Half his maternal realms to ran-
som;—  
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay  
In looking most profanely hand-
some;—  
Muses in muslin—pastoral maids  
With hats from the Arcade-ian shades,  
And fortune-tellers, rich, 'twas plain,  
As fortune-hunters form'd their train.

With these, and more such female groups,  
Were mix'd no less fantastic troops  
Of male exhibitors—all willing  
To look, ev'n more than usual, killing;—  
Beau tyrants, smock-faced braggadocios,  
And brigands, charmingly ferocious;—  
Grave Friars (staunch No-Popery men),  
In close confab with Whig Caciques;  
And M.P. Turks, all Moslem then,  
Who, last night, voted for the Greeks.

But where is she—the nymph, whom late  
We left before her glass delaying,  
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,  
In the clear wave her charms survey-
ing,  
And saw in that first glassy mirror  
The first fair face that lure to error.  
"Where is she," ask'st thou?—watch all looks  
As cent'ring to one point they bear,  
Like sun-flowers by the sides of brooks,  
Turn'd to the sun—and she is there.  
Ev'n in disguise, oh never doubt  
By her own light you'd track her out:  
As when the moon, close shawl'd in fog,  
Steals, as she thinks, through heaven in-
cog.,  
Though hid herself, some sidelong ray,  
At every step, detects her way.

But not in dark disguise to-night  
Hath our young heroine veil'd her light;—  
For see, she walks the earth, Love's own,  
His wedded bride, by holiest vow  
Pledged in Olympus, and made known  
To mortals by the type which now  
Hangs glitt'ring on her snowy brow,  
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,  
Which means the Soul (though few would  
think it),  
And sparkling thus on brow so white,  
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night!

But hark! some song hath caught her  
ears—  
And, lo, how pleased, as though she'd ne'er  
Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,  
Her goddess-ship approves the air;  
And to a mere terrestrial strain,  
Inspired by nought but pink champagne,  
Her butterfly as gaily nods  
As though she sat with all her train  
At some great Concert of the Gods,  
With Phcebus, leader—Jove director,  
And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the carol came—  
A few gay youths, whom round the board  
The last-tried flask's superior fame  
Had lure to taste the tide it pour'd;  
And one, who, from his youth and lyre,  
Seem'd grandson to the Teian sire,  
Thus gaily sung, while, to his lay,  
Less and still less, like dying day,  
The flask's rich radiance ebb'd away.

—o—

SONG.

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,  
As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;  
But, as I'm not particular—wit, love, and wine,  
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.  
Nay—humble and strange as my tastes may appear—  
If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank Heaven,  
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,  
And such wine as we're sipping, six days out of seven.  
So pledge me a bumper—your sages profound  
May be blest, if they will, on their own patent plan:  
But as we are not sages, why—send the cup round—  
We must only be happy the best way we can.
A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're told,
     To who'ee' could invent a new bliss for mankind;
But talk of new pleasures!—give me but the old,
     And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
     Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
     And such eyes as we here be the stars of my way!
In the meantime, a bumper—your Angels, on high,
     May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But, as we are not Angels, why—let the flask fly—
     We must only be happy all ways that we can.

Now nearly fled was sunset's light,
     Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects, late so bright,
     The colouring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still where Day had set
     A flush that spoke him loth to die—
A last link of his glory yet,
     Binding together earth and sky.
Oh, why is it that twilight best
     Becomes even brows the loveliest?
That dimness, with its soft'ning touch,
     Can bring out grace, unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,
     When seen but half enchant the more?
Why is it, but that every joy
     In fulness finds its worst alloy,
And half a bliss, but hoped or guess'd,
     Is sweeter than the whole possess'd;—
That Beauty, dimly shone upon,
     A creature all ideal grows;
And there's no light from moon or sun
     Like that Imagination throws;—
It is but that Fancy shrinks
     Ev'n from a bright reality,
And turning inly, feels and thinks
     Far heav'ner things than e'er will be.

Such was th' effect of twilight's hour
     On the fair groups that, round and round,
From glade to grot, from bank to bow'r,
     Now wander'd through this fairy ground;
And thus did Fancy—and champagne—
     Work on the sight their dazzling spells,
Till nymphs that look'd, at noon-day, plain,
     Now brighten'd, in the gloom, to belles;
And the brief interval of time,
     'Twixt after dinner and before,
To dowagers brought back their prime,
     And shed a halo round two-score.

Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,
     The ear, the fancy, quick succeed;
And now along the waters fly
     Light gondoles, of Venetian breed,
With knights and dames, who, calm reclined,
     Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide—
Astonishing old Thames to find
     Such doings on his moral tide.

So bright was still that tranquil river
     With the last shaft from Daylight's quiver,
That many a group, in turn, were seen
     Embarking on its wave serene;
And, 'mong the rest, in chorus gay,
     A band of mariners, from th' isles
Of sunny Greece, all song and smiles,
     As smooth they floated, to the play
Of their oar's cadence, sung this lay:—

     O—

TRIO.

OUR home is on the sea, boy,
     Our home is on the sea;
When Nature gave
     The ocean-wave,
She mark'd it for the Free.
Whatever storms befall, boy,
     Whatever storms befall,
The island bark
     Is Freedom's ark,
And floats her safe through all.
Behold yon sea of isles, boy,
Behold yon sea of isles,
Where ev'ry shore
Is sparkling o'er
With Beauty's richest smiles.
For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,
For us hath Freedom claim'd
Those ocean-nests
Where Valour rests
His eagle wing untamed.

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
And shall the Moslem dare,
While Grecian hand
Can wield a brand,
To plant his Crescent there?
No—by our fathers, no, boy,
No, by the Cross we show—
From Maina's rills
To Thracia's hills
All Greece re-echoes "No!"

Like pleasant thoughts that o'er the mind
A minute come, and go again,
Ev'n so, by snatches, in the wind,
Was caught and lost that choral strain,
Now full, now faint upon the ear,
As the bark floated far or near.
At length when, lost, the closing note
Had down the waters died along,
Forth from another fairy boat,
Freighted with music, came this song:

---

**SONG.**

_SMOOTHLY flowing through verdant vales_,
Gentle river, thy current runs,
_Shelter'd safe from winter gales_,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our Youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flow'ry shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.

But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whis'ring groves in vain,
Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main.

And thou, sweet Youth, too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unshelter'd sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas,
All hope of peace is lost for thee.

Next turn we to the gay saloon
Resplendent as a summer noon,
Where 'neath a pendent wreath of lights,
A Zodiac of flowers and tapers—
(Such as in Russian ball-rooms sheds
Its glory o'er young dancers' heads)—
Quadrille performs her mazy rites,
And reigns supreme o'er slides and capers;—
Working to death each opera strain,
As, with a foot that ne'er reposes,
She jigs through sacred and profane,
From "Maid and Magpie" up to "Moses;"—
Wearing out tunes as fast as shoes,
Till fagg'd Rossini scarce respires;
Till Meyerbeer for mercy sings,
And Weber at her feet expires.

And now the set hath ceased—the bows
Of fiddlers taste a brief repose,
While light along the painted floor,
Arm within arm, the couples stray,
Talking their stock of nothings o'er,
Till—nothing's left, at last, to say.
When, lo!—most opportunely sent—
Two Exquisites, a he and she,
Just brought from Dandyland, and meant
For Fashion's grand Menagerie,
Enter'd the room—and scarce were there
When all flock'd round them, glad to stare
At _any_ monsters, _any_ where.

Among the critics, as is common, a
_Diff'rence arose 'bout these phenomena._
Some thought them perfect, to their tastes;
While others hinted that the waists
(That in particular of the he thing)
Left far too ample room for breathing:
Whereas, to meet these critics' wishes,
The isthmus there should be so small,
That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,
_Must manage not to breathe at all._
The female (these same critics said),
Though orthodox from toe to chin,
Yet lack'd that spacious width of head
To hat of toadstool much akin —
That build of bonnet, whose extent
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
Puzzle church-doors to let it in.

However—sad as 'twas, no doubt,
That nymph so smart should go about,
With head unconscious of the place
It ought to fill in Infinite Space —
Yet all allow'd that, of her kind,
A prettier show 'twas hard to find;
While of that doubtful genus, "dressy
men,"
The male was thought a first-rate specimen.
Such Savans, too, as wish'd to trace
The manners, habits, of this race —
To know what rank (if rank at all)
'Mong reas'ning things to them should fall —
What sort of notions Heaven imparts
To high-built heads and tight-laced hearts,
And how far Soul, which, Plato says,
Abhors restraint, can act in stays —
Might now, if gifted with discerning,
Find opportunities of learning:
As these two creatures—from their pout
And frown, 'twas plain—had just fall'n out;
And all their little thoughts, of course,
Were stirring in full fret and force; —
Like mites, through microscope espied,
A world of nothings magnified.

But mild the vent such beings seek,
The tempest of their souls to speak;—
As Opera swains to fiddles sigh,
To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,
Even so this tender couple set
Their well-bred woes to a Duet.

---

WALTZ DUET.

HE.

LONG as I waltz'd with only thee,
Each blissful Wednesday that went by,
Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee
Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone—
heigho!

SHE.

Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground,
Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,
No blither nymph teetotum'd round
To Collinet's immortal strain.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone —
heigho!

HE.

With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,
I know no bounds of time or breath;
And, should the charmer's head hold out,
My heart and heels are hers till death.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Still round and round through life
we'll go.

SHE.

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
A youth renown'd for waistcoats smart,
I now have given (excuse the pun)
A vested interest in my heart.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Still round and round with him I'll go.

HE.

What if, by fond remembrance led
Again to wear our mutual chain,
For me thou cut'st Fitznoodle dead,
And I levant from Lady Jane.
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Still round and round again we'll go.

SHE.

Though he the Noodle honours give,
And thine, dear youth, are not so high,
With thee in endless waltz I'd live,
With thee, to Weber's Stop-Waltz,
die!
Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Thus round and round through life
we'll go.

[Exeunt Waltzing;]

While thus, like motes that dance away
Existence in a summer ray,
These gay things, born but to quadrille,
The circle of their doom fulfil—
THE SUMMER FÊTE.

(That dancing doom, whose law decrees
That they should live, on the alert toe,
A life of ups-and-downs, like keys
Of Broadwood's in a long concerto :—)
While thus the fiddle's spell, within,
Calls up its realm of restless sprites,
Without, as if some Mandarin
Were holding there his feast of
Lights,
Lamps of all hues, from walks and
bowers,
Broke on the eye, like kindling flowers,
Till, budding into light, each tree
Bore its full fruit of brilliancy.

Here shone a garden—lamps all o'er,
As though the Spirits of the Air
Had tak'n it in their heads to pour
A shower of summer meteors there ;—
While here a lighted shrub'ry led
To a small lake that sleeping lay,
Cradled in foliage, but, o'er-head,
Open to heaven's sweet breath and ray;
While round its rim there burning stood
Lamps, with young flowers beside them
bedded,
That shrunk from such warm neighbour-
hood;
And, looking bashful in the flood,
Blush'd to behold themselves so
wedded.

Hither, to this sweet place of calm,
Fit but for nights whose air is balm;
Nights, such as Eden's calm recall
In its first lonely hour, when all
So silent is, below, on high,
That if a star falls down the sky,
You almost think you hear it fall—
Hither, to this recess, a few,
To shun the dancers' wild'ring noise,
And give an hour, ere night-time flew,
To Music's more ethereal joys,
Came with their voices—ready all
As Echo, waiting for a call—
In hymn or ballad, dirge or glee,
To weave their mingling minstrelsy.

And, first, a dark-eyed nymph, array'd—
Like her, whom Art hath deathless
made,
Bright Mona Lisa—with that braid
Of hair across the brow, and one
Small gem that in the centre shone—

With face, too, in its form resembling
Da Vinci's Beauties—the dark eyes,
Now lucid, as through crystal trembling,
Now soft, as if suffused with sighs—
Her lute, that hung beside her, took,
And, bending o'er it with shy look,
More beautiful, in shadow thus,
Than when with life most luminous,
Pass'd her light finger o'er the chords,
And sung to them these mournful
words :

—o—

SONG.

BRING hither, bring thy lute, while day
is dying—
Here will I lay me, and list to thy
song;
Should tones of other days mix with its
sighing,
Tones of a light heart, now banish'd
so long,
Chase them away—they bring but pain,
And let thy theme be woe again.

Sing on, thou mournful lute—day is fast
going,
Soon will its light from thy chords die
away;
One little gleam in the west is still glow-
ing,
When that hath vanish'd, farewell to thy
lay.
Mark how it fades !—see, it is fled!
Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead.

—o—

The group, that late, in garb of Greeks,
Sung their light chorus o'er the tide—
Forms, such as up the wooded creeks
Of Helle's shore at noon-day glide,
Or, nightly, on her glist'ning sea,
Woo the bright waves with melody—
Now link'd their triple league again
Of voices sweet, and sung a strain,
Such as, had Sappho's tuneful ear
But caught it, on the fatal steep,
She would have paused, entranced, to hear,
And, for that day, deferr'd her leap.
SONG AND TRIO.

On one of those sweet nights that oft
Their lustre o'er th' Ægean fling,
Beneath my casement, low and soft,
I heard a Lesbian lover sing;
And, list'ning both with ear and thought,
These sounds upon the night-breeze
caught—
"Oh, happy as the gods is he,
Who gazes at this hour on thee!"

The song was one by Sappho sung,
In the first love-dreams of her lyre,
When words of passion from her tongue
Fell like a shower of living fire.
And still, at close of ev'ry strain,
I heard these burning words again—
"Oh, happy as the gods is he,
Who listens at this hour to thee!"

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd
Each asking eye—nor turn'd in vain;
Though the quick, transient blush that
burn'd
Bright o'er her cheek, and died again,
Show'd with what inly shame and fear
Was utter'd what all loved to hear.
Yet not to sorrow's languid lay
Did she her lute-song now devote;
But thus, with voice that, like a ray
Of southern sunshine, seem'd to float—
So rich with climate was each note—
Call'd up in every heart a dream
Of Italy, with this soft theme:

--o--

SONG.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;
And this fond heart is glowing
To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come:
No, thou com'st not!

'Tis the time when night-flowers
Should wake from their rest;
'Tis the hour of all hours,
When the lute singeth best.
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till thy glance they see!
And the hush'd lute is keeping
Its music for thee.
Yet, thou com'st not!

Scarce had the last word left her lip,
When a light, boyish form, with trip
Fantastic, up the green walk came,
Prank'd in gay vest, to which the flame
Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,
Or green, or crimson, lent its hue;
As though a live cameleon's skin
He had despoil'd to robe him in.
A zone he wore of clatt'ring shells,
And from his lofty cap, where shone
A peacock's plume, there dangled bells
That rung as he came dancing on.
Close after him, a page—in dress
And shape, his miniature express—
An ample basket, fill'd with store
Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore;
Till, having reach'd this verdant seat,
He laid it at his master's feet,
Who, half in speech and half in song,
Chaunted this invoice to the throng:

--o--

SONG.

WHO'LL buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;
Besides our usual fools' supply,
We've lots of playthings, too, for sages.
For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,
That fullest seems when nothing's in it;
And nine-pins set, like systems, up,
To be knock'd down the following minute.
Who'll buy?—'tis Folly's shop, who'll buy?
Gay caps we here of foolscap make,
For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
And leave to wits the cap and feather.

Teetotums we've for patriots got,
Who court the mob with antics humble;
Like theirs the patriot's dizzy lot,
A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.

Who'll buy, &c. &c.

Here, wealthy misers to inter,
We've shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While, for their heirs, we've quicksilver,
That, fast as they can wish, will caper.

For aldermen we've dials true,
That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new,
That suit alike both saint and sinner.

Who'll buy, &c. &c.

No time we've now to name our terms,
But whatsoe'er the whims that seize you,
This oldest of all mortal firms,
Folly and Co., will try to please you.

Or, should you wish a darker hue
Of goods than we can recommend you,
Why then (as we with lawyers do)
To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.

Who'll buy, &c. &c.

While thus the blissful moments roll'd,
Moments of rare and fleeting light,
That show'd themselves, like grains of gold
In the mine's refuse, few and bright;
Behold where, opening far away,
The long Conservatory's range,
Stripp'd of the flowers it wore all day,
But gaining lovelier in exchange,

Presents, on Dresden's costliest ware,
A supper such as Gods might share.

Ah much-loved Supper!—blithe repast
Of other times, now dwindling fast,
Since Dinner far into the night
Advanced the march of appetite;
Deploy'd his never-ending forces
Of various vintage and three courses,
And, like those Goths who play'd the dickens
With Rome and all her sacred chickens,

Put Supper and her fowls so white,
Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight.

Now waked once more by wine—whose tide
Is the true Hippocrene, where glide
The Muse's swans with happiest wing,
Dipping their bills, before they sing—
The minstrels of the table greet
The list'ning ear with descant sweet:

—0—

SONG AND TRIO.

THE LEVÉE AND COUCHÉE.

CALL the Loves around,
Let the whisp'ring sound
Of their wings be heard alone,
T'ill soft to rest.
My Lady blest
At this bright hour hath gone.
Let Fancy's beams
Play o'er her dreams,
Till, touch'd with light all through,
Her spirit be
Like a summer sea,
Shining and slum'ring too.
And, while thus hush'd she lies,
Let the whisper'd chorus rise—

"Good evening, good evening, to our Lady's bright eyes."

But the day-beam breaks,
See, our Lady wakes!
Call the Loves around once more,
Like stars that wait
At Morning's gate,
Her first steps to adore
Let the veil of night
From her dawning sight
All gently pass away,
Like mists that flee
From a summer sea,
Leaving it full of day.
And, while her last dream flies,
Let the whisper'd chorus rise—

"Good morning, good morning, to our Lady's bright eyes."

—0—
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

SONG.

If to see thee be to love thee,
If to love thee be to prize
Nought of earth or heav'n above thee,
Nor to live but for those eyes:
If such love to mortal given,
Be wrong to earth, be wrong to heav'n,
'Tis not for thee the fault to blame,
For from those eyes the madness came.
Forgive but thou the crime of loving,
In this heart more pride 'twill raise
To be thus wrong, with thee approving,
Than right, with all a world to praise!

But say, while light these songs resound,
What means that buzz of whispering round,
From lip to lip—as if the Power
Of Mystery, in this gay hour,
Had thrown some secret (as we fling
Nuts among children) to that ring
Of rosy, restless lips, to be
Thus scrambled for so wantonly?
And, mark ye, still as each reveals
The mystic news, her hearer steals
A look tow'rds yon enchanted chair,
Where, like the Lady of the Masque,
A nymph, as exquisitely fair
As Love himself for bride could ask,
Sits blushing deep, as if aware
Of the wing'd secret circling there.
Who is this nymph? and what, oh Muse,
What, in the name of all odd things
That woman's restless brain pursues,
What mean these mystic whisperings?

Thus runs the tale:—yon blushing maid,
Who sits in beauty's light array'd,
While o'er her leans a tall young Der-
vise,
(Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
Learning by heart the Marriage Service),
Is the bright heroine of our song,—
The Love-wed Psyche, whom so long
We've miss'd among this mortal train,
We thought her wing'd to heaven
again.

But no—earth still demands her smile;
Her friends, the Gods, must wait awhile,
And silence to love's right to speak.

And if, for maid of heavenly birth,
A young Duke's proffer'd heart and hand
Be things worth waiting for on earth,
Both are, this hour, at her command.
To-night, in yonder half-lit shade,
For love concerns expressly meant,
The fond proposal first was made,
And love and silence blush'd consent.
Parents and friends (all here, as Jews,
Enchanters, housemaids, Turks, Hindoos,)
Have heard, approved, and blest the tie;
And now, hadst thou a poet's eye,
Thou might'st behold, in th' air, above
That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,
Holding, as if to drop it down
Gently upon her curls, a crown
Of Ducal shape—but, oh, such gems!
Pilfer'd from Peri diadems,
And set in gold like that which shines
To deck the Fairy of the Mines:
In short, a crown all glorious—such as
Love orders when he makes a Duchess.

But see, 'tis morn in heaven; the Sun
Up the bright orient hath begun
To canter his immortal team;
And, though not yet arrived in sight,
His leader's nostrils send a steam
Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
As makes their onward path all light.
What's to be done? If Sol will be
So deuced early, so must we;
And when the day thus shines outright,
Ev'n dearest friends must bid good night.

So, farewell, scene of mirth and mask-
ing,
Now almost a by-gone tale;
Beauty, late in lamp-light basking,
Now, by daylight, dim and pale;
Harpers, yawning o'er your harps,
Scarce knowing flats from sharps;
Mothers who, while bored you keep
Time by nodding, now to sleep;
Heads of hair, that stood last night
Crested, crispy, and upright,
But have now, alas, one sees, a
Leaning like the tower of Pisa;
Fare ye well—thus sinks away
All that's mighty, all that's bright;
Tyre and Sidon had their day,
And ev'n a Ball—has but its night!
TO-DAY, DEAREST! IS OURS.

To-day, dearest! is ours;
Why should Love carelessly lose it?
This life shines or lowers
Just as we, weak mortals, use it.
'Tis time enough, when its flow's decay,
To think of the thorns of Sorrow;
And Joy, if left on the stem to-day,
May wither before to-morrow.

Then why, dearest! so long
Let the sweet moments fly over?
Though now, blooming and young,
Thou hast me devoutly thy lover:
Yet Time from both, in his silent lapse,
Some treasure may steal or borrow;
Thy charms may be less in bloom,
Perhaps, or I less in love to-morrow.

WHEN ON THE LIP THE SIGH DELAYS.

When on the lip the sigh delays,
As if 'twould linger there for ever;
When eyes would give the world to gaze,
Yet still look down, and venture never;
When, though with fairest nymphs we rove,
There's one we dream of more than any—
If all this is not real love,
'Tis something wond'rous like it,
Fanny!

To think and ponder, when apart,
On all we've got to say at meeting;
And yet when near, with heart to heart,
Sit mute, and listen to their beating:
To see but one bright object move,
The only moon, where stars are many—
If all this is not downright love,
I prithee say what is, my Fanny!

When Hope foretells the brightest, best,
Though Reason on the darkest reckons;
When Passion drives us to the west,
Though Prudence to the eastward beckons;
When all turns round, below, above,
And our own heads the most of any—
If this is not stark, staring love,
Then you and I are sages, Fanny.

HERE, TAKE MY HEART.

Here, take my heart—'twill be safe in thy keeping,
While I go wand'ring o'er land and o'er sea;
Smiling or sorrowing, waking or sleeping,
What need I care, so my heart is with thee?

If, in the race we are destined to run, love,
They who have light hearts the happiest be,
Then, happier still must be they who have none, love,
And that will be my case when mine is with thee.
It matters not where I may now be a rover,  
I care not how many bright eyes I may see;  
Should Venus herself come and ask me to love her,  
I'd tell her I couldn't—my heart is with thee.

And there let it lie, growing fonder and fonder—  
For, even should Fortune turn truant to me,  
Why, let her go—I've a treasure beyond her,  
As long as my heart's out at int'rest with thee!

Imagine something purer far,  
More free from stain of clay  
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,  
Yet human still as they:  
And if thy lip, for love like this,  
No mortal word can frame,  
Go, ask of angels what it is,  
And call it by that name!

POOR WOUNDED HEART.

Poor wounded heart, farewell!  
Thy hour of rest is come;  
Thou soon wilt reach thy home,  
Poor wounded heart, farewell!  
The pain thou'lt feel in breaking  
Less bitter far will be,  
Than that long, deadly aching,  
This life has been to thee.

There—broken heart, farewell!  
The pang is o'er—  
The parting pang is o'er;  
Thou now wilt bleed no more,  
Poor broken heart, farewell!  
No rest for thee but dying—  
Like waves, whose strife is past,  
On death's cold shore thus lying,  
Thou sleep'st in peace at last—  
Poor broken heart, farewell!  

THE EAST INDIAN.

Come, May, with all thy flowers,  
Thy sweetly-scented thorn,  
Thy cooling ev'ning showers,  
Thy fragrant breath at morn:  
When May-flies haunt the willow,  
When May-buds tempt the bee,  
Then o'er the shining billow  
My love will come to me.

From Eastern Isles she's winging  
Through wat'ry wilds her way,  
And on her cheek is bringing  
The bright sun's orient ray:  
Oh, come and court her hither,  
Ye breezes mild and warm—  
One winter's gale would wither  
So soft, so pure a form.

The fields where she was straying  
Are blest with endless light,  
With zephyrs always playing  
Through gardens always bright.  
Then now, sweet May! be sweeter  
Than e'er thou'st been before;  
Let sighs from roses meet her  
When she comes near our shore.

POOR BROKEN FLOWER.

Poor broken flow'r! what art can now recover thee?  
Torn from the stem that fed thy rosy breath—  
In vain the sun-beams seek  
To warm that faded cheek;  
The dews of heav'n, that once like balm  
fell over thee,  
Now are but tears, to weep thy early death.
So droops the maid whose lover hath forsaken her,—
Thrown from his arms, as lone and lost as thou;
In vain the smiles of all
Like sun-beams round her fall;
The only smile that could from death awaken her,
That smile, alas! is gone to others now.

THE PRETTY ROSE TREE.

Being weary of love,
I flew to the grove,
And chose me a tree of the fairest;
Saying, "Pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shalt be,
And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.
For the hearts of this world are hollow,
And fickle the smiles we follow;
And 'tis sweet, when all
Their witch'ries pall,
To have a pure love to fly to:
So, my pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shalt be,
And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue
Of thy cheek through the dew
Of morning is bashfully peeping,
"Sweet tears," I shall say
(As I brush them away),
"At least there's no art in this weeping."
Although thou shouldst die tomorrow,
'Twill not be from pain or sorrow;
And the thorns of thy stem
Are not like them
With which men wound each other:
So, my pretty Rose-tree,
Thou my mistress shalt be,
And I'll ne'er again sigh to another.

SHINE OUT, STARS!

SHINE out, Stars! let Heav'n assemble
Round us ev'ry festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
All to grace this Eve of May.

Let the flow'r-beds all lie waking,
And the odours shut up there,
From their downy prisons breaking,
Fly abroad, through sea and air.
And would Love, too, bring his sweetness,
With our other joys to weave,
Oh what glory, what completeness,
Then would crown this bright May Eve!
Shine out, Stars! let night assemble
Round us every festal ray,
Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
To adorn this Eve of May.

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

Oh, the joys of our ev'ning posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Sit and sing the sunshine away;
So merry, that even the slumberers,
That round us hung, seem gone;
Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers.
Again beguile them on.

Oh the joys, &c.

Then as each to his loved sultana
In sleep still breathes the sigh,
The name of some black-eyed Tirana
Escapes our lips as we lie.
Till, with morning's rosy twinkle,
Again we are up and gone—
While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
Beguiles the rough way on.
Oh the joys of our merry posada,
Where, resting at close of day,
We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
Thus sing the gay moments away.

TELL HER, OH, TELL HER.

Tell her, oh, tell her, the lute she left lying
Beneath the green arbour, is still lying there;
And breezes, like lovers, around it are sighing,
But not a soft whisper replies to their pray'r.
Tell her, oh, tell her, the tree that, ingoing,
Beside the green arbour she playfully set,
As lovely as ever is blushing and blowing,
And not a bright leaflet has fall’n from it yet.

So while away from that arbour forsaken,
The maiden is wandering, still let her be
As true as the lute, that no sighing can waken,
And blooming for ever, unchanged as the tree!

—

NIGHTS OF MUSIC.

NIGHTS of music, nights of loving,
Lost too soon, remember’d long,
When we went by moonlight roving,
Hearts all love and lips all song.
When this faithful lute recorded
All my spirit felt to thee;
And that smile the song rewarded—
Worth whole years of fame to me!

Nights of song, and nights of splendour,
Fill’d with joys too sweet to last—
Joys that, like the star-light, tender,
While they shone, no shadow cast.
Though all other happy hours
From my fading mem’ry fly,
Of that star-light, of those bower’s,
Not a beam, a leaf shall die!

—

OUR FIRST YOUNG LOVE

Our first young love resembles
That short but brilliant ray,
Which smiles, and weeps, and trembles
Through April’s earliest day.
And not all life before us,
Howe’er its lights may play,
Can shed a lustre o’er us
Like that first April ray.

Our summer sun may squander
A blaze serener, grander;
Our autumn beam
May, like a dream
Of heav’n, die calm away;
But, no—let life before us
Bring all the light it may,
’Twill ne’er shed lustre o’er us
Like that first youthful ray.

—

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

The brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
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!
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals ’em.

The black eye may say,
“Come and worship my ray—
By adoring, perhaps, you may move me!”
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
“I love, and am yours, if you love me!”
Yes, Fanny!
The blue eye, half hid,
Says, from under its lid,
“I love, and am yours, if you love me!”

Come tell me, then, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
Not a charm of its tint I discover;
Oh why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said “No” to a lover?
Dear Fanny!
Oh, why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said “No” to a lover?

—

DEAR FANNY.

“She has beauty, but still you must keep your heart cool;
She has wit, but you mustn’t be caught so:"
Thus Reason advises, but Reason’s a fool,
And ’tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny,
’Tis not the first time I have thought so.
SONGS AND BALLADS.

"She is lovely; then love her, nor let
the bliss fly;
'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:"

Thus Love has advised me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny?
Love reasons much better than Reason.

FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM.

From life without freedom, say, 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, the dirge of the slave.
Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste 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, ev'n if Freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven.

HERE'S THE BOWER.

Here's the bower she loved so much,
And the tree she planted;
Here's the harp she used to touch—
Oh, how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh;
Where's the hand to wreathe them?
Songs around, neglected lie;
Where's the lip to breathe them?
Here's the bower, &c.

Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Ne'er shall feel its sweetness;
Time, that once so fleetly moved,
Now hath lost its fleetness.
Years were days, when here she stray'd,
Days were moments near her;
Heav'n ne'er form'd a brighter maid,
Nor Pity wept a dearer!
Here's the bower, &c.

I SAW THE MOON RISE CLEAR.

A FINLAND LOVE SONG.

I saw the moon rise clear
O'er hills and vales of snow,
Nor told my fleet rein-deer
The track I wish'd to go.
Yet quick he bounded forth;
For well my rein-deer knew
I have but one path on earth—
The path which leads to you.

The gloom that winter cast
How soon the heart forgets,
When Summer brings, at last,
Her sun that never sets!
So dawn'd my love for you;
So, fix'd through joy and pain,
Than summer sun more true,
'Twill never set again.

LOVE AND THE SUN-DIAL.

YOUNG Love found a Dial once, in a dark shade,
Where man ne'er had wander'd nor sun-beam play'd;
"Why thus in darkness lie," whisper'd young Love;
"Thou, whose gay hours in sunshine should move?"
"I ne'er," said the Dial, "have seen the warm sun,
So noonday and midnight to me, Love, are one."

Then Love took the Dial away from the shade,
And placed her where heav'n's beam warmly play'd,
There she reclined, beneath Love's gazing eye,
While, mark'd all with sunshine, her hours flew by.
"Oh, how," said the Dial, "can any fair maid,
That's born to be shone upon, rest in the shade?"

But night now comes on, and the sunbeam's o'er,
And Love stops to gaze on the Dial no more.
Alone and neglected, while bleak rain and winds
Are storming around her, with sorrow she finds
That Love had but number'd a few sunny hours,
Then left the remainder to darkness and showers!

---

LOVE AND TIME.
'Tis said—but whether true or not
Let bards declare who've seen 'em—
That Love and Time have only got
One pair of wings between 'em.
In courtship's first delicious hour,
The boy full oft can spare 'em;
So, loitering in his lady's bower,
He lets the grey-beard wear 'em.
Then is Time's hour of play;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But short the moments, short as bright,
When he the wings can borrow;
If Time to-day has had his flight,
Love takes his turn to-morrow.
Ah! Time and Love, your change is then
The saddest and most trying,
When one begins to limp again,
And 't'other takes to flying.
Then is Love's hour to stray;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

But there's a nymph, whose chains I feel,
And bless the silken fetter,
Who knows, the dear one, how to deal
With Love and Time much better.

---

So well she checks their wanderings,
So peacefully she pairs 'em,
That Love with her ne'er thinks of wings,
And Time for ever wears 'em.
This is Time's Holiday;
Oh, how he flies, flies away!

---

LOVE'S LIGHT SUMMER-CLOUD.

PAIN and sorrow shall vanish before us—
Youth may wither, but feeling will last;
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,
Love's light summer-cloud only shall cast
Oh, if to love thee more
Each hour I number o'er,
If this a passion be
Worthy of thee,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

Rest, dear bosom, no sorrows shall pain thee,
Sighs of pleasure alone shalt thou steal;
Beam, bright eyelid, no weeping shall stain thee,
Tears of rapture alone shalt thou feel.
Oh, if there be a charm
In love, to banish harm—
If pleasure's truest spell
Be to love well,
Then be happy, for thus I adore thee.
Charms may wither, but feeling shall last:
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.

---
LOVE WAND'RING THROUGH THE GOLDEN MAZE.

Love, wand'ring through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly;
His heart was close confined,
For, every ringlet was a tie—
A chain by beauty twined.

MERRILY EVERY Bosom BOUNDETH.

THE TYROLESE SONG OF LIBERTY.

MERRILY every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth,
Merrily, oh!
There the warrior's arms
Shed more splendour;
There the maiden's charms
Shine more tender;
Ev'ry joy the land surroundeth,
Merrily, oh! merrily, oh!

Wearily every bosom pineth,
Wearily, oh!
Where the bond of slavery twineth,
Wearily, oh!
There the warrior's dart
Hath no fleetness;
There the maiden's heart
Hath no sweetness—
Ev'ry flow'r of life declineth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

Cheerily then from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh!
Like your native fountains sally,
Cheerily, oh!
If a glorious death,
Won by bravery,
Sweeter be than breath
Sigh'd in slavery,
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

REMEMBER THE TIME.

