

Though fair they rose, and might have bloom'd at last,
His hopes have perish'd by the northern blast:
Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
O'er his lost works let classic Sheffield* weep:
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!

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

Health to immortal Jeffrey! once, in name,
England could boast a judge almost the same;
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw;
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat?
Let Jeffries' shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus present him with a rope:
"Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

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

* Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius. His "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lyrical Ballads," and at least fifty "degraded epics."—B.

† Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.—B.

‡ In 1806, Messrs Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much wagery in the daily prints.—B.

Oh, day disastrous! On her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock,
Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career;*
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms; †
Nay last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth storey, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams:
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue;
And all with justice deem'd the two combined
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and sav'd him from the wrath of Moore;
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
And straight restored it to her favourite's head;
That head, with greater than magnetic pow'r,
Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden show'r,
And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.
"My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again,
Resign the pistol, and resume the pen;
O'er politics and poesy preside,
Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide!
For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,
So long shall last thine unmolested reign,
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.
Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,
And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.
First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen
The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen; ‡
Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer, § and sometimes,

* The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.—B.

† This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.—B.

‡ His lordship (the Earl of Aberdeen), has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of "Gell's Topography of Troy."—B.

§ Mr Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a "Song on the recovery of Thor's Hammer;" the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus—

"Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot,
Thus Odin's son his hammer got."—B.

In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes,
Smug Sydney* too thy bitter page shall seek,
And classic Hallam,† much renown'd for Greek;
Scott may perchance his name and influence lend,
And paltry Pillans‡ shall traduce his friend;
While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,§

Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway!
Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil repay;
While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
To Holland's hirelings and to learning's foes.
Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review
Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,
Beware lest blundering Brougham|| destroy the sale,
Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail.
Thus having said, the kilted goddess kist
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.¶

Then prosper Jeffrey! pertest of the train
Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain!
Whatever blessing waits a genuine Scot,
In double portion swells thy glorious lot;
For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,
And showers their odours on thy candid sheets,
Whose hue and fragrance to thy work adhere—
This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.††
Lo! blushing Ith, coy nymph, enamour'd grown,
Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee alone:

* The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.—B.

† Mr Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's "Taste," and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein. It was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.—Note added to second edition.—The said Hallam is incensed because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dined at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but, on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions.—If he did not review Lord Holland's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse: till then, Hallam must stand for want of a better.—B.

‡ Pillans is a tutor at Eton.—B. (Afterwards Professor of Humanity in the Edinburgh University. There is no foundation for this charge.)

§ The Hon. George Lambe reviewed "Beresford's Miseries," and is, moreover, author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and condemned with great expedition at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled "Whistle for it."—B.

|| Mr Brougham, in No. xxv. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burghesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions. In the first edition Lord Byron added: "The name of this personage is pronounced Broom in the south, but the truly northern and musical pronunciation is BROÛGER-AM, in two syllables." In the second edition the latter sentence was omitted, and the following substituted: "It seems that Mr Brougham is not a Scot, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom from Trent to Tay!—so be it."—B.

¶ I ought to apologise to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice; but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known there is no such genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet, without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national "helpies" are too unpoetical, and the "brownies" and "gude neighbours" (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with any thing heavenly.—B.

†† See the colour of the back binding of the Edinburgh Review.—B

And, too unjust to other Pictish men,
Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen!
Illustrious Holland! hard would be his lot,
His hirelings mention'd, and himself forgot!
Holland, with Henry Petty* at his back,
The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack,
Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof
Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof.
See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,
Resume his pen, review his Lordship's work,
And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,
Declare his landlord can at least translate!†
Dunedin! view thy children with delight,
They write for food—and feed because they write,
And lest, when heated with the unusual grape,
Some glowing thoughts should to the press escape,
And tinge with red the female reader's cheek,
My lady skims the cream of each critique;
Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,
Reforms each error and refines the whole.‡

Now to the Drama turn—Oh! motley sight!
What precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!
Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,§
And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete content.¶
Though now, thank Heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er,
And full-grown actors are endured once more;
Yet what avail their vain attempts to please,
While British critics suffer scenes like these;
While Reynolds vents his "—" "poohs!" and "zounds!"‡
And common-place and common sense confounds?
While Kenney's "World"—ah! where is Kenney's wit?††—
Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit;
And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords
A tragedy complete in all but words?‡‡
Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage,
The degradation of our vaunted stage!
Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone?
Have we no living bards of merit?—none!
Awake, George Colman!§§ Cumberland,||| awake!
Ring the alarum bell! let folly quake!

* The Marquis of Lansdowne.

† Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are bepraised by his disinterested guests.—B.

‡ Certain it is her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review. However that may be, we know from good authority that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for correction.—B.

§ Theodore Hook. In his melo-drama of Tekell, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed heroes.—B.

¶ Charles Dibdin, celebrated as a writer of naval songs.

‡ All these are favourite expressions of Mr Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.—B.

†† James Kenney, author of Raising the Wind, &c.

‡‡ Thomas Sheridan, the now manager of Drury Lane Theatre, stripped the tragedy of Bonduca of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caratacus Was this worthy of his sire! or of himself!—B.

