

That livid cheek, that stony air
Of mix'd defiance and despair!
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine
Else may we dread the wrath divine
Made manifest by awful sign.
If ever evil angel bore
The form of mortal, such he wore:
By all my hope of sins forgiven,
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"
To love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own;
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
And sterner hearts alone may feel
The wound that time can never heal;
The rugged metal of the mine,
Must burn before its surface shine,
But plunged within the furnace-flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same;
Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
Twill serve thee to defend or kill;
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
But if a dagger's form it bear,
Let those who shape its edge, beware!
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;
From these its form and tone are ta'en,
And what they make it, must remain,
But break—before it bend again.

* * *
If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pang that made it less.
We loathe what none are left to share
Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.
It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal.
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!
It is as if the desert-bird,*

Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
Should rend her rash devoted breast,
And find them flown her empty nest.
The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,

* The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her
young with her blood.—B.

The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
Unseen to droop by dull decay;
Better to sink beneath the shock,
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

* * *
"Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
To bid the sins of others cease,
Thyself without a crime or care,
Save transient ills that all must bear,
Has been thy lot from youth to age;
And thou wilt bless thee from the rage
Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,
Such as thy penitents unfold,
Whose secret sins and sorrows rest
Within thy pure and pitying breast.
My days, though few, have pass'd below
In much of joy, but more of woe;
Yet still in hours of love or strife,
I've escap'd the weariness of life:
Now leagu'd with friends, now girt by foes,
I loathed the languor of repose.
Now nothing left to love or hate,
No more with hope or pride elate,
I'd rather be the thing that crawls
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.
Yet lurks a wish within my breast
For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest.
Soon shall thy fate thy wish fulfil;
And I shall sleep without the dream
Of what I was, and would be still,
Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:
My memory now is but the tomb
Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom.
Though better to have died with those
Than bear a life of lingering woes.
My spirit shrunk not to sustain
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;
Nor sought the self-accorded grave
Of ancient fool and modern knave:
Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;
And in the field it had been sweet,
Had danger woo'd me on to move
The slave of glory, not of love.

I've braved it—not for honour's boast;
 I smile at laurels won or lost;
 To such let others carve their way,
 For high renown, or hireling pay:
 But place again before my eyes
 Aught that I deem a worthy prize;
 The maid I love, the man I hate,
 And will hunt the steps of fate,
 To save or slay, as these require,
 Through rending steel, and rolling fire;
 Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from one
 Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
 Death is but what the haughty brave,
 The weak must bear, the wretch must crave
 Then let Life go to him who gave:
 I have not quail'd to danger's brow
 When high and happy—need I *now*?

* * *
 "I loved her, Friar, nay, adored—
 But these are words that all can use—
 I proved it more in deed than word;
 There's blood upon that dinted sword,
 A stain its steel can never lose;
 'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
 It warm'd the heart of one abhorr'd;
 Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
 For 'midst my sins such act record;
 Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
 For he was hostile to thy creed!
 The very name of Nazarene
 Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
 Ungrateful fool! since but for brands
 Well wielded in some hardy hands,
 And wounds by Galileans given,
 The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
 For him his Houris still might wait
 Impatient at the Prophet's gate.
 I loved her—love will find its way
 Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;
 And if it dares enough, 'twere hard
 If passion met not some reward—
 No matter how, or where, or why,
 I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:
 Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
 I wish she had not loved again.
 She died—I dare not tell thee how;
 But look—'tis written on my brow!
 There read of Cain the curse and crime,
 In characters unworn by time:
 Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;
 Not mine the act, though I the cause.
 Yet did he but what I had done
 Had she been false to more than one,
 Faithless to him, he gave the blow;
 But true to me, I laid him low!

Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
 Her treachery was truth to me;
 To me she gave her heart, that all
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall;
 And I, alas! too late to save!
 Yet all I then could give, I gave,
 'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.
 His death sits lightly; but her fate
 Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.

"His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear*
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near,
 As filed the troop to where they fell!
 He died too in the battle broil,
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,
 One prayer to Alla all he made:
 He knew and cross'd me in the fray—
 I gazed upon him where he lay,
 And watch'd his spirit ebb away:
 Though pierced like pard by hunter's steel,
 He felt not half that now I feel.
 I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
 The workings of a wounded mind;
 Each feature of that sullen corse
 Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.