THE CASTILIAN MAID.

REMEMBER the time, in La Mancha's shades,
When our moments so blissfully flew;
When you call'd me the flower of Castilian maid's,
And I blush'd to be call'd so by you;
When I taught you to warble the gay seguadille,
And to dance to the light castanet;
Oh, never, dear youth, let you roam where you will,
The delight of those moments forget.

They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle,
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lover's smile,
You'll forget the poor maid of Castile.
But they 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.

OUR white sail caught the ev'ning ray,
The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
When all the weeping maid could say
Was, "Oh, soon return!"
Through many a clime our ship was driven,
O'er many a billow rudely thrown;
Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
Now sunn'd in summer's zone:
And still, where'er we bent our way,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I fancied still I heard her say,
"Oh, soon return!"

If ever yet my bosom found
Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
'Twas when the combat raged around,
And brave men look'd to me,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>But though the war-field’s wild alarm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For gentle love was all unmeet,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He lent to Glory’s brow the charm,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which made even danger sweet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And still, when vict’ry’s calm came o’er</td>
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<tr>
<td>The hearts where rage had ceased to burn,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Those parting words I heard once more,</td>
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<tr>
<td>“Oh, soon return!—Oh, soon return!”</td>
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<tr>
<td>OH, YES! SO WELL, SO TENDERLY.</td>
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<tr>
<td>OH, yes!—so well, so tenderly</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thou’rt loved, adored by me,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Were worthless without thee.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Though brimm’d with blessings, pure and rare,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Life’s cup before me lay,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Unless thy love were mingled there,</td>
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<tr>
<td>I’d spurn the draught away.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Love thee?—so well, so tenderly</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thou’rt loved, adored by me,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fame, fortune, wealth, and liberty,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Are worthless without thee.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Without thy smile, the monarch’s lot</td>
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<tr>
<td>To me were dark and lone,</td>
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<tr>
<td>While, with it, ev’n the humblest cot</td>
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<tr>
<td>Were brighter than his throne.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Those worlds, for which the conqu’ror sighs,</td>
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<tr>
<td>For me would have no charms;</td>
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<tr>
<td>My only world thy gentle eyes—</td>
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<tr>
<td>My throne thy circling arms!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oh, yes, so well, so tenderly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou’rt loved, adored by me,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whole realms of light and liberty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Were worthless without thee.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ONE DEAR SMILE.</td>
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<tr>
<td>COULDBST thou look as dear as when</td>
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<tr>
<td>First I sigh’d for thee;</td>
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<tr>
<td>COULDBST thou make me feel again</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every wish I breathed thee then,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oh, how blissful life would be!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hopes, that now beguiling leave me,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Joys, that lie in slumber cold—</td>
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<tr>
<td>All would wake, couldst thou but give me</td>
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<tr>
<td>One dear smile like those of old.</td>
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<tr>
<td>No—there’s nothing left us now,</td>
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<tr>
<td>But to mourn the past;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vain was every ardent vow—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Never yet did Heaven allow</td>
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<tr>
<td>Love so warm, so wild, to last.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Not even hope could now deceive me—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Life itself looks dark and cold:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, thou never more canst give me</td>
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<tr>
<td>One dear smile like those of old.</td>
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<tr>
<td>OH, YES! WHEN THE BLOOM.</td>
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<tr>
<td>OH, yes! when the bloom of Love’s boyhood is o’er,</td>
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<tr>
<td>He’ll turn into friendship that feels no decay;</td>
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<tr>
<td>And, though Time may take from him the wings he once wore,</td>
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<tr>
<td>The charms that remain will be bright as before,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And he’ll lose but his young trick of flying away.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Then let it console thee, if Love should not stay,</td>
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<tr>
<td>That Friendship our last happy moments will crown:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like the shadows of morning, Love lessens away,</td>
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<tr>
<td>While Friendship, like those at the closing of day,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Will linger and lengthen as life’s sun goes down.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE DAY OF LOVE.</td>
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<tr>
<td>THE beam of morning trembling</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stole o’er the mountain brook,</td>
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<tr>
<td>With timid ray resembling</td>
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<tr>
<td>Affection’s early look.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thus love begins—sweet morn of love!</td>
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<tr>
<td>The noon-tide ray ascended,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And o’er the valley’s stream</td>
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<tr>
<td>Diffused a glow as splendid</td>
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<tr>
<td>As passion’s riper dream.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thus love expands—warm noon of love!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
WHEN MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

WHEN midst the gay I meet
   That gentle smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
   I scarce can call it mine;
But when to me alone
   Your secret tears you show,
Oh, then I feel those tears my own,
   And claim them while they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
   The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
   But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
   Can smile in many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep
   How bright soe'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray,
   Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh, then the smile is warm'd away,
   And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
   The gay, the cold, the free;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
   But keep your tears for me.

THE SONG OF WAR.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
   Till not one hateful link remains
Of slavery's lingering chains;
   Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains.
   No! never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
   Or hear, oh Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

The song of war shall echo through our mountains,
   Till Victory's self shall, smiling, say,
"Your cloud of foes hath pass'd away,
   And Freedom comes, with new-born ray,
To gild your vines and light your fountains."
Oh, never till that glorious day
Shall Lusitania's sons be gay,
   Or hear, sweet Peace, thy welcome lay
Resounding through her sunny mountains.

THE YOUNG ROSE.

The young rose I give thee, so dewy and bright,
   Was the flow'ret 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 TWILIGHT DEWS.

WHEN twilight dews are falling soft
   Upon the rosy sea, love,
I watch the star, whose beam so oft
   Has lighted me to thee, love.
And thou, too, on that orb so dear
   Dost often gaze at even,
And think, though lost for ever here,
   Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven.

There's not a garden walk I tread,
   There's not a flow'r I see, love,
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
   Some joy that's gone with thee, love.
And still I wish that hour was near,
   When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills we've wept through here,
   May turn to smiles in heaven.

S O N G S  A N D  B A L L A D S.
YOUNG JESSICA.

Young Jessica sat all the day,
With heart o'er idle love-thoughts pining;
Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once!—now idly shining.

Ah, Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

The child, who with a magnet plays,
Well knowing all its arts, so wily,
The tempter near a needle lays,
And laughing says, "We'll steal it slyly."
The needle, having nought to do,
Is pleased to let the magnet wheedle;
Till closer, closer come the two,
And—off, at length, elopes the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt the magnet's sly seduction.

Thus, girls, would you keep quiet hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

HOW HAPPY, ONCE.

How happy, once, though wing'd with sighs,
My moments flew along,
While looking on those smiling eyes,
And list'ning to thy magic song!
But vanish'd now, like summer dreams,
Those moments smile no more;
For me that eye no longer beams.
That song for me is o'er.

Mine the cold brow,
That speaks thy alter'd vow,
While others feel thy sunshine now.

Oh, could I change my love like thee,
One hope might yet be mine—
Some other eyes as bright to see,
And hear a voice as sweet as thine:

But never, never can this heart
Be waked to life again;
With thee it lost its vital part,
And wither'd then!
Cold its pulse lies,
And mute are ev'n its sighs,
All other grief it now defies.

---

I LOVE BUT THEE.

If, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,
And think this heart to other loves will stray,
If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me;
By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt away,
By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near me,
I love but thee—I love but thee!

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,
Where Love, in depth of shadow, holds his throne,
And by those lips, which give whate'er thou'rt saying,
Or grave or gay, a music of its own,
A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,
I love but thee—I love but thee!

By that fair brow, where Innocence reposes,
As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,
And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses
A hue too bright to bless this world below,
And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,
I love but thee—I love but thee!

---

LET JOY ALONE BE REMEM-BER'D NOW.

Let thy joys alone be remember'd now,
Let thy sorrows go sleep awhile;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.
YOUNG JESSICA.

"Her needle bright beside her lay,
So active once — now idly shining."—P. 490.
For thus to meet, and thus to find,
That Time, whose touch can chill
Each flower of form, each grace of mind,
Hath left thee blooming still,—
Oh, joy alone should be thought of now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;
Or, should thought's dark cloud come
o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile.

When the flowers of life's sweet garden fade,
If but one bright leaf remain,
Of the many that once its glory made,
It is not for us to complain.
But thus to meet and thus to wake
In all Love's early bliss;
Oh, Time all other gifts may take,
So he but leaves us this!
Then let joy alone be remember'd now,
Let our sorrows go sleep awhile;
Or if thought's dark cloud come o'er thy brow,
Let Love light it up with his smile!

---0---

LOVE THEE, DEAREST? LOVE THEE?

Love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, by yonder star I swear,
Which through tears above thee
Shines so sadly fair;
Though often dim,
With tears, like him,
Like him my truth will shine,
And—love thee, dearest? love thee?
Yes, till death I'm thine.

Leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, that star is not more true;
When my vows deceive thee,
He will wander too.
A cloud of night
May veil his light,
And death shall darken mine—
But—leave thee, dearest? leave thee?
No, till death I'm thine.

---0---

MY HEART AND LUTE.

I give thee all—I can no more—
Though poor the off'ring be;
My heart and lute are all the store
That I can bring to thee.
A lute whose gentle song reveals
The soul of love full well;
And, better far, a heart that feels
Much more than lute could tell.

Though love and song may fail, alas!
To keep life's clouds away,
At least 'twill make them lighter pass,
Or gild them if they stay.
And ev'n if Care, at moments, flings
A discord o'er life's happy strain,
Let love but gently touch the strings,
'Twill all be sweet again!

---0---

PEACE, PEACE, TO HIM THAT'S GONE!

When I am dead
Then lay my head
In some lone, distant dell,
Where voices ne'er
Shall stir the air,
Or break its silent spell.

If any sound
Be heard around,
Let the sweet bird alone,
That weeps in song
Sing all night long,
"Peace, peace, to him that's gone!"

Yet, oh, were mine
One sigh of thine,
One pitying word from thee,
Like gleams of heav'n,
To sinners giv'n,
Would be that word to me.

Howe'er unblest,
My shade would rest
While list'ning to that tone;
Enough 'twould be
To hear from thee,
"Peace, peace, to him that's gone!"
ROSE OF THE DESERT.

Rose of the desert! thou, whose blushing ray,
Lonely and lovely, fleets unseen away;
No hand to cull thee, none to woo thy sigh, —
In vestal silence left to live and die,—
Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be,
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.

Rose of the Garden, how unlike thy doom!
Destined for others, not thyself, to bloom;
Cull'd ere thy beauty lives through half its day;
A moment cherish'd, and then cast away;
Rose of the Garden! such is woman's lot,—
Worshipp'd, while blooming—when she fades, forgot.

—o—

'TIS ALL FOR THEE.

If life for me hath joy or light,
'Tis all from thee,
My thoughts by day, my dreams by night,
Are but of thee, of only thee.
Whate'er of hope or peace I know,
My zest in joy, my balm in woe,
To those dear eyes of thine I owe,
'Tis all from thee.

My heart, ev'n ere I saw those eyes,
Seem'd doom'd to thee;
Kept pure till then from other ties,
'Twas all for thee, for only thee.
Like plants that sleep, till sunny May
Calls forth their life, my spirit lay,
Till, touch'd by Love's awak'ning ray,
It lived for thee, it lived for thee.

When Fame would call me to her heights,
She speaks by thee;
And dim would shine her proudest lights,
Unshared by thee, unshared by thee.
Whene'er I seek the Muse's shrine,
Where Bards have hung their wreaths divine,
And wish those wreaths of glory mine,
'Tis all for thee, for only thee.

THE SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

There's a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,
When Music tries her gentlest art,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart.
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.

And when all of this life is gone,—
Ev'n the hope, ling'ring now,
Like the last of the leaves left on Autumn's sere and faded bough,—
'Twill seem as still those friends were near,
Who loved me in youth's early day,
If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes, and die away,—
To that song of the olden time,
Breathed, like Hope's farewell strain,
To say, in some brighter clime,
Life and youth will shine again!

—o—

WAKE THEE, MY DEAR.

Wake thee, my dear—thy dreaming
Till darker hours will keep;
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong to'rors Heav'n to sleep.

Moments there are we number,
Moments of pain and care,
Which to oblivious slumber
Gladly the wretch would spare.
But now—who'd think of dreaming
When Love his watch should keep?
While such a moon is beaming,
'Tis wrong to'rors Heav'n to sleep.

If e'er the Fates should sever
My life and hopes from thee, love,
The sleep that lasts for ever
Would then be sweet to me, love;
But now,—away with dreaming!  
Till darker hours 'twill keep;  
While such a moon is beaming,  
'Tis wrong tow'rd's heav'n to sleep.

---o---

THE BOY OF THE ALPS.

Lightly, Alpine rover,  
Tread the mountains over;  
Rude is the path thou'st yet to go;  
Snow cliffs hanging o'er thee,  
Fields of ice before thee,  
While the hid torrent moans below.  
Hark, the deep thunder,  
Through the vales yonder!  
'Tis the huge avalanch downward cast;  
From rock to rock  
Rebounds the shock.  
But courage, boy! the danger's past.  
Onward, youthful rover,  
Tread the glacier over,  
Safe shalt thou reach thy home at last.  
On, ere light forsake thee,  
Soon will dusk o'ertake thee:  
O'er yon ice-bridge lies thy way!  
Now, for the risk prepare thee;  
Safe it yet may bear thee,  
Though 'twill melt in morning's ray.

Hark, that dread howling!  
'Tis the wolf prowling,—  
Scent of thy track the foe hath got;  
And cliff and shore  
Resound his roar.  
But courage, boy,—the danger's past!  
Watching eyes have found thee,  
Loving arms are round thee,  
Safe hast thou reach'd thy father's cot.

---o---

FOR THEE ALONE.

For thee alone I brave the boundless deep,  
Those eyes my light through ev'ry distant sea;  
My waking thoughts, the dream that gilds my sleep,  
The noon-tide rev're, all are giv'n to thee,  
To thee alone, to thee alone.

Though future scenes present to Fancy's eye  
Fair forms of light that crowd the distant air,  
When nearer view'd, the fairy phantoms fly,  
The crowds dissolve, and thou alone art there,  
Thou, thou alone, thou, thou alone.

To win thy smile, I speed from shore to shore,  
While Hope's sweet voice is heard in every blast,  
Still whispering on, that when some years are o'er,  
One bright reward shall crown my toil at last,  
Thy smile alone, thy smile alone.

Oh place beside the transport of that hour  
All earth can boast of fair, of rich, and bright,  
Wealth's radiant mines, the lofty thrones of power,—  
Then ask where first thy lover's choice would light?  
On thee alone, on thee alone.

---o---

HER LAST WORDS, AT PARTING.

Her last words, at parting, how can I forget?  
Deep treasured through life, in my heart they shall stay;  
Like music, whose charm in the soul lingers yet,  
When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.  
Let Fortune assail me, her threat'nings are vain;  
Those still-breathing words shall my talisman be,—  
"Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,  
There's one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee."
From the desert’s sweet well though the pilgrim must hie,
Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste,
He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste.
So, dark as my fate is still doom’d to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be,—
“Remember, in absence, in sorrow, and pain,
There’s one heart, unchanging, that beats but for thee.”

--o--

LET’S TAKE THIS WORLD AS SOME WIDE SCENE.

Let’s take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat,
With skies now dark and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And away we speed, away, away.

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We’ll raise our awning ’gainst the show’r;
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And, smiling, wait a sunnier hour.
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We’ll know its brightness cannot stay,
But happy, while ’tis thine and mine,
Complain not when it fades away.

So shall we reach at last that Fall
Down which life’s currents all must go,—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below.
Nor ev’n that hour shall want its charms,
If, side by side, still fond we keep,
And calmly, in each other’s arms
Together link’d, go down the steep.

--o--

LOVE’S VICTORY.

Sing to Love—for, oh, ’twas he
Who won the glorious day;
Strew the wreaths of victory
Along the conqu’ror’s way.
Yoke the Muses to his car,
Let them sing each trophy won;
While his mother’s joyous star
Shall light the triumph on.

Hail to Love, to mighty Love,
Let spirits sing around;
While the hill, the dale, and grove,
With “mighty Love” resound;
Or, should a sigh of sorrow steal
Amid the sounds thus echo’d o’er,
’Twill but teach the god to feel
His victories the more.

See his wings, like amethyst
Of sunny Ind their hue;
Bright as when, by Psyche kist,
They trembled through and through.
Flowers spring beneath his feet;
Angel forms beside him run;
While unnumber’d lips repeat
“Love’s victory is won!”
Hail to Love, to mighty Love, &c.

--o--

SONG OF HERCULES TO HIS DAUGHTER.

“I’ve been, oh, sweet daughter,
To fountain and sea,
To seek in their water
Some bright gem for thee,
Where diamonds were sleeping,
Their sparkle I sought,
Where crystal was weeping,
Its tears I have caught.

“The sea-nymph I’ve courted
In rich coral halls;
With Naiads have sported
By bright waterfalls.
But sportive or tender,
Still sought I, around,
That gem, with whose splendour
Thou yet shalt be crown’d.

“And see, while I’m speaking,
Yon soft light afar;—
The pearl I’ve been seeking
There floats like a star!
In the deep Indian Ocean
I see the gem shine,
And quick as light's motion
Its wealth shall be thine."

Then eastward, like lightning,
The hero-god flew,
His sunny looks bright'ning
The air he went through.
And sweet was the duty,
And hallow'd the hour,
Which saw thus young Beauty
Embellish'd by Power.

THE DREAM OF HOME.

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
The dream of home, the dream of home,
Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
When far o'er sea or land we roam?
Sunlight more soft may o'er us fall,
To greener shores our bark may come;
But far more bright, more dear than all,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

Ask of the sailor youth when far
His light bark bounds o'er ocean's foam,
What charms him most, when ev'nig's star
Smiles o'er the wave? to dream of home.
Fond thoughts of absent friends and loves
At that sweet hour around him come;
His heart's best joy where'er he roves,
That dream of home, that dream of home.

THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

There came a nymph dancing
Gracefully, gracefully,
Her eye a light glancing
Like the blue sea;
And while all this gladness
Around her steps hung,
Such sweet notes of sadness
Her gentle lips sung,
That ne'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

Her zone of bells ringing
Cheerily, cheerily,
Chimed to her singing
Light echoes of glee;
But in vain did she borrow
Of mirth the gay tone,
Her voice spoke of sorrow,
And sorrow alone.
Nor e'er while I live from my mem'ry shall fade
The song, or the look, of that young Indian maid.

THE HOMEWARD MARCH.

Be still, my heart: I hear them come:
Those sounds announce my lover near:
The march that brings our warriors home
Proclaims he'll soon be here.

Hark, the distant tread.
O'er the mountain's head,
While hills and dales repeat the sound;
And the forest deer
Stand still to hear,
As those echoing steps ring round.

Be still, my heart, I hear them come,
Those sounds that speak my soldier near;
Those joyous steps seem wing'd for home,—
Rest, rest, he'll soon be here.
But hark, more faint the footsteps grow,  
    And now they wind to distant glades;  
Not here their home,—alas, they go  
To gladden happier maids!

    Like sounds in a dream,  
The footsteps seem,  
As down the hills they die away;  
    And the march, whose song  
So peal'd along,  
Now fades like a funeral lay.

'Tis past, 'tis o'er,—hush, heart, thy pain!  
And though not here, alas, they come,  
Rejoice for those, to whom that strain  
Brings sons and lovers home.

—o—

WAKE UP, SWEET MELODY.

    WAKE up, sweet melody!  
Now is the hour  
When young and loving hearts  
Feel most thy pow'r.

One note of music, by moonlight's soft ray—

Oh, 'tis worth thousands heard coldly by day.  
Then wake up, sweet melody!  
Now is the hour  
When young and loving hearts  
Feel most thy pow'r.

Ask the fond nightingale,  
    When his sweet flow'r  
Loves most to hear his song,  
In her green bow'r?

Oh, he will tell thee, through summer-nights long,  
Fondest she lends her whole soul to his song.  
Then wake up, sweet melody!  
Now is the hour  
When young and loving hearts  
Feel most thy pow'r.

—o—

CALM BE THY SLEEP.

CALM be thy sleep as infants' slumbers!  
    Pure as angel thoughts thy dreams!  
May ev'ry joy this bright world numbers  
    Shed o'er thee their mingled beams!

Or if, where Pleasure's wing hath glided,  
There ever must some pang remain,  
Still be thy lot with me divided,—  
Thine all the bliss, and mine the pain!

Day and night my thoughts shall hover  
    Round thy steps where'er they stray;  
As, ev'n when clouds his idol cover,  
Fondly the Persian tracks its ray.

If this be wrong, if Heav'n offended  
By worship to its creature be,  
Then let my vows to both be blended,  
    Half breathed to Heav'n and half to thee.

—o—

THE EXILE.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star  
Saddens with light the glistening sea,  
Whose waves shall soon to realms afar  
Waft me from hope, from love, and thee.

Coldly the beam from yonder sky  
Looks o'er the waves that onward stray;  
But colder still the stranger's eye  
To him whose home is far away.

Oh, not at hour so chill and bleak,  
Let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast;  
But of the lost one think and speak,  
When summer suns sink calm to rest.

So, as I wander, Fancy's dream  
    Shall bring me o'er the sunset seas,  
Thy look, in ev'ry melting beam,  
Thy whisper, in each dying breeze.

—o—

THE FANCY FAIR.

COME, maids and youths, for here we sell  
All wondrous things of earth and air;  
Whatever wild romancers tell,  
Or poets sing, or lovers swear,  
You'll find at this our Fancy Fair.

Here eyes are made like stars to shine,  
And kept, for years, in such repair,  
That ev'n when turn'd of thirty-nine,  
They'll hardly look the worse for wear,  
If bought at this our Fancy Fair.
SONGS AND BALLADS.

We've lots of tears for bards to show'r,  
And hearts that such ill usage bear,  
That, though they're broken ev'ry hour,  
They'll still in rhyme fresh breaking bear,  
If purchased at our Fancy Fair.

As fashions change in ev'rything,  
We've goods to suit each season's air,  
Eternal friendships for the spring,  
And endless loves for summer wear,—  
All sold at this our Fancy Fair.

We've reputations white as snow,  
That long will last, if used with care,  
Nay, safe through all life's journey go,  
If pack'd and mark'd as "brittle ware,"—  
Just purchased at the Fancy Fair.

---

IF THOU WOULDST HAVE ME SING AND PLAY.

If thou wouldst have me sing and play,  
As once I play'd and sung,  
First take this time-worn lute away,  
And bring one freshly strung.  
Call back the time when Pleasure's sigh  
First breathed among the strings;  
And Time himself, in flitting by,  
Made music with his wings.

But how is this? though new the lute,  
And shining fresh the chords,  
Beneath this hand they slumber mute,  
Or speak but dreamy words.  
In vain I seek the soul that dwelt  
Within that once sweet shell,  
Which told so warmly what it felt,  
And felt what nought could tell.

Oh, ask not then for passion's lay,  
From lyre so coldly strung;  
With this I ne'er can sing or play,  
As once I play'd and sung.  
No, bring that long-loved lute again,—  
Though chill'd by years it be,  
If thou wilt call the slumb'ring strain,  'Twill wake again for thee.  
Though time have froz'n the tuneful stream  
Of thoughts that gush'd along,  
One look from thee, like summer's beam,  
Will thaw them into song.

Then give, oh give, that wak'ning ray,  
And once more blithe and young,  
Thy bard again will sing and play,  
As once he play'd and sung.

---

STILL WHEN DAYLIGHT.

STILL when daylight o'er the wave  
Bright and soft its farewell gave,  
I used to hear, while light was falling,  
O'er the wave a sweet voice calling,  
Mournfully at distance calling:

Ah! once how blest that maid would come,  
To meet her sea-boy hast'ning home;  
And through the night those sounds repeating,  
Hail his bark with joyous greeting,  
Joyously his light bark greeting.

But, one sad night, when winds were high,  
Nor earth, nor heaven, could hear her cry,  
She saw his boat come tossing over  
Midnight's wave,—but not her lover!  
No, never more her lover.

And still that sad dream loth to leave,  
She comes with wand'ring mind at eve,  
And oft we hear, when night is falling,  
Faint her voice through twilight calling,  
Mournfully at twilight calling.

---

THE SUMMER WEBS.

The summer webs that float and shine,  
The summer dews that fall,  
Though light they be, this heart of mine  
Is lighter still than all.  
It tells me every cloud is past  
Which lately seem'd to lour;  
That Hope hath wed young Joy at last,  
And now's their nuptial hour!

With light thus round, within, above,  
With nought to wake one sigh,  
Except the wish, that all we love  
Were at this moment nigh,—  
It seems as if life's brilliant sun  
Had stopp'd in full career,  
To make this hour its brightest one,  
And rest in radiance here.
MIND NOT THOUGH DAYLIGHT.

MIND not though daylight around us is breaking,—
Who'd think now of sleeping when morn's but just waking?
Sound the merry viol, and daylight or not,
Be all for one hour in the gay dance forgot.
See young Aurora, up heaven's hill advancing,
Though fresh from her pillow, ev'n she too is dancing:
While thus all creation, earth, heaven, and sea,
Are dancing around us, oh, why should not we?

Who'll say that moments we use thus are wasted?
Such sweet drops of time only flow to be tasted;
While hearts are high beating, and harps full in tune,
The fault is all morning's for coming so soon.

—o—

THEY MET BUT ONCE.

They met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
And never since that day
Hath absence, time, or grief had pow'r
To chase that dream away.
They've seen the suns of other skies,
On other shores have sought delight;
But never more, to bless their eyes,
Can come a dream so bright!
They met but once,—a day was all
Of Love's young hopes they knew;
And still their hearts that day recall,
As fresh as then it flew.

Sweet dream of youth! oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.
For, Youth, the spell was only thine;
From thee alone th' enchantment flows,
That makes the world around thee shine
With light thyself bestows.

They met but once,—oh, ne'er again
Let either meet the brow
They left so smooth and smiling then,
Or see what it is now.

—o—

WITH MOONLIGHT BEAMING.

With moonlight beaming
Thus o'er the deep,
Who'd linger dreaming
In idle sleep?
Leave joyless souls to live by day,—
Our life begins with yonder ray;
And while thus brightly
The moments flee,
Our barks skim lightly
The shining sea.

To halls of splendour
Let great ones hie;
Through light more tender
Our pathways lie.
While round, from banks of brook or lake,
Our company blithe echoes make;
And, as we lend 'em,
Sweet word or strain,
Still back they send 'em,
More sweet again.

—o—

CHILD'S SONG. FROM A MASQUE.

I have a garden of my own,
Shining with flow'r's of ev'ry hue;
I loved it dearly while alone,
But I shall love it more with you:
And there the golden bees shall come,
In summer-time at break of morn,
And wake us with their busy hum
Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land,
On leafy buds and berries nurst;
And you shall feed him from your hand,
Though he may start with fear at first.
And I will lead you where he lies
For shelter in the noontide heat;
And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
And feel his little silv'ry feet.
THE HALCYON HANGS O’ER OCEAN.

The halcyon hangs o’er ocean,
   The sea-lark skims the brine;
This bright world’s all in motion,
   No heart seems sad but mine.
To walk through sun-bright places,
   With heart all cold the while;
To look in smiling faces,
   When we no more can smile;
To feel, while earth and heaven
   Around thee shine with bliss,
To thee no light is given,—
   Oh, what a doom is this!

—o—

THE WORLD WAS HUSH’D.

The world was hush’d, the moon above
   Sail’d through ether slowly,
When, near the casement of my love,
   Thus I whisper’d lowly,—
   "Awake, awake, how canst thou sleep?
   The field I seek to-morrow
Is one where man hath fame to reap,
   And woman gleams but sorrow."
   "Let battle’s field be what it may,"
   Thus spoke a voice replying,
   "Think not thy love, while thou’rt away,
   Will here sit idly sighing.
No—woman’s soul, if not for fame,
   For love can brave all danger!"
Then forth from out the casement came
   A plumèd and armed stranger.
A stranger? No; ’twas she, the maid,
   Herself before me beaming,
With casque array’d, and falchion blade
   Beneath her girdle gleaming!
Close side by side, in freedom’s fight,
   That blessed morning found us;
In Vict’ry’s light we stood ere night,
   And Love, the morrow, crown’d us!

—o—

THE TWO LOVES.

There are two Loves, the poet sings,
   Both born of Beauty at a birth:
The one, akin to heaven, hath wings,
   The other, earthly, walks on earth.
With this through bowers below we play,
   With that through clouds above we soar;
With both, perchance, may lose our way:—
   Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?

The one, when tempted down from air,
   At Pleasure’s fount to lave his lip,
Nor lingers long, nor oft will dare
   His wing within the wave to dip.
While, plunging deep and long beneath,
   The other bathes him o’er and o’er
In that sweet current, ev’n to death:—
   Then, tell me which,
Tell me which shall we adore?

The maid who heard the poet sing
   These twin-desires of earth and sky,
And saw, while one inspired his string,
   The other glisten’d in his eye,—
To name the earthlier boy ashamed,
   To choose the other fondly loath,
At length, all blushing, she exclaim’d,—
   "Ask not which,
Oh, ask not which—we’ll worship both.

"Th’ extremes of each thus taught to shun,
   With hearts and souls between them given,
When weary of this earth with one,
   We’ll with the other wing to heaven."
Thus pledged the maid her vow of bliss;
   And while one Love wrote down the oath,
The other seal’d it with a kiss;
   And Heav’n look’d on,
Heav’n look’d on, and hallow’d both
THE LEGEND OF PUCK THE FAIRY.

Wouldst know what tricks, by the pale moonlight,
Are play'd by me, the merry little Sprite,
Who wing through air from the camp to the court,
From king to clown, and of all make sport;
Singing, I am the Sprite
Of the merry midnight,
Who laugh at weak mortals, and love the moonlight.

To a miser's bed, where he snoring slept
And dreamt of his cash, I slyly crept;
Chink, chink o'er his pillow like money I rang,
And he waked to catch—but away I sprang,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

I saw through the leaves, in a damsel's bower,
She was waiting her love at that starlight hour:
"Hist—hist!" quoth I, with an amorous sigh,
And she flew to the door, but away flew I,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

While a bard sat inditing an ode to his love,
Like a pair of blue meteors I stared from above,
And he swoon'd—for he thought 'twas the ghost, poor man!
Of his lady's eyes, while away I ran,
Singing, I am the Sprite, &c.

Then from the green recess
Of her night-bow'r,
Beaming with bashfulness,
Spoke the bright flow'r:
"Though morn should lend her its sunniest splendour,
What would the Rose be, unsung by thee?"

Thus still let Song attend
Woman's bright way;
Thus still let woman lend
Light to the lay.
Like stars, through heaven's sea,
Floating in harmony,
Beauty shall glide along,
Circled by Song.

WHEN THOU ART NIGH.

When thou art nigh, it seems
A new creation round;
The sun hath fairer beams,
The lute a softer sound.
Though thee alone I see,
And hear alone thy sigh,
'Tis light, 'tis song to me,
'Tis all—when thou art nigh.

When thou art nigh, no thought
Of grief comes o'er my heart;
I only think—could aught
But joy be where thou art?
Life seems a waste of breath,
When far from thee I sigh;
And death—ay, even death
Were sweet, if thou wert nigh.

SONG OF A HYPERBOREAN.

I come from a land in the sun-bright deep,
Where golden gardens grow;
Where the winds of the north, becalm'd in sleep,
Their conch-shells never blow.
Haste to that holy Isle with me,
Haste—haste!
So near the track of the stars are we,  
That oft, on night's pale beams,  
The distant sounds of their harmony  
Come to our ears, like dreams.  
Then, haste to that holy Isle with me, &c. &c.

The Moon, too, brings her world so nigh,  
That when the night-seer looks  
To that shadowless orb, in a vernal sky,  
He can number its hills and brooks.  
Then, haste, &c. &c.

To the Sun-god all our hearts and lyres  
By day, by night, belong;  
And the breath we draw from his living fires,  
We give him back in song.  
Then, haste, &c. &c.

From us descends the maid who brings  
To Delos gifts divine;  
And our wild bees lend their rainbow wings  
To glitter on Delphi’s shrine.  
Then, haste to that holy Isle with me,  
Haste—haste!

---o---

THOU BIDST ME SING.

THOU bidst me sing the lay I sung to thee  
In other days, ere joy had left this brow;  
But think, though still unchanged the notes may be,  
How different feels the heart that breathes them now!  
The rose thou wear’st to-night is still the same  
We saw this morning on its stem so gay;  
But, ah! that dew of dawn, that breath which came  
Like life o’er all its leaves, hath pass’d away.

Since first that music touch’d thy heart and mine,  
How many a joy and pain o’er both have past.—  
The joy, a light too precious long to shine,  
The pain, a cloud whose shadows always last.

And though that lay would like the voice of home  
Breathe o’er our ear, ’twould waken now a sigh—  
Ah! not, as then, for fancied woes to come,  
But, sadder far, for real bliss gone by.

---o---

CUPID ARMED.

PLACE the helm on thy brow;  
In thy hand take the spear;  
Thou art arm’d, Cupid, now,  
And thy battle-hour is near.

March on! march on! thy shaft and bow  
Were weak against such charms;  
March on! march on! so proud a foe  
Scorns all but martial arms.

See the darts in her eyes,  
Tipt with scorn, how they shine!  
Ey’ry shaft, as it flies,  
Mocking proudly at thine.

March on! march on! thy feather’d darts  
Soft bosoms soon might move;  
But ruder arms to ruder hearts  
Must teach what ’tis to love.

Place the helm on thy brow;  
In thy hand take the spear,—  
Thou art arm’d Cupid, now,  
And thy battle-hour is near.