§§ Author of the "Iron Chest," "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," &c.

||| Author of the "West Indian," and other plays.

Oh, Sheridan !* if aught can move thy pen,
 Let Comedy assume her throne again ;
 Abjure the mummerly of the German Schools ;
 Leave new Pizarros to translating fools ;
 Give, as thy last memorial to the age,
 One classic drama, and reform the stage.
 Gods ! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head,
 Where Garrick trod, and Siddons lives to tread ?
 On those shall Farce display Buffoonery's mask,
 And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask ?†
 Shall sapient managers new scenes produce
 From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose ?
 While Shakspeare, Otway, Massinger,‡ forgot,
 On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot ?
 Lo ! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim
 The rival candidates for Attic fame !
 In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,
 Still Skeffington and Goose§ divide the prize.
 And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise
 For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays
 Renown'd alike ; whose genius ne'er confines
 Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs ;||
 Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon,
 In five facetious acts comes thundering on,¶
 While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene,
 Stares wondering what the — it can mean ;
 But as some hands applaud, a venal few !
 Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah ! wherefore should we turn
 To what our fathers were, unless to mourn ?
 Degenerate Britons ! are ye dead to shame,
 Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame ?
 Well may the nobles of our present race,
 Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face ;
 Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
 And worship Catalini's pantaloons ;
 Since their own drama yields no fairer trace
 Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

* Truth ! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand,
 To drive this pestilence from the land.
 E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless throng,
 Just skill'd to know the right and know the wrong,
 Freed at that age when reason's shield is lost,
 To fight my course through passion's countless host,
 Whom every path of pleasure's flow'ry way
 Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—

* Richard Brinsley Sheridan, statesman, wit, and dramatist.

† Theodore Edward Hook.

‡ Philip Massinger, a tragic poet.

§ Diddin's pantomime of Mother Goose.

|| Mr Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury-Lane Theatre—as such Mr Skeffington is much indebted to him.—B.

¶ Mr [afterwards Sir Lumley] Skeffington is the illustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty," and some comedies, particularly "Maids and Bachelors" *Baccasauril baculo magis duam lauro digni.*—B.

E'en I must rouse my voice, e'en I must feel
 Such scenes, such men, destroy the public weal ;
 Although some kind, censorious friend will say,
 "What art thou better, meddling fool, than they ?"
 And every brother rake will smile to see
 That miracle, a moralist in me.
 No matter—when some bard in virtue strong,
 Gifford perchance, shall raise the chastening song,
 Then sleep my pen for ever ! and my voice
 Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice :
 Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I
 May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals
 From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles,*
 Why should we call them from their dark abode,
 In broad St Giles or in Tottenham-road ?
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare,
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the Square ?
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,
 Most wisely doom'd to shun the public sight,
 What harm ? In spite of every critic elf,
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself ;
 Miles Andrews still his strength in couplets try,
 And live in prologues, though his dramas die.
 Lords too are bards, such things of times befall,
 And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.
 Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
 Ah ! who would take their titles with their rhymes ?
 Roscommon !† Sheffield ‡ with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head ;
 No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
 The paralytic puling of Carlisle.
 The puny schoolboy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away ;
 But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse ?
 What heterogeneous honours deck the peer !
 Lord, rhymster, petit-maitre, pamphleteer !§
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage ;
 But managers for once cried, "Hold, enough !"
 Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff,
 Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf :
 Yes ! doff that covering, where morocco shines,

* What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz (where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the oriental Homer and Catullus), and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints.—B.

† Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, died 1684.

‡ John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, died 1721.

§ The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteen-penny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward anything for the stage—except his own tragedies.—B.

And hang a calf-skin* on those recreant lines. †

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,
Who daily scribble for your daily bread;
With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand
Has crush'd, without remorse, your numerous band.
On "all the talents" vent your venal spleen;
Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.
Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,
And Melville's Mantle ‡ prove a blanket too!
One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward.
Such damning fame as Dunciads only give
Could bid your lines beyond a morning live;
But now at once your fleeting labours close,
With names of greater note in blest repose.
Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid
The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade, §
Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind,
Leave wondering comprehension far behind.
Though Crusca's bards no more our journals fill,
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns still;
Last of the howling host which once was Bell's,
Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,
Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q. ||

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall, ¶
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
How ladies read, and literati laud!
If chance some wicked wag should pass his jest,
'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world know best?
Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme,
And Capel Lofft †† declares 'tis quite sublime.
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade!
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade!
Lo! Burns and Bloomfield, ††† nay, a greater far,
Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,

* "Doff that lion's hide."
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

SHAKS. *King John*.

Lord Carlisle's works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his book-shelves:—

"The rest is all but leather and prunella." B.

† Byron afterwards in *Childe Harold*, p. 399, expresses his regret that he had thus written.

‡ "Melville's Mantle," a parody on "Elijah's Mantle," a poem.—B.
§ This lovely little Jessica, (who published under the name of Rosa Matilda) the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Bella Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the *Monk*.—B.
|| These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.—B.

¶ Joseph Blackett, a rhyming shoemaker.
†† Capel Lofft, Esq., the Macsenno of shoemakers, and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth.—B.