---o---

ROUND THE WORLD GOES.

ROUND the world goes, by day and night,  
While with it also round go we;  
And in the flight of one day’s light  
An image of all life’s course we see.

Round, round, while thus we go round,  
The best thing a man can do,  
Is to make it, at least, a merry-go-round,  
By—sending the wine round too.

Our first gay stage of life is when  
Youth, in its dawn, salutes the eye—  
Season of bliss! Oh, who wouldn’t then  
Wish to cry, “Stop!” to earth and sky?

But, round, round, both boy and girl  
Are whisk’d through that sky of blue;  
And much would their hearts enjoy the whirl,  
If—their heads didn’t whirl round too.
Next, we enjoy our glorious noon,
Thinking all life a life of light;
But shadows come on, ’tis evening soon,
And, ere we can say, “How short!”
—’tis night.
Round, round, still all goes round,
Ev'n while I’m thus singing to you;
And the best way to make it a merry-go-
round,
Is to—chorus my song round too.

—O—

**OH, DO NOT LOOK SO BRIGHT AND BLEST.**

Oh, do not look so bright and blest,
For still there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.
There lurks a dread in all delight,
A shadow near each ray,
That warns us then to fear their flight,
When most we wish their stay.
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

Why is it thus that fairest things
The soonest fleet and die?—
That when most light is on their wings,
They’re then but spread to fly!
And, sadder still, the pain will stay—
The bliss no more appears;
As rainbows take their light away,
And leave us but the tears!
Then look not thou so bright and blest,
For ah! there comes a fear,
When brow like thine looks happiest,
That grief is then most near.

—O—

**THE MUSICAL BOX.**

"Look here," said Rose, with laughing
eyes,
"Within this box, by magic hid,
A tuneful Sprite imprison’d lies,
Who sings to me when’er he’s bid.

Though roving once his voice and wing,
He'll now lie still the whole day long;
Till thus I touch the magic spring—
Then hark, how sweet and blithe his
song!" (A symphony.)

"Ah, Rose," I cried, "the poet’s lay
Must ne’er ev’n Beauty’s slave become;
Through earth and air his song may stray,
If all the while his heart’s at home.
And though in Freedom’s air he dwell,
Nor bond nor chain his spirit knows,
Touch but the spring thou know’st so
well,
And—hark, how sweet the love-song
flows!" (A symphony.)

Thus pleaded I for Freedom’s right;
But when young Beauty takes the field,
And wise men seek defence in flight,
The doom of poets is to yield.
No more my heart th’ enchantress braves,
I’m now in Beauty’s prison hid;
The Sprite and I are fellow-slaves,
And I, too, sing whene’er I’m bid.

—O—

**WHEN TO SAD MUSIC SILENT YOU LISTEN.**

When to sad Music silent you listen,
And tears on those eyelids tremble
like dew,
Oh, then there dwells in those eyes as
they glisten
A sweet holy charm that mirth never
knew.
But when some lively strain resounding
Lights up the sunshine of joy on that
brow,
Then the young rein-deer o’er the hills
bounding
Was ne’er in its mirth so graceful as
thou.

When on the skies at midnight thou
gazest,
A lustre so pure thy features then
wear,
That, when to some star that bright eye
thou raisest,
We feel ’tis thy home thou’rt looking
for there,
But, when the word for the gay dance is given,  
So buoyant thy spirit, so heartfelt thy mirth,  
Oh then we exclaim, "Ne'er leave earth for heaven,  
But linger still here, to make heaven of earth."

---

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Fly swift, my light gazelle,  
To her who now lies waking,  
To hear thy silver bell  
The midnight silence breaking.  
And, when thou com'st, with gladsome feet,  
Beneath her lattice springing,  
Ah, well she'll know how sweet  
The words of love thou'rt bringing.

Yet, no—not words, for they  
But half can tell love's feeling;  
Sweet flowers alone can say  
What passion fears revealing.  
A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,  
A tow'ring lily broken,—  
Oh these may paint a grief  
No words could e'er have spoken.

Not such, my gay gazelle,  
The wreath thou speedest over  
Yon moonlight dale, to tell  
My lady how I love her.  
And, what to her will sweeter be  
Than gems the richest, rarest,  
From Truth's immortal tree  
One fadeless leaf thou bearest.

---

THE DAWN IS BREAKING O'ER US.

The dawn is breaking o'er us,  
See, heaven hath caught its hue!  
We've day's long light before us,  
What sport shall we pursue?  
The hunt o'er hill and sea?  
The sail o'er summer sea?  
Oh let not hour so sweet  
Unwing'd by pleasure fleet.

---

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

Ask not if still I love,  
Too plain these eyes have told thee;  
Too well their tears must prove  
How near and dear I hold thee.  
If, where the brightest shine,  
To see no form but thine,  
To feel that earth can show  
No bliss above thee,—  
If this be love, then know  
That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'Tis not in pleasure's idle hour  
That thou canst know affection's pow'r.  
No, try its strength in grief or pain;  
Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,  
Thou'll find true love's a chain  
That binds for ever!
DEAR? YES.

DEAR? yes, though mine no more,
Ev’n this but makes thee dearer;
And love, since hope is o’er,
But draws thee nearer.
Change as thou wilt to me,
The same thy charm must be;
New loves may come to weave
Their witch’ry o’er thee,
Yet still, though false, believe
That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.
Think’st thou that aught but death could end
A tie not falsehood’s self can rend?
No, when alone, far off I die,
No more to see, no more caress thee,
Ev’n then, my life’s last sigh
Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.

—o—

UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,
From those dark ties unbind thee;
Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,
Too long its links have twined thee.
Away from earth!—thy wings were made
In yon mid-sky to hover,
With earth beneath their dove-like shade,
And heav’n all radiant over.
Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,
Too long thy soul is sleeping;
And thou may’st from this minute’s joy
Wake to eternal weeping.
Oh, think, this world is not for thee;
Though hard its links to sever;
Though sweet and bright and dear they be,
Break, or thou’rt lost for ever.

—o—

THERE’S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A BUFFO SONG.)

THERE’s something strange, I know not what,
Come o’er me,
Some phantom I’ve for ever got
Before me.

I look on high, and in the sky
’Tis shining;
On earth, its light with all things bright
Seems twining.
In vain I try this goblin’s spells
To sever;
Go where I will, it round me dwells
For ever.

And then what tricks by day and night
It plays me;
In ev’ry shape the wicked sprite
Waylays me.
Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
’Tis glancing;
Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,
Comes dancing.
By whispers round of every sort
I’m taunted.
Never was mortal man, in short,
So haunted.

—o—

NOT FROM THEE.

NOT from thee the wound should come,
No, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
So not from thee!
Cold triumph! first to make
This heart thy own;
And then the mirror break
Where fix’d thou shinn’st alone.
Not from thee the wound should come,
Oh, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
So not from thee.

Yet no—my lips that wish recall;
From thee, from thee—
If ruin o’er this head must fall,
’Twill welcome be.
Here to the blade I bare
This faithful heart;
Wound deep—thou’lt find that there,
In ev’ry pulse thou art.
Yes, from thee I’ll bear it all:
If ruin be
The doom that o’er this heart must fall,
’Twere sweet from thee.
GUESS, GUESS.

I love a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no-eyes but mine can see;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she.

Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told
Awake the sigh, or wring the tear;—
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow,
Come o'er me in my darkest ways;
And feel as if her voice, ev'n now,
Were echoing far off my lays.
There is no scene of joy or woe
But she doth gild with influence bright;
And shed o'er all so rich a glow,
As makes ev'n tears seem full of light:
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

--o--

WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED.

When Love, who ruled as Admiral o'er
His rosy mother's isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
A sail at sunset hove in sight.

"A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the wingèd sailors sprung,
And, warrioring up the mast like bees,
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
Like broad magnolias to the breeze.

"Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o'er—the bark was caught,
The wingèd crew her freight explored;
And found 'twas just as Love had thought,
For all was contraband aboard.

"A prize, a prize, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Safe stow'd in many a package there,
And labelled slyly o'er as "Glass,
Were lots of all th' illegal ware,
Love's Custom-House forbids to pass.

"O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

None
False curls they found, of every hue,
With rosy blushes ready made;
And teeth of ivory, good as new,
For veterans in the smiling trade.

"Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too—kept in bags for use,
Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—
Lay ready here to be let loose,
When wanted, in young spinsters' ears.

"Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
Sham invoices of flames and darts,
Professedly for Paphos bound,
But meant for Hymen's golden marts.

"For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Nay, still to every fraud awake,
Those pirates all Love's signals knew,
And hoisted o'er his flag, to make
Rich wards and heiresses bring-to.

"A foe, a foe, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

"This must not be," the boy exclaims,
"In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
If Love's and Beauty's sovereign names
Are lent to cover frauds like these.
Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match—
A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
And swept the whole unhallowed batch
Of falsehood to the depths below.

"Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

STILL THOU FLEIST.

Still thou fiest, and still I woo thee,
Lovely phantom,—all in vain;
Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,
Fleeting ever, thou mock'st their pain.

Such doom, of old, that youth betided,
Who woo'd, he, thought, some angel's charms,
But found a cloud that from him glided,—
As thou dost from these out-stretch'd arms.
Scarcely have I said, "How fair thou shiniest,"
Ere thy light hath vanish'd by;
And 'tis when thou look'st divinest
Thou art still more sure to fly.
Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing
The clouds of night, saith, "Look on me,"
Then flits again, its splendour hiding,—
Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.

—0—

THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.

Then first from love, in Nature's bow'r,
Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
And cull the hues of loveliest bow'r,
To picture woman lovelier still.
For vain was every radiant hue,
Till Passion lent a soul to art,
And taught the painter, ere he drew
To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
Till, lo, one touch his art defies;
The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,
But who could dare to paint those eyes?
'Twas all in vain the painter strove;
So turning to that boy divine,
"Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,
No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."

—0—

HUSH, SWEET LUTE.

Hush, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
Of past joys, now turn'd to pain;
Of ties that long have ceased to bind me,
But whose burning marks remain.
In each tone, some echo falleth
On my ear of joys gone by;
Ev'ry note some dream recallleth
Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,
Once more let thy numbers thrill;
Though death were in the strain they sing me,
I must woo its anguish still.
Since no time can e'er recover
Love's sweet light when once 'tis set,—
Better to weep such pleasures over,
Than smile o'er any left us yet.

—0—

BRIGHT MOON.

BRIGHT moon, that high in heav'n art shining,
All smiles, as if within thy bower to-night
Thy own Endymion lay reclining,
And thou wouldest wake him with a kiss of light!—
By all the bliss thy beam discovers,
By all those visions far too bright for day,
Which dreaming bards and waking lovers
Behold, this night, beneath thy linging ray,—

I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,
Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,
Till Anthe, in this bow'r, hath given
Beneath thy beam, her long-vow'd kiss to me.
Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,
Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;
Let Love but in this bow'r be lighted,
Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

—0—

LONG YEARS HAVE PASS'D.

Long years have pass'd, old friend, since we
First met in life's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me,
Since then have dropp'd away;—
But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who're left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flow'r's 'mid Autumn's snow,
Retain youth's colour still.
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,
Youth's sunny hopes have set,
Thank Heav'n, not all their light is gone,—
We've some to cheer us yet.
Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life, ere it fleet.
And still as death comes stealing on,
Let's never, old friend, forget,
Ev'n while we sigh o'er blessings gone,
How many are left us yet.

---o---

DREAMING FOR EVER.

DREAMING for ever, vainly dreaming,
Life to the last pursues its flight;
Day hath its visions fairly beaming,
But false as those of night.
The one illusion, the other real,
But both the same brief dreams at last;
And when we grasp the bliss ideal,
Soon as it shines, 'tis past.

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,
Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom
Flit o'er its face till night is closing—
Emblem of life's short doom!
But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,
'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,
Whose light returns not, once declining,
Whose cloud, once come, will stay.

---o---

THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS
THE SONG I SING.

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

Though lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,
Though like the lark's its soaring music be,
Thou'lt find ev'n here some mournful note that tells
How near such April joy to weeping dwells.
'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal
Those sadd'ning thoughts we fear, yet love to feel;
And music never half so sweet appears,
As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay—
It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,
Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath
Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath.
The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears
Its gayest smile is that which wins its tears,—
And passion's pow'r can never lend the glow
Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe.

---o---

THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

FLEETLY o'er the moonlight snows
Speed we to my lady's bow'r;
Swift our sledge as lightning goes,
Nor shall stop till morning's hour.
Bright, my steed, the northern star
Lights us from yon jewel'd skies;
But, to greet us, brighter far,
Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,
Sleeping out their dream of time,
Know not half the bliss that's ours,
In this snowy, icy clime.
Like yon star that livelier gleams
From the frosty heavens around,
Love himself the keener beams
When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then, on, my merry steed,
Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale;
What can match a lover's speed?
See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale!
Brightly hath the northern crown's pale
Lit us from yon radiant skies;
But, behold, how brighter far
Yonder shine my lady's eyes!

---o---
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 caress,
With those we love exchanged at night!

---0---

FANNY, DEAREST.

Yes! I had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.

Then wish me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny dearest, thy image lies;
But, ah! the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.

They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear;
And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
That I keep my eye-beams clear.

Then wait no longer till tears shall flow—
Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

---0---

SONG.

Where is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour, like this, to live—
Full, to the brim, of life's delights?
Look, look around
This fairy ground,

With love-lights glittering o'er;
While cups that shine
With freight divine
Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,
Memory lives in those gone by;
Neither can see the moment's flowers
Springing up fresh beneath the eye.

Wouldst thou, or thou,
Forego what's now,
For all that Hope may say?
No—Joy's reply,
From every eye,
Is, "Live we while we may."

---0---

SONG OF THE POCOCURANTE SOCIETY.

Haud curat Hippoclicles.

To those we love we've drank to-night;
But now attend, and stare not,
While I the ampler list recite
Of those for whom We care not.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
If on their fronts they bear not
That noblest gem that decks a crown,
The People's Love—We care not.

For slavish men, who bend beneath
A despot yoke, yet dare not
Pronounce the will, whose very breath
Would rend its links—We care not.

For priestly men, who covet sway
And wealth, though they declare not;
Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go—We care not.

For martial men, who on their sword,
Howe'er it conquers, wear not
The pledges of a soldier's word,
Redem'd and pure—We care not.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
And, though to lies they swear not,
Are hardly better than the throng
Of those who do—We care not.

For courtly men, who feed upon
The land, like grubs, and spare not
The smallest leaf, where they can sun
Their crawling limbs—We care not.
For wealthy men, who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want—We care not.

For prudent men, who hold the power
Of Love aloof, and bare not
Their hearts in any guardless hour
To Beauty's shaft—We care not.

For all, in short, on land or sea,
In camp or court, who are not,
Who never were, or e'er will be
Good men and true—We care not.

__SOVEREIGN WOMAN._

A BALLAD.

The dance was o'er, yet still in dreams
That fairy scene went on;
Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams,
Though day itself is gone.

And gracefully, to music's sound,
The same bright nymphs went gliding round;
While thou, the Queen of all, wert there—
The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then changed—in halls of state,
I saw thee high enthroned;
While, ranged around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress own'd:

And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way—
'Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine!

But, lo, the scene now changed again—
And borne on plumed steed,
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
Our land's defenders lead;
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,
Thy very smile was victory!

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone—
In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria's still her name.

For though she almost blush to reign,
Though Love's own flow'rets wreathe the chain,
Disguise our bondage as we will.
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

COME, play me that simple air again,
I used so to love, in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay.
The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain—
Say where, where is it now?

But play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.
The new-found life that came
With love's first echo'd vow—
The fear, the bliss, the shame—
Ah—where, where are they now?

But, still the same loved notes prolong,
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
To breathe 'tis hour away.

WHAT SHALL I SING THEE?

TO—

What shall I sing thee? Shall I tell
Of that bright hour, remember'd well
As though it shone but yesterday,
When, loitering along, in the ray
Of a spring-sun, I heard, o'er head,
My name as by some spirit said,
And, looking up, saw two bright eyes
Above me from a casement shine,
Dazzling my mind with such surprise
As they, who sail beyond the Line,
Feel when new stars above them rise;
And it was thine, the voice that spoke,
Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then;
And thine the eye, whose lustre broke—
Never to be forgot again!

What shall I sing thee? Shall I weave
A song of that sweet summer-eye,
(Summer, of which the sunniest part
Was that we, each, had in the heart,)
When thou and I, and one like thee,
In life and beauty, to the sound
Of our own breathless minstrelsy,
Danced till the sunlight faded round,
Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,
Lights, music, company, and all!
Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain
Of lute like mine, whose day is past,
To call up even a dream again
Of the fresh light those moments cast.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GAZEL.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>HASTE, Maami, the spring is nigh; Already, in th' unopen'd flowers That sleep around us, Fancy's eye Can see the blush of future bowers; And joy it brings to thee and me, My own beloved Maami!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The streamlet frozen on its way, To feed the marble Founts of Kings, Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray, Upon its path exulting springs— As doth this bounding heart to thee, My ever blissful Maami!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Such bright hours were not made to stay; Enough if they a while remain, Like Irem's bowers, that fade away, From time to time, and come again. And life shall all one Irem be For us, my gentle Maami.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O haste, for this impatient heart, Is like the rose in Yemen's vale, That rends its inmost leaves apart With passion for the nightingale; So languishes this soul for thee, My bright and blushing Maami!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Set of Glees.

**MUSIC BY MOORE.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| **WHEN o'er the silent seas alone,**
**For days and nights we've cheerless gone,**
**Oh they who've felt it know how sweet,**
**Some sunny morn a sail to meet.** |
| Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
While answering back the sounds we hear,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?" |
| Then sails are back'd, we nearer come
Kind words are said of friends and home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again. |

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HIP, HIP, HURRA!</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| **COME, fill round a bumper, fill up to the brim,**
**He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge not to him;**
"Here's the girl that each loves, be her eye of what hue,
Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but true." |
| Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra, hurra! |
| Come, charge high again, boys, nor let the full wine
Leave a space in the brimmer, where day-light may shine; |
SET OF GLEES.

"Here's the friends of our youth—
though of some we're bereft,
May the links that are lost but endear
what are left!"
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra!

Once more fill a bumper—ne'er talk of
the hour;
On hearts thus united old Time has no
pow'r.
"May our lives, though, alas! like the
wine of to-night,
They must soon have an end, to the last
flow as bright."
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra!

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since
Time's glass will run
Ev'n faster than ours doth, three bumpers
in one;
"Here's the poet who sings—here's the
warrior who fights—
Here's the statesman who speaks, in the
cause of men's rights!"
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra!

Come, once more, a bumper!—then drink
as you please,
Though who could fill half-way to toast
such as these?
"Here's our next joyous meeting—and
oh when we meet,
May our wine be as bright, and our union
as sweet!"
Charge! (drinks) hip, hip, hurra!

HUSH, HUSH!

"Hush, hush!"—how well
That sweet word sounds,
When Love, the little sentinel,
Walks his night-rounds;
Then, if a foot but dare
One rose-leaf crush,
Myriads of voices in the air
Whisper, "Hush, hush!"

"Hark, hark, 'tis he!"
The night-elves cry,
And hush their fairy harmony,
While he steals by;
But if his silv'ry feet
One dew-drop brush,
Voices are heard in chorus sweet,
Whisp'ring, "Hush, hush!"

—0—

THE PARTING BEFORE THE
BATTLE.

HE.
On to the field, our doom is seal'd,
To conquer or be slaves:
This sun shall see our nation free,
Or set upon our graves.

SHE.
Farewell, ch farewell, my love,
May Heav'n thy guardian be,
And send bright angels from above
To bring thee back to me.

HE.
On to the field, the battle-field,
Where Freedom's standard waves,
This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
Or shine upon our graves.

—0—

THE WATCHMAN.

A TRIO.

WATCHMAN.

Past twelve o'clock—past twelve.
Good night, good night, my dearest—
How fast the moments fly!
'Tis time to part, thou hearest
That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock—past one.
Yet stay a moment longer—
Alas! why is it so,
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more 'tis time to go?
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

WATCHMAN.
Past two o'clock—past two.
Now wrap thy cloak about thee—
The hours must sure go wrong,
For when they're pass'd without thee,
They're, oh, ten times as long.

WATCHMAN.
Past three o'clock—past three.
Again that dreadful warning!
Had ever time such flight?
And see the sky, 'tis morning—
So now, indeed, good night.

WATCHMAN.
Past three o'clock—past three.
Good night, good night.

---o---

SAY, WHAT SHALL WE DANCE?
Say, what shall we dance?
Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,
To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain?
Say, what shall we dance?
Shall we, like those who rove
Through bright Grenada's grove,
To the light Bolero's measures move?
Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,
And thus to its sound die away?

---o---

The Evening Gun.
Rememb'rest thou that setting sun,
The last I saw with thee,
When loud we heard the ev'n'ning gun
Peal o'er the twilight sea?
Boom!—the sounds appear'd to sweep
Far o'er the verge of day,
Till, into realms beyond the deep,
They seem'd to die away.

Oft, when the toils of day are done,
In pensive dreams of thee,
I sit to hear that ev'n'ning gun,
Peal o'er the stormy sea.
Boom!—and while, o'er billows curl'd,
The distant sounds decay,
I weep and wish, from this rough world,
Like them, to die away.
Songs from the Greek Anthology.

Ten lyrics were here selected by Moore for translation from the Greek Anthology, one by an unnamed author, one by Alcæus, one by Philodemus, three by Meleager, and four by Paul the Silentiary. The last-mentioned is chiefly noticeable (through his epigrams) as the son of Cyrus and the grandson of Florus, deriving his distinctive name from the circumstance of his having held the office, under Justinian, of chief of those custodians of the imperial palace who were known as the Silentiarii. Meleager here takes precedence, by right, among the epigrammatists, whose effusions were thus chosen by Moore for rhythmical rendering into English, he being especially memorable as the collector of the very earliest anthologia. As many as 131 of his epigrams are still preserved, although upwards of 2,000 years have elapsed since his death, Meleager having flourished sixty years before Christ at Gadara, in Palestine. Alcæus, who is not, of course, for an instant to be confounded with the great but vanished lyric eulogized by Horace, from whom that loveliest of lyric metres, the alcaic, derives its designation, was the Messenian epigrammatist who was the contemporary and derider of Philip III. of Macedon. As for Philodemus, who is mentioned alike by Cicero and Horace, he is the Epicurean, several of whose epigrams are referred to in the "Bibliotheca Græca" of Fabricius.

---

HERE AT THY TOMB.

BY MELEAGER.

Here, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,
Tears, which though vainly now they roll,
Are all love hath to give the dead,
And wept o'er thee with all love's soul;
Wept in remembrance of that light,
Which nought on earth, without thee, gives,
Hope of my heart! now quench'd in night,
But dearer, dead, than aught that lives.
Where is she? where the blooming bough
That once my life's sole lustre made?
Torn off by death, 'tis with'ring now,
And all its flow'rs in dust are laid.
Oh earth! that to thy matron breast
Hast taken all those angel charms,
Gently, I pray thee, let her rest,—
Gently, as in a mother's arms.

---

SALE OF CUPID.

BY MELEAGER.

Who'll buy a little boy? Look, yonder
is he,
Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's knee;
So bold a young imp 'tisn't safe to keep,
So I'll part with him now, while he's sound asleep.
See his arch little nose, how sharp 'tis curl'd,
His wings, too, ev'n in sleep unfurl'd;
And those fingers, which still ever ready are found
For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or wound.

He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
But never you mind—he's laughing all the while;
For little he cares, so he has his own whim,
And weeping or laughing are all one to him.
His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,
His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash;
And so savage is he, that his own dear mother
Is scarce more safe in his hands than another.

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,
He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways;
And if any one wants such an imp to employ,
He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.

But see, the boy wakes—his bright tears flow—
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him? oh no,
Sweet child, no, no—though so naughty you be
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me.

---o---

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.

BY PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

To weave a garland for the rose,
And think thus 'tis'a crown'd 'twould lovelier be,
Were far less vain than to suppose
That silks and gems add grace to thee.
Where is the pearl whose orient lustre
Would not, beside thee, look less bright?
What gold could match the glossy cluster
Of those young ringlets full of light?

Bring from the land, where fresh it gleams,
The bright blue gem of India's mine,
And see how soon, though bright its beams,
'Twill pale before one glance of thine:
Those lips, too, when their sounds have blest us
With some divine, mellifluous air,
Who would not say that Beauty's cestus
Had let loose all its witch'ries there?

Here, to this conqu'ring host of charms
I now give up my spell-bound heart,
Nor blush to yield ev'n Reason's arms,
When thou her bright-eyed conqu'ror art.
Thus to the wind all fears are given;
Henceforth those eyes alone I see,
Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,
Sits beck'ning me to bliss and thee!

---o---

WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY?

BY PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Why does she so long delay?
Night is waning fast away;
Thrice have I my lamp renew'd,
Watching here in solitude.
Where can she so long delay?
Where, so long delay?

Vainly now have two lamps shone;
See the third is nearly gone:
Oh that Love would, like the ray
Of that weary lamp, decay!
But no, alas! it burns still on,
Still, still, burns on.

Gods, how oft the traitress dear
Sware, by Venus, she'd be here!
But to one so false as she
What is man or deity?
Neither doth this proud one fear,—
No, neither doth she fear.

---o---

TWIN'ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY BROW?

BY PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

Twin'st thou with lofty wreath thy brow?
Such glory then thy beauty sheds,
I almost think, while awed I bow,
'Tis Rhea's self before me treads.
Be what thou wilt,—this heart
Adores whate'er thou art!
When the sad word, "Adieu," from my lip is nigh falling,
And with it, Hope passes away,
Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my fond heart recalling
That fatal farewell, bids me stay.
For oh! 'tis a penance so weary
One hour from thy presence to be,
That death to this soul were less dreary,
Less dark than long absence from thee.

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world breaking,
Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,
And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking,
Made light what was darkness before.
But mute is the Day's sunny glory,
While thine hath a voice, on whose breath,
More sweet than the Syren's sweet story,
My hopes hang, through life and through death!

My Mopsa is little, my Mopsa is brown,
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,
And, for blushing, no rose can come near her;
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part,—
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,
That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her;
Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,
And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave could revive one:
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,
I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb—
Unless I could meet with a live one.
Day and night the spell hangs o'er me,
Here for ever fix'd thou art;
As thy form first shone before me,
So 'tis graven on this heart,
Deep, deep!

Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,
Dooms me to this lasting pain,
Thou who cam'st with so much fleetness,
Why so slow to go again?
Why? why?

---

UP, SAILOR BOY, 'TIS DAY!

Up, sailor boy, 'tis day!
The west wind blowing,
The spring tide flowing,
Summon thee hence away.

Didst thou not hear yon soaring swallow
sing?
Chirp, chirp,—in every note he seem'd
to say
'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring.
Up, boy, away,—
Who'd stay on land to-day?
The very flowers
Would from their bowers
Delight to wing away!

Leave languid youths to pine
On silken pillows,
But be the billows
Of the great deep thine.

Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, "Let
us fly;"
While soft the sail, replying to the
breeze,
Says, with a yielding sigh,
"Yes, where you please."
Up, boy! the wind, the ray,
The blue sky o'er thee,
The deep before thee,
All cry aloud, "Away!"

---

IN MYRTLE WREATHS.

BY ALCÆUS.

In myrtle wreaths my votive sword I'll
cover,
Like them of old whose one immortal
blow
Struck off the galling fetters that hung over
Their own bright land, and laid her
tyrant low.
Yes, loved Harmodius, thou'rt undying;
Still midst the brave and free,
In isles, o'er ocean lying,
Thy home shall ever be.

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its
lightning
Like his, the youth, whose ever-glori-
ous blade
Leap'd forth like flame, the midnight
banquet bright'ning,
And in the dust a despot victim laid.
Blest youths, how bright in Freedom's story
Your wedded names shall be;
A tyrant's death your glory,
Your meed, a nation free!
Miscellaneous Poems.

[TRIFLES, squibs, jeux d’esprit, quips, cranks, occasional verses, fugitive pieces, the effervescence of which has not yet ceased (in some instances even giving promise of never becoming vapid), are here collected together from a wonderful variety of sources. Clusters of these miscellaneous poems, to begin with, have been taken from the closing pages of many of Moore’s works as originally published. Here and there, again, a minor volume has been issued from the press, in which less, perhaps, than half a dozen of them have made their first collective appearance. A single instance of the kind will suffice, by way of illustration, in a little octavo of eighty-eight pages, published by the Messrs. Longman in 1819. “Tom Crib’s Memorial to Congress, with a Preface; Notes, and an Appendix by one of the Fancy,” was followed by the address “To Sir Hudson Lowe,” originally published in the Morning Chronicle, by Old Prosy the Jew’s “Annual Pill,” by “Jack Holmes’s Ya-hip, my Hearties,” and by a characteristic apostrophe to Miss Grace Maddox, the Fair Pugilist. Stray songs, glees, epigrams, witticisms, the merest odds and ends of verse collected together from books, magazines, and newspapers are here massed, indeed, necessarily with but slight regard, if any, to chronological arrangement. The Attic bees now merely swarm again, it being obviously impossible to indicate precisely when each, in turn, first started from the lips or brain of Moore, to disport with sting and honey-bag in the flower-garden of his poetry.]

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.
SPOKEN BY MR. CORRY, IN THE CHARACTER OF VAPID, AFTER THE PLAY OF THE DRAMATIST, AT THE KILKENNY THEATRE.

(Entering as if to announce the Play.)

LADIES and Gentlemen, on Monday night,
For the ninth time—oh accents of delight
To the poor author’s ear, when three times three
With a full bumper crowns his Comedy!
When, long by money, and the muse, forsaken,
He finds at length his jokes and boxes taken,
And sees his play-bill circulate—alas,
The only bill on which his name will pass!
Thus, Vapid, thus shall Thespian scrolls of fame
Through box and gall’ry waft your well-known name,

While critic eyes the happy cast shall con,
And learned ladies spell your Dram. Person.

’Tis said our worthy Manager intends
To help my night, and he, you know, has friends.
Friends, did I say? for fixing friends, or parts,
Engaging actors, or engaging hearts,
There’s nothing like him! wits, at his request,
Are turn’d to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;
Soldiers, for him, good “trembling cowards” make,
And beaus, turn’d clowns, look ugly for his sake;
For him ev’n lawyers talk without a fee,
For him (oh friendship!) I act tragedy!
In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive tricks
Make boars amusing, and put life in sticks.
With such a manager we can't but please,  
Though London sent us all her loud O. P.'s.  
Let them come on, like snakes, all hiss and rattle,  
Arm'd with a thousand fans, we'd give them battle;  
You, on our side, R. P. upon our banners,  
Soon should we teach the saucy O. P.'s manners:  
And show that, here—howe'er John Bull may doubt—  
In all our plays, the Riot-Act's cut out;  
And, while we skim the cream of many a jest,  
Your well-timed thunder never sours its zest.  
Oh gently thus, when three short weeks are past,  
At Shakspeare's altar, shall we breathe our last;  
And, ere this long-loved dome to ruin nods,  
Die all, die nobly, die like demigods!

---o---

EXTRACT
FROM A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY  
THE AUTHOR, AT THE OPENING OF THE  
KILKENNY THEATRE, OCTOBER, 1809.

* * * * *

Yet, even here, though fiction rules the hour,  
There shine some genuine smiles, beyond her power;  
And there are tears, too—tears that Memory sheds  
Ev'n o'er the feast that mimic fancy spreads,  
When her heart misses one lamented guest,  
Whose eye so long threw light o'er all the rest;  
There, there, indeed, the Muse forgets her task,  
And drooping weeps behind Thalia's mask.  
Forgive this gloom—forgive this joyless strain,  
Too sad to welcome pleasure's smiling train.

But, meeting thus, our hearts will part the lighter,  
As mist at dawn but makes the setting brighter;  
Gay Epilogue will shine where Prologue fails—  
As glow-worms keep their splendour for their tails.  
I know not why—but time, methinks, hath pass'd  
More fleet than usual since we parted last.  
It seems but like a dream of yesternight,  
Whose charm still hangs, with fond delaying light;  
And, ere the memory lose one glowing hue  
Of former joy, we come to kindle new.  
Thus ever may the flying moments haste  
With trackless foot along life's vulgar waste,  
But deeply print and lingeringly move,  
When thus they reach the sunny spots we love.  
Oh yes, whatever be our gay career,  
Let this be still the solstice of the year,  
Where Pleasure's sun shall at its height remain,  
And slowly sink to level life again.

---o---

THE SYLPH'S BALL.

A Sylph, as bright as ever sported  
Her figure through the fields of air,  
By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,  
And, strange to say, he won the fair.

The annals of the oldest witch  
A pair so sorted could not show,  
But how refuse?—the Gnome was rich,  
The Rothschild of the world below;  
And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,  
Are told, betimes, they must consider  
Love as an auctioneer of features,  
Who knocks them down to the best bidder.  

Home she was taken to his Mine—  
A Palace, paved with diamonds all—  
And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine,  
Sent out her tickets for a Ball.
The lower world, of course, was there,  
And all the best; but of the upper  
The sprinkling was but shy and rare,  
A few old Sylphs, who loved supper.

As none yet knew the wondrous Lamp  
Of Davy, that renown'd Aladdin,  
And the Gnome's Halls exhaled a damp,  
Which accidents from fire were bad in;  
The chambers were supplied with light  
By many strange but safe devices;  
Large fire-flies, such as shine at night  
Among the Orient's flowers and spices;—  
Musical flint-mills—swiftly play'd  
By elfin hands—that, flashing round,  
Like certain fire-eyed minstrel maids,  
Gave out, at once, both light and sound.

Bologna stones, that drink the sun;  
And water from that Indian sea,  
Whose waves at night like wild-fire run—  
Cork'd up in crystal carefully.

Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes,  
Like little light-houses, were set up;  
And pretty phosphorescent fishes,  
That by their own gay light were eat up.

'Mong the few guests from Ether, came  
That wicked Sylph, whom Love we call;  
My lady knew him but by name,  
My lord, her husband, not at all.

Some prudent Gnomes, 'tis said, apprized  
That he was coming, and, no doubt,  
Alarm'd about his touch, advised  
He should, by all means, be kept out.

But others disapproved this plan,  
And, by his flame though somewhat frighted,  
Thought Love too much a gentleman,  
In such a dangerous place to light it.

However, there he was—and dancing  
With the fair Sylph, light as a feather;  
They look'd like two fresh sunbeams, glancing,  
At daybreak, down to earth together.

And all had gone off safe and well,  
But for that plaguy torch, whose light,  
Though not yet kindled—who could tell?  
How soon, how devilishly, it might?

And so it chanced—which, in those dark  
And fireless halls, was quite amazing;  
Did we not know how small a spark  
Can set the torch of Love a-blazing.

Whether it came (when close entangled  
In the gay waltz) from her bright eyes,  
Or from the luciole, that spangled  
Her locks of jet—is all surmise;

But certain 'tis th' ethereal girl  
Did drop a spark, at some odd turning,  
Which, by the waltz's windy whirl,  
Was fann'd up into actual burning.

Oh for that Lamp's metallic gauze,  
That curtain of protecting wire,  
Which Davy delicately draws  
Around illicit, dangerous fire!—

The wall he sets 'twixt Flame and Air,  
(Like that, which barr'd young Thisbe's bliss,)  
Through whose small holes this dangerous pair  
May see each other, but not kiss.

At first the torch look'd rather bluely,  
A sign, they say, that no good boded—  
Then quick the gas became unruly,  
And, crack! the ball-room all exploded.

Sylphs, gnomes, and fiddlers mix'd togeth'  
With all their aunts, sons, cousins, nieces,  
Like butterflies in stormy weather,  
Were blown—legs, wings, and tails—to pieces!

While, 'mid these victims of the torch,  
The Sylph, alas, too bore her part—  
Found lying with a livid scorch,  
As if from lightning, o'er her heart!

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Well done"—a laughing Goblin said—  
Escaping from this gaseous strife—  
"'Tis not the first time Love has made  
A blow-up in connubial life!"
REMONSTRANCE.

After a Conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some Idea of giving up all Political Pursuits.

WHAT! thou, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name—
Thou, born of a Russell—whose instinct to run
The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same
As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!
Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,
Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the weal
Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet!
Shalt thou be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,
From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?
Oh no, never dream it—while good men despair
Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,
Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare
Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou.
With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of those
Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd and warm;
Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose
To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breastred her storm;
With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,
It first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre;
Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness of truth,
Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire;

With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height,
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;
But a current, that works out its way into light
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;
If the stirrings of Genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,
Yet think how to Freedom thou'rt pledged by thy Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree
Set apart for the Fane and its service divine,
So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree,
Are by Liberty claim'd for the use of her Shrine.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

"My birth-day"—what a diff'rent sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—"were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he had done."—
Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells
In sober birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly;
Of counsel mock'd; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;
Of nursing many a wrong desire;  
Of wandering after Love too far,  
And taking every meteor fire,  
That cross'd my pathway, for his star.—  
All this it tells, and, could I trace  
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,  
With pow'r to add, retouch, efface  
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,  
How little of the past would stay!  
How quickly all should melt away—  
All—but that Freedom of the Mind,  
Which hath been more than wealth to me;  
Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,  
And kept till now unchangingly;  
And that dear home, that saving ark,  
Where Love's true light at last I've found,  
Cheering within, when all grows dark,  
And comfortless, and stormy round!

—O—

FANCY.

The more I've view'd this world, the more I've found,  
That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,  
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,  
A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.  
Nor is it that her power can call up there  
A single charm, that's not from nature won,—  
No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear  
A single tint unborrow'd from the sun;  
But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,  
That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue;  
As the same light, that o'er the level lake  
One dull monotony of lustre flings,  
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make  
Colours as gay as those on angels' wings!

TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS.

Carm. 70.

Dicebas quondam, &c.

TO LESBIA.

THOU told'st me, in our days of love,  
That I had all that heart of thine;  
That, ev'n to share the couch of Jove,  
Thou wouldst not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!  
Not with the vague and vulgar fires  
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men,—  
But loved, as children by their sires.

That flatt'ring dream, alas, is o'er;—  
I know thee now—and though these eyes  
Dote on thee wildly as before,  
Yet, even in doting, I despise.

Yes, sorceress—mad as it may seem—  
With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,  
That passion even outlives esteem,  
And I, at once, adore—and scorn thee.

Carm. 11.

Pauca nunciate mea puella.

* * * * * * *

COMRADES and friends! with whom, where'er  
The fates have will'd through life I've roved,  
Now speed ye home, and with you bear  
These bitter words to her I've loved.

Tell her from fool to fool to run,  
Where'er her vain caprice may call;  
Of all her dupes not loving one,  
But ruining and madd'ning all.

Bid her forget—what now is past—  
Our once dear love, whose ruin lies  
Like a fair flow'r, the meadow's last,  
Which feels the ploughshare's edge, and dies!
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Carm. 29.

Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque Ocelle.

Sweet Sirmio! thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles,
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles—

How glady back to thee I fly!
Still doubting, asking—can it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind
Lays down its load of care at last:

When, tired with toil o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long-wish'd for bed once more.

This, this it is, that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track.—
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
Sweet Sirmio! greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heav'n like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

TIBULLUS TO SULPICI.A.

Nulla tuum nobis subducet femina lectum, &c.

"NEVER shall woman's smile have pow'r
To win me from those gentle charms!"

Thus swore I, in that happy hour,
When Love first gave thee to my arms.

And still alone thou charm'st my sight—
Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces, fair and bright,
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thouwert fair for only me,
And couldst no heart but mine allure!—
To all men else unpleasing be,
So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest
Of others' envy, others' praise;
But, in its silence safely blest,
Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet pow'r
All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued—
My light, in ev'n the darkest hour,
My crowd, in deepest solitude!

No, not though heav'n itself sent down
Some maid, of more than heav'nly charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
Would he for her forsake those arms!

IMITATION,
FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH women and apples both Paris and Adam
Made mischief enough in their day:—
God be praised that the fate of mankind,
My dear Madam,
Depends not on us, the same way.

For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
The world would have doubly to rue thee;
Like Adam, I'd gladly take from thee the apple,
Like Paris, at once give it to thee.

INVITATION TO DINNER,
ADDRESSSED TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

September, 1818.

Some think we bards have nothing real;
That poets live among the stars so,
Their very dinners are ideal,—
(And, Heaven knows, too oft they are so,)—

For instance, that we have instead
Of vulgar chops, and stews, and hashes,
First course—a Phoenix, at the head,
Done in its own celestial ashes;
At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing
All the time its neck was wringing.
Side dishes, thus—Minerva’s owl,
Or any such like learned fowl:
Doves, such as heav’n’s poulterer gets,
When Cupid shoots his mother’s pets.
Larks, stew’d in Morning’s roseate breath,
Or roasted by a sunbeam’s splendour;
And nightingales, berhymed to death—
Like young pigs whipp’d to make them tender.

Such fare may suit those bards who’re able
To banquet at Duke Humphrey’s table;
But as for me, who’ve long been taught
To eat and drink like other people;
And can put up with mutton, bought
Where Bromham rears its ancient steeple—
If Lansdowne will consent to share
My humble feast, though rude the fare,
Yet, season’d by that salt he brings
From Attica’s salinest springs,
’Twill turn to dainties:—while the cup
Beneath his influence bright’n’ning up,
Like that of Baucis, touch’d by Jove,
Will sparkle fit for gods above!

VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE’S INKSTAND.

WRITTEN MAY, 1832.

All, as he left it!—ev’n the pen,
So lately at that mind’s command,
Carelessly lying, as if then
Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,
A little hour, seems to have past,
Since Life and Inspiration’s pow’r
Around that relic breathed their last.

Ah, pow’rless now—like talisman,
Found in some vanish’d wizard’s halls,
Whose mighty charm with him began,
Whose charm with him extinguish’d falls.

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shone
Around that pen’s exploring track,
Be now, with its great master, gone,
Nor living hand can call them back;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
Rest on the enchanter’s broken wand,
Each earth-born spell it work’d arise
Before him in succession grand?—

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o’er all;
The unshrinking Truth, that lets her light
Through Life’s low, dark, interior fall,
Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
O’er scenes which angels weep to see—
Where Truth herself half veils the Wrong,
In pity of the Misery.

True bard!—and simple, as the race
Of true-born poets ever are,
When, stooping from their starry place,
They’re children, near, though gods, afar.

How freshly doth my mind recall,
’Mong the few days I’ve known with thee,
One that, most buoyantly of all,
Floats in the wake of memory;

When he, the poet, doubly graced,
In life, as in his perfect strain,
With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
Without which Fancy shines in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,
Pregnant with genius though it be,
But half the treasures of a mind,
Where Sense o’er all holds mastery:—

Friend of long years! of friendship tried
Through many a bright and dark event;
In doubts, my judge—in taste, my guide—
In all, my stay and ornament!

He, too, was of our feast that day,
And all were guests of one, whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land;

In whose sea-odes—as in those shells
Where Ocean’s voice of majesty
Seems still to sound—immortal dwells
Old Albion’s Spirit of the Sea.
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Such was our host; and though, since then,
Slight clouds have ris'n 'twixt him and me,
Who would not grasp such hand again,
Stretch'd forth again in amity?

Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank, atoning word,
Like sunshine, melts them all away?

Bright was our board that day—though one
Unworthy brother there had place;
As 'mong the horses of the Sun,
One was, they say, of earthly race.

Yet, next to Genius is the power
Of feeling where true Genius lies;
And there was light around that hour
Such as, in memory, never dies;

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,
Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee,
Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,
Brightly, indeed—but mournfully!

---

TO

CAROLINE, VISCOUNTESS VAL-LETORT.

WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832.

When I would sing thy beauty's light,
Such various forms, and all so bright,
I've seen thee, from thy childhood, wear,
I know not which to call most fair,
Nor 'mong the countless charms that spring
For ever round thee, which to sing.

When I would paint thee, as thou art,
Then all thou wert comes o'er my heart—
The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,
Within the nursery's shade withdrawn,
Or peeping out—like a young moon
Upon a world 'twill brighten soon.
Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour,
As from thy own loved Abbey-tow'r

I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,
With smiles that to the hoary frown
Of centuries round thee lent a ray,
Chasing even Age's gloom away;—
Or, in the world's resplendent throng,
As I have mark'd thee glide along,
Among the crowds of fair and great
A spirit, pure and separate,
To which even Admiration's eye
Was fearful to approach too nigh;—
A creature, circled by a spell
Within which nothing wrong could dwell;
And fresh and clear as from the source,
Holding through life her limpid course,
Like Arethusa through the sea,
Stealing in fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light!
As noble bride, still meekly bright,
Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above
All earthly price, pure woman's love;
And show'st what lustre Rank receives,
When with his proud Corinthian leaves
Her rose thus high-bred Beauty weaves.

Wonder not if, where all's so fair
To choose were more than bard can dare;
Wonder not if, while every scene
I've watch'd thee through so bright hath been,
Th' enamour'd Muse should, in her quest
Of beauty, know not where to rest,
But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,
Hailing thee beautiful in all!

---

A SPECULATION.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

---
TO MY MOTHER.
WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK, 1822.

THeY tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoever the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,

Far better loves to bend its arms
Downwards again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.

'Tis thus, though woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

—o—

LOVE AND HYMEN.

LOVE had a fever—ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking;
And wild and strange enough, Heavn
knows,
The things he raved about while waking.

To let him pine so were a sin;—
One, to whom all the world's a debtor—
So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet,
Though still some ugly fever latent;—
"Dose, as before"—a gentle opiate,
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,
So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

—o—

LINES

ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES, 1821.

Carbone notati.

AY—down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,
From this hour, let the blood in their
dastardly veins, [war,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's
Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

On, on like a cloud, through their beau-
tiful vales,
Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er—
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails
From each slave-mart of Europe, and
shadow their shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word—let men
of all lands
Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring
to the poles,
When each sword, that the cowards let
fall from their hands,
Shall be forged into letters to enter
their souls.

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is
driv'n,
Base slaves! let the whet of their agony
be,
[that Heavn'
To think—as the Doom'd often think of
They had once within reach—that they
might have been free.

Oh shame! when there was not a bosom,
whose heat
Ever rose 'bove the zero of C—h's heart,
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn
repeat,
And send all its prayers with your
Liberty's start;

When the world stood in hope—when a
spirit, that breathed
The fresh air of the olden time, whis-
per'd about;
And the swords of all Italy, half-way
unsheathe'd,
But waited one conquering cry, to flash
out!
When around you the shades of your
Mighty in fame,
Filicajas and Petrarchs, seem’d bursting
To view,
And their words, and their warnings, like
tongues of bright flame
Over Freedom’s apostles, fell kindling
On you!
Oh shame! that, in such a proud moment
Of life,
Worth the hist’ry of ages, when had
You but hurl’d
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife
Between freemen and tyrants had
Spread through the world—
That then—oh! disgrace upon manhood
—ev’n then,
You should falter; should cling to your
Pitiful breath;
Cow’d down into beasts, when you might
Have stood men,
And prefer the slave’s life of prostration
to death.
It is strange, it is dreadful:—shout,
Tyranny, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces,
“Freedom is o’er!”
If thereingers one spark of her light,
Tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness
Once more.
For, if such are the braggarts that claim
to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let
Me kiss;
[Thee,
Far nobler to live the brute bondman of
Than to sully ev’n chains by a struggle
Like this!

—O—

TO LADY HOLLAND.
ON NAPOLEON’S LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX.
GIFT of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch’d, for ever
High;
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he’d feel how easy ’tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could
Not buy.
Paris, July, 1821.

EPISODE.
WRITTEN FOR LADY DACRE’S TRAGEDY OF
“INA.”
LAST night, as lonely o’er my fire I sat,
Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and—all
That,
And wondering much what little knavish
Sprite
Had put it first in women’s heads to
Write:
Sudden I saw—as in some witching
dream—
A bright-blue glory round my book-case
Beam,
From whose quick-opening folds of azure
Light
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his
Head,
Some sunny morning, from a violet bed.
“Bless me!” I starting cried, “what imp
Are you?”—
“A small he-devil, Ma’am—my name
Bas Bleu—
A bookish sprite, much giv’n to routs and
Reading;
’Tis I who teach your spinsters of good
Breeding,
The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
The last new bounds of tuckers and of
Maps,
And, when the waltz has twirl’d her giddy
Brain,
With metaphysics twirl it back again!”
I view’d him, as he spoke—his hose was
Blue,
His wings—the covers of the last
Review—
Cerulean, border’d with a jaundice hue,
And tinsell’d gaily o’er for evening wear,
Till the next quarter brings a new fledged
Pair.
“Inspired by me—(pursued this waggish
Fairy)—
That best of wives and Sapph’rs, Lady
Mary,
Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and
Shoes,
For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,
And mingle Love’s blue brilliances with
Mine;
For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking,  
Looks wise—the pretty soul!—and thinks she's thinking.  
By my advice Miss Indigo attends  
Lectures on Memory, and assures her friends,  
"'Pon honour!—(mimics)—nothing can surpass the plan  
Of that professor—(trying to recollect)—  
psha! that memory-man—  
That—what's his name?—him I attended lately—  
'Pon honour, he improved my memory greatly."

Here, curtseying low, I ask'd the blue-legg'd sprite,  
What share he had in this our play to-night.  
"Nay, there—(he cried)—there I am guiltless quite—  
What! choose a heroine from that Gothic time,  
When no one waltz'd, and none but monks could rhyme;  
When lovely woman all unschool'd and wild,  
Blush'd without art, and without culture smiled—  
Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they shone,  
Ere Science call'd their brilliant world her own,  
Ranged the wild, rosy things in learned orders,  
And fill'd with Greek the garden's blush-ing borders!  
No, no—your gentle Inas will not do—  
To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,  
I'll come—(pointing downwards)—you understand—till then adieu!"

And has the sprite been here? No—  
Jests apart—  
Howe'er man rules in science and in art,  
The sphere of woman's glories is the heart.  
And, if our Muse have sketch'd with pencil true  
The wife—the mother—firm, yet gentle too—

Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath spun,  
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one;  
Who loves—yet dares even Love himself disown,  
When Honour's broken shaft supports his throne,  
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,  
Dile as they are, of Critics and—Blue Devils.

——0——

THE DAY-DREAM.

They both were hush'd, the voice, the chords,—  
I heard but once that witching lay;  
And few the notes, and few the words,  
My spell-bound memory brought away;  
Traces remember'd here and there,  
Like echoes of some broken strain;—  
Links of a sweetness lost in air,  
That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled;  
And, though the charm still linger'd on,  
That o'er each sense her song had shed,  
The song itself was faded, gone;—

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,  
On summer days, ere youth had set;  
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,  
Though what they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,  
I woo'd this truant air to come—  
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,  
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain:—the song that Sappho gave,  
In dying, to the mournful sea,  
Not muter slept beneath the wave,  
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay  
In that half-waking mood, when dreams unwillingly at last give way  
To the full truth of daylight's beams,
A face—the very face, methought,
From which had breathed, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought—
Came with its music close to mine;
And sung the long-lost measure o'er,—
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before,—
All perfect, all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, 'mid the Blest
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest,
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Not even in waking did the clue,
Thru strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

ANNE BOLEYN.

TRANSLATION FROM THE METRICAL "HISTOIRE D'ANNE BOLEYN."

S'elle estoit belle et de taille élégante,
Estoit des yeux enor plus attirante,
Lesquels savoyt bien conduytre à propos
En les tenant quelquefoys en repos ;
Aucunefoys envoyant en message
Porter de cœur le secret tesmoignage.

Much as her form seduced the sight,
Her eyes could even more surely woo;
And when and how to shoot their light
Into men's hearts full well she knew.
For sometimes, in repose, she hid
Their rays beneath a downcast lid;
And then again, with wakening air,
Would send their sunny glances out,
Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.

THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS.

FROM DANTE.

'Twas eve's soft hour, and bright, above,
The star of Beauty beam'd,
While lull'd by light so full of love,
In slumber thus I dream'd—
Methought, at that sweet hour,
A nymph came o'er the lea,
Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,
Thus said and sung to me:—

"Should any ask what Leila loves,
Say thou, To wreathe her hair
With flow'rets cuil'd from glens and groves,
Is Leila's only care.

"While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,
O'er hill and dale I roam,
My sister, Rachel, far more fair,
Sits lone and mute at home.
Before her glass un-tiring,
With thoughts that never stray,
Her own bright eyes admiring,
She sits the live-long day;
While I!—oh, seldom even a look
Of self salutes my eye;
My only glass, the limpid brook,
That shines and passes by."

SCEPTICISM.

ERE Psyche drank the cup, that shed
Immortal Life into her soul,
Some evil spirit pour'd, 'tis said,
One drop of Doubt into the bowl—
Which, mingling darkly with the stream,
To Psyche's lips—she knew not why—
Made even that blessed nectar seem
As though its sweetness soon would die.

Oft, in the very arms of Love,
A chill came o'er her heart—a fear
That Death might, even yet, remove
Her spirit from that happy sphere.

"Those sunny ringlets," she exclaim'd,
Twining them round her snowy fingers;
"That forehead, where a light, unnamed,
Unknown on earth, for ever lingers;
"Those lips, through which I feel the breath
Of Heaven itself, whene'er they sever—
Say, are they mine, beyond all death,
My own, hereafter, and for ever?

"Smile not—I know that starry brow,
Those ringlets, and bright lips of thine,
Will always shine, as they do now—
But shall I live to see them shine?"

In vain did Love say, "Turn thine eyes
On all that sparkles round thee here—
Thou'ret now in heaven, where nothing dies,
And in these arms—what canst thou fear?"

In vain—the fatal drop, that stole
Into that cup's immortal treasure,
Had lodged its bitter near her soul,
And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

And, though there ne'er was transport given
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in heaven,
That wears a cloud amid its joy.

—0—

A JOKE VERSIFIED.

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife—"

"Why, so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?"

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Pure as the mantle, which, o'er him who stood
By Jordan's stream, descended from the sky,
Is that remembrance, which the wise and good
Leave in the hearts that love them, when they die.
So pure, so precious shall the memory be,
Bequeath'd, in dying, to our souls by thee—
So shall the love we bore thee, cherish'd warm
Within our souls through grief, and pain, and strife,
Be, like Elisha's cruse, a holy charm,
Wherewith to "heal the waters" of this life!

—0—

TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE STRAINER.

Brighton, June, 1825.

This life, dear Corry, who can doubt?—
Resembles much friend Ewart's wine;
When first the rosy drops come out,
How beautiful, how clear they shine!

And thus, while they keep their tint,
So free from even a shade with some,
That they would smile, did you but hint,
That darker drops would ever come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,
Each minute makes the sad truth plainer,
Till life, like old and crusty port,
When near its close, requires a strainer.

This friendship can alone confer,
Alone can teach the drops to pass,
If not as bright as once they were,
At least unclouded, through the glass.

Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine.
Of which this heart were fonder, vainer,
Than thus, if life grow like old wine,
To have thy friendship for its strainer.
FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

Here lies Factotum Ned at last;
Long as he breathed the vital air,
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,
In which Ned hadn't some small share.

Who'er was in, who'e'er was cut,
Whatever statesmen did or said,
If not exactly brought about,
'Twas all, at least, contrived by Ned.

With Nap, if Russia went to war,
'Twas owing, under Providence,
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar—
(Vide his pamphlet—price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo—
As all but Frenchmen think she was—
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news—no envoy's bag
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it;
Scarcely a telegraph could wag
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
With foreign names, one's ear to buzz in!
From Russia, chefs and osf in lots,
From Poland, owskis by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's creed,
Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,
And men ask'd—who advised the deed?
Ned modestly confess'd 'twas he.

For though, by some unlucky miss,
He had not downright seen the King,
He sent such hints through Viscount This,
To Marquis That, as clenched the thing.

The same it was in science, arts,
The Drama, Books, MS. and printed—
Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,
And Scott's last work by him was hinted.

"Childe Harold" in the proofs he read,
And, here and there, infused some soul in't—
Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,
Had—odd enough—an awkward hole in't.

'Twas thus, all-doing and all-knowing,
Wit, statesman, boxer, chymist, singer,
Whatever was the best pie going,
In that Ned—trust him—had his finger.

——

COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

One night the nymph call'd Country Dance—
(Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,
Preferring a coquette from France,
That mincing thing, Mamselle Quadrille)—

Having been chased from London down
To that most humble haunt of all
She used to grace—a Country Town—
Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.

"Here, here, at least," she cried,
"though driven
From London's gay and shining tracks—
Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,
I've lost, for ever lost, Almack's—

Though not a London Miss alive
Would now for her acquaintance own me;
And spinsters, even, of forty-five,
Upon their honours ne'er have known me;

Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
And—spite of some few dandy Lancers,
Who vainly try to preach Quadrille—
See nought but true-blue Country Dancers.

Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
My throne, like Magna Charta, raise
'Mong sturdy, freeborn legs and arms,
That scorn the threaten'd chaine Anglaise."
Some

You'd

And,

Her

A

When,

It

When,

All

She

'Stis

Had

So

Down

The

From

Quadrille,

With

As

Alas,

Or

Courage

band-box

were

the

her,

its

hark

stops

a

"Di
tanti

palpiti"

As

plain

of

English

bow

scrape

it.

"Courage!" however—in she goes,

With

her

best,

sweeping

country

grace;

When,

ah

true,

her

worst

foes,

Quadrille,

there

meets

her,

face

to

face.

Oh

for

the

lyre,

or

violin,

Or

kit

of

that

gay

Muse,

Terpsichore,

To

sing

the

rage

these

nymphs

were

in,

Their

looks

and

language,

airs

and

trickery.

There

stood

Quadrille,

with
cat-like

face

(The

beau-ideal

of

French

beauty),

A

band-box

thing,

all

art

and

lace

Down

from

her

nose-tip

to

her

shoe-
tie.

Her

flounces,

fresh

from

Victorine—

From

Hippolyte,

her

rouge

and

hair—

Her

poetry,

from

Lamartine—

Her

morals,

from—

the

Lord

knows

where.

And,

when

she

danced—so

slidingly,

So

near

the

ground

she

plied

her

art,

You'd

swear

her

mother-earth

and

she

had

made

a

compact

ne'er

to

part.

Her

face

too,

all

the

while,

sedate,

No

signs

of

life

or

motion

showing,

Like

a

bright

pendulæ's

dial-plate—

So

still,

you'd

hardly

think

'tis

going.

Full

fronting

her

stood

Country

Dance—

A

fresh,

frank

nymph,

whom

you

would

know

For

English,

at

a

single

glance—

English

all

o'er,

from

top

to
toe.

A

little

gauce,

'tis

fair

to

own,

And

rather

given

to

skips

and

bounces;

Endangering

thereby

many

a

gown,

And

playing,

oft,

the

devil

with

flounces.

Unlike

Manselle—who

would

prefer

(As

morally

a

lesser

ill)

A

thousand

flaws

of

character,

To

one

vile

rumple

of

a

frill.

No

rouge
did

she

of

Albion

wear;

Let

her

but

run

that

two-heat

race

She

calls

a

Set,

not

Dian

e'er

Came

rosier

from

the

woodland

chase.

Such

was

the

nymph,

whose

soul

had

in't

Such

anger

now—whose

eyes

of

blue

(Eyes

of

that

bright,

victorious

tint,

Which

English

maids

call

"Water-

loo")—

Like

summer

lightnings,

in

the

dusk,

Of

a

warm

evening,

flashing

broke,

While—to

the

tune

of

"Money

Musk,

Which

struck

up

now—she

proudly

spoke:

"Heard

you

that

strain—that

joyous

strain?

'Twas

such

as

England

loved

to

hear,

Ere

thou,

and

all

thy

frippery

train,

Corrupted

both

her

foot

and

ear—

"Ere

Waltz,

that

rake

from

foreign

lands,

Presumed,

in

sight

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Dancing

Masters?
"Woe to ye, men of ships and shops!
Rulers of day-books and of waves!
Quadrilled, on one side, into tops,
And drill'd, on t'other, into slaves!

"Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,
Like pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,
With elbows, à la crapaudine,
And feet in—God knows what position;

"Hemm'd in by watchful chaperons,
Inspectors of your airs and graces,
Who intercept all whisper'd tones,
And read your telegraphic faces;

"Unable with the youth adored,
In that grim cordon of Mammans,
To interchange one tender word,
Though whisper'd but in queue de chats.

"Ah did you know how blest we ranged,
Ere vile Quadrille usurp'd the fiddle—
What looks in setting were exchanged,
What tender words in down the middle;

"How many a couple, like the wind,
Which nothing in its course controls,
Left time and chaperons far behind,
And gave a loose to legs and souls;

"How matrimony thro'—ere stopp'd
By this cold, silent, foot-coquettin'—
How charmingly one's partner popp'd
Th' important question in poussetting.

"While now, alas—no sly advances—
No marriage hints—all goes on badly—
'Twixt Parson Malthus and French Dances,
We, girls, are at a discount sadly.

"Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
Declares not half so much is made
By licences—and he must know well—
Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade."

She ceased—tears fell from every Miss—
She now had touch'd the true pathetic:
One such authentic fact as this
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was "Country dance!"
And the maid saw, with brightening face,
The Steward of the night advance,
And lead her to her birthright place.
The fiddles, which awhile had ceased,
Now tuned again their summons sweet,
And, for one happy night, at least,
Old England's triumph was complete.

— o —

LINES
ON THE DEATH OF
JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ., OF DUBLIN.

If ever life was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.
The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
The simple heart above all worldly wiles;
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;

The happy grateful spirit, that improves
And brightens every gift by fortune given;
That, wander where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven.

All these were his.—Oh, thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die!
GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Scripsit quidem fata, sed sequitur.

Seneca.

Of old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,
As Nature meant, supreme, alone;
With mind uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd;
His views, his conquests were his own.

But power like his, that digs its grave
With its own sceptre, could not last;
So Genius' self became the slave
Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.

As Jove, who forged the chain of Fate,
Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it;
His nods, his struggles, all too late—
"Qui semel jussit, semper paret."

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne invaded,
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,
And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation's school,
Afraid of even his own ambition,
His very victories were by rule,
And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds—the same,
That dazzled, when spontaneous actions—
Now, done by law, seem'd cold and tame,
And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr'd to take the air,
Instant the Vizir's Council sat—
"Good Lord, your Highness can't go there—
Bless me, your Highness can't do that."

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy
Rich jewels for his diadem,
"The taste was bad, the price was high—
A flower were simpler than a gem."

To please them if he took to flowers—
"What trifling, what unmeaning things!
Fit for a woman's toilet hours,
But not at all the style for Kings."

If, fond of his domestic sphere,
He play'd no more the rambling comet—
"A dull, good sort of man, 'twas clear,
But, as for great or brave, far from it."

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,
For realms more worthy to enthrone him?
"Saint Aristotle, what wild notions!
Serve a 'ne exeat regno' on him."

At length, their last and worst to do,
They round him placed a guard of watchmen,
Reviewers, knaves, in brown, or blue
Turn'd up with yellow,—chiefly Scotchmen;

To dog his footsteps all about,
Like those in Longwood's prison grounds,
Who at Napoleon's heels rode out,
For fear the Conqueror should break bounds.

Oh for some Champion of his power,
Some Ultra spirit, to set free,
As erst in Shakspeare's sovereign hour,
The thunders of his Royalty!—

To vindicate his ancient line,
The first, the true, the only one,
Of Right eternal and divine,
That rules beneath the blessed sun.

—o—

TO LADY J * R * * Y,

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING IN HER ALBUM.

Written at Middleton.

Oh albums, albums, how I dread
Your everlasting scrap and scrawl!
How often wish that from the dead,
Old Omar would pop forth his head,
And make a bonfire of you all!

So might I 'scape the spinner hand,
The blushless blues, who, day and night,
Like duns in doorways, take their stand,
To waylay bards, with book in hand,
Crying for ever, "Write, sir, write!"
So might I shun the shame and pain,
That o'er me at this instant come,
When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,
Knocks at the portal of my brain,
And gets, for answer, "Not at home!"

November, 1828.

—o—

TO THE SAME.

ON LOOKING THROUGH HER ALBUM.

No wonder bards, both high and low,
From Byron down to * * * * * and me,
Should seek the fame, which all bestow
On him whose task is praising thee.

Let but the theme be J * r * y's eyes,
At once all errors are forgiven;
As ev'n old Sternhold still we prize,
Because, though dull, he sings of heaven.

—o—

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

"It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it."—Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon Colonel M'Mahon's Appointment.

Last night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said,
"I'll think of Viscount C—stl—r—gh,
And of his speeches—that's the way."
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be,
And then I dream'd—O frightful dream!
Fuseli has no such theme;
—never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror half so horrid!

Methought the P——e, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sate;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my Lady, dramas for vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo! the papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced, O jacobin papers!
As though they said, "Our sole design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness!"

The leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall Addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R—g—t's well-dress'd head,
As if determined to be read!
Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high;
Nay, e'en Death-Warrants thought they'd best
Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh, the basest of defections!
His Letter about "predilections"—
His own dear Letter, void of grace,
Now flew up in its parent's face!
Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
He just could murmur "et tu Brute?"
Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I waked—and pray'd with lifted hand,
"Oh! never may this dream prove true;
Though Paper overwhelms the land,
Let it not crush the Sovereign too!"

—o—

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
When, with P——r——v——l'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—rm—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—rtf—rd 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 cursedly
bad
Our affairs were all looking when Father
went mad;
A strait-waistcoat on him and restrictions
on me,
A more limited Monarchy could not well
be.
I was call'd upon then, in that moment
of puzzle,
To choose my own Minister—just as they
muzzle
A playful young bear, and then mock his
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 patching;
For tools of this kind, like Martinus's
sconce,
Would lose all their beauty if purified
once;
And think—only think—if our Father
should find,
Upon graciously coming again to his
mind,
That improvement had spoil'd any
favourite adviser—
That R—se was grown honest, or
W—stm—rel—nd wiser—

That R—d—r was, e'en by one twinkle,
the brighter—
Or L—v—rp—I's speeches but half a
pound lighter—
What a shock to his old royal heart it
would be!
No!—far were such dreams of improve-
ment from me:
And it pleased me to find, at the house,
where, you know,
There's such good mutton cutlets and
strong curaçoa,
That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous
old boy,
And my Y—rm—th's red whiskers grew
redder for joy!

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft,
if I would,
By the law of last Sessions I might have
done good,
I might have withheld these political
noodles
From knocking their heads against hot
Yankee Doodles;
I might have told Ireland I pitied her
lot,
Might have sooth'd 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 K—ng
ever will die!

A new era's arrived—though you'd
hardly believe it—
And all things, of course, must be new
to receive it.
New villas, new fêtes (which e'en Waith-
man attends)—
New saddles, new helmets, and—why not
new friends?
I repeat it, "New Friends"—for I can-
ot describe
The delight I am in with this P—rc—v—l
tribe.
Such capering!—Such vapouring!—
Such rigour!—Such vigour!
North, South, East, and West, they have
cut such a figure,
That soon they will bring the whole
world round our ears,
And leave us no friends—but Old Nick
and Algiers,
When I think of 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
squabbles his brother!
For Papist the one, and with Papists the
other;
One crushing Napoleon by taking a city,
While t’other lays waste a whole Cath’lic
committee!
Oh, 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 Conti-
inent still,
And, with nothing at home but starva-
tion and riot,
Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily
quiet.
I am proud to declare I have no predilec-
tions,
My heart is a sieve, where some scatter’d
affections
Are just danced about for a moment or
two,
And the finer they are, the more sure to
run through:
Neither have I resentments, nor wish
there should come ill
To mortal—except (now I think on’t)
Beau Br—mm—I,
Who threaten’d, last year, in a superfine
passion,
To cut me, and bring the old K—ng into
fashion.
This is all I can lay to my conscience at
present,
When such is my temper, so neutral, so
pleasant,
So royally free from all troublesome feel-
ings,
So little encumber’d by faith in my deal-
ings
(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 vender of Best Patent
Blacking,
"To meet with the generous and kind
approbation
Of a candid, enlighten’d, and liberal
nation."