††† Robert Bloomfield, author of the *Farmer's Boy*, &c.

Forsook the labours of a servile state,
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd over fate:
Then why no more? if Phoebus smiled on you,
Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too? *
Him to the mania, not the muse, has seized;
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:
And now no boor can seek his last abode,
No common be enclosed without an ode.
Oh! since increased refinement deigns to smile
On Britain's sons, and bless our genial isle,
Let poesy go forth, prevade the whole,
Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul!
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handiwork peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
May Moorland weavers † boast Pindaric skill,
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.
To the famed throng now paid the tribute due,
Neglected genius! let me turn to you.
Come forth, oh Campbell †† give thy talents scope
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope?
And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at last,
Recall the pleasing memory of the past;
Arise! let blest remembrance still inspire,
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd lyre;
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,
Assert thy country's honour and thine own.
What! must deserted Poesy still weep
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns,
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Burns!
No! though contempt hath mark'd the spurious brood,
The race who rhyme from folly, or for food,
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to boast,
Who, least affecting, still affect the most:
Feel as they write, and write but as they feel—
Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby, § Macneil. ||

"Why slumbers Gifford?" once was asked in vain;
"Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge? ¶
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?"

* See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosure of "Honington Green."—B.

† *Vide* "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire."—B.

‡ It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of "The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's "Essay on Man;" but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.—B.

§ Sotheby, translator of Wieland's *Oberon* and Virgil's *Georgics*, and author of "Saul," an epic poem.—B.

|| Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly "Scotland's Scath," and the "Waes of War," of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.—B.

¶ Mr Gifford promised publicly that the Baviad and Maviad should not be his last original works; let him remember, "Mox in reluctantis dracones."—B.

Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claim'd,
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White!* while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favourite son
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel;
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be, who say, in these enlighten'd days,
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern bards to sing:
'Tis true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who write
Shrink from that fatal word to genius—trite;
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires;
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
Though nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

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

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower
Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has mark'd afar,
The clime that nursed the sons of song and war,

* Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.—B.

† Mr Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art."—B.

The scenes which glory still must hover o'er,
Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.
But doubly blest is he whose heart expands
With hallow'd feelings for those classic lands;
Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!
Wright!* 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards!† who snatch'd to light
Those gems too long withheld from modern sight;
Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath
Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe,
And all their renovated fragrance flung,
To grace the beauties of your native tongue;
Now let those minds, that nobly could transfuse
The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone:
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause,
Restore the muse's violated laws;
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous chime,‡
That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than clear,
The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear;
In show the simple lyre could once surpass,
But now, worn-down, appear in native brass;
While all his train of hovering sylphs around
Evaporate in similes and sound:
Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die:
False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.§

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd:¶
Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to teach
A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach:
The native genius with their being given
Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven.

And thou, too, Scott!‡§ resign to minstrels rude
The wilder slogan of a border feud:
Let others spin their meagre lines for hire;
Enough for genius if itself inspire!

* Walter Rodwell Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem, just published; it is entitled "Horæ Ionice," and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.—B.

† The translators of the Anthology, Bland and Merivale, have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.—B.

‡ Dr Erasmus Darwin, author of "The Botanic Garden," &c.

§ The neglect of the "Botanic Garden" is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.—B.

¶ Messrs Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.—B.

‡§ By the bye, I hope that in Mr Scott's next poem his hero or heroine will be less addicted to grammary, and more to grammar, than the lady of "The Lay," and her
William of Deloraine.—B

Let Southey sing, although his teeming muse,
Prolific every spring, be too profuse;
Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse,
And brother Coleridge lull the babe at nurse;
Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,
To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost;
Let Moore still sigh; let Strangford steal from Moore,
And swear that Camoëns sang such notes of yore;
Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,*
And godly Grahame chant a stupid stave;
Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine,
And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line;
Let Stott, Carlisle,† Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,
Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain,
Or Common Sense assert her rights again.
But thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise,
Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble lays:
Thy country's voice, the voice of all the nine,
Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is thine.
Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield
The glorious record of some nobler field,
Than the wild foray of a plundering clan,
Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man?
Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food
For Sherwood's outlaw tales of Robin Hood?

Scotland! still proudly claim thy native bard,
And be thy praise his first, his best reward!
Yet not with thee alone his name should live,
But own the vast renown a world can give;
Be known, perchance, when Albion is no more,
And tell the tale of what she was before;
To future times her faded fame recal,
And save her glory, though his country fall

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's hope,
To conquer ages, and with time to cope?

* James Montgomery of Sheffield.

† It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago!—The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a "discerning public" (as the advertisements have it), with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides I do not step aside to vituperate the Earl: no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said anything in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle; if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, epigrams, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark:—

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards!
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

So says Pope. Amen.—B.

New eras spread their wings, new nations rise,
And other victors fill the applauding skies;
A few brief generations fleet along,
Whose sons forget the poet and his song:
E'en now, what once-loved minstrels scarce may claim,
The transient mention of a dubious name!
When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
And glory, like the phoenix 'midst her fires,
Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the muse? ah, no! she flies,
Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
Though printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by Hoare,* and epic blank by Hoyle: †
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list, ‡
Ye, who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full grown ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke,§ still striving piteously "to please,"
Forgetting doggerel leads not to degrees,
A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind.

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race! ‖
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's¶ verse
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's worse.
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to lave;
On her green banks a greener wreath she wove,
To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove;
Where Richards†† wakes a genuine poet's fires,
And modern Britons glory in their sires.

* The Rev. Charles James Hoare, author of a Seatonian prize poem, "The Shipwreck of St Paul."

† Rev. Charles Hoyle, author of a Seatonian prize poem, "Exodus."

‡ The "Games of Hoyle" well known to the votaries of whist, chess, &c., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the "plagues of Egypt."—B.

§ This person (Mr Hewson Clarke), who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the "The Art of Pleasing" as "lucus a non lucendo," containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the "Satirist." If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.—B.

‖ "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals."—Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.—B.

¶ This gentleman's name, (Francis Hodgson), requires no praise; the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius may be well expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen.—B.

†† The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem by Richards.—B.

For me, who, thus unask'd, have dared to tell
My country what her sons should know too well,
Zeal for her honour bade me here engage
The host of idiots that infest her age;
No just applause her honour'd name shall lose,
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame,
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy name!
What Athens was in science, Rome in power,
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian hour,
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have been—
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely queen:
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the plain,
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the main;
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin hurl'd,
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate,
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;
To themes less lofty still my lay confine,
And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine.

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest,
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!
Still hear thy motley orators dispense
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense,
While Canning's colleagues hate him for his wit,
And old dame Portland* fills the place of Pitt.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the sail
That wafts me hence is shivering in the gale;
And Afric's coast and Calpe's† adverse height,
And Stamboul's‡ minarets must greet my sight:
Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime,§
Where Kaff|| is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows sublime,
But should I back return, no tempting press
Shall drag my journal from the desk's recess:
Let coxcombs, printing as they come from far,
Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from Carr;¶
Let Aberdeen and Elgin†† still pursue
The shade of fame through regions of vertu;
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks,
Misshapen monuments and maim'd antiques;
And make their grand saloons a general mart
For all the mutilated blocks of art.
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,
I leave topography to rapid Gell;‡‡

* A friend of mine being asked, why his Grace of Portland was likened to an old woman? replied, "he supposed it was because he was past bearing." His Grace is now gathered to his grandmother, where he sleeps as sound as ever; but even his sleep was better than his colleagues' waking. 1811.—B.

† Ancient name for Gibraltar.

‡ Georgia.—B.

§ Constantinople.

|| Mount Caucasus.—B.

¶ Sir John Carr was nicknamed by the Edinburgh Review, from the many tours he made, "The Jaunting Car."

†† Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses in his stonaeop, are the work of Phidias! "Credat Judaeus!"—B.

‡‡ Mr Gell's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail to ensure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr Gell conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.—B.

And, quite content, no more shall interpose
To stun the public ear—at least with prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear:
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to own—
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:
My voice was heard again, though not so loud,
My page, though nameless, never disavow'd;
And now at once I tear the veil away.—
Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay,
Unscared by all the din of Melbourne house,
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's spouse,
By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's rage,
Edina's brawny sons, and brimstone page.
Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,
And feel they too "are penetrable stuff."
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall;
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes:
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the truth;
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,
And break him on the wheel he meant for me;
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:
Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown,
I too can hunt a poetaster down;
And arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared; if my incondite lay
Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let others say:
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND EDITION OF
ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unresisting* Muse, whom they have already so —— with their ungodly ribaldry:—

“Tantene animis celestibus iræ.”

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Andrew Aguecheek saith, “An I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him —— ere I had fought him.” What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by “lying and slandering,” and slake their thirst by “evil speaking?” I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey’s mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there “persons of honour and wit about town;” but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! “the age of chivalry is over,” or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth yeilded Hewson Clarke (subandi *esquire*), a sizer of Emanuel College, and, I believe, a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in the “*Satirist*,” for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with the “*Satirist*.” He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my bear and my book, except the editor of the

“*Satirist*,” who, it seems, is a gentleman! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr Jerningham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him treated me with kindness when a boy; and whatever he may say or do, “pour on, I will endure.” I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publishers; and, in the words of Scott, I wish

“To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light!”—P

THE GIAOUR;
A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE

ADVERTISEMENT
“One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o’er our joys and our woes—
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting.”—MOORE

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS
RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON

London, May 1812

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present, is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time," or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

THE GIAOUR.*

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb† which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain;
When shall such hero live again?

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And lend to loneliness delight,
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak,
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,‡

The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,

* Pronounced *Djour*.
† A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.—*B.*
‡ The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable (if I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations.—*B.*

And many a shade that love might share,
 And many a grotto, meant for rest,
 That holds the pirate for a guest ;
 Whose bark in sheltering cove below
 Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
 Till the gay mariner's guitar*
 Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
 Then stealing with the muffled oar,
 Far shaded by the rocky shore,
 Rush the night prowlers on the prey,
 And turn to groans his roundelay.
 Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
 As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
 And every charm and grace hath mix'd
 Within the paradise she fix'd,
 There man, enamour'd of distress,
 Should mar it into wilderness,
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;
 Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
 Strange—that where all is peace beside.
 There passion riots in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,
 And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell ;
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy†
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart

* The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night: with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.—B.