By the bye, ere I close this magnificent
letter
(No man, except Pole, could have writ
you a better),
'Twould please me if those, whom I’ve
humbugg’d so long
With the notion (good men!) that I knew
right from wrong,
Would a few of them join me—mind,
only a few—
To let too much light in on me never
would do;
But even Grey’s brightnessshan’t make
me afraid,
While I’ve C—md—n and 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 Moira’s high spirit, if aught can
subdue it,
Sure joining with H—rtf—rd and
Y—rm—th will do it!
Between R—d—r and Wh—rt—n let
Sheridan sit,
And the fogs will soon quench even
Sheridan’s wit;
And against all the pure public feeling that glows
E'en in Whitbread himself we've a host in G—rge R—se!
So, in short, if they wish to have places, they may,
And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey,
Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose),
By the twopenny post to tell Grenville the news;
And now, dearest Fred (though I've no predilection),
Believe me yours always with truest affection.

P.S. A copy of this is to P—rc—v—l going—
Good Lord! how St. Stephens will ring with his crowing!

---o---

ANACREONTIC.

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan!
Best of Plumists, if you can
With your art so far presume,
Make for me a P—e's Plume—
Feathers soft and feathers rare,
Such as suits a P—e to wear!

First, thou downiest of men!
Seek me out a fine Pea-hen;
Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
As by Juno's side might stand,
If there were no Cocks at hand!
Seek her feathers, soft as down,
Fit to shine on P—e's crown;
If thou caust not find them, stupid!
Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
Pluck me next an old Cuckoo;
Emblem of the happy fates
Of easy, kind, cornuted mates!
Pluck him well—be sure you do—
Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
Thus to have his plumage blest,
Beaming on a R—y—l crest?

Bravo, Plumist!—now what bird
Shall we find for Plume the third?
You must get a learned Owl,
Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
Bigot bird, that hates the light,
Foe to all that's fair and bright!
Seize his quills (so form'd to pen
Books, that shun the search of men;
Books, that, far from every eye,
In "swelter'd venom sleeping" lie!) Stick them in between the two,
Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
Bind the kindred stems together
With a silken tie, whose hue
Once was brilliant Buff and Blue;
Sullied now—alas, how much!
Only fit for Y—rm—th's touch.

There—enough—they task is done,
Present worthy G—ge's Son!
Now, beneath, in letters neat,
Write "I serve" and all's complete.

---o---

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M—nch—st—r Square took a canter just now—
Met the old yellow chariot, and made a low bow.
This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look, oh, 'twas black as the devil!
How unlucky!—in cog. he was travelling about,
And I, like a noodle, must go find him out!

Mem.—When next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there is nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At levee to-day made another sad blunder—
What can be come over me lately, I wonder?
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

The P—e was as cheerful, as if all his life,
   [or a wife—
He had never been troubled with friends
“Fine weather,” says he—to which I,
   who must rate,
Answer’d, “Yes, Sir, but changeable rather, of late.”
He took it, I fear, for he look’d some-
what gruff,
And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,
That before all the courtiers I fear’d they’d come off,
And then, Lord! how Geramb would triumphantly scoff!

Mem.—To buy for son Dicky some u-
guient or lotion
To nourish his whiskers—sure road to
promotion! Saturday.

Last night a concert—vastly gay—
Given by Lady C—stl—r—gh.
My Lord loves music, and we know,
Has two strings always to his bow.
In choosing songs, the R—g—t named
“Had I a heart for falsehood framed.”
While gentle H—rtf—d begg’d and pray’d
For “Young I am and sore afraid.”

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EPIGRAM.

What news to-day?—“Oh! worse and
worse—
M—c is the Pr—ce’s Privy Purse!”—
The Pr—ce’s Purse! no, no, you fool,
You mean the Pr—ce’s Ridicule.

---

KING CRACK AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOTIATION FOR
A NEW M—N—STRY.

King Crack was the best of all possible
Kings
(At least, so his courtiers would swear to you gladly),
But Crack now and then would do het’ro-
dox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping
Images sadly.

Some broken-down Idols, that long had
been placed
In his Father’s old Cabinet, pleased him
so much,
That he kne’d down and worship’d,
though—such was his taste!—
They were monstrous to look at, and
torn to touch!

And these were the beautiful Gods of
King Crack!—
Till his people, disdaining to worship
such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, “Come, your
Godships must pack—
You will not do for us, though you may
do for Kings.”

Then, trampling the gross Idols under
their feet,
They sent Crack a petition, beginning,
“Great Caesar! We
are willing to worship, but only en-
treat
That you’ll find us some decent God-
heads than these are.”

“I’ll try,” says King Crack—then they
furnish’d him models
Of better-shaped Gods, but he sent
them all back;
Some were chisell’d too fine, some had
heads ’stead of noddles,
In short, they were all much too god-
like for Crack!

So he took to his darling old Idols again,
And, just mending their legs and new
bronzing their faces,
In open defiance of Gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in
their places!

---

WHAT’S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

Quest. Why is a Pump like V—sc—nt
C—stl—r—gh?
Answ. Because it is a slender thing of
wood,
That up and down its awkward arm
doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout
away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

539

EPIGRAM.


Said his Highness to Ned, with that grim face of his,

"Why refuse us the Veto, dear Catholic Neddy?"

"Because, Sir," said Ned, looking full in his phiz,

"You're forbidding enough, in all conscience, already!"

WREATHS FOR THE MINISTERS.

AN ANACREONTIC.

Hither, Flora, Queen of Flowers! Haste thee from Old Brompton's bowers—
Or (if sweeter that abode)
From the King's well-odour'd Road,
Where each little nursery bud
Breathes the dust and quaffs the mud!
Hither come, and gaily twine
Brightest herbs and flowers of thine
Into wreaths for those who rule us,
Those who rule and (some say) fool us—
Flora, sure, will love to please
England's Household Deities!

First you must then, willy-nilly,
Fetch me many an Orange lily—
Orange of the darkest dye
Irish G—ff—rd can supply!
Choose me out the longest sprig,
And stick it in old Eld—n's wig!

Find me next a Poppy posy,
Type of his harangues so dozy,
Garland gaudy, dull and cool,
For the head of L—v—rp—I!
'Twill console his brilliant brows
For that loss of laurel boughs,
Which they suffer'd (what a pity)
On the road to Paris city.

Next, our C—stl—r—gh 'to crown,
Bring me, from the county Down,
Wither'd Shamrocks, which have been
Gilded o'er, to hide the green

(Such as H—df—t brought away
From Pall-Mall last Patrick's Day)—
Stitch the garland through and through
With shabby threads of every hue—
And as, Goddess!—entre nous—
His Lordship loves (though best of men)
A little torture, now and then,
Crimp the leaves, 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—e—
How the Doctor's brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of Camomile;
But time presses—to thy taste
I leave the rest, so, prithee, haste!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A DOWAGER AND HER MAID ON THE NIGHT OF LORD Y—EM—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 dare say, 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 croney,
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,
Still plenty to cram in
You always shall have, my dear Lord of the Stannaries!
Brisk let us revel, while revel we may;
For the gay bloom of fifty soon passes
away,
And then people get fat,
And infirm, and—all that,
And a wig (I confess it) so clumsily sits,
That it frightens the little Loves out of
their wits;
Thy whiskers, too, Y—rm—th!— alas, even they,
Though so rosy they burn,
Too quickly must turn
(What a heart-breaking change for thy
whiskers!) to Grey.
Then why, my Lord Warden! oh! why
should you fidget
Your mind about matters you don't
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 bye),
How much pleasanter 'tis to sit under
the bust
Of old Charley, my friend here, and
drink like a new one;
While Charley looks sulky, and frowns
at me, just
As the Ghost in the Pantomime frowns
at Don Juan!

To crown us, Lord Warden!
In C—mb—rl—nd’s garden
Grows plenty of monk’s hood in venomous
sprigs;
While Otto of Roses
Refreshing all noses
Shall sweetly exhale from our whiskers
and wigs.

What youth of the household will cool
our noyau
In that streamlet delicious,
That down, midst the dishes,
All full of good fishes,
Romantic doth flow?—
Or who will repair
Unto M——— 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
flowing,
All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
In the manner of—Ackermann's Dresses
for May!

—o—

HORACE, ODE xxii. Lib. i.
freely translated by LORD ELD—N.
The man who keeps a conscience pure
(If not his own, at least his Prince's),
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces!
No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of Geramb;
Though Peers may laugh, and Papists
swagger,
He does not care one single d-mn!

Whether 'midst Irish chairmen going,
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of Church and State,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne
Alley.

When lo! an Irish Papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim, and
big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scared at me e’en without my wig!

Yet a more fierce and raw-boned dog
Goes not to mass in Dublin city,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's Bog,
Nor spoits in Catholic Committee!

Oh! place me 'midst O'Rourke's,
O'Tooles,
The ragged royal-blood of Tara;
Or place me where Dick M—rt—n rules,
The houseless wilds of Connemara;
Of Church and State I'll warble still,  
Though e'en Dick M—rt—n's self  
should grumble,  
Sweet Church and State, like Jack and  
Jill,  
So lovingly upon a hill—  
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

---0---

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I never give a kiss," says Prue,  
"To naughty man, for I abhor it."—She will not give a kiss, 'tis true;  
She'll take one though, and thank you for it!

---0---

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no one Muse does she her glance confine,  
But has an eye, at once, to all the Nine!

---0---

TO ----.--.

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per cesar un angelo.

Die when you will, you need not wear  
At Heaven's Court a form more fair  
Than Beauty here on earth has given;  
Keep but the lovely looks we see—  
The voice we hear—and you will be  
An angel ready-made for heaven!

---0---

THE NEW COSTUME OF THE MINISTERS.

--- nova monstra creavit.  
OVID. Metamorph. lib. i. v. 437.

Having sent off the troops of brave  
Major Camac,  
With a swinging horse-tail at each valorous back,

And such helmets, God bless us! as never deck'd any  
Male creature before, except Signor Giovanni—  
"Let's see," says the R—g—t (like Titus, perplex'd)  
With the duties of empire), "whom shall I dress next?"

He looks in the glass—but perfection is there,  
Wig, whiskers, and chin-tufts all right to a hair;  
Not a single ex-curl on his forehead he traces—  
For curls are like Ministers, strange as the case is,  
The falser they are, the more firm in their places.

His coat he next views—but the coat who could doubt?  
For his Y—rm—th's own Frenchified hand cut it out;  
Every pucker and seam were made matters of State,  
And a grand Household Council was held on each plait!

Then whom shall he dress? shall he new-rig his brother,  
Great C—mb—rl—d's Duke, with some kickshaw or other?  
And kindly invent him more Christian-like shapes  
For his feather-bed neckcloths and pillory capes?

Ah! no—here his ardour would meet with delays,  
For the Duke had been lately pack'd up in new stays,  
So complete for the winter, he saw very plain  
'Twould be devilish hard work to unpack him again!

So, what's to be done?—there's the Ministers, bless 'em!—  
As he made the puppets, why shouldn't he dress 'em?
"An excellent thought!—call the tailors—be nimble—  
Let Cum bring his spy-glass, and H—rt—f—d her thimble;
While 'Y—rm—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
Of his Heaven-born statesmen, to come and be dress'd,
While Y—rm—th, with snip-like and brisk expedition, [petition
Cuts up, all at once, a large Cath'lic
In long tailors' measures, (the P—e crying "Well done!")
And first puts in hand my Lord Chancellor Eld-n.

—0—

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, UPON THE
ADVANTAGE OF (WHAT IS CALLED) "HAVING LAW ON ONE'S SIDE."

THE GENTLEMAN'S PROPOSAL.

"Legge aurea,
S'ei place, ei lice."

COME, fly to these arms, nor let beauties
so bloomy
To one frigid owner be tied;
Your prudes may revile, and your old
ones look gloomy,
But, dearest! we've Law on our side.
Oh! think the delight of two lovers
genial,
Whom no dull decorums divide;
Their error how sweet, and their raptures
how venial,
When once they've got Law on their
side!
'Tis a thing that in every king's reign
has been done, too;
Then why should it now be decried?
If the father has done it, why shouldn't
the son, too?
For so argues Law on our side!
And, e'en should our sweet violation of
duty
By cold-blooded jurors be tried,
They can but bring it in "a misfortune,"
my beauty,
As long as we've Law on our side.

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Hold, hold, my good sir! go a little
more slowly;
For, grant me so faithless a bride,
Such sinners as we are a little too lowly,
To hope to have Law on our side.

Had you been a great prince, to whose
star shining o'er 'em
The people should look for their guide,
Then your Highness (and welcome!)
might kick down decorum—
You'd always have Law on your side.

Were you e'en an old Marquis, in
mischief grown hoary,
Whose heart, though it long ago died
to the pleasures of vice, is alive to its

You still would have Law on your
side!

But for you, sir, crim. con. is a path full
of troubles,
By my advice therefore abide,
And leave the pursuit to those princes
and nobles
Who have such a Law on their side!

—0—

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

FOR THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE OF
ST. ST—PH—N, INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN
SPoken BY THE PROPRIETOR IN FULL COSt-
UMES, ON THE 24TH OF NOVEMBER.

THIS day a New House, for your edification,
We open, most thinking and right-headed
nation!
Excuse the materials—though rotten and
bad,
They're the best that for money just now
could be had;
And, if echo the charm of such houses
should be,
You will find it shall echo my speech to
a T.

As for actors, we've got the old Company
yet,
The same motley, odd, tragi-comical
set:

542  MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.
And considering they all were but clerks
t'oother day,
It is truly surprising how well they can
play.
Our manager (he, who in Ulster was nurst,
And sung *Erin go Brah* for the galleries
first,
But, on finding *Pitt*-interest a much better
thing,
Changed his note of a sudden, to *God
save the King:*)
Still wise as he's blooming, and fat as he's clever,
Himself and his speeches as *lengthy* as ever,
Here offers you still the full use of his
breath,
Your devoted and long-winded prosér till
death!

You remember last season, when things
went perverse on,
We had to engage (as a block to rehearse
on),
One Mr. V—ns—tt—t, a good sort of
person,
Who's also employ'd for this season to play,
In "Raising the Wind," and "The Devil
to Pay."
We expect too—at least we've been plotting and planning—
To get that great actor from Liverpool,
C—nn—ng; And, as at the Circus there's nothing
attracts,
Like a good *single combat* brought in 'twixt the acts,
If the manager should, with the help of
Sir P—ph—m,
Get up new *diversions*, and C—nn—ng should stop 'em,
Who knows but we'll have to announce in the papers,
"Grand fight—second time—with additional capers."
Be your taste for the ludicrous, hum-
drum, or sad,
There is plenty of each in this house to be had;
Where our manager ruleth, there weeping will be,
For a *dead hand at tragedy* always was he;

And there never was dealer in dagger and cup,
Who so *smilingly* got* all his tragedies up.
His powers poor Ireland will never forget,
And the widows of Walcheren weep o'er
them yet.

So much for the actors—for secret
machinery,
Traps, and deceptions, and shifting of
scenery,
Y—rm—th and Cum are the best we can
find,
To transact all that trickery business
behind.
The former's employ'd too to teach us
French jigs,
Keep the whiskers in curl, and look after
the wigs.

In taking myleave now, I've only to say
A few *Seats in the House* not as yet sold
away,
May be had of the manager, Pat
C—stl—r—gh.

---

**THE SALE OF THE TOOLS.**

Instrumenta regni.—TACITUS.

HERE's a choice set of Tools for you,
ge'mmen 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 alack!
What tool is there job after job will not
hack?
Their edge is but dullish, it must be con-
fess'd,
And their temper, like E—nb'r—h's,
none of the best;
But you'll find them good hard-working Tools, upon trying, Were't but for their brass they are well worth the buying; They're famous for making blinds, sliders, and screens, And they're, some of them, excellent turning machines!

The first Tool I'll put up (they call it a Chancellor) Heavy concern to both purchaser and seller— Though made of pig iron, yet worthy of note 'tis, 'Tis ready to melt at a half minute's notice. Who bids? Gentle buyer! 'Twill turn as thou shapest— 'Twill make a good thumbscrew 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 Tandem. Will nobody bid? It is cheap, I am sure, sir— Once, twice, going, going, thrice, gone! —it is yours, sir. To pay ready money you shan't be distress'd, As a bill at long date suits the Chancellor best.

Come, where's the next Tool?—Oh! 'tis here in a trice— This implement, ge'mmen, at first was a Vice (A tenacious and close sort of Tool, that will let Nothing out of its grasp it once happens to get), But it since has received a new coating of Tin, Bright enough for a prince to behold himself in! Come, what shall we say for it? briskly! bid on, We'll the sooner get rid of it—going—quite gone!

God be with it, 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 handsel or Trial as yet, and is also a Chancellor— Such dull things as these should be sold by the gross; Yet, dull as it is, 'Twill be found to shave close, And like other close shavers, some courage to gather, This blade first began by a flourish on leather! You shall have it for nothing—then marvel with me At the terrible tinkering work there must be, Where a tool such as this is (I'll leave you to judge it) Is placed by ill luck at the top of the Budget!

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF "THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN, AND HE WOODED A LITTLE MAID," DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HON. CH—RL—S ABB—T.

"Arcades ambo
Et can't-are pares." 1813.

There was a little Man, and he had a little Soul,
And he said, "Little Soul, let us try, try, try,
Whether it's within our reach
To make up a little Speech,
Just between little you and little I, I, I,
Just between little you and little I!"

Then said his little Soul,
Peeping from her little hole,
"I protest, little Man, you are stout, stout, stout,
But, if it's not uncivil,
Pray tell me what the devil
Must our little, little speech be about, bout, bout,
Must our little, little speech be about?"
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The little Man look'd big,  
With th' assistance of his wig,  
And he call'd his little Soul to order,  
order, order,  
Till she fear'd he'd make her jog in  
To jail like Thomas Croggan  
(As she wasn't Duke or Earl), to reward her, ward her, ward her,  
As she wasn't Duke or Earl, to reward her.  

The little Man then spoke,  
"Little Soul, it is no joke,  
For as sure as J—cky F—ll—r loves a  
sup, sup, sup,  
I will tell the Prince and People  
What I think of Church and Steeple,  
And my little patent plan to prop them up, up, up,  
And my little patent plan to prop them up."

Away then, cheek by jowl,  
Little Man and little Soul  
Went and spoke their little speech to a  
title, tittle, tittle,  
And the world all declare  
That this priggish little pair  
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little, little,  
Never yet in all their lives look'd so little!

—o—

REINFORCEMENTS FOR LORD WELLINGTON.

As recruits in these times are not easily got,  
And the Marshal must have them—pray,  
why should we not,  
As the last and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,  
Ship off the Ministry, body and bones to him?  
There's not in all England, I'd venture to swear,  
Any men we could half so conveniently spare,

And, though they've been helping the French for years past,  
We may thus make them useful to England at last.

C—stl—r—gh in our sieges might save some disgraces,  
Being used to the taking and keeping of places;  
And Volunteer C—nn—g, still ready for joining,  
Might show off his talent for sly undermining.

Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,  
Old H—df—t at horn-works again might be tried,  
And the Ch—f J—st—e make a bold charge at his side!  
While V—ns—tt—t could victual the troops upon tick,  
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great R—g—t himself  
Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf;—  
Though through narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,  
Yet who could resist, if he bore down en masse?  
And though oft, of an evening, perhaps, he might prove,  
Like our brave Spanish allies, "unable to move,"  
Yet there's one thing, in war of advantage unbounded,  
Which is that he could not with ease be surrounded!  
In my next I shall sing of their arms and equipment!  
At present no more but—good luck to the shipment!
HORACE, ODE I. LIB. III.

A FRAGMENT.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.
Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Auditæ Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto.
Regum tremendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

I HATE thee, O Mob! as my lady hates
delf:
To Sir Francis I'll give up thy claps
and thy hisses,
Leave old Magna Charta to shift for itself,
And, like G—dw—n, write books for
young masters and misses.

Oh! it is not high rank that can make
the heart merry,
Even monarchs themselves are not
free from mishap,
Though the Lords of Westphalia must
quake before Jerry,
Poor Jerry himself has to quake before
Nap.

HORAT. LIB. I. ODE XXXVIII.

A FRAGMENT.

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus:
Displicent nexa philyra coronæ.
Mitte sectari ROSA quo locorum
Sera moretur.

TRANSLATED BY A TREASURY CLERK, WHILE WAITING DINNER FOR THE RIGHT HON.
G—RGE R—SE.

BOY, tell the Cook that I hate all nick-
nackeries,
Fricassées, vol-au-vents, puffs and gim-
crackeries—
Six by the Horse-Guards!—old Georgy
is late—
But come—lay the table-cloth—zounds!
do not wait,
Nor stop to inquire, while the dinner is
staying,
At which of his places old R—e is
delaying!

IMPROMPTU.

UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT
PARTY, FROM THE WANT OF A PAIR OF
BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

BETWEEN Adam and me the great
difference is,
Though a Paradise each has been
forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turn'd
out of his,
While, for want of my breeches, I'm
banished from mine.

LORD WELLINGTON AND THE
MINISTERS.

SO gently in peace Alcibiades smiled,
While in battle he shone forth so
terribly grand,
That the emblem they graved on his seal
was a child,
With a thunderbolt placed in its
innocent hand.

O Wellington! long as such Ministers
wield
Your magnificent arm, the same
emblem will do;
For while they're in the Council and you
in the Field,
We've the babies in them, and the
thunder in you!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR.
P—RC—V—L.

In the dirge we sung o'er him no censure
was heard,
Unembitter'd and free did the tear-
drop descend;
We forgot, in that hour, how the states-
man had err'd,
And wept for the husband, the father,
and friend.
Oh, proud was the meed his integrity
won,
And gen'rous indeed were the tears
that we shed,
When, in grief, we forgot all the ill he
had done,
And, though wrong'd by him, living,
bewail'd him, when dead.

Even now, if one harsher emotion in-
trude,
'Tis to wish he had chosen some lowlier
state,
Had known what he was—and, content
to be good,
Had ne'er, for our ruin, aspired to be
great.

So, left through their own little orbit to
move,
His years might have roll'd inoffensive
away;
His children might still have been bless'd
with his love,
And England would ne'er have been
cursed with his sway.

---o---

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

In order to explain the following Frag-
ment, it is necessary to refer your readers
to a late florid description of the Pav-
ilion at Brighton, in the apartments of
which, we are told, "FUM, The Chinese
Bird of Royalty," is a principal orna-
ment.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

MUM.

FUM AND HUM, THE TWO
BIRDS OF ROYALTY.

One day the Chinese Bird of Royalty,
Fum,
Thus accosted our own Bird of Royalty,
Hum,
In that Palace or China-shop (Brighton,
which is it?)
Where Fum had just come to pay Hum
a short visit,—

Near akin are these Birds, though they
differ in nation
(The breed of the Hums is as old as crea-
tion);
Both, full-craw'd Legitimates—both, birds
of prey,
Both, cackling and ravenous creatures,
half way
'Twixt the goose and the vulture, like
Lord C—stl—r—gh.
While Fum deals in Mandarins, Bonzes,
Bohea,
Peers, Bishops, and Punch, Hum, are
sacred to thee!
So congenial their tastes, that, when Fum
first did light on
The floor of that grand China-warehouse
at Brighton,
The lanterns, and dragons, and things
round the dome
Were so like what he left, "Gad," says
Fum, "I'm at home."—
And when, turning, he saw Bishop
L—ge, "Zooks, it is."
Quoth the Bird, "Yes—I know him—a
Bonzee, by his phyz—
And that jolly old idol he kneels to so
low
Can be none but our round-about god-
head, fat Fo!"
It chanced at this moment, th' Episcopal
Prig
Was imploring the P—e to dispense
with his wig,
Which the Bird, overhearing, flew high
o'er his head,
And some Tobit-like marks of his patron-
age shed,
Which so dimm'd the poor Dandy's idol-
atrous eye,
That, while Fum cried "Oh Fo!" all
the court cried "Oh fie!"

But, a truce to digression;—these Birds
of a feather,
Thus talk'd, t'other night, on State mat-
ters together;
(The P—e just in bed, or about to de-
part for't,
His legs full of gout, and his arms full of
H—rtf—d.)
"I say, Hum," says Fum—Fum, of
course, spoke Chinese,
But, bless you, that's nothing—at Brigh-
ton one sees
Foreign lingoés and Bishops translated
with ease—
"I say, Hum, how fares it with Royalty
now?
Is it up? is it prime? is it spooney—or
how?"
(The Bird had just taken a flash-man's
degree
Under B—rr—m—re,Y—th, and young
Master L——e.)
"As for us in Pekin"—here, a devil
of a din
From the bed-chamber came, where that
long Mandarin,
C—stl—r—gh (whom Fum calls the Con-
fucius of Prose),
Was rehearsing a speech upon Europe's
repose
To the deep double bass of the fat Idol's
nose.
(Nota bene—his Lordship and L—v—r-
p—l come,
In collateral lines, from the old Mother
Hum,
C—stl—r—gh a Hum-bug—L—v—rp—l
a Hum-drum.)
The Speech being finish'd, out rush'd
Saddled Hum in a hurry, and, whip,
spur, away,
Through the regions of air, like a Snip
on his hobby,
Ne'er paused, till he lighted in St. Ste-
phen's lobby.

—O—

LINES ON THE DEATH OF
SH—R—D—N.
Principibus placuisse viris!—Horat.

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast
falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations
on those,
Who could bask in that Spirit's meridian
career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark
at its close:

Whose vanity flew round him, only while
fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-
time gave;
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for
the dead,
Like the Ghole of the East, comes to
feed at his grave.

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so
hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and
high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may
follow
The relics of him who died—friendless
and lorn!

How proud they can press to the fun'r'al
array
Of one, whom they shunn'd in his
sickness and sorrow:
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket,
to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles
to-morrow!

And Thou, too, whose life, a sick epi-
cure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had
pass'd,
Wore it not for that cordial and soul-
giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy
nothingness cast:

No, not for the wealth of the land, that
supplies thee.
With millions to heap upon Foppery's
shrine;
No, not for the riches of all who despise
thee,
Though this would make Europe's
whole opulence mine;

Would I suffer what—ev'n in the heart
that thou hast—
All mean as it is—must have con-
sciously burn'd,
When the pittance, which shame had
wring from thee at last,
And which found all his wants at an
end, was return'd;
"Was this then the fate,"—future ages will say,
When some names shall live but in history's curse;
When Truth will be heard, and these Lords of a day
Be forgotten as fools, or remember'd as worse;—

"Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bow'r and the hall,
Theorator,—dramatist,—minstrel,—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all;—

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
From the finest and best of all other men's pow'rs;—
Who ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its show'rs;—

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;—
Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;—

"Whose eloquence—bright'ning whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,—
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!"

Yes—such was the man, and so wretched his fate;—
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the North there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk till his very last sigh;
Oh, Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die!

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EPISTLE
FROM
TOM CRIB TO BIG BEN
CONCERNING SOME FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.

"Ahi, mio Ben!"—METASTASIO.

WHAT! Ben, my old hero, is this your renown?
Is this the new go?—kick a man when he's down!
When the foe has knock'd under, to tread on him then—
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!
"Foul! foul!" all the lads of the Fancy exclaim—
Charley Shock is electrified—Belcher spits flame—
And Molyneux—ay, even Blacky cries "shame!"
Time was, when John Bull little difference spied
'Twixt the foe at his feet, and the friend at his side:
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)
His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating.
But this comes, Master Ben, of your curst foreign notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumebobs, gold lace and lotions;
Your NOYEAUS, CURAÇOAS, and the Devil knows what—
(One swig of Blue Ruin is worth the whole lot!)
Your great and small crosses—(my eyes, what a brood!)
A cross-buttock from me would do some of them good!)
Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop,
Of pure English claret is left in your
corpus;
And (as Jim says) the only one trick,
good or bad,
Of the Fancy you’re up to, is fibbing, my lad.
Hence it comes—Boxiana, disgrace to thy
page!—
Having floor’d, by good luck, the first
swell of the age,
Having conquer’d the prime one, that
mill’d us all round,
You kick’d him, old Ben, as he gasp’d
on the ground!
Ay—just at the time to show spunk, if
you’d got any—
Kick’d him, and jaw’d him, and lag’d him
to Botany!
Oh, shade of the Cheesemonger! you,
who, alas,
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Moun-
seers in brass,
On that great day of milling, when blood
lay in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the
stakes,
Look down upon Ben—see him, dunghill
all o’er,
Insult the fall’n foe, that can harm him
no more!
Out, cowardly spooney!—again and again,
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee,
Ben.
To show the white feather is many men’s
doom,
But, what of one feather?—Ben shows a
whole Plume.

—0—

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

Effiare causam nominis,
Utrumne morest hoc tui
Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc
Secuta morum regula.—AUSONIUS.

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson Low,
(By name, and ah! by nature so)
As thou art fond of persecutions,
Perhaps thou’st read or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men
did—
And having valiantly ascended
Upon the Mighty Man’s protuberance,
They did so strut!—upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride’s exuberance!
And how the doughty mannikins
Amused themselves with sticking pins,
And needles in the great man’s
breeches:
And how some very little things,
That pass’d for Lords, on scaffoldings
Got up, and worried him with speeches.
Alas, alas! that it should happen
To mighty men to be caught napping!—
Though different, too, these persecu-
tions;
For Gulliver, there, took the nap,
While here the Nap, oh sad mishap,
Is taken by the Lilliputians!

——0——

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Supposed to be sung by Old Prosy, the Jew, in
the character of Major C—rtw—ght.

VILL nobodies try my nice Annual Pill,
Dat’s to purify everyting nasty away?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me say
vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds
vat I say!
’Tis so pretty a bolus!—just down let it
go,
And, at vonce, such a radical shange
you will see,
Dat I’d not be surprish’d, like de horse
in de show,
If your heads all vere found, vere your
tailsh ought to be!
Vill nobodies try my nice Annual
Pill, &c.

’Twill cure all Electors, and purge away
clear
Dat mighty bad itching dey’ve got in
deur hands—
’Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dul-
ness, ma tear,
Though the case was as desperate as
poor Mister Van’s.
Dere is nothing at all vat dis Pill vill not reach—
Give the Sinecure Shentlemen von little grain,
Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,
And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence up again!
Vill nobodies try my nice Annual Pill, &c.

'Twou'd be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint—
But among oder tings fundamentally wrong,
It vill cure de Proud Pottom—a common complaint
Among M.P.'s and weavers—from sitting too long,
Should symptoms of speaking break out on a dunce
(Vat is often de case), it vill stop de disease,
And pring avay all de long speeches at vonce,
Dat else vould, like tape-worms, come by degrees!

Vill nobodies try my nice Annual Pill,
Dat's to purify evetything nashty away?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me s'y vat I vill,
Not a Christian or Shentlerr'an minds vat I say!

—0—

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent."—MILTON.

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
"Great Tithe and Small are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
Ye Tenth's of all conceivable things,
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,

After the feast of fruit abhor'r'd—
First indigestion on record!—
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,
Or of Calvin's most select depraved,
In the Church must have your bacon saved;—
Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
And, whatsoe'er himself believes,
Must bow to th' Establish'd Church belief,
That the tenth is always a Protestant sheaf;—
Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven
Takes Irish tithe, one calf in seven;
Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,
Eggs, timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;
All things, in short, since earth's creation,
Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,
To suffer eternal decimation—
Leaving the whole lay-world, since then,
Reduced to nine parts out of ten; Or—as we calculate thefts and arsons—
Just ten per cent. the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device
For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—
The whole put down, in the simplest way,
By the souls resolving not to pay!
And even the Papists, thankless race,
Who have had so much the easiest case—
To pay for our sermons doom'd, 'tis true,
But not condemn'd to hear them, too—
(Our holy business being, 'tis known,
With the ears of their barley, not their own.)
Even they object to let us pilage,
By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
And, horror of horrors, even decline
To find us in sacramental wine!

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,
Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,
Like the Shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
And make of his flock "a prey and meat."
No more shall be his the pastoral sport
Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
Through various steps, Citation, Libel—
_Scriptures_ all, but not the Bible;
Working the Law's whole apparatus,
To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
And summoning all the powers of wig,
To settle the fraction of a pig!—
Till, parson and all committed deep
_In the case of "Shepherds versus Sheep,"
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
For _tenths_ thus all at _sices_ and _sevens_,
Seeking what parsons love no less
Than tragic poets—a good _distress_.
Instead of studying St. Augustin,
Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin
(Book's fit only to hoard dust in),
His reverence stints his evening readings
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
Which forms his only _ancient_ study;—
Port so old, you'd swear its tartar
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
And, had he sipp'd of such, no doubt
His martyrdom would have been—to gout.