† "Ay, but to die and go we know not where,

To lie in cold obstruction!"—
Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc.

The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !*
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Her's is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
 Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 Oh servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ;
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They, too, will rather die than shame :
 For Freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
 Though baffled oft is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age !
 While kings in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,

* I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description; but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.—B.

A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,

When man was worthy of thy clime,
The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave,*

And callous, save to crime;
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast,
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renown'd.
In vain might Liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke,
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:
No more her sorrows I bewail,
Yet this will be a mournful tale,
And they who listen may believe,
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
The shadows of the rocks advancing
Start on the fisher's eye, like boat
Of island-pirate or Mainote;
And fearful for his light caique,
He shuts the near but doubtful creek:
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,

* Athens is the property of the Kialar Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now governs the governor of Athens.—B. (This was written before the Greek revolution, when Athens was made the capital of the independent kingdom of Greece).

With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The cavern'd echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
The foam that streaks the courser's side
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast;
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface:
Though young and pale, that fallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
As meteor-like thou glidest by,
Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—he hasten'd, and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew:
Though like a demon of the night
He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,
His aspect and his air impress'd
A troubled memory on my breast,
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;
He winds around; he hurries by;
The rock relieves him from mine eye;
For well I ween unwelcome he
Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee;
And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timeless flight.
He wound along; but ere he pass'd
One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed,
A moment on his stirrup stood—
Why looks he o'er the olive wood?
The crescent glimmers on the hill,
The Mosque's high lamps are quivering still,
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaike,*
The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal,
To-night, sat Rhamazani's sun;
To-night, the Bairam feast's begun; †
To-night—but who and what art thou
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?
And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou should'st either pause or flee?

* "Tophaike," musket.—B.

† The Rhamazar and the Bairam are the two principal Mohammedan festivals.

He stood—some dread was on his face,
 Soon Hatred settled in its place:
 It rose not with the reddening flush
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids it gloom.
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
 And sternly shook his hand on high,
 As doubting to return or fly;
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade;
 That sound had burst his waking dream,
 As Slumber starts at owl's scream.
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
 Away, away, for life he rides:
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed*
 Springs to the touch his startled steed;
 The rock is doubled, and the shore
 Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;
 The crag is won, no more is seen
 His Christian crest and haughty mien.
 'Twas but an instant he restrain'd
 That fiery barb so sternly rein'd;
 'Twas but a moment that he stood,
 Then sped as if by death pursued:
 But in that instant o'er his soul
 Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,
 And gather in that drop of time
 A life of pain, an age of crime.
 O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
 Such moment pours the grief of years:
 What felt he then, at once oppress'd
 By all that most distracts the breast?
 That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
 Oh, who its dreary length shall date!
 Though in Time's record nearly nought,
 It was Eternity to Thought!
 For infinite as boundless space
 The thought that Conscience must embrace,
 Which in itself can comprehend
 Woe without name, or hope, or end.
 The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;
 And did he fly or fall alone?
 Woe to that hour he came or went!
 The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
 To turn a palace to a tomb:
 He came, he went, like the Simoom,†
 That harbinger of fate and gloom,

* Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a manly one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople. I think next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.—B.

† The blast of the desert, fatal to everything living, and often alluded to in Eastern poetry.—B.

Beneath whose widely-wasting breath
 The very cypress droops to death—
 Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
 The only constant mourner o'er the dead.
 The steed is vanish'd from the stall;
 No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;
 The lonely spider's thin gray pall
 Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;
 The Bat builds in his Haram bower,
 And in the fortress of his power
 The Owl usurps the beacon-tower;
 The wild dog howls o'er the fountain's brim,
 With baffled thirst and famine, grim;
 For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed,
 Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread
 'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
 And chase the sultriness of day,
 As springing high the silver dew
 In whirls fantastically flew,
 And flung luxurious coolness round
 The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
 'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
 To view the wave of watery light,
 And hear its melody by night,
 And oft had Hassan's Childhood play'd
 Around the verge of that cascade;
 And oft upon his mother's breast
 That sound had harmonized his rest;
 And oft had Hassan's Youth along
 Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;
 And softer seem'd each melting tone
 Of music mingled with its own.
 But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
 Along the brink at twilight's close:
 The stream that fill'd that font is fled—
 The blood that warm'd this heart is shed!
 And here no more shall human voice
 Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
 The last sad note that swell'd the gale
 Was woman's wildest funeral wail:
 That quench'd in silence, all is still,
 But the lattice that flaps when the wind is shrill
 Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
 No hand shall close its clasp again.
 On desert sands 'twere joy to scud
 The rudest steps of fellow man,
 So here the very voice of Grief
 Might wake an Echo like relief—
 At least 'twould say, "All are not gone;
 There lingers Life, though but in one"—
 For many a gilded chamber's there,
 Which solitude might well forbear;
 Within that dome as yet Decay
 Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—
 But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,