Is all then lost?—_alas_, too true—
_Ye tenths_ beloved, adieu, adieu!
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er—
Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

---O---

**THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.**

"We are told that the bigots are growing old
And fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let
Us die in peace?"—_Lord Bexley's Letter to
the Freeholders of Kent._

_STOP, Intellect, in mercy stop,
Ye curse improvements, cease;
And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop
Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,
Young Freedom, veil thy head;
Let nothing good be thought or done,
_Till Nick V—ns—tt—tt's dead!_

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
Who much doth light detest;
And let his last few drivelling years
Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, _ye_ fleeting one-pound notes,
Speed not so fast away—
_Ye rags_, on which old Nicky gloats,
_A few months longer stay._

Together soon, or much I err,
You _both_ from life may go—
The notes unto the scavenger,
And Nick—to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
Be all reforms suspended;
In compliment to dear old Van,
Let nothing bad be mended.

_Ye Papists_, whom oppression wrings,
Your cry politely cease,
And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings
That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime!
By few old rag-men gain'd;
Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,
Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

So shall his name through ages past,
And dolts ungotten yet,
_Date from "the days of Nicholas,"
_With fond and sad regret;—_

And sighing say, "Alas, had he
Been spared from Pluto's bowers,
The blessed reign of Bigotry
And Rags might still be ours!"

---O---

**TO THE REVEREND _______.**

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF
NOTTINGHAM. 1828.

_WHAT, you, too, my *****, in hashes so
knowing,
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus pro-
fest!_

_Are you, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going
To make an old fool of yourself with
the rest?_
Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts;  
And—if you want something to tease —for variety,  
Go study how Ude, in his "Cookery," treats  
Live eels, when he fits them for polish’d society.  
Just snuggling them in, ’twixt the bars of the fire,  
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,  
In a manner that H—rn—r himself would admire,  
And wish, ’stead of eels, they were Catholic souls.  
Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels;  
While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown;*  
So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels, [alone.  
And, for once, let the other poor devils  
I have ev’n a still better receipt for your cook—  
How to make a goose die of confirm’d hepatitis;  
And, if you’ll, for once, fellow-feelings o’erlook,  
A well-tortured goose a most capital sight is.  
First, catch him, alive—make a good steady fire—  
Set your victim before it, both legs being  
(As, if left to himself, he might wish to retire,)  
And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.  
There roasting by inches, dry, fever’d, and faint,  
Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid, off,  
He dies of as charming a liver complaint  
As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.  
Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,  
What an emblem this bird, for the epicure’s use meant,  
Present of the mode in which Ireland has been  
Made a tit-bit for yours and your brethren’s amusement:  

Tied down to the stake while her limbs, as they quiver,  
A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees—  
No wonder disease should have swell’d up her liver,  
No wonder you, Gourmands, should love her disease.

—o—

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

According to some learn’d opinions  
The Irish once were Carthaginians;  
But, trusting to more late descriptions,  
I’d rather say they were Egyptians.  
My reason’s this:—the Priests of Isis,  
When forth they march’d in long array,  
Employ’d, ’mong other grave devices,  
A Sacred Ass to lead the way;  
And still the antiquarian traces  
’Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,  
For still, in all religious cases,  
They put Lord R—d—n in the van.

—o—

A CURIOUS FACT.

The present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer who writes letters,  
For which the waste-paper folks much are his debtors)  
Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,  
Which puzzleth observers, even more than his writing.  
Whenever Lord K—ny—n doth chance to behold  
A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie must be cold—  
His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),  
And he makes a low bow to the said Apple-pie.  
This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer,  
Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather queer—  
Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head  
(Vide Crustium, chap. iv.) of the Worship of Bread.
Some think 'tis a tribute, as author, he owes
For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose;—
The only good things in his pages, they swear,
Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts there.
Others say, 'tis a homage, through pie-crust convey'd,
To our Glorious Deliverer's much-honour'd shade;
As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)
Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,
And 'tis solely in loyal remembrance of My Lord K—ny—n to apple-pie take off his hat.
While others account for this kind salutation
By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concatenation;"
A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,
'Twixt old Apple-women and Orange-men lies.
But 'tis needless to add, these are all vague surmises,
For thus, we're assured, the whole matter arises:
Lord K—ny—n's respected old father
(like many [penny; Respected old fathers) was fond of a And loved so to save, that—there's not the least question—
His death was brought on by a bad indisposition,
From cold apple-pie crust his Lordship would stuff in,
At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin. Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes—
Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff
To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off—
And while filial piety urges so many on, 'Tis pure apple-pie-ety moves my Lord K—ny—n.

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

Sir:
Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain, not overwise, judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary echo there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel. As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them.

Yours, &c. S.

Huc coeamus, nis: multique libentius quam Responsorus sono, Coeamus, reutilit echo. OVID.

These are echoes, we know, of all sorts, From the echo, that "dies in the dale," To the "airy-tongued babbler," that sports Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues, With the latest smart mot they have heard; There are echoes, extremely like shrews; Letting nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too, Certain "talented" echoes there dwell, Who, on being ask'd, "How do you do?" Politely reply, "Pretty well."

But why should I talk any more Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these, When Britain has new ones in store, That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound, Concerning which bards make a pother, There's none like that happy rebound When one blockhead echoes another:—

When K—ny—n commences the bray, And the Borough-Duke follows his track; And loudly from Dublin's sweet bay, R—thd—ne brays, with interest, back;—
And while, of most echoes the sound
On our ear by reflection doth fall,
These Brunswickers pass the bray round,
Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
Who can name all the echoes there are
From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,
From Benledi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,
The rebounds of this asinine strain,
Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
To the chief Neddy, K—ny—n, again;

Might tell how it roar’d in R—thd—ne,
How from D—ws—n it died off gently
How hollow it rung from the crown
Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y;

How, on hearing my Lord of G—e,
Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,
Outdone, in their own special line,
By the forty-ass power of his bray!

But, no—for so humble a bard
’Tis a subject too trying to touch on;
Such noblemen’s names are too hard,
And their nodules too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
Of the dell, and the deep-sounding shelves;
If, in spite of Narcissus, you still
Take to fools who are charm’d with themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring,
To walk by the Trent’s wooded side,
You may meet with N—wc—stle, admiring
His own lengthen’d ears in the tide!

Or, on into Cambria straying,
Find K—ny—n, that double-tongued elf,
In his love of ass-cendency, braying
A Brunswick duet with himself!

INCANTATION.
FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF “THE BRUNSWICKERS.” 1828.

SCENE.—Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder.—Enter Three Brunswickers.

1st Bruns.—THRICE hath scribbling
K—ny—n scrwld,’
2d Bruns.—Once hath fool N—wc—stle bawl’d,
3d Bruns.—B—xl—y snores :— tis time, ’tis time,
1st Bruns.—Round about the caldron go;

In the poisonous nonsense throw,
Bigot spite, that long hath grown,
Like a toad within a stone,
S weltering in the heart of Sc—tt,
Boil we in the Brunswick pot.

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,

Eld—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

2d Bruns.—Slaver from N—wc—stle’s quill
In the noisome mess distil,
Brimming high our Brunswick broth
Both with venom and with froth.
Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,
Being scant) of Lord M—ntc—shel,
With that malty stuff which Ch—nd—s
Drivels as no other man does.

Catch (i.e., if catch you can)
One idea, spick and span,
From my Lord of S—1—sb—y,—
One idea, though it be
Smaller than the “happy flea,”
Which his sire, in sonnet terse,
Wedded to immortal verse.
Though to rob the son is sin,
Put his one idea in;
And, to keep it company,
Let that conjuror W—nch—is—a
Drop but half another there,
If he hath so much to spare.

Dreams of murders and of arsons,
Hatch’d in heads of Irish Parsons,
Bring from every hole and corner,
Where ferocious priests, like H—m—r,
Purely for religious good,
Cry aloud for Papist’s blood,
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Blood for W—lls, and such old women,  
At their ease to wade and swim in.  

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,  
B—x1—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.  

3d Bruns.—Now the charm begin to brew;  
Sisters, sisters, add thereto Scraps of L—thbr—dge's old speeches,  
Mix'd with leather from his breeches.  
Rinsings of old B—x1—y's brains,  
Thicken'd (if you'll take the pains)  
With that pulp which rags create,  
In their middle, nympha state,  
Ere, like insects frail and sunny,  
Forth they wing abroad as money.  
There—the Hell-broth we've enchant ed—

Now but one thing more is wanted.  
Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,  
C— keeps cork'd for use,  
Which, to work the better spell, is  
Coloured deep with blood of ——,  
Blood, of powers far more various,  
Even than that of Januarius,  
Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,  
England's parsons bow before it!  

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,  
B—x1—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.  

2d Bruns.—Cool it now with — ' s blood,  
So the charm is firm and good.  

[Exeunt.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

Whene'er you're in doubt, said a Sage  
I once knew,  
'Twixt two lines of conduct which course to pursue,  
Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,  
Do the very reverse, and you're sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides, are the Brunswicker throng:  
In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively wrong,

That whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,  
Take the opposite course, and you're sure to be right.

So golden this rule, that, had Nature denied you  
The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you—  
Were you even more doltish than any given man is,  
More soft than N—wc— futile, more twaddling than Van is,  
I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,  
To make you the soundest of sound politicians.

Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying Tory—  
Some Brunswicker parson of port-drinking glory,—  
Watch well how he dines, during any great Question—  
What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his digestion—  
And always feel sure that his joy o'er a stew  
Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to you.  
Read him backwards, like Hebrew— whatever he wishes,  
Or praises, note down as absurd, or pernicious.  
Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,  
When he's out, be an In—when he's in, be an Out.  
Keep him always reversed in your thoughts, night and day,  
Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way:—  
If he's up, you may swear that foul weather is nigh;  
If he's down, you may look for a bit of blue sky.  
Never mind what debaters or journalists say,  
Only ask what he thinks, and then think t'other way.  
Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely  
The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though

you don't know why.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

557

Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's
your man.
Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly
to Dan.
Is he all for the Turks? then, at once,
take the whole
Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all)
to your soul.
In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or
is,
Be your thoughts, words, and essence the
contrast of his.
Nay, as Siamese ladies—at least, the
polite ones—
All paint their teeth black, 'cause the
devil has white ones—
If ev'n. by the chances of time or of tide,
Your Tory, for once, should have sense
on his side,
Even then stand aloof—for, be sure that
Old Nick,
When a Tory talks sensibly, means you
some trick.
Such my recipe is—and, in one single
verse,
I shall now, in conclusion, its substance
rehear.
Be all that a Brunswicker is not, nor could
be,
And then—you'll be all that an honest
man should be.

O

EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE,
FROM A SLAVE-LORD TO A COTTON-LORD.

ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of
affairs!
How unjustly we both are despoil'd of
our rights!
Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave
to my heirs,
Nor must you any more work to death
little whites.
Both forced to submit to that general
controller
Of Kings, Lords, and cotton mills,
Public Opinion,
No more shall you beat with a big-billy-
roller,
Nor I with the cart-whip assert my
dominion.

Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we
please
With our Blacks and our Whites, as of
yore we were let,
We might range them alternate, like
harpsichord keys,
And between us thump out a good
piebald duet.
But this fun is all o'er;—farewell to the
zest
Which Slavery now lends to each tea-
cup we sip,
Which makes still the cruellest coffee the
best,
And that sugar the sweetest which
smacks of the whip.
Farewell, too, the Factory's white pica-
ninnies—
Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd
to their tasks,
Mix so well with their namesakes, the
"Billies" and "Jennies,"
That which have got souls in 'em no-
body asks;—
Little Maids of the Mill, who, them-
selves but ill-fed,
Are obliged, 'mong their other benevo-
ment cares,
To "keep feeding the scribblers,"—and
better, 'tis said,
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have
ever fed theirs.
All this is now o'er, and so dismal my
loss is,
So hard 'tis to part from the smack of
the thong,
That I mean (from pure love for the old
whipping process),
To take to whipt syllabub all my life
long.

O

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.

Ah quotes dubius Scriptis exsatis amator!
OVID.

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Ben-
thamite,
And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the
frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
Hath fired thy blood or flush'd thy brow,  
Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—  
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,  
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,  
That it fired his blood, it flush'd his eye,  
And oh, 'twas a sight for the Ghost to see,  
For never was Greek more Greek than he!  
And still as the premium higher went,  
His ecstasy rose—so much per cent.,  
(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,  
The heat and the silver rise together,)  
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,  
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd "Scrip!"  
The Ghost of Miltiades came again;—  
He smiled, as the pale moon smiles through rain,  
For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;  
(And poor, dear ghost—how little he knew  
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)  
"Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,  
Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears—amazed that ghosts  
Could be such fools,—and away he posts,  
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no—  
Godess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,  
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,  
Thou triest their passion, when under par.  
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,  
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,  
And wishes the d—I had Crescent and Cross,  
Ere he had been forced to sell at a loss.  
They quote him the Stock of various nations,  
But, spite of his classic associations,  
Lord, how he loathes the Greek quotations!  
"Who'll buy my Scrip? Who'll buy my Scrip?"  
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,  
As he runs to tell how hard his lot is  
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,  
And says, "Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,  
Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break  
Those dark, unholy bonds of thine—  
If you'll only consent to buy up mine!"

The Ghost of Miltiades came once more;—  
[flight,  
His brow, like the night, was lowering  
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,  
"Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,  
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,  
And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"

Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his  
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,  
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry—  
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—  
REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE GALT AT THE HEAD OF IT.

GOD preserve us!—there's nothing now safe from assault;—  
Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;  
And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. Galt  
Has declared open war against English and Grammar!  
He had long been suspected of some such design,  
And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,  
Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of the line  
(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.  
There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,  
Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,  
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,  
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.
Resolved, though St. Athanasius
In damning souls is rather spacious—
Though wide and far his curses fall,
Our Church "hath stomach for them all;"
And those who're not content with such,
May e'en be d—d ten times as much.

Resolved—such liberal souls are we—
Though hating Nonconformity,
We yet believe the cash no worse is
That comes from Nonconformist purses.
Indifferent whence the money reaches
The pockets of our reverend breeches,
To us the Jumper's jingling penny
Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;
And even our old friends Yea and Nay
May through the nose for ever pray,
If also through the nose they'll pay.

Resolved, that Hooper, Latimer,
And Cranmer, all extremely err,
In taking such a low-bred view
Of what Lords low-bred do:—
All owing to the fact, poor men,
That Mother Church was modest then,
Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
The Public, would in time produce.
One Pisgah peep at modern Durham
To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.

Resolved, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
Whose income just enough affords
To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,
How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
Giving the poor the largest shares—
Our answer is, in one short word,
We think it pious, but absurd.
Those good men made the world their debtor,
But we, the Church reform'd, know better;
And, taking all that all can pay,
Balance th' account the other way.

Resolved, our thanks profoundly due are
To last month's QuarterlyReviewer,
Who proves (by arguments so clear
One sees how much he holds per year)
That England's Church, though out of date,
Must still be left to lie in state,
As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
The mummy of King Ozymandias,
All pickled snug—the brains drawn out—
With costly cerements swathed about,—
And "Touch me not," those words terrific,
Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

—o—

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

"Nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis;
Cum via venerunt somnia, pondus habent."

Propert. lib. iv. eleg. 7.

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
In his easy-chair Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,
He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can.
He found himself, to his great amaze,
In Charles the First's high Tory days,
And just at the time that gravest of Courts
Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports.
Sunday Sports! what a thing for the ear
Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!—
It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
When the people from church were coming away;
And Andrew with horror heard this song,
As the smiling sinners flock'd along:
"Long life to the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!
For a week of work and a Sunday of play
Make the poor man's life run merry away."

"The Bishops!" quoth Andrew, "Popish, I guess,"
And he grinned with conscious holiness.
But the song went on, and, to brim the cup
Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up!

"Come, take out the lasses—let's have a dance—
For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,
Well knowing that no one's the more in advance
On the road to heaven for standing still.

Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces
Should sour the cream of a creed of love;
Or that fellows with long, disastrous faces,
Alone should sit among cherubs above.
Then hurrah for the Bishops, &c.

"For Sunday fun we never can fail,
When the Church herself each sport points out;—
There's May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,
And a May-pole high to dance about.
Or, should we be for a pole hard driven,
Some lengthy saint, of aspect fell,
With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,
Will do for a May-pole just as well.

"Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!
A week of work and a Sabbath of play
Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who doesn't much deal in history,
This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;
And God knows where might have ended the joke,
But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke,
And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)
That since that dream—which, one would suppose,
Should have made his godly stomach rise,
Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies—
He has view'd things quite with different eyes;
Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
Like Charles and his Bishops, the 'sporting line—
Is all for Christians jigging in pairs,
As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers;—
Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y
To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,
That all good Protestants, from this date,
May, freely and lawfully, recreate,
Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.
SUNDAY ETHICS.
A SCOTCH ODE.

PUIR, profligate Londoners, having
heard tell
That the De' il's got amang ye, and
fearing 'tis true,
We ha' sent ye a mon wha's a match for
his spell,
A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel'
Will be glad to keep clear of, one
Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day
entire
In ilka lang week ye'll be tranquil
enough,
As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a
Scotch squire,
An' would sooner gae roast by his ain
kitchen fire
Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew
Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his
ain way,
He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say
"mew;"
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie
maun play,
An' Phoebus himsel' could na travel that
day,
As he'ld find a new Joshua in Andie
Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he
cries,
"Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an'
who stew!
Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-baked
pies,
For as surely again shall the crust thereof
rise
In judgment against ye," saith Andrew
Agnew!

Ye may think, from a' this, that our
Andie's the lad
Toca' o'er the coals your nobeeliness, too;
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi'
flunkies, a' clad
Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak
the mon mad—
But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie
Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday,
think right
To gang to the deevil—as maist o'
them do—
To stop them our Andie would think na
polite;
And 'tis odds (if the chiel could get ony-
thing by't)
But he'ld follow 'em, booing, would
Andrew Agnew.

A BLUE LOVE-SONG.
TO MISS ———.

Air—"Come live with me, and be my love."

COME wed with me, and we will write,
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.
Chased from our classic souls shall be
All thoughts of vulgar progeny;
And thou shalt walk through smiling
rows
Of chubby duodecimos,
While I, to match thy products nearly,
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.
'Tis true, ev'n books entail some trouble;
But live productions give one double.
Correcting children is such bother,—
While printers' devils correct the other.
Just think, my own Malthusian dear,
How much more decent 'tis to hear
From male or female—as it may be—
"How is your book?" than "How's
your baby?"

And, whereas physic and wet nurses
Do much exhaust paternal purses,
Our books, if rickety, may go
And be well dry-nursed in the Row;
And, when God wills to take them hence,
Are buried at the Row's expense.

Besides (as 'tis well proved by thee,
In thy own Works, vol. 93),
The march, just now, of population
So much outstrips all moderation,
That even prolific herring shoals
Keep pace not with our erring souls.
Oh far more proper and well-bred
To stick to writing books instead!
And show the world how two Blue
lovers
Can coalesce, like two book-covers,
How brook’d the gods this speech? Ah well-a-day,
That speech so fine should be so thrown away!
In vain did this mid-gallery grandee
Assert his own two-shilling dignity—
In vain he menaced to withdraw the ry
Of his own full-price countenance away—
Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,
And as the Lords laugh now, so giggled
then the gods!

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THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS’S
FAMOUS ODE,

"COME! GIVE ME SWEET KISSES."

"We want more Churches and more Clergy-
men."—Bishop of London’s late Charge.

"Rectorum numerum, terris pereuntibus,
augent."—CLAUDIAN in Eutrop.

COME, give us more Livings and
Rectors,
For, richer no realm ever gave;
But why, ye unchristian objectors,
Do ye ask us how many we crave?

Oh, there can’t be too many rich Livings
For souls of the Pluralist kind,
Who, despising old Cocker’s misgivings,
To numbers can ne’er be confined.

Count the cormorants hovering about,
At the time their fish season sets in,
When these models of keen diners-out
Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
Flock round when the harvest’s in play,
And, not minding the farmer’s distresses,
Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,
On their way to some titheable shore;
And when so many Parsons you’ve given,
We still shall be craving for more.
Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment,
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,
With few will be ever content.

A SAD CASE.

"If it be the undergraduate season at which this rabies religiosa is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. G—lb—n against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?"
—The Times, March 25, 1834.

How sad a case!—just think of it—
If G—lb—n junior should be bit
By some insane Dissenter, roaming
Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,
And with that aspect, ultra crabbed
Which marks Dissenters when they're rabid!
God only knows what mischiefs might
Result from this one single bite,
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,
Might spread and rage through kith and kin.

Mad folks, of all denominations,
First turn upon their own relations:
So that one G—lb—n, fairly bit,
Might end in maddening the whole kit,
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too;
The Hychurchphobia in those veins,
Where Tory blood now redly-reigns;
And that dear man, who now perceives
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
Run mad in th' opposite direction,
And think, poor man, 'tis only given
To linsey-woolsey to reach heaven!

Just fancy what a shock 'twould be
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particles
His once loved Nine and Thirty Articles;
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,
For Gospel, t'other night, mistook;)
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers—
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers—

Pelting the church with blasphemies,
Even worse than Parson B—v—r-
l—y's ;—
And ripe for severing Church and State,
Like any creedless reprobate,
Or like that class of Methodists
Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But 'tis too much—the Muse turns pale,
And o'er the picture drops a veil,
Praying, God save the G—lb—ns all
From mad Dissenters, great and small!

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

—risum teneatis, amici.

"The longer one lives, the more one learns,"

Said I, as off to sleep I went,
Bemused with thinking of Tithe concerns,
And reading a book, by the Bishop of Ferns,
On the Irish Church Establishment.
But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,
When Fancy her usual tricks began,
And I found myself bewitch'd away
To a goodly city in Hindostan—
A city, where he, who dares to dine
On aught but rice, is deem'd a sinner;
Where sheep and kine are held divine,
And, accordingly—never drest for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wond'ring cried—
As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,
And saw, in every marble street,
A row of beautiful butchers' shops—
"What means, for men who don't eat
meat,
This grand display of loins and chops?"
In vain I ask'd—'twas plain to see
That nobody dared to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;
And you can't conceive how vastly odd
The butchers look'd—a roseate crew,
Enshrin'd in stalls, with nought to do;
While some on a bench, half-dozing, sat,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.
Still posed to think, what all this scene
Of sinecure trade was meant to mean,
"And, pray," ask'd I—"by whom is paid
The expense of this strange masquerade?"—
Th' expense!—oh, that's of course de-fray'd
(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)
By yonder rascally rice-consumers."
"What! they, who mustn't eat meat!"—
"No matter.—
(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter,)
The rogues may munch their Paddy crop,
But the rogues must still support our shop.
And, depend upon it, the way to treat Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,
Is to burden all that won't eat meat,
With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT."

On hearing these words so gravely said,
With a volley of laughter loud I shook;
And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,
And I found I was lying snug in bed,
With my nose in the Bishop of Ferns' book.

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THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brimstone Hall, September 1, 1828.

Private.—LORD BELZEBUB presents To the Brunswick Club his compliments, And much regrets to say that he Cannot, at present, their Patron be. In stating this, Lord Belzebub Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club, That 'tisn't from any lukewarm lack Of zeal or fire he thus holds back— As even Lord Coal himself is not For the Orange party more red-hot:

But the truth is, till their Club affords A somewhat decent show of Lords, And on its list of members gets A few less rubbishy Baronets, Lord Belzebub must beg to be Excused from keeping such company.

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know, Are Lord G—nd—ne, and Lord D—no? Or who, with a grain of sense, would go To sit and be bored by Lord M—yo? What living creature—except his nurse— For Lord M—ntc—sh—I cares a curse, Or thinks 'twould matter if Lord M—sk—rry Were 't other side of the Stygian ferry? Breathes there a man in Dublin town, Who'd give but half of half-a-crown To save from drowning my Lord R—thd—ne, Or who wouldn't also gladly hustle in Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—le, and J—c—l—n?

In short, though, from his tenderest years, Accustomed to all sorts of Peers, Lord Belzebub much questions whether He ever yet saw, mix'd together, As 'twere in one capacious tub, Such a mess of noble silly-bub As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.

'Tis therefore impossible that Lord B. Could stoop to such society, Thinking, he owns (though no great prig), For one in his station 'twere infra dig. But he begs to propose, in the interim (Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him), His Highness of C—mb—d, as Sub, To take his place at the Brunswick Club—

Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the R—y—l Duke Resembles so much, in air and look, The head of the Belzebub family, That few can any difference see; Which makes him, of course, the better suit To serve as Lord B.'s substitute.
PROPOSALS FOR A GYNÆCOCRACY.

ADDRESS TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.
— "Quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
Delegit pacisque bonas bellique ministras."

VIRGIL.

As Whig Reform has had its range, And none of us are yet content, Suppose, my friends, by way of change, We try a Female Parliament; And since, of late, with he M.P.'s We've fared so badly, take to she's— Petticoat patriots, flounced John Russells, Burdetts in blonde, and Broughams in bustles. The plan is startling, I confess— But 'tis but an affair of dress; Nor see I much there is to choose 'Twixt Ladys (so they're thorough bred ones) In ribands of all sorts of hues, Or Lords in only blue or red ones. At least, the fiddlers will be winners, Whatever other trade advances; As then, instead of Cabinet dinners, We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances; Nor let this world's important questions Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill, To Weippert's band they may go better; There's Lady ***, in one quadrille, Would settle Europe, if you'd let her: And who the deuce or asks, or cares, When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em, Whether they've danced through State affairs, Or simply, dully, dined upon 'em?

Hurrae then for the Petticoats! To them we pledge our free-born votes; We'll have all she, and only she— Pert blues shall act as "best debaters," Old dowagers our Bishops be, And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris, to oblige the nation, Her own Olympus will abandon, And help to prop th' Administration, It can't have better legs to stand on. The famed Macaulay (Miss) shall show, Each evening, forth in learn'd oration; Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh!") For full returns of population: And, finally, to crown the whole, The Princess Olive, Royal soul, Shall from her bower in Banco Regis, Descend, to bless her faithful lieges, And, 'mid our Union's loyal chorus, Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE * * *
Sir, Having heard some rumours respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord H—nl—y has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, solos, duets," &c., I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals), may be heard all over the neighbourhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, &c.

P. P.

LORD H—NL—Y AND ST. CECILIA.
— In Metii descendat Judices aures.

HORAT.

As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay, Revolving much his own renown, And hoping to add thereto a ray, By putting duets and anthems down, Sudden a strain of choral sounds Mellifluous o'er his senses stole; Whereat the Reformer mutter'd, "Zounds!"

For he loathed sweet music with all his soul.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight, That well might shock so learn'd a snorer— Saint Cecilia, robed in light, With a portable organ slung before her.
And round were Cherubs, on rainbow wings,
Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire of flitting,
So begg'd they'd sit—but ah! poor things,
They'd none of them got the means of sitting.

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you're fond of hymns,
And indeed, that musical snore betray'd you,
Myself, and my choir of cherubims,
Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y say
"'Twas all a mistake"—"she was misdirected;"
And point to a concert over the way,
Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

In vain—the Saint could see in his looks
(She civilly said) much tuneful lore;
So, at once, all open'd their music-books,
And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

All night duets, terzets, quartets,
Nay, long quintets most dire to hear;
Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,
And glees, in sets, kept baring his ear.

He tried to sleep—but it wouldn't do;
So loud they squall'd, he must attend to 'em;
Though Cherub's songs, to his cost he knew,
Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,
Who meddle with music's sacred strains!
Judge Midas tried the same of old,
And was punish'd, like H—nl—y, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas!
Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne;
For Midas was given the ears of an ass,
While H—nl—y is doom'd to keep his own!

ADVERTISEMENT.

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,
A Waterloo coin, whereon was traced
Th' inscription, "Courage!" in letters bright,
Though a little by rust of years defaced.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,
And (tis thought of late) mix'd up with brass;
But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,
And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,
But certain City thieves, they say,
Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
And filch'd this "gift of gods" away!

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits suspect,
If we hadn't, that evening, chanced to see,
At the robbl'd man's door, a Mare elect,
With an ass to keep her company.

"Whosce'er of this lost treasure knows,
Is begg'd to state all facts about it,
As the owner can't well face his foes,
Nor even his friends, just now, without it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,
Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,
He shall have a ride on the whitest hack
That's left in old King George's stable.

—0—

MISSING.

Carlton Terrace, 1832.

WHEREAS, Lord * * * * * de * * * * *
Left his home last Saturday,
And, though inquired for, round and round,
Through certain purlieus, can't be found;
And whereas, none can solve our queries
As to where this virtuous Peer is,
Notice is hereby given that all
May forthwith to inquiring fall,
As, once the thing's well set about,
No doubt but we shall hunt him out.

His Lordship's mind, of late, they say,
Hath been in an uneasy way,
Himself and colleagues not being let
To climb into the Cabinet,
To settle England's state affairs,
Hath much, it seems, unsettled theirs;
And chief to this stray Plenipo
Hath been a most distressing blow.

Already—certain to receive a
Well-paid mission to the Neva,
And be the bearer of kind words
To tyrant Nick from Tory Lords,—
To fit himself for free discussion,
His Lordship had been learning Russian;
And all so natural to him were
The accents of the Northern bear,
That, while his tones were in your ear, you
Might swear you were in sweet Siberia,
And still, poor Peer, to old and young,
He goes on raving in that tongue;
 Tells you how much you would enjoy a
Trip to Dalnodoubrowskoya;
Talks of such places, by the score, on
As Oulissfirnichiningoboron,
And swears (for he at nothing sticks)
That Russia swarms with Raskol-niks,
Though one such Nick, God knows, must be
A more than ample quantity.

Such are the marks by which to know
This stray'd or stolen Plenipo;
And whosoever brings or sends
The unhappy statesman to his friends,
On Carlton Terrace, shall have thanks,
And—any paper but the Bank's.

P.S.—Some think, the disappearance
Of this our diplomatic Peer hence
Is for the purpose of reviewing,
In person, what dear Mig is doing,
So as to 'scape all tell-tale letters
Bout B—s—d, and such abettors,—
The only "wretches" for whose aid
Letters seem not to have been made.

—o—

THE DANCE OF BISHOPS;

OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.

A DREAM.

"Solemn dances were, on great festivals and
celebrations, admitted among the primitive
Christians, in which even the Bishops and
dignified Clergy were performers. Scalige: says,
that the first Bishops were called Presules, for
no other reason than that they led off these
dances.—Cyclopedia, art. Dances.

I've had such a dream—a frightful
dream—
Though funny, mayhap, to wags 'twill seem,
By all who regard the Church, like us,
'Twil' be thought exceedingly ominous!

As reading in bed I lay last night—
Which (being insured) is my delight—
I happen'd to doze off just as I got to
The singular fact which forms my motto.
Only think, thought I, as I dozed away,
Of a party of Churchmen dancing the
hay!
Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the
ball!

Scarce had my eyelids time to close
When the scene I had fancied before me
rose—
An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand
As my dazzled eyes could hardly stand.
For, Britain and Erin clubb'd their See
To make it a Dance of Dignities,
And I saw—oh brightest of Church
events!
A quadrille of the two Establishments,
Bishop to Bishop vis-à-vis,
Footling away prodigiously.

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,
And Cork with London making merry;
While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,
Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.
There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's
smile,
Performing a chaîne des Dames in style;
While he who, whence'er the Lords'
House dozes,
Can waken them up by citing Moses,
The portly Tuam was all in a hurry
To set, en avant, to Canterbury.
Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,
(All out of date, like spent sky-rockets,)
Our Exeter stood forth to caper,
As high on the floor as he doth on paper—
Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,
Who pirouettes his whole church-service—
Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,
Such entrechats, such cabrioles,
Such balonnts, such—rigmaroles,
Now high, how low, now this, now that,
That none could guess what the devil he'd be at;
Though, watching his various steps, some thought
That a step in the Church was all he sought.

But alas, alas! while thus so gay,
These reverend dancers frisk'd away,
Nor Paul himself (not the saint, but he
Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,
There gather'd a gloom around their glee—
A shadow, which came and went so fast,
That ere one could say, "'Tis there,"
'twas past—
And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,
Ten of the dancers had disappear'd!
Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept
From the hallow'd floor where late they stept,
While twelve was all that footed it still,
On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

Nor this the worst:—still danced they on,
But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile
was gone;
And again, from time to time, the same
Ill-omen'd darkness round them came—
While still, as the light broke out anew,
Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or two;
Till ah! at last there were only found
Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round;
And when I awoke, impatient getting,
I left the last holy pair poussetting!

N.B.—As ladies in years, it seems,
Have the happiest knack of solving dreams,

I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends
Of the Standard to say what this portends.

---o---

DICK * * * *

A CHARACTER.

Of various scraps and fragments built,
Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,
Dick's mind was like a patchwork quilt,
Made up of new, old, motley bits—
Where, if the Co. call'd in their shares,
If petticoats their quota got,
And gowns were all refunded theirs,
The quilt would look but shy, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,
Reversed Ventiloquism's trick,
For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,
'Twas others we heard speak through Dick.

A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,
Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;
One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,
The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick!—and how else could it be?
With notions all at random caught,
A sort of mental fricassee,
Made up of legs and wings of thought—
The leavings of the last Debate, or
A dinner, yesterday, of wits,
Where Dick sat by, and, like a waiter,
Had the scraps for perquisites.

---o---

A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another
saint said unto that saint."

ST. S—NCL—R rose and declared in sooth,
That he wouldn't give sixpence to Maynooth.
He had hated priests the whole of his life,
For a priest was a man who had no wife,
And, having no wife, the Church was his mother,  
The Church was his father, sister, and brother.  
This being the case, he was sorry to say,  
That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay,  
So deep and wide, scarce possible was it  
To say even "How d'ye do?" across it:  
And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,  
Could clear such gulls with perfect ease,  
Twas a jump that nought on earth could make  
Your proper, heavy-built Christian take,  
No, no,—if a Dance of Sects must be,  
He would set to the Baptist willingly,  
At the Independent deign to smirk,  
And rigadoon with old Mother Kirk;  
Nay even, for once, if needs must be,  
He'd take hands round with all the three;  
But, as to a jig with Popery, no,—  
To the Harlot ne'er would he point his toe.  
St. M—n—d—v—le was the next that rose,—  
A Saint who round, as pedlar, goes,  
With his pack of piety and prose,  
Heavy and hot enough, God knows,—  
And he said that Papists were much inclined  
To extirpate all of Protestant kind,  
Which he couldn't, in truth, so much condemn,  
Having rather a wish to extirpate them;  
That is,—to guard against mistake,—  
To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake;  
A distinction Churchmen always make,—  
Insomuch that, when they've prime control,  
Though sometimes roasting heretics whole,  
They but cook the body for sake of the soul.  
Next jump'd St. J—hnst—n jollily forth,  
The spiritual Dogberry of the North,  
A right "wise fellow, and, what's more,  
An officer," like his type of yore;  
And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,  
Pray, what's the use of our Reformation?

What is the use of our Church and State?  
Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate?  
And, still as he yell'd out "what's the use?"  
Old echoes, from their cells recluse,  
Where they'd for centuries slept, broke loose,  
Yelling responsive, "What's the use?"

MORAL POSITIONS.

A DREAM.

"His Lordship said that it took a long time  
for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was very sorry that its voyage had been so long," &c.—Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery, March 8.

T'OThER night, after hearing Lord Dudley's oration  
(A treat that comes once a year as May-day does),  
I dreamt that I saw—what a strange operation!  
A "moral position" shipp'd off for Barbadoes.

The whole Benedict of Bishops stood by in grave attitudes,  
Packing the article tidy and neat;—  
As their Rev'rences know, that in southerly latitudes  
"Moral positions" don't keep very sweet.

There was B—th—st arranging the custom-house pass;  
And, to guard the frail package from tousing and routing,  
There stood my Lord Eld—n, endorsing it "Glass,"  
Though as to which side should lie uppermost, doubting.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe  
in the hold;  
The winds were polite, and the moon look'd romantic,  
While off in the good ship "The Truth" we were roll'd,  
With our ethical cargo, across the Atlantic.
Long, dolefully long, seem’d the voyage we made; 
For “The Truth,” at all times but a very slow sailer,
By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay’d,
And few come aboard her, though so many hail her.

At length, safe arrived, I went through “tare and tret,”
Deliver’d my goods in the primest condition,
And next morning read, in the Bridgetown Gazette,
“Just arrived by ‘The Truth,’ a new moral position.”

“There Captain”—here, startled to find myself named
As “the Captain”—(a thing which, I own it with pain,
I through life have avoided,) I woke—look’d ashamed,
Found I wasn’t a cap’ain, and dozed off again.

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT 1832-3.

“Mutantem regna cometem.”—Lucan.

“Though all the pet mischiefs we count upon fail,
Though cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,
We’ve still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail;—
Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?

“No—’tis coming, ’tis coming, th’ avenger is nigh,
Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath flatters;
One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,
Will settle, at once, all political matters;—

“The East-India Question, the Bank, the Five Powers,
(Now turn’d into two) with their rigmarole Protocols;—
Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend of ours
Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy’s what-d’ye-calls!

“Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should mock,
Meet planets, and suns, in one general hustle!
While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock
That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp, and Russell.”

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope raised,
His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set;
And, though nothing destructive appear’d as he gazed,
Much hoped that there would before Parliament met.

And still, as odd shapes seem’d to flit
through his glass,
“Ha! there it is now,” the poor maniac cries;
While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas!
From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies:—

“Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!
Whether Bucky or Taurus I cannot well say;—
And, yonder, there’s Eld—n’s old Chancery-wig,
In its dusty aphelion fast fading away.

“I see, ’mong those fatuous meteors behind,
L—nd—nd—ry, in vacuo, flaring about;—
While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,
Is the Gemini, R—d—n and L—rt—n, no doubt. 
"Ah, El—b'r—h! 'faith, I first thought 'twas the Comet; 
So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale; 
The head with the same 'horrid hair' coming from it, 
And plenty of vapour, but—where is the tail?"

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer elated—
For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,
Which he took to be C—mb—rl—d, upwards translated,
Instead of his natural course, other road!

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken,—
Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and grimaces,
Then off to the Bedlam in Charles Street was taken,
And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

—

FROM THE HON. HENRY ———
TO LADY EMMA ———

Paris, March 30, 1832.
YOU bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'am'selle,
How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell;
And the truth is,—as truth you will have, my sweet tailor,—
There are two worthy persons I always feel loth
To take leave of at starting,—my mistress and tailor,—
As somehow one always has scenes with them both;
The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,
She calling on Heaven, and he on th' attorney,—
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and her dears,
A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his journey.

But, to come to the point,—though you think, I dare say,
That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me away,
'Pon honour, you're wrong;—such a mere bagatelle
As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears;
And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolting, pell-mell,
To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers;
This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,
Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of;
This coinage of nobles,—coin'd, all of 'em, badly,
And sure to bring Counts to a discount most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation;
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,
And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction,—
Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,
Two legs and a coronet all they consist of:
The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George R—se
(My particular friend) says is perfectly true,
That, so dire the alternative, nobody
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to do;
And Sir George even doubts,—could he choose his disorder,—
'Twixt coffin and coronet, which he would order.

This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,
'Twere best to fight shy of so cursed a dilemma;
And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,
To've left idol mio without an addio,
Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from Milan
I'll send you—some news of Bellini's last trio.
N. B.—Have just pack'd up my traveling set-out,
Things a tourist in Italy can't go without—
Viz., a pair of gants gras, from old Houbigant's shop,
Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis might chap.
Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheedles
The creatures abroad as your golden-eyed needles.
A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd
To think one knows Latin, when—one, perhaps, doesn't;
With some little book about heathen mythology,
Just large enough to refresh one's theology;
Nothing on earth being half such a bore
As Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras,
Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.

TRIUMPH OF BIGOTRY.

"College.—We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car."—Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 20, 1832.

AY, yoke ye to the bigots' car,
Ye chosen of Alma Mater's scions!—
Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
Great Cybele was drawn by lions,
And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
Drove four young panthers in his team.
Thus classical L—fr—y, for once, is,
Thus, studious of a like turn-out,
He harnesses young sucking dunces,
To draw him, as their Chief, about,
And let the world a picture see
Of Dulness yoked to Bigotry:

Showing us how young College hacks
Can pace with bigots at their backs,
As though the cubs were born to draw
Such luggage as L—fr—y and Sh—w.

Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,
Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,
This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,
As aliens to her foggy shore:
Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
Whose very name her shame recalls;
Whose effigy her bigot crew
Reversed upon their monkish walls,—
Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)
To your mute Mother's dull renown,
Then famous but for Wit turn'd out,
And Eloquence turn'd upside down;
But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,
Beyond all fame of former days,
By breaking thus young donkeys in
To draw M. P.'s, amid the brays
Alike of donkeys and M. A.'s;
Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."

—o—

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

Scripta manet. 1833.

'Twas graved on the Stone of Destiny,
In letters four and letters three;
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
But those awful letters scared his eye;
For he knew that a Prophet Voice had said,
"As long as those words by man were read,
The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
One hour of peace or plenty share."
But years on years successive flew,
And the letters still more legible grew,—
At top, a T, an H, an E,
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew, such as Jews,
More skill'd in Scrip than Scripture, use;
While some surmised 'twas an ancient way
Of keeping accounts, (well known in the day
Of the famed Didlerius Jeremias,
Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)
And proved in books most learnedly boring,
'Twas called the Pontick way of scoring.
Howe'er this be, there never were yet
Seven letters of the alphabet,
That 'twixt them form'd so grim a spell,
Or scared a Land of Gulls so well
As did this awful riddle-me-ree
Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

Hark! — it is struggling Freedom's cry;
"Help, help, ye nations, or I die;
'Tis Freedom's fight, and, on the field
Where I expire, your doom is seal'd."
The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots all,
And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we
Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"
And they answer, with voice of thunder,
"No."
Out fly their flashing swords in the air!—
But, — why do they rest suspended there?
What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm?
Alas! some withering hand hath thrown
The Veil from off that fatal stone,
And pointing now, with sapless finger,
Showeth where dark those letters linger,—
Letters four, and letters three,
T. H. E. D. E. B. T.
At sight thereof, each lifted brand
Powerless falls from every hand;
In vain the Patriot knits his brow,—
Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
In vain the King like a hero treads,
His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;
And to all his talk of "brave and free,"
No answer getteth His Majesty
But "T. H. E. D. E. B. T."
In short, the whole Gull nation feels
They're fairly spell-bound, neck and heels;
And so, in the face of the laughing world,
Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd,
Adjourning all their dreams sublime
Of glory and war to — some other time.

NOTIONS ON REFORM.
BY A MODERN REFORMER.

Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,
The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!
It has caused between W—th—r—I's waistcoat and breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity
Had oft broken out in that quarter before;
But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such immensity,
Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.
Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,
Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the moment is past;
Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border,
When the ties that should hold men are loosening so fast?

Make W—th—r—I yield to "some sort of Reform"
(As we all must, God help us! with very wry faces),
And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear braces.

Should those he now sports have been long in possession,
And, like his own borough, the worse for the wear,
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession
To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.
Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,
With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's and Lockit's,
While still, to inspire him, his deeply thrust hands
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets—
Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and through cough,
To the speeches inspired by this music of pence,—
But must grieve that there's anything like
In that great nether source of his wit and his sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace debonair,
He began first to court—rather late in the season—
Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair
Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of Reason;

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted
All mongers in both wares to proffer their love;
Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,
As W-th-r-I's rants, ever since, go to prove;

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces
Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,
The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new braces,
Till, some day,—he'll all fall to pieces at last.

---o---

TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself through thick and thin,
To labour still, with zeal devout,
To get the Outs, poor devils, in,
And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft
Of ways and means of ruling ill,
To make the most of what are left,
And stick to all that's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
And drones no more take all the honey,
I pledge myself to cram myself
With all I can of public money;

To quarter on that social purse
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
Nor, so we prosper, care a curse
How much 'tis at th' expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right
And Might on any point divide,
Not to ask which is black or white,
But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,
I'm for the Reverend encroachers:—
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians,—
Am for the Squires against the Poachers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor
I've not the slightest hesitation,—
The people must be starved t'insure
The Land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more
With Ireland's wrongs beprosed or shamm'd,—
I vote her grievances a bore,
So she may suffer, and be d—d.

Or if she kicks, let it console us,
We still have plenty of red coats,
To cram the Church, that general bulos,
Down any giv'n amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—
Think newspapers the worst of crimes;
And would, to give some chance of quiet,
Hang all the writers of The Times;

Break all their correspondents' bones,
All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,"
From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,
To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P—ynd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose;
And though I can't now offer gold,
There's many a way of buying those
Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three hurrahs,
A toast, of which you'll not complain,—
"Long life to jobbing; may the days
Of Peculation shine again!"
ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT. 1832.
As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago, Was sitting, one day, in the shades below, "I've heard much of English bishops," quoth he, "And shall now take a trip to earth, to see How far they agree, in their lives and ways, With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd—but learn'd without m's-givings— Their love for good living, and eke good livings; Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees) That good living means claret and fricasses, While its plural means simply—pluralities. "From all I hear," said the innocent man, "They are quite on the good old primitive plan, For wealth and pomp they little can care, As they all say 'No' to th' Episcopal chair; And their vestal virtue it well denotes, That they all, good men, wear petticoats."

Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries, And knocks at th' Archbishop of Canterbury's. The door was oped by a lackey in lace, Saying, "What's your business with his Grace?" "His Grace!" quoth Jerome—for posed was he, Not knowing what sort this Grace could be;

Whether Grace preventing, Grace particular,
Grace of that breed called Quinquarticular—
In short, he rummaged his holy mind, Th' exact description of Grace to find,

Which thus could represented be
By a footman in full livery.
At last, out loud in a laugh he broke (For dearly the good saint loved his joke), And said—surveying, as sly he spoke, The costly palace from roof to base— "Well, it isn't, at least, a saving Grace!" "Umph," said the lackey, a man of few words, "Th' Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords." "To the House of the Lord you mean, my son, For in my time, at least, there was but one; Unless such many-fold priests as these Seek, ev'n in their Lord, pluralities!" "No time for gab," quoth the man in lace: Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face, With a curse to the single knockers all, Went to finish his port in the servants' hall, And propose a toast (humanely meant To include even Curates in its extent), "To all as serves th' Establishment."

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.
"This much I dare say, that, since lording and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles' times. For they preached and lording not: and now they lord and preach not . . . . Ever since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth; there is no work done, the people starve."—LATIMER, SERMON OF THE PLough.

"Once more," said Jerome, "I'll run up and see How the Church goes on,"—and off set he. Just then the packet-boat, which trades Betwixt our planet and the shades, Had arrived below, with a freight so queer, "My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have we here?"— For he saw, when nearer he explored, They'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard. "They are ghosts of wigs," said Charon, "all, Once worn by nobs Episcopal.
For folks on earth, who've got a store Of cast-off things they'll want no more, Oft send them down, as gifts, you know, To a certain Gentleman here below.”
“Sign of the times, I plainly see,” Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he Sail’d off in the death-ball gallon.

Arrived on earth, quoth he, “No more I’ll affect a body, as before; For I think I’d best, in the company Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be, And glide, unseen, from See to See.” But oh! to tell what scenes he saw,— It was more than Rabelais’ pen could draw. For instance, he found Ex—t—r, Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir,— For love of God? for sake of King? For good of people?—no such thing;— But to get for himself, by some new trick, A shoe to a better bishoptrick.

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t, Much with his money-bags bewilder’d; Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess, Because the rogues show’d restlessness At having too little cash to touch, While he so Christianly bears too much. He found old Sarum’s wits as gone As his own beloved text in John,— Text he hath prosed so long upon, That ’tis thought when ask’d, at the gate of heaven, His name, he’ll answer “John, v. 7.”

“But enough of Bishops I’ve had to day,” Said the weary Saint,—“I must away, Though I own I should like, before I go, To see for once (as I’m ask’d below If really such odd sights exist) A regular six-fold Pluralist.” Just then he heard a general cry— “There’s Doctor Hodgson galloping by!”
“Ay, that’s the man,” says the Saint, “to follow,” And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo, At Hodgson’s heels, to catch, if he can, A glimpse of this singular plural man. But,—talk of Sir Boyle Roche’s bird! To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.

“Which way, sir, pray, is the doctor gone?”—
“He is now at his living at Hillingdon.”—
“No, no,—you’re out, by many a mile, He’s away at his Deanery, in Carlisle.”—
“Pardon me, sir; but I understand He’s gone to his living in Cumberland.”—
“God bless me, no—he can’t be there; You must try St. George’s, Hanover Square.”

Thus all in vain the Saint inquired, From living to living, mock’d and tired;— ’Twas Hodgson here, ’twas Hodgson there, ’Twas Hodgson nowhere, everywhere; Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o’er, And flitted away to the Stygian shore, To astonish the natives under ground With the comical things he on earth had found.

—

THOUGHTS ON TAR-BARRELS.

(Vide Description of a Late Fête.)

1832.

What a pleasing contrivance! how aptly devised ’Twixt tar and magnolias to puzzle one’s noses! And how the tar-barrels must all be surprised To find themselves seated like “Love among roses!”

What a pity we can’t, by precautions like these, Clear the air of that other still viler infection; That radical pest, that old whiggish disease, Of which cases, true-blue, are in every direction.

’Stead of barrels, let’s light up an Auto da Fé Of a few good combustible Lords of “the Club;” They would fume, in a trice, the Whig cholera away, And there’s B—cky would burn like a barrel of bub.
How R—d—n would blaze! and what rubbish throw out!
A volcano of nonsense, in active display;
While V—ne, as a butt, amidst laughter, would spout
The hot nothings he’s full of, all night and all day.

And then, for a finish, there’s C—m—b—r—l—nd’s Duke,—
Good Lord, how his chin-tuft would crackle in air!
Unless (as is shrewdly surmised from his look)
He’s already bespoke for combustion elsewhere.

THE CONSULTATION.

“When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful.”—The Critic.

1833.

Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the floor between them.

Dr. Whig.—This wild Irish patient does pester me so,
That what to do with him, I’m curst if I know;
I’ve promised him anodynes——
Dr. Tory. Anodynes!—Stuff.
Tie him down—gag him well—he’ll be tranquil enough.
That’s my mode of practice.

Dr. Whig. True, quite in your line,
But unluckily not much, till lately, in mine.
’Tis so painful——
Dr. Tory.—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude how he feels,
When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,
By flinging them in, ’twixt the bars of the fire,
And letting them wriggle on, there till they tire.

He, too, says “’tis painful” — quite makes his heart bleed——
But “your eels are a vile, oleaginous breed.”——

He would fain use them gently, but Cook’ry says “No.”
And—in short—eels were born to be treated just so.
’Tis the same with these Irish,—who’re odder fish still,—
Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill;
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,
Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes;——
But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may make bold
To style you, as Peachum did Lockit, of old,—
We, Doctors, must act with the firmness of Ude,
And, indifferent like him,—so the fish is but stew’d,—
Must torture live Pats for the general good.

[Here patient groans and kicks a little.

Dr. Whig.—But what, if one’s patient’s so devilish perverse,
That he won’t be thus tortured?

Dr. Tory. Coerce, sir, coerce.
You’re a juvenile performer, but once you begin,
You can’t think how fast you may train your hand in:
And (smiling) who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf,
With the comforting thought that, in place and in self,
He’s succeeded by one just as—bad as himself?

Dr. Whig (looking flattered).—Why, to tell you the truth, I’ve a small matter here,
Which you help’d me to make for my patient last year,—
[ Goes to a cupboard and brings out a Strait-waistcoat and gag.
And such rest I’ve enjoy’d from his raving since then,
That I’ve made up my mind he shall wear it again.

Dr. Tory (embracing him).—Oh, charming! My dear Doctor Whig, you’re a treasure.
Next to torturing myself, to help you is a pleasure.

[Assisting Dr. Whig, 

U
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Give me leave—I've some practice in these mad machines;
There—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all means.
Delightful!—all's snug—not a squeak need you fear,—
You may now put your anodynes off till next year. [Scene closes.

TO THE
REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,
CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

AUTHOR OF THE "POETICAL PORTRAITURE OF THE CHURCH." 1833.

SWEET singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,
By critics Episcopal, David the Second,
If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,
Only think, in a Rectory, how you would write!
Once fairly inspired by the "Tithecrown'd Apollo,"
(Who beats, I confess it, our lay Phæbus hollow,
Having gotten, besides the old Nine's inspiration,
The Tenth of all eatable things in creation,
There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,
So be-nined and be-tenth'd, couldn't easily do.
Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian, they say,
While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell
Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards fell.
Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no doubt,
Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about;
Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,
Came, shadowing forth its adult destination,

And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,
Announced the Church poet whom Chester approves.
O Horace! when thou, in thy vision of yore,
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er
Thy etherealized limbs, stealing downily on,
Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou Wert turn'd to a swan,
Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,
Without any effort of fancy, at all;
Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov—rt—n find
A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,
By gods yclept anser, by mortals a goose

SCENE
FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED "MATRICULATION." 1834.

(Boy discovered at a table with the Thirty-nine Articles before him.—Enter the Rt. Rev Doctor Ph—llf—Ts.)

Doctor P. — THERE, my lad, lie the Articles—(Boy begins to count them)—just thirty-nine—
No occasion to count—you've now only to sign.
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-church than we,
The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd into Three.
Let's run o'er the items;—there's Justification,
Predestination, and Supererogation,—
Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athenasian,
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.
That's sufficient—now, sign—having read quite enough,
You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?" (Boy stares.)
Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth and brief,—
A commodious and short make-believe of belief,
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus articular,
To keep out, in general, all who're particular.
But what's the boy doing? what! reading all through,
And my luncheon fast cooling!—this never will do.

Boy (poring over the Articles).—Here are points which—pray, Doctor, what's "Grace of Congruity?"

Doctor P. (sharply).—You'll find out, young sir, when you've more ingenuity.

At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely,
Whate'er it may be, to believe it sincerely.
Both in dining and signing we take the same plan,—
First, swallow all down, then digest—as we can.

Boy (still reading).—I've to gulp, I see,
St. Athanasius's Creed,

Which, I'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;

As he damnas—

Doctor P. (aside).—Ay, and so would I willingly, too,
All confounded particular young boobies; like you.
This comes of Reforming!—all's o'er with our land,
When people won't stand what they can't understand;
Nor perceive that our ever-revered Thirty-Nine
Were made, not for men to believe, but to sign.

[Exit Dr. P. in a passion.

—o—

FOOL'S PARADISE.

DREAM THE FIRST.

I have been, like Puck, I have been, in a trice,
To a realm they call Fool's Paradise,

Lying N.N.E. of the Land of Sense,
And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence.
But they want it not in this happy place,
Where a light of its own gilds every face;
Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,
'Tis the wish to look wise,—not knowing how.

Self-glory glistens o'er all that's there,
The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air,
The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
The snow, if it snows, is touleur de rose,
The falling founts in a titter fall,
And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 'tisn't in tongue or pen to trace
The scenes I saw in that joyous place.
There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,
In converse sweet, "What charming weather!—
You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,
Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;
And the Premier says my youngest brother
(Him in the Guards) shall have another.
Isn't this very, very gallant!—
As for my poor old virgin aunt
Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,
We must quarter her on the Pension List."

Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;
It seem'd like an Age of real gold,
Where all who liked might have a slice,
So rich was that Fool's Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent
Was a puppet-show called Parliament,
Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,
As large as life, who rose to prose,
While, hid behind them, lords and squires,

Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;
And thought it the very best device
Of that most prosperous Paradise,
To make the vulgar pay through the nose
For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw
In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law;
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk
As those who had the best of the joke.
There were Irish Rectors, such as resort
To Cheltenham yearly, to drink—port,
And bumper, "Long may the Church endure,
May her cure of souls be a sinecure,
And a score of Parsons to every soul,
A moderate allowance on the whole."

There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,
From which the sense had all run out,
Even to the lowest classic lees,
Till nothing was left but quantities;
Which made them heads most fit to be
Stuck up on a University,
Which yearly hatches, in its schools,
Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,
In this happiest possible Paradise.
But plain it was to see, alas!
That a downfall soon must come to pass,
For grief is a lot the good and wise
Don't quite so much monopolize,
But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)
Even blessed fools must have their share.
And so it happen'd—but what befell,
In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

—0—

LATE TITHE CASE.
"Sic vos non vobis." 1833.

"The Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state
that, in consequence of the passing of a recent
Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt
measures which may by some be considered
harsh or precipitate; but, in duty to what he
owes to his successors, he feels bound to preserve
the rights of the vicarage."—Letter from Mr.
S. Powell, August 6.

No, not for yourselves, ye reverend men,
Do you take one pig in every ten,
But for Holy Church's future heirs,
Who've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs;—
The law supposing that such heirs male
Are already seised of the pig, in tail.
No, not for himself hath B—mh—m's
priest
His "well-beloved" of their pennies
fleeced:
But it is that, before his prescient eyes,
All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise,
With their embryo daughters, nephews,
nieces,
And 'tis for them the poor he fleeces.
He heareth their voices, ages hence,
Saying "Take the pig"—"oh take the pence;"
The cries of little Vicarial dears,
The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his ears;
And, did he resist that soft appeal,
He would not like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n!
A Rector true, if e'er there was one,
Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming ages,
Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.
'Tis true, in the pockets of thy small-clothes [goes;
The claim'd "obvention" of four-pence
But its abstract spirit, unconfined,
Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
Warning them all to their rights to wake,
And rather to face the block, the stake,
Than give up their darling right to take.

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
(So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,
And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.
Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,
Grasp every penny on every side,
From every wretch, to swell its tide:
Remembering still what the Law lays down,
In that pure poetic style of its own,
"If the parson in esse submits to loss, he
Inflicts the same on the parson in posse."

—0—

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.

1833.

About fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
That plan was commenced, which the
wise now applaud,
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent
Paddies,
As good raw materials for settlers, abroad.

\[\text{580}\]
Some West-Indian Island, whose name
I forget,
Was the region then chosen for this
scheme so romantic;
And such the success the first colony met,
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er
th' Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd
for shore,
Sailing in between banks that the
Shannon might greet,
And thinking of friends whom, but two
years before,
They had sorrow'd to lose, but would
soon again mét.

And, hark! from the shore a glad
welcome there came—
"Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you,
my sweet boy?"

While Pat stood astounded, to hear his
own name
Thus hail'd by black devils, who
caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be?—half amazement—
half doubt,
Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and
looks steady;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror
yells out,
"Good Lord! only think—black and
curly already!"

Deceived by that well-mimick'd brogue
in his ears,
Pat read his own doom in these wool-
headed figures,
And thought, what a climate, in less than
two years
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into
niggers!

MORAL.
'Tis thus,—but alas! by a marvel more
true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's
best stories,—
Your Whigs, when in office a short year
or two,
By a lusus nature, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them "strong
measures" advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on have
time to get steady,
I say, while I listen, with tears in my
eyes,
"Good Lord!—only think,—black
and curly already!"

—0—

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

"I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace
and charity. My last payment to you paid your
salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I
owe you for one month, which, being a long
month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as
I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings.
My steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of
SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR
CON-ACRE-GROUND, which leaves some trifling
balance in my favour."—Letter of Dismissal
from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate,
the Rev. T. A. Lyons.

The account is balanced—the bill drawn
out,—
The debit and credit all right, no doubt—
The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,
Owes to his Curate six pound eight;
The Curate, that least well-fed of men,
Owes to his Rector seven pound ten,
Which maketh the balance clearly due
From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven!
But sure to be all set right in heaven,
Where bills like these will be check'd,
some day,
And the balance settled the other way:
Where Lyons the curate's hard-wrung
sum
Will back to his shade with interest
come;
And Marcus, the Rector, deep may rue
This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.

—0—
COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS. 1833.

Fine figures of speech let your orators follow
Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow;
Though famed for his rules Aristotle may be,
In but half of this Sage any merit I see,
For, as honest Joe Hume says, the "tottle" is for me!

For instance, while others discuss and debate,
It is thus about Bishops I ratiocinate.
In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,
'Tis certain our souls are look'd very well after,
Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)
Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred,—
Said number of parishes, under said teachers,
Containing three millions of Protestant creatures,—
So that each of said Bishops full ably controls
One million and five hundred thousands of souls.

And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland, we're told,
Half a million includes the whole Protestant fold;
If, therefore, for three million souls 'tis conceded [needed,
Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is]
'Tis plain, for the Irish half million who want 'em,
One-third of one Bishop is just the right quantum,
And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,
The Irish Church question's resolved to a T;
Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,
That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too.

Nay, if—as St. Roden complains is the case—
The half million of soul is decreasing apace,
The demand, too, for bishop will also fall off,
Till the tithe of one, taken in kind, be enough.
But, as fractions imply that we'd have to dissect,
And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,
We've a small, fractious prelate whom well we could spare,
Who has just the same decimal worth to a hair;
And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,
We'll let her have Ex—t—r, sole, as her Church.

LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

1834.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons."
—Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, chap. xii.

It being an object now to meet
With Parsons that don't want to eat,
Fit men to fill those Irish rectories,
Which soon will have but scant refectories,
It has been suggested,—lest that Church Should, all at once, be left in the lurch,
For want of reverend men ended
With this gift of ne'er requiring food,—
To try, by way of experiment, whether
There couldn't be made, of wood and leather,
(Howe'er the notion may sound chimerical,)
Jointed figures not lay, but clerical,
Which, wound up carefully once a week,
Might just like parsons look and speak,
Nay even, if requisite, reason too,
As well as most Irish parsons do.

Th' experiment having succeeded quite,
(Whereat those Lords must much delight,
Who've shown, by stopping the Church's food,  
They think it isn't for her spiritual good  
To be served by Parsons of flesh and blood,)  
The Patentees of this new invention  
Beg leave respectfully to mention,  
They now are enabled to produce  
An ample supply, for present use,  
Of these reverend pieces of machinery,  
Ready for vicarage, rectory, deanery,  
Or any such-like post of skill  
That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B.—In places addicted to arson,  
We can't recommend a wooden parson:  
But, if the Church any such appoints,  
They'd better, at least, have iron joints.  
In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,  
A figure to look at's all that's wanted—  
A block in black, to eat and sleep,  
Which (now that the eating's o'er) comes cheap.

P.S.—Should the Lords, by way of a treat,  
Permit the clergy again to eat,  
The Church will, of course, no longer need  
Imitation-parsons that never feed;  
And these wood creatures of ours will sell  
For secular purposes just as well—  
Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,  
May, 'stead of beating their own about,  
Be knocking the brains of Papists out;  
While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,  
Should transmigrate into turning machines.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A PEER,

According to the newest receipt, as disclosed in a late heraldic work.

Choose some title that's dormant—the Peerage hath many—  
Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any—  
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,  
And marry him off-hand, in some given year,  
To the daughter of somebody,—no matter who,—  
Fig, the grocer himself, if you're hard run, will do;  
For, the Medici pills still in heraldry tell,  
And why shouldn't lollipops quarter as well?

Thus, having your couple, and one a lord's cousin,  
Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen;  
And, 'tis hard if, inventing each small mother's son of 'em,  
You can't somehow manage to prove yourself one of 'em.  
Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory,  
Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,  
I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,  
One grand rule of enterprise,—don't be particular.  
A man who once takes such a jump at nobility,  
Must not mince the matter, like folks of nihility,  
But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'Tis true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,  
Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things;  
As oft, when the vision is near brought about,  
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out;  
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles bloods,  
And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there are ways—when folks are resolved to be lords—  
Of expurgating ev'n troublesome parish records:  
What think ye of scissors? depend on't no heir  
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair;
As, whate’er else the learn’d in such lore may invent,
Your scissors does wonders in proving descent.
Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears
With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and peers,
But they’re nought to that weapon which shines in the hands
Of some would-be Patrician, when proudly he stands
O’er the careless churchwarden’s baptismal array,
And sweeps at each cut generations away.
By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?
One snip,—and the urchin hath never existed!
Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere
With his one sublime object of being a Peer?
Quick the shears at once nullify bridegroom and bride,—
No such people have ever lived, married, or died!

Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,
Who’ve a fancy for making great lords of themselves.
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant’st for a peerage,
Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,
And—who knows but you’ll be Lord Baron of Shamdos?

With his charger prancing,
Grim eye glancing,
Chin, like a Mufti,
Grizzled and tufty,
Galloping, dreary Duke.

Ye misses, beware of the neighbourhood
Of this galloping dreary Duke;
Avoid him, all who see no good
In being run o’er by a Prince of the Blood.
For, surely, no nymph is
Fond of a grim phiz,
And of the married,
Whole crowds have miscarried
At sight of this dreary Duke.

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EPISTLE
FROM ERASMUS ON EARTH TO CICERO IN THE SHADES.

Southampton.

As ’tis now, my dear Tully, some weeks since I started
By rail-road, for earth, having vow’d, ere we parted,
To drop you a line, by the Dead-Letter post,
Just to say how I thrive, in my new line of ghost,
And how deucedly odd this live world all appears
To a man who’s been dead now for three hundred years,
I take up my pen, and, with news of this earth,
Hope to waken, by turns, both your spleen and your mirth.

In my way to these shores, taking Italy first,
Lest the change from Elysium too sudden should burst,
I forgot not to visit those haunts where, of yore,
You took lessons from Pætus in cookery’s lore,
Turn’d aside from the calls of the rostrum and Muse,
To discuss the rich merits of rôdis and stews,
And preferr'd to all honours of triumph
or trophy,
A supper on prawns with that rogue,
little Sophy.

Having dwelt on such classical musings
awhile,
I set off, by a steam-boat, for this happy
isle,
(A conveyance you ne'er, I think, sail'd
by, my Tully,
And, therefore, per next, I'll describe it
more fully,)
Having heard, on the way, what dis-
tresses me greatly,
That England's o'er-run by idolaters
lately,
Stark, staring adorers of wood and of
stone,
Who will let neither stick, stock, or statue
Such the sad news I heard from a tall
man in black,
Who from sports continental was hurry-
ing back,
To look after his tithes ;—seeing, doubt-
less, 'twould follow,
That, just as, of old, your great idol,
Apollo,
Devour'd all the Tenths, so the idols in
question,
These wood and stone gods, may have
equal digestion,
And th' idolatrous crew, whom this
Rector despises,
May eat up the tithe-pig which he idol-
izes.

London.
'Tis all but too true—grim Idolatry
reigns,
In full pomp, over England's lost cities
and plains!
On arriving just now, as my first thought
and care
Was, as usual, to seek out some near
House of Prayer,
Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians
to pray on,
I was shown to—what think you?—a
downright Pantheon!
A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches and
halls,
Full of idols and gods, which they nick-
name St. Paul's;—

Though 'tis clearly the place where the
idolatrous crew,
Whom the Rector complain'd of, their
dark rites pursue;
And 'mong all the "strange gods" Abra-
ham's father carved out,
That he ever carved stranger than these
I much doubt.

Were it even, my dear Tully, your Hebes
and Graces,
And such pretty things, that usurp'd the
Saints' places,
I shouldn't much mind,—for, in this
classic dome,
Such folks from Olympus would feel quite
at home.
But the gods they've got here!—such a
queer omnium gatherum
Of misbegot things, that no poet would
father 'em;—
Brannias, in light, summer-wear for the
Old Thames, turn'd to stone, to his no
small surprise,—
Father Nile, too—a portrait, (in spite of
what's said,
That no mortal e'er yet got a glimpse of
his head,)
And a Ganges, which India would think
somewhat fat for't,
Unless 'twas some full-grown Director
had sat for't;—
Not to mention th' et ceteras of Genii
and Sphinxes,
Fame, Victory, and other such semi-clad
minxes;—
Sea Captains,—the idols here most
idolized;
And of whom, some, alas, might too
well be comprised
Among ready-made Saints, as they died
cannonized;—
With a multitude more of odd cockney-
ied deities,
Shrined in such pomp that quite shock-
ing to see it 'tis;
Nor know I what better the Rector
could do
Than to shine there his own beloved
quadruped too;
As most surely a tithe-pig, whate'er the
world thinks, is
A much fitter beast for a church than a
Sphinx is.
But I'm call'd off to dinner—grace just has been said,  
And my host waits for nobody, living or dead.  