Nor there the Fakir's self will wait ;
 Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
 For bounty cheers not his delay ;
 Nor there will weary stranger halt
 To bliss the sacred " bread and salt."*
 Alike must Wealth and Poverty,
 Pass heedless and unheeded by,
 For Courtesy and Pity died
 With Hassan on the mountain side.
 His roof, that refuge unto men,
 Is Desolation's hungry den,
 The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour,
 Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre †

I hear the sound of coming feet,
 But not a voice mine ear to greet ;
 More near—each turban I can scan,
 And silver-sheathed ataghan ‡
 The foremost of the band is seen
 An Emir by his garb of green §
 " Ho ! who art thou ?"—" This low salam ||
 Replies of Moslem faith I am."—
 " The burden ye so gently bear
 Seems one that claims your utmost care,
 And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
 My humble bark would gladly wait."

" Thou speakest sooth ; thy skiff unmoor,
 And waft us from the silent shore ;
 Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
 The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,
 And midway to those rocks where sleep
 The channel'd waters dark and deep.
 Rest from your task—so—bravely done.
 Our course has been right swiftly run ;
 Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,
 That one of

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
 The calm wave rippled to the bank ;
 I watch'd it as it sank, methought
 Some motion from the current caught
 Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam
 That checker'd o'er the living stream :
 I gazed, till vanishing from view,

* To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, insures the safety of the guest : even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.—E.

† I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet ; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panegyric on his bounty ; the next, on his valour.—B.

‡ The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver ; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.—B.

§ Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants ; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works : they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.—B.

|| Salam alkoum ! alkoum salam ! " peace be with you ; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful—to a Christian, " Uriarula," a good journey ; or " saban hirosem, sabax serula ;" good morn, good even ; and sometimes, " may your end be happy ;" are the usual salutes.—B.

Like lessening pebble it withdrew :
 Still less and less, a speck of white
 That gemm'd the tide, that mock'd the sight ;
 And all its hidden secrets sleep,
 Known but to Genii of the deep,
 Which trembling in their coral caves,
 They dare not whisper to the waves.

As rising on its purple wing
 The insect-queen* of eastern spring,
 O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
 Invites the young pursuer near,
 And leads him on from flower to flower:
 A weary chase, and wasted hour,
 Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
 With panting heart and tearful eye :
 So beauty lures the full-grown child,
 With hue as bright, and wing as wild ;
 A chase of idle hopes and fears,
 Begun in folly, closed in tears.
 If won, to equal ills betray'd,
 Wee waits the insect and the maid ;
 A life of pain, the loss of peace,
 From infant's play, and man's caprice :
 The lovely toy so fiercely sought
 Hath lost its charm by being caught,
 For every touch that woo'd its stay
 Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,
 Till charm and hue and beauty gone,
 'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
 With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
 Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?
 Can this with faded pinion soar
 From rose to tulip as before ?
 Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
 Find joy within her broken bower ?
 No : gayer insects fluttering by
 Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
 And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every falling but their own,
 And every woe a tear can claim
 Except an erring sister's shame.

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
 Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
 In circle narrowing as it glows,
 The flames around their captive close,
 Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
 And maddening in her ire,
 One sad and sole relief she knows,
 The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
 Whose venom never yet was vain,
 Giveth but one pang, and cures all pain,

* The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.—B.

And darts into her desperate brain:
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;*
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

* * * * *
Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;
The unwonted chase each hour employs
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
When Leila dwelt in Seria.
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eve she fled away
When Rhamazan's† last sun was set,
And flashing from each minaret
Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.
'Twas then she went as to the bath,
Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath;
For she was flown her master's rage
In likeness of a Georgian page,
And far beyond the Moslem's power
Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour
Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd;
But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,
Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserved a grave:
And on that eve had gone to mosque,
And thence to feast in his kiosk.
Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
Who did not watch their charge too well;
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's‡ trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet black steed
Was seen, but seen alone to speed
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * *
Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well;
As large, as languishingly dark,
But Soul beam'd forth in every spark

* Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict of "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyrs for the sake of an hypothesis.—H.

† The cannon at set close the Rhamazan.—B.
‡ Phingari, the moon.—B.

That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.*
Yea, Soul, and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's† arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With Paradise within my view,
And all his Houris beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed,
Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?‡
On her might Muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone;
On her fair cheek's unfading hue
The young pomegranate's§ blossoms strew
Their bloom in flushes ever new;
Her hair in hyacinthine|| flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.
The cygnet nobly walks the water;
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
The loveliest bird of Franguestan!¶
As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
And spurns the waves with wings of pride,
When pass the steps of stranger man
Along the banks that bound her tide;
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:—
Thus arm'd with beauty would she check
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise:
Thus high and graceful was her gait;
Her heart as tender to her mate;

* The celebrated fabulous ruby of sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebeorag, "the torch of night"; also "the cup of the sun," &c. In the first edition, "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables; so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a disyllable, and writes "Janshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.—B.

† Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth, narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must skate into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskillful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "facilis descensus Averni" not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.—B.

‡ A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonites, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.—H.

§ An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."—H.

|| Hyacinthine, in Arabic "Sunbul;" as common a thought in the Eastern poets as it is among the Greeks.—B.

¶ "Franguestan," Circassia.—B.

Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
Alas! that name was not for thee!

* * *
Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
With twenty vassals in his train,
Each arm'd as best becomes a man,
With arquebuss and ataghan;
The chief before, as deck'd for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few return'd to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a pasha wore,
Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;
The faithless slave that broke her bower,
And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

* * *
The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer:
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

* * *
The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile:
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures wet their thirsty beak,
And theirs may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there
Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unweild?

They reach the grove of pine at last:
"Bismillah!* now the peril's past;
For yonder view the opening plain,
And there we'll prick our steeds amain:"
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
A bullet whistled o'er his head;
The foremost Tartar bites the ground!
Scarcely had they time to check the rein,
Swift from their steeds the riders bound;
But three shall never mount again:
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
The dying ask revenge in vain.
With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
Half shelter'd by the steed;
Some fly behind the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock,
Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,
Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
Have well-secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey;
Then curl'd his very beard† with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:
"Though far and near the bullets hiss,
I've 'scaped a bloodier hour than this,"
And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit;
But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
Nor of his little band a man
Resign'd carbine or ataghan,
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun ‡
In fuller sight, more near and rear,
The lately ambush'd foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle-charger prance,
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand?
" 'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;
I know him by his pallid brow;
I know him by the evil eye§
That aids his envious treachery;

* Bismillah.—"In the name of God," the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.—B.

† A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Captain Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.—B.

‡ "Amaun," quarter, pardon.—B.

§ The "evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.—B.

I know him by his jet-black barb :
 Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,
 Apostate from his own vile faith,
 It shall not save him from the death :
 'Tis he ! well met in any hour,
 Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour !"

As rolls the river into ocean,
 In sable torrent wildly streaming ;
 As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
 In azure column proudly gleaming,
 Beats back the current many a rood,
 In curling foam and mingling flood,
 While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
 Roused by the blast of winter, rave ;
 Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
 The lightnings of the waters flash
 In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
 That shines and shakes beneath the roar ;
 Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
 With waves that madden as they meet—
 Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,
 And fate, and fury, drive along.
 The hickering sabres' shivering jar ;
 And pealing wide, or ringing near
 Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
 The deathshot hissing from afar ;
 The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
 Reverberate along that vale,
 Mere suited to the shepherd's tale :
 Though few the numbers—theirs the strife
 That neither spares nor speaks for life !
 Ah ! fondly youthful hearts can press,
 To seize and share the dear caress ;
 But Love itself could never pant
 For all that Beauty sighs to grant
 With half the fervour Hate bestows
 Upon the last embrace of foes,
 When grappling in the fight they fold
 Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold :
 Friends meet to part ; Love laughs at faith ;
 True foes, once met, are join'd till death !

* * * * *
 With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
 Yet dripping with the blood he spilt ;
 Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
 Which quivers round that faithless brand ;
 His turban far behind him roll'd,
 And cleft in twain its firmest fold ;
 His flowing robe by falchion torn,
 And crimson as those clouds of morn
 That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
 The day shall have a stormy end ;
 A stain on every bush that bore
 A fragment of his palampore,*

* The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.—8

His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
 His back to earth, his face to heaven,
 Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
 Yet lowering on his enemy,
 As if the hour that seal'd his fate
 Surviving left his quenchless hate ;
 And o'er him bends that foe with brow
 As dark as his that bled below.—

* * * * *
 " Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
 But his shall be a redder grave ;
 Her spirit pointed well the steel
 Which taught that felon heart to feel.
 He call'd the Prophet, but his power
 Was vain against the vengeful Giaour :
 He call'd on Alla—but the word
 Arose unheeded or unheard.
 Thou Paynim fool ! could Leila's prayer
 Be pass'd, and thine accorded there ?
 I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,
 The traitor in his turn to seize ;
 My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,
 And now I go—but go alone."

* * * * *
 The browsing camels' bells are tinkling :
 His Mother look'd from her lattice high—
 She saw the dews of eve besprinkling
 The pasture green beneath her eye.
 She saw the planets faintly twinkling :
 " 'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh."
 She could not rest in the garden-bower,
 But gazed through the grate of his steepest tower :
 " Why comes he not ? his steeds are fleet,
 Nor shrink they from the summer heat ;
 Why sends not the bridegroom his promised gift ?
 Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift ?
 Oh, false reproach ! Yon Tartar now
 Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,
 And warily the steep descends,
 And now within the valley bends ;
 And he bears the gift at his saddle bow—
 How could I deem his courser slow ?
 Right well my largess shall repay
 His welcome speed, and weary way."

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
 But scarce upheld his fainting weight .
 His swarthy visage spake distress,
 But this might be from weariness ;
 His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
 But these might be from his courser's side ;
 He drew the token from his vest—
 Angel of Death ! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest !

His calpac* rent—his caftan red—
 "Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed:
 Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
 But this empurpled pledge to bear.
 Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:
 Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

* * * * *
 A turban† carved in coarsest stone,
 A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown.
 Whereon can now be scarcely read
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell
 A victim in that lonely dell.
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
 As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
 Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
 In orisons resumed anew
 At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"‡
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
 And stranger in his native land;
 Yet died he as in arms he stood,
 And unavenged, at least in blood.
 But him the maids of Paradise
 Impatient to their halls invite,
 And the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes
 On him shall glance for ever bright;
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,§
 And welcome with a kiss the brave!
 Who falls in battle 'gainst the Giaour
 Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *
 But thou, false Infidel! shall writhe
 Beneath avenging Monkir's|| scythe:
 And from its torment 'scape alone
 To wander round lost Eblis'¶ throne;
 And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,
 Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;
 Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
 The tortures of that inward hell!

* The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.—B.

† The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.—B.

‡ "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.—B.

§ The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—"I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee.'" &c.—B.

|| Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full. See Relig. Ceremon. and Sale's Koran.—B.

¶ Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.—B.

But first, on earth as Vampire* sent,
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
 And suck the blood of all thy race:
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
 At midnight drain the stream of life;
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce
 Must feed thy livid living corse:
 Thy victims ere they yet expire
 Shall know the demon for their sire,
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.
 But one that for thy crime must fall,
 The youngest, most beloved of all,
 Shall bless thee with a father's name—
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
 And the last glassy glance must view
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
 Then with unhallow'd hand shalt tear
 The tresses of her yellow hair,
 Of which in life a lock when shorn
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn,
 But now is borne away by thee,
 Memorial of thine agony!
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;
 Till these in horror shrink away
 From spectre more accursed than they!

* * * * *
 "How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
 His features I have scann'd before
 In mine own land: 'tis many a year,
 Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed
 As ever served a horseman's need.
 But once I saw that face, yet then
 It was so mark'd with inward pain,
 I could not pass it by again;
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,
 As death were stamp'd upon his brow.

"'Tis twice three years at summer tide
 Since first among our freres he came;

* The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tourneser tells a long story, which Mr Southey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes, about these "Vroucolochas," as he calls them. The Romic term is "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Broucolochas" is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil.—The moderns, however, use the word I mention.—B.

† The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most incredibly attested.—B.

And here it soothes him to abide
 For some dark deed he will not name.
 But never at our vesper prayer,
 Nor e'er before confession chair
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
 Incense or anthem to the skies,
 But broods within his cell alone,
 His faith and race alike unknown.
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,
 And here ascended from the coast;
 Yet seems he not of Othman race.
 But only Christian in his face:
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,
 Repentant of the change he made,
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
 Great largess to these walls he brought,
 And thus our abbot's favour bought;
 But were I prior, not a day
 Should brook such stranger's further stay
 Or, pent within our penance cell,
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
 Much in his visions mutters he
 Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;
 Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
 Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
 On cliff he hath been known to stand,
 And rave as to some bloody hand
 Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
 Invisible to all but him,
 Which beckons onward to his grave,
 And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl
 That glares beneath his dusky cowl:
 The flash of that dilating eye
 Reveals too much of times gone by;
 Though varying, indistinct its hue,
 Oft will his glance the gazer rue.
 For in it lurks that nameless spell,
 Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
 A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
 That claims and keeps ascendancy;
 And like the bird whose pinions quake,
 But cannot fly the gazing snake,
 Will others quail beneath his look,
 Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can brook.
 From him the half-affrighted friar
 When met alone, would fain retire,
 As if that eye and bitter smile
 Transferr'd to others fear and guile:
 Not oft to smile descendeth he,
 And when he doth 'tis sad to see
 That he but mocks at Misery.

How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
 Then fix once more as if for ever;
 As if his sorrow or disdain
 Forbade him e'er to smile again.
 Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
 From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth;
 But sadder still it were to trace
 What once were feelings in that face:
 Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
 But brighter traits with evil mix'd;
 And there are hues not always faded,
 Which speak a mind not all degraded,
 Even by the crimes through which it waded:
 The common crowd but see the gloom
 Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;
 The close observer can espy
 A noble soul, and lineage high:
 Alas! though both bestow'd in vain,
 Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
 It was no vulgar tenement
 To which such lofty gifts were lent,
 And still with little less than dread
 On such the sight is riveted,
 The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,
 Will scarce delay the passer by;
 The tower by war or tempest bent,
 While yet may frown one battlement,
 Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;
 Each ivied arch and pillar lone,
 Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

"His floating robe around him folding,
 Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle
 With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
 The rites that sanctify the pile.
 But when the Anthem shakes the choir,
 And kneel the monks, his steps retire;
 By yonder lone and wavering torch
 His aspect glares within the porch;
 There will he pause till all is done—
 And hear the prayer, but utter none.
 See—by the half-illumin'd wall
 His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
 That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
 As if the Gorgon there had bound
 The sablest of the serpent-braid
 That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd:
 For he declines the convent oath,
 And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
 But wears our garb in all beside;
 And, not from piety but pride,
 Gives wealth to walls that never heard
 Of his one holy vow nor word.
 Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony
 Peals louder praises to the sky,