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LINES  
ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—STL—R—GH  
AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.  

At Paris et Fratres, et qui rapuère sub illis,  
Vix tenuère manus (scis hoc, Menelaé) nefandas.  

Go, Brothers in wisdom—go, bright pair of Peers,  
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!  
The one, the best lover we have—of his years,  
And the other, Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.  

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile  
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that prize thee;  
Forget Mrs. Ang—lo T—yl—r awhile,  
And all tailors but him who so well dandifies thee.  

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,  
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart thee,  
But show the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough  
To translate "Amor Fortis" a love, about forty!  

And sure 'tis no wonder, when fresh as young Mars,  
From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd earn'd in't,  
That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out,  "My stars!"  
And forget that the Moon, too, was some way concern'd in't.  

For not the great R—g—t himself has endured  
(Though I've seen him with badges and orders all shine,  
Till he look'd like a house that was over-insured) [thine.  
A much heavier burden of glories than  

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,  
Or any young ladies can so go astray,  
As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,  
The stars are in fault, my Lord St—w—rt, not they!  

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,  
Thou Malaprop Cicero, over whose lips  
Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and "glories,"  
And "nullidge," and "features," like syllabub slips.  

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation  
Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,  
Leaguing with Kings, who, for mere recreation,  
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks metaphors.  

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright pair of Peers,  
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!  
The one, the best lover we have—of his years,  
And the other, Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.  

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TO THE SHIP  
IN WHICH LORD C—STL—R—GH SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT.  

Imitated from Horace, lib. i. ode 3.  

So may my Lady's prayers prevail,  
And C—nn—g's too, and lucid Br—gee's,  
And Eld—n beg a favouring gale,  
From Eolus, that older Bags,  
To speed thee on thy destined way,  
Oh ship, that bear'st our C—stl—r—gh  
Our gracious R—g—t's better half,  
And, therefore, quarter of a King—  
(As Van, or any other calf,  
May find, without much figuring).
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

587

Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,  
Waft this Lord of place and pelf,  
Anywhere his Lordship pleases;  
Though 'twere to Old Nick himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his,  
Who first at Congress show'd his phiz—  
To sign away the Rights of Man  
To Russian threats and Austrian juggle;  
And leave the sinking African  
'Tmong ministers from North and South,  
To show his lack of shame and sense,  
And hoist the sign of "Bull and Mouth"  
For blunders and for cloquence!

In vain we wish our Secs. at home  
To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,  
If silly Secs. abroad will roam,  
And make such noodles of themselves.

But such hath always been the case—  
For matchless impudence of face,  
There's nothing like your Tory race!  
First, Pitt, the chosen of England,  
'thouh her  
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.  
Then came the Doctor, for our ease,  
With E—d—ns, Ch—th—ms, H—wk—  
—b—s,  
And other deadly maladies.

When each, in turn, had run their rigs,  
Necessity brought in the Whigs:  
And oh, I blush, I blush to say,  
When these, in turn, were put to flight, too  
Illustrious T—mp—e flew away  
With lots of pens he had no right to!  
In short, what will not mortal man do?  
And now, that—strife and bloodshed past—  
We've done on earth what harm we can do,  
We gravely take to heaven at last,  
And think its favourite smile to purchase  
(Oh Lord, good Lord!) by—building churches!

SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT OF  
A NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA.

"And now," quoth the goddess, in  
accents jocose,  
"Having got good materials, I'll brew  
such a dose  
Of Double X mischief as, mortals shall say,  
They've not known its equal for many a  
long day."  
Here she wink'd to her subaltern imps to  
be steady,  
And all wagg'd their fire-tipp'd tails and  
stood ready,  
"So now for th' ingredients:—first, hand  
me that bishop;"  
Whereon, a whole bevy of imps run to  
fish up,  
From out a large reservoir, wherein they  
pen 'em,  
The blackest of all its black dabbler's in  
venom;  
And wrapping him up (lest the virus  
should ooze,  
And one "drop of th' immortal" Right  
Rev. they might lose)  
In the sheets of his own speeches,  
charges, reviews,  
Pop him into the caldron, while loudly a  
burst  
From the by-standers welcomes ingredient the first!  
"Now fetch the Ex-Chancellor," mutter'd  
the dame—  
He who's call'd after Harry the Older,  
by name."  
"The Ex-Chancellor!" echoed her imps,  
the whole crew of 'em—  
"Why talk of one Ex, when your mis-  
chief has two of 'em?"  
"True, true," said the hag, looking arch  
at her elves,  
"And a double-Ex dose they compose,  
in themselves."  
This joke, the sly meaning of which was  
seen lucidly,  
Set all the devils a-laughing most deu-  
cedly,  
So, in went the pair, and (what none  
thought surprising)  
Show'd talents for sinking as great as for  
rising;
While not a grim phiz in that realm but
was lighted
With joy to see spirits so twin-like
united—
Or (plainly to speak) two such birds of a
feather,
In one mess of venom thus spitted to-
gether.
Here a flashy imp rose—some connection,
no doubt,
Of the young lord in question—and,
scowling about,
"Hoped his fiery friend, St—nl—y,
would not be left out ;
As no schoolboy unwhipp’d, the whole
world must agree,
Loved mischief, *pure* mischief, more
dearly than he."

But, no—the wise hag wouldn’t hear of
the whipster ;
Not merely because, as a shrew, he
eclipsed her,
And nature had given him, to keep him
still young,
Much tongue in his head and no head in
his tongue ;
But because she well knew that, for
change ever ready, [steady;
He’d not even to mischief keep properly
That soon even the *wrong* side would
cease to delight,
And, for want of a change, he must
swerve to the *right* ;
While, on each, so at random his missiles
he threw,
That the side he attack’d was most safe
of the two. —
This ingredient was therefore put by on
the shelf,
There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by
itself.

"And now," quoth the hag, as her cal-
dron she eyed,
And the titbits so friendlily rankling in-
side,
"There wants but some seasoning ;—so,
come, ere I stew ’em,
By way of a relish, we’ll throw in ‘+John
Tuam.’
In cooking up mischief, there’s no flesh
or fish
Like your meddling High Priest, to add
zest to the dish."

Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand
Lama—
Which great event ends the First Act of
the Drama.

—0—

**ANIMAL MAGNETISM.**

**THOUGH** famed was Mesmer, in his day,
Nor less so, in ours, is Dupotet,
To say nothing of all the wonders done
By that wizard, Dr. Elliotson,
When, standing as if the gods to invoke,
he
Up waves his arm, and—down drops
Okey !

Though strange these things, to mind and
sense,
If you wish still stranger things to
see—
If you wish to know the power immense
Of the true magnetic influence,
Just go to Her Majesty’s Treasury,
And learn the wonders working there—
And I’ll be hang’d if you don’t stare !
Talk of your animal magnetists,
And that wave of the hand no soul resists,
Not all its witcheries can compete
With the friendly beckon towards Down-
ing Street,
Which a Premier gives to one who wishes
To taste of the Treasury loaves and fishes.
It actually lifts the lucky elf,
Thus acted upon, *above* himself;—
He jumps to a state of *clairvoyance*,
And is placeman, statesman, all, at once !

These effects observe (with which I be-
gin),
Take place when the patient’s motion’d
in;
Far different, of course, the mode of
affection,
When the wave of the hand’s in the *out*
direction ;
The effects being then extremely unplea-
sant,
As is seen in the case of Lord B—m,
at present ;
In whom this sort of manipulation
Has lately produced such inflammation,
Attended with constant irritation,
That, in short—not to mince his situation—
It has work'd in the man a transformation
That puzzles all human calculation!

Ever since the fatal day which saw
That "pass" perform'd on this Lord of Law—
A pass potential, none can doubt,
As it sent Harry B—m to the right about—
The condition in which the patient has been
Is a thing quite awful to be seen.
Not that a casual eye could scan
This wondrous change by outward survey;
It being, in fact, th' interior man
That's turn'd completely topsy-turvy:

Like a case that lately, in reading o'er 'em,
I found in the Acta Eruditorum,
Of a man in whose inside, when disclosed,
The whole order of things was found transposed;
By a lusus naturæ, strange to see,
The liver placed where the heart should be,
And the spleen (like B—m's, since laid on the shelf)
As diseased and as much out of place as himself.

In short, 'tis a case for consultation,
If e'er there was one, in this thinking nation;
And therefore I humbly beg to propose,
That those savans who mean, as the rumour goes,
To sit on Miss Okey's wonderful case,
Should also Lord Harry's case embrace;
And inform us, in both these patients' states,
Which ism it is that predominates,
Whether magnetism and somnambulism,
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

THE SONG OF THE BOX.

Let History boast of her Romans and Spartans,
And tell how they stood against tyranny's shocks;
They were all, I confess, in my eye, Betty Martins,
Compared to George Gr—te and his wonderful Box.

Ask, where Liberty now has her seat?—
Oh, it isn't
By Delaware's banks or on Switzerland's rocks;—
Like an imp in some conjurer's bottle imprison'd,
She's slyly shut up in Gr—te's wonderful Box.

How snug!—'stead of floating through ether's dominions,
Blown this way and that, by the "populi vox,"
To fold thus in silence her sinecure pinions,
And go fast asleep in Gr—te's wonderful Box.

Time was, when free speech was the life-breath of freedom—
So thought once the Seldens, the Hampdens, the Lockes;
But mute be our troops, when to ambush we lead 'em,
For "Mum" is the word with us Knights of the Box.

Pure, exquisite Box! no corruption can soil it;
There's Otto of Rose, in each breath it unlocks;
While Gr—te is the "Betty," that serves at the toilet,
And breathes all Arabia around from his Box.

'Tis a singular fact, that the famed Hugo Grotius
(A namesake of Gr—te's—being both of Dutch stocks),
Like Gr—te, too, a genius profound as precocious,
Was also, like him, much renown'd for a Box;—
An immortal old clothes-box, in which the great Grotius
When suffering, in prison, for views of dogmatism,
Was pack’d up incog., spite of gaolers ferocious,
And sent to his wife, carriage free, in a Box!

But the fame of old Hugo now rests on the shelf;
Since a rival hath risen that all parallel mocks;
That Grotius ingloriously saved but himself;
While ours saves the whole British realm by a Box!

And oh when, at last, even this greatest of Gr—tes
Must bend to the power that at every door knocks,
May he drop in the urn like his own “silent votes,”
And the tomb of his rest be a large Ballot-Box.

While long at his shrine, both from county and city,
Shall pilgrims triennially gather in flocks,
And sing, while they whimper, th’ appropriate ditty,
“O breathe not his name, let it sleep—in the Box.”

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW THALABA.

ADDRESS TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

When erst, my Southey, thy tuneful tongue
The terrible tale of Thalaba sung—
Of him, the Destroyer, doom’d to rout
That grim divan of conjurers out,
Whose dwelling dark, as legends say, Beneath the roots of the ocean lay,
(Fit place for deep ones, such as they,) How little thou knew’st, dear Doctor Southey,
Although bright genius all allow thee,

That, some years thence, thy wond’ring eyes
Should see a second Thalaba rise—
As ripe for ruinous rigs as thine,
Though his havoc lie in a different line,
And should find this new, improved Destroyer
Beneath the wig of a Yankee lawyer;
A sort of an “alien,” alias man,
Whose country or party guess who can,
Being Cockney half, half Jonathan;
And his life, to make the thing completer,
Being all in the genuine Thalaba metre,
Loose and irregular as thy feet are;—
First, into Whig Pindarics rambling,
Then in low Tory doggrel scrambling;
Now love his theme, now Church his glory
(At once both Tory and ama-tory),
Now in th’ Old Bailey-lay meandering,
Now in soft couplet style philandering;
And, lastly, in stanzas Alexandrine,
Dragging his wounded length along,
When scourged by Holland’s silken thong.

In short, dear Bob, Destroyer the Second
May fairly a match for the First be reckon’d;
Save that your Thalaba’s talent lay
In sweeping old conjurers clean away,
While ours at aldermen deals his blows,
(Who no great conjurers are, God knows,
Lays Corporations, by wholesale, level,
 Sends Acts of Parliament to the devil,
Bullies the whole Milesian race—
Seven millions of Paddies, face to face;
And, seizing that magic wand, himself,
Which erst thy conjurers left on the shelf,
Transforms the boys of the Boyne and Liffey
All into foreigners, in a jiffey—
Aliens, outcasts, every soul of ‘em!
Born but for whips and chains, the whole of ‘em!

Never, in short, did parallel
Betwixt two heroes gee so well;
And, among the points in which they fit,
There’s one, dear Bob, I can’t omit.
That hacking, hectoring blade of thine
Dealt much in the Dondaniel line;
And ‘tis but rendering justice due,
To say that ours and his Tory crew
Damn Daniel most devoutly too.
RIVAL TOPICS.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

Oh W—ll—ngt—n and Stephenson,
Oh morn and evening papers,
Times, Herald, Courier, Globe, and Sun,
When ye will cease our ears to stun
With these two heroes' capers?
Still "Stephenson" and "W—ll—ngt—n,"
The everlasting two !—
Still doom'd, from rise to set of sun,
To hear what mischief one has done,
And t'other means to do:—
What Bills the banker pass'd to friends,
But never meant to pay;
What Bills the other wight intends,
As honest, in their way;—
Bills, payable at distant sight,
Beyond the Grecian kalends,'—
When all good deeds will come to light,
When W—ll—ngt—n will do what's right,
And Rowland pay his balance.

To catch the banker all have sought,
But still the rogue unhurt is;
While t'other juggler—who'd have thought?
Though slippery long, has just been caught
By old Archbishop Curtis;—
And, such the power of papal crook,
The crosier scarce had quiver'd
About his ears, when, lo, the Duke
Was of a Bull deliver'd!

Sir Richard Birnie doth decide
That Rowland "must be mad,"
In private coach, with crest, to ride,
When chaises could be had.
And t'other hero, all agree,
St. Luke's will soon arrive at;
If thus he shows off publicly,
When he might pass in private.

Oh W—ll—ngt—n, oh Stephenson,
Ye ever-boring pair,
Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,
Ye haunt me everywhere.
Though Job had patience tough enough,
Such duplicates would try it;
Till one's turn'd out and t'other off,
We shan't have peace or quiet.

But small's the chance that Law affords—
Such folks are daily let off;
And, 'twixt th' Old Bailey and the Lords,
They both, I fear, will get off.

THE BOY STATESMAN.

BY A TORY.

"That boy will be the death of me."
Mathews at Home.

Ah, Tories dear, our ruin is near,
With St—nl—y to help us, we can't but fall;
Already a warning voice I hear,
Like the late Charles Mathews' croak in my ear,
"That boy—that boy'll be the death of you all."

He will, God help us!—not even Scriblerius
In the "Art of Sinking" his match could be;
And our case is growing exceeding serious,
For, all being in the same boat as he,
If down my Lord goes, down go we,
Lord Baron St—nl—y and Company,
As deep in Oblivion's swamp below
As such "Masters Shallow" well could go;
And where we shall all, both low and high,
Embalm'd in mud, as forgotten lie
As already doth Gr—h—m of Netherby!
But that boy, that boy!—there's a tale I know,
Which in talking of him comes à propos.
Sir Thomas More had an only son,
And a foolish lad was that only one,
And Sir Thomas said, one day to his wife,
"My dear, I can't but wish you joy,
For you pray'd for a boy, and you now have a boy,
Who'll continue a boy to the end of his life."

Even such is our own distressing lot,
With the ever-young statesman we have got;—
Nay even still worse; for Master More
Wasn't more a youth than he'd been before,
MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

While ours such power of boyhood shows,
That, the older he gets, the more juv'nile he grows,
And, at what extreme old age he'll close
His schoolboy course, Heaven only knows;—
Some century hence, should he reach so far,
And ourselves to witness it Heaven condemn,
We shall find him a sort of cub Old Parr,
A whipper-snapper Methusalem;
Nay, ev'n should he make still longer stay of it,
The boy'll want judgment, ev'n to the day of it!
Meanwhile, 'tis a serious, sad inflection;
And, day and night, with awe I recall
The late Mr. Mathews' solemn prediction,
"That boy'll be the death, the death of you all."

LETTER
FROM LARRY O'BRAHANIGAN TO THE REV.
MURTAGH O'MULLIGAN.

ARRAH, where were you, Murthagh, that beautiful day?—
Or, how came it your riperence was laid on the shelf,
When that poor craythur, Bobby—as you were away—
Had to make twice as big a Tom-fool of himself.
Throth, it wasn't at all civil to lave in the lurch
A boy so deservin' your tindh'rest affection;—
Two suchiligant Siamase twins of the Church,
As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut the connection.
If thus in two different directions you pull,
'Faith, they'll swear that yourself and your riveord brother
Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's Bull,
Whose tails were join'd one way, while they look'd another!

Och bless'd be he, whosomdever he be,
That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of a Letter!
Not ev'n my own self, though I sometimes make free
At such bull-manufacture, could make him a betther.
To be sure, when a lad takes to forg'in; this way,
'Tis a thrick he's much timpted to carry on gaily;
Till, at last, his "injaneous devices," some day,
Show him up, not a Exther Hall, but th' Ould Bailey.
That parsons should forge thus appears mighty odd,
And (as if somethin' "odd" in their names, too, must be,) One forger, of ould, was a riverend Dod,
While a riverend Todd's now his match, to a T.
But, no matther who did it—all blessins betide him,
For dishin' up Bob, in a manner so nate;
And there wanted but you, Murthagh 'vourneen, beside him,
To make the whole grand dish of bull-calf compleat.

MUSINGS OF AN UNREFORMED PEER.

Of all the odd plans of this monstrously queer age,
The odddest is that of reforming the peerage;—
Just as if we, great dons, with a title and star,
Did not get on exceedingly well, as we are,
And perform all the functions of noodles, by birth,
As completely as any born noodles on earth.
How acres descend, is in law-books display'd,
But we as wise acres descend, ready made;
And, by right of our rank in Debrett’s nomenclature,
Are, all of us, born legislators by nature;—
Like ducklings, to water instinctively taking,
So we, with like quackery, take to law-making;
And God forbid any reform should come o’er us,
To make us more wise than our sires were before us.
Th’ Egyptians of old the same policy knew—
If your sire was a cook, you must be a cook too:
Thus making, from father to son, a good trade of it,
Poisoners by right (so no more could be said of it),
The cooks, like our lordships, a pretty mess made of it;
While, famed for conservative stomachs, th’ Egyptians
Without a wry face bolted all the prescriptions.
It is true, we’ve among us some peers of the past,
Who keep pace with the present most awfully fast—
Fruits, that ripen beneath the new light now arising
With speed that to us, old conserves, is surprising,
Conserves, in whom—potted, for grands’mamma uses—
’Twould puzzle a sunbeam to find any juices.
’Tis true, too, I fear, ’midst the general movement,
Ev’n our House, God help it, is doom’d to improvement,
And all its live furniture, nobly descended,
But sadly worn out, must be sent to be mended.
With moveables ’mong us, like Br—m and like D—rh—m,
No wonder ev’n fixtures should learn to bestir ’em;
And, distant, ye gods, be that terrible day,
When—as playful Old Nick, for his pastime, they say, Flies off with old houses, sometimes, in a storm—
So ours may be whipt off, some night, by Reform;
And, as up, like Loretto’s famed house, through the air,
Not angels, but devils, our lordships shall bear,
Grim, radical phizzes, unused to the sky,
Shall flit round, like cherubs, to wish us “good-bye.”
While, perch’d up on clouds, littleimps of plebeians,
Small Grotes and O’Connells, shall sing
To Peans.

—0—

THE REVEREND PAMPHLETEER.
A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

Oh, have you heard what hap’d of late?
If not, come lend an ear,
While sad I state the piteous fate
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

All praised his skilful jockeyship,
Loud rung the Tory cheer,
While away, away, with spur and whip,
Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.

The nag he rode—how could it err?
’Twas rode—the same that took, last year,
That wonderful jump to Exeter
With the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Set a beggar on horseback, wise men say,
The course he will take is clear;
And in that direction lay the way
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

“Stop, stop!” said Truth, but vain her cry—
Left far away in the rear,
She heard but the usual gay “Good-bye” From her faithless Pamphleteer.

You may talk of the jumps of Homer’s gods
When cantering o’er our sphere—
I’d back for a bounce, ’gainst any odds,
This Reverend Pamphleteer.
But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath!
In the midst of his career,
A file of *The Times* lay right in the path
Of the headlong Pamphleteer.

Whether he tripp'd or shy'd thereat,
Doth not so clear appear:
But down he came, as his sermons flat—
This Reverend Pamphleteer!

Lord King himself could scarce desire
To see a spiritual Peer
Fall much more dead, in the dirt and mire,
Than did this Pamphleteer.

Yet pitying parsons, many a day,
Shall visit his silent bier,
And, thinking the while of Stanhope, say
"Poor dear old Pamphleteer!"

"He has finish'd, at last, his busy span,
And now lies coolly here—
As often he did in life, good man,
Good, Reverend Pamphleteer!"

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**A RECENT DIALOGUE.**

1825.

A BISHOP and a bold dragoon,
Both heroes in their way,
Did thus, of late, one afternoon,
Unto each other say:
"Dear bishop," quoth the brave hussar,
"As nobody denies
That you a wise logician are,
And I am—otherwise,
'Tis fit that in this question, we
Stick each to his own art—
That yours should be the sophistry,
And mine the fighting part.
My creed, I need not tell you, is
Like that of W——n,
To whom no harlot comes amiss,
Save her of Babylon;
And when we're at a loss for words,
If laughing reasoners flout us,
For lack of sense we'll draw our swords,—
The sole thing sharp about us."

"Dear bold dragoon," the bishop said,
"'Tis true for war thou art meant;
And reasoning—bless that dandy head!—
Is not in thy department.
So leave the argument to me—
And, when my holy labour
Hath lit the fires of bigotry,
Thou'llt poke them with thy sabre.
From pulpit and from sentry-box,
We'll make our joint attacks,
I at the head of my Cassocks,
And you of your Cossacks.
So here's your health, my brave hussar,
My exquisite old fighter—
Success to bigotry and war,
The musket and the mire!"
Thus pray'd the minister of heav'n—
While Y——k, just entering then,
Snored out (as if some Clerk had given
His nose the cue) "Amen."

T. B.

---o---

**THE WELLINGTON SPA.**

"And drink oblivion to our woes."

Anna Matilda.

1829.

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and Harrowgate springs,
'Tis from *Lethe* we now our potations must draw;
Your *Lethe*'s a cure for—all possible things,
And the doctors have named it the Wellington Spa.

Other physical waters but cure you in part;
One cobbles your gout—'Other mends your digestion—
Some settle your stomach, but this—
Bless your heart!—
It will settle, for ever, your Catholic Question.

Unlike, too, the potions in fashion at present,
This Wellington Nostrum, restoring by stealth,
So purges the mem'ry of all that's unpleasant,
That patients forget themselves into rude health,
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

For instance, th' inventor—his having once said
"He should think himself mad, if, at any one's call,
He became what he is"—is so purged from his head,
That he now doesn’t think he's a madman at all.

Of course, for your mem'ries of very long standing—
Old chronic diseases, that date back, undaunted,
To Brian Boroo and Fitz-Stephens' first landing—
A dev'1 of a dose of the Lethe is wanted.

But ev'n Irish patients can hardly regret
An oblivion, so much in their own native style,
So conveniently plann'd, that, whate'er they forget,
They may go on rememb'ring it still, all the while!

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A CHARACTER.

Half Whig, half Tory, like those midway things,
'Twixt bird and beast, that by mistake have wings;
A mongrel Statesman, 'twixt two factions nurst,
Who, of the faults of each, combines the worst—
The Tory's loftiness, the Whigling's sneer,
The leveller's rashness, and the bigot's fear;
The thirst for meddling, restless still to show
How Freedom's clock, repair'd by Whigs, will go;
Th' alarm when others, more sincere than they,
Advance the hands to the true time of day.

By Mother Church, high-fed and haughty dame,
The boy was dandled, in his dawn of fame;

List'ning, she smiled, and bless'd the flippant tongue
On which the fate of unborn tithe-pigs hung.
Ah, who shall paint the grandam's grim dismay,
When loose Reform enticed her boy away;
When shock'd she heard him ape the rabble's tone,
And, in old Sarum's fate, foredoom her own!

Groaning she cried, while tears roll'd down her cheeks,
"Poor, glib-tongued youth, he means not what he speaks.
Like oil at top, these Whig professions flow,
But, pure as lymph, runs Toryism below.

Alas, that tongue should start thus, in the race,
Ere mind can reach and regulate its pace!—
For, once outstripp'd by tongue, poor, lagging mind,
At every step, still further limps behind.

But, bless the boy!—whate'er his wand'ring be,
Still turns his heart to Toryism and me.
Like those odd shapes, portray'd in Dante's lay,
With heads fix'd on, the wrong and backward way,
His feet and eyes pursue a diverse track,
While those march onward, these look fondly back."

And well she knew him—well foresaw the day,
Which now hath come, when snatch'd from Whigs away,
The self-same changeling drops the mask he wore,
And rests, restored in granny's arms once more.

But whither now, mixt brood of modern light
And ancient darkness, canst thou bend thy flight?

Tried by both factions, and to neither true,
Fare'd by the old school, laugh'd at by the new;
For this too feeble, and for that too rash,
This wanting more of fire, that less of flash;
Lone shalt thou stand, in isolation cold,
Betwixt two worlds, the new one and the old,
A small and "vex'd Bermoothes," which the eye
Of venturous seaman sees—and passes by.

A GHOST STORY.
TO THE AIR OF "UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY."

Not long in bed had L—ndh—rst lain,
When, as his lamp burnt dimly,
The ghosts of corporate bodies slain,
Stood by his bed-side grimly.
Dead aldermen, who once could feast,
But now, themselves, are fed on,
And skeletons of mayors deceased,
This doleful chorus led on:
"Oh Lord L—ndh—rst,
Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst,
Corpses we,
All burk'd by thee,
Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst!"

"Avaunt, ye frights!" his Lordship cried,
"Ye look most glum and whitely."
"Ah, L—ndh—rst, dear!" the frights replied,
You've used us unpolitely.
And now, ungrateful man! to drive
Dead bodies from your door so,
Who, quite corrupt enough, alive,
You've made, by death, still more so.
Oh, Ex-Chancellor,
Destructive Ex-Chancellor,
See thy work,
Thou second Burke,
Destructive Ex-Chancellor!"

Bold L—ndh—rst then, whom nought could keep
Awake, or surely that would,
Cried "Curse you all"—fell fast asleep—
And dreamt of "Small v. Attwood."

While, shock'd, the bodies flew down stairs,
But, courteous in their panic,
Precedence gave to ghosts of mayors
And corpses aldermanic,
Crying, "Oh, Lord L—ndh—rst,
That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst,
Not Old Scratch
Himself could match
That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst."

THOUGHTS
ON THE LATE
DESTRUCTIVE PROPOSITIONS OF THE TORIES.
BY A COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

I sat me down in my easy-chair,
To read, as usual, the morning papers;
But—who shall describe my look of despair,
When I came to Lefroy's "destructive" capers!
That he—that, of all live men, Lefroy
Should join in the cry "Destroy, destroy!"
Who, ev'n when a babe, as I've heard said,
On Orange conserve was chiefly fed,
And never, till now, a movement made
That wasn't most manfully retrograde!
Only think—to sweep from the light of day
Mayors; maces, criers, and wigs away;
To annihilate—never to rise again—
A whole generation of aldermen,
Nor leave them ev'n th' accustom'd tolls,
To keep together their bodies and souls!
At a time, too, when snug posts and places
Are falling away from us one by one,
Crash—crash—like the mummy-cases
Belzoni, in Egypt, sat upon,
Wherein lay pickled, in state sublime,
Conservatives of the ancient time;—
To choose such a moment to overset
The few snug nuisances left us yet;
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

To add to the ruin that round us reigns, 
By knocking out mayors' and town- 
clerks' brains; 
By dooming all corporate bodies to fall, 
Till they leave, at last, no bodies at all—
Nought but the ghost of by-gone glory, 
Wrecks of a world that once was Tory! 
Where pensive criers, like owls unblest, 
Robb'd of their roosts, shall still hoot 
or'er them! 
Nor mayors shall know where to seek a 

Till Gally Knight shall find one for 

Till mayors and kings, with none to rue 
'em, 
Shall perish all in one common 
plague; 
And the sovereigns of Belfast and Tuam 
Must join their brother, Charles Dix, 
at Prague.

Thus mused I, in my chair, alone 
(As above described), till dozy grown, 
And nodding assent to my own opinions, 
I found myself borne to sleep's do-

ominions, 
Where, lo, before my dreaming eyes, 
A new House of Commons appear'd to 
rise, 
Whose living contents, to fancy's survey, 
Seem'd to me all turn'd topsy-turvy—
A jumble of polypi—nobody knew 
Which was the head or which the 
queue. 
Here, Inglis, turn'd to a sans-culotte, 
Was dancing the hays with Hume and 

Grote; 
There, ripe for riot, Recorder Shaw 
Was learning from Roebuck "Cà-ira;" 
While Stanley and Graham, as poissarde 
wenches, 
Scream'd "à bas!" from the Tory 

benches; 
And Peel and O'Connell, cheek by 
jowl, 
Were dancing an Irish carmagnole.

The Lord preserve us!—if dreams come 
true, 
What is this hapless realm to do?

FROM THE ITALIAN OF 
METASTASIO.

One summer morning early, 
When the dews of night were pearly, 
And the wee white roses were blowing, 
Like snow-balls slowly growing, 
Through a garden I stole creeping, 
And found Love sleeping, sleeping.

When that summer evening darken'd 
I waited for him and hearken'd; 
The moon clomb up through the starlight, 
And my cottage fire was a far light, 
Towards which I went sadly creeping, 
Love had left me weeping, weeping.

—o—

ANTICIPATED MEETING 
OF THE 
BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN THE YEAR 1836.

After some observations from Dr. 
M'Grig 
On that fossil reliquium call'd Petrifised 
Wig, 
Or Perruquolithus—a specimen rare 
Of those wigs, made for antediluvian wear, 
Which, it seems, stood the Flood with-
out turning a hair—
Mr. Tomkins rose up, and requested 
attention 
To facts no less wondrous which he had 
to mention.

Some large fossil creatures had lately been 
found 
Of a species no longer now seen above 
ground, 
But the same (as to Tomkins most clearly 
appears) 
With those animals, lost now for hundreds 
of years, 
Which our ancestors used to call 
"Bishops" and "Peers," 
But which Tomkins more erudite names 
has bestow'd on, 
Having call'd the Peer fossil th' Aristocratodon,
And, finding much food under t'other one's thorax,
Has christen'd that creature th' Episcopus Vorax.

Lest the savans and dandies should think this all fable,
Mr. Tomkings most kindly produced on the table,
A sample of each of these species of creatures,
Both to'rably human, in structure and features,
Except that th' Episcopus seems, Lord deliver us!
To've been carnivorous as well as grani-
vorous;
And Tomkings, on searching its stomach, found there
Large lumps, such as no modern stomach
could bear,
Of a substance call'd Tithe, upon which, as 'tis said,
The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed;
And which having lately himself decom-
pounded,
Just to see what 'twas made of, he actually found it
Composed of all possible cookable things
That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd upon wings—
All products of earth, both gramineous, herbaceous,
Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farin-
aceous,
All clubbing their quotas to glut the cesophagus
Of this ever greedy and grasping Titho-
phagus.
"Admire," exclaim'd Tomkings, "the kind dispensation
By Providence shed on this much-favour'd nation,
In sweeping so ravenous a race from the earth,
That might else have occasion'd a general
And thus burying 'em, deep as even Joe Hume would sink 'em,
With the Ichthyosaurus and Palæoryn-
chum,
And other queer ci-devant things, under ground—
Not forgetting that fossilized youth, so renown'd,
Who lived just to witness the Deluge—
was gratified
Much by the sight, and has since been found stratified!

This picturesque touch—quite in Tomkings's way—
Call'd forth from the savans a general hurrah;
While inquiries among them went rapidly round,
As to where this young stratified man could be found.
The "learn'd Theban's" discourse next as livelily flow'd on,
To sketch t'other wonder, th' Aristocra-
todon—
An animal, differing from most human creatures
Not so much in speech, inward structure, or features,
As in having a certain excrescence, T. said,
Which in form of a coronet grew from its head,
And devolved to its heirs, when the creature was dead;
Nor matter'd it, while this heir-loom was transmitted,
How unfit were the heads, so the coronet fitted.

He then mention'd a strange zoological fact,
Whose announcement appear'd much applause to attract.
In France, said the learned professor, this race
Had so noxious become, in some centuries' space,
From their numbers and strength, that the land was o'errun with 'em,
Every one's question being, "What's to be done with 'em?"

When, 'lo! certain knowing ones—
savans, mayhap,
Who, like Buckland's deep followers, understood trap,
Slyly hinted that nought upon earth was so good
For Aristocratodons, when rampant and rude,
As to stop, or curtail, their allowance of food.
This expedient was tried, and a proof it affords
Of th' effect that short commons will have upon lords;
For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's morn,
Shed their coronets, just as a deer sheds his horn,
And the moment these gewgaws fell off, they became

Quite a new sort of creature—so harmless and tame,
That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain 'em
To be near akin to the genus humanum,
And th' experiment, tried so successfully then,
Should be kept in remembrance, when wanted again.

* * * * * * *

THE END
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