* This superstition of a second hearing (for I never met with downright second sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the dells that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. "We are in peril," he answered. "What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves."—"True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."—"The shot! not a topshaike has been fired this morning."—"I hear it notwithstanding—*Bom—Bom—*as plainly as I hear your voice."—"Psha!"—"As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be."—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basilii, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romatic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "Palao-castro" man? "No," said he, "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;" and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *fore-sighting*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leone (a prisoner set ashore some days after the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 2d. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his having been in "villanous company," and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for life; and I daresay is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined; "Well, Affendi," quoth he, "may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me."—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, "in the meantime he will join the Klephtes" (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.—E.

Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face!
The late repentance of that hour,
When Penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave,
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

* * * * *

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like a lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of lady-love, and beauty's chain:
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
And daring deed and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.
Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
No—reft of all, yet undismay'd
But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
For him who dies, but her who died:
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,—
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed.
She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!

"Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of him who form'd the whole;
A Glory circling round the soul!
I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall;
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!

She was my life's unerring light:
That quench'd what beam shall break my night?
Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
Although to death or deadliest ill!
Why marvel ye, if they who lose
This present joy, this future hope,
No more with sorrow meekly cope;
In phrensy then their fate accuse:
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem to add but guilt to woe?
Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow;
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.
Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
To thee, old man, my deeds appear:
I read abhorrence on thy brow,
And this too was I born to bear!
'Tis true that like that bird of prey,
With havoc have I mark'd my way:
But this was taught me by the dove,
To die—and know no second love.
This lesson yet hath man to learn,
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
The bird that sings within the brake,
The swan that swims upon the lake,
One mate, and one alone, will take,
And let the fool still prone to range,
And sneer on all who cannot change,
Partake his jest with boasting boys;
I envy not his varied joys,
But deem such feeble, heartless man,
Less than you solitary swan;
Far, far beneath the shallow maid
He left believing and betrayed.
Such shame at least was never mine—
Leila! each thought was only thine!
My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,
My hope on high—my all below.
Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me:
For worlds I dare not view the dame
Resembling thee, yet not the same.
The very crimes that mar my youth,
This bed of death—attest my truth!
'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art
The cherish'd madness of my heart!

"And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life:
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.
Alike all time, abhorred all place,
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
Where every hue that charm'd before

The blackness of my bosom wore.
The rest thou dost already know,
And all my sins, and half my woe.
But talk no more of penitence ;
Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence
And if thy holy tale were true,
The deed that's done, canst *thou* undo ?
Think me not thankless—but this grief
Looks not to priesthood for relief.*
My soul's estate in secret guess :
But wouldst thou pity more, say less.
When thou canst bid my Leila live,
Then will I sue thee to forgive ;
Then plead my cause in that high place
Where purchased masses proffer grace.
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
From forest-cave her shrieking young,
And calm the lonely lioness :
But soothe not—mock not *my* distress !

" In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend,
Where bloom my native valley's bowers
I had—Ah ! have I now ?—a friend !
To him this pledge I charge thee send,
Memorial of a youthful vow ;
I would remind him of my end :
Though souls absorb'd like mine allow
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
Yet dear to him my blighted name.
'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
And I have smiled—I then could smile—
When Prudence would his voice assume,
And warn—I reck'd not what—the while :
But now remembrance whispers o'er
Those accents scarcely mark'd before.
Say—that his bodings came to pass,
And he will start to hear their truth,
And wish his words had not been sooth :
Tell him, unheeding as I was,
Through many a busy bitter scene
Of all our golden youth had been,
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
To bless his memory ere I died ;
But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
I do not ask him not to blame,
Too gentle he to wound my name ;
And what have I to do with fame ?
I do not ask him not to mourn,
Such cold request might sound like scorn ;
And what than friendship's manly tear

* The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.—B

May better grace a brother's bier ?
But bear this ring, his own of old,
And tell him—what thou dost behold !
The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wreck by passion left behind,
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief !

" Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream ;
Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep ;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throb'd to the very brain as now :
I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear ;
I wish'd it then, I wish it still,
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison, despair
Is mightier than thy pious prayer :
I would not, if I might, be blest ;
I want no paradise, but rest.
'Twas then, I tell thee, father ! then
I saw her ; yes, she lived again ;
And shining in her white symar,*
As through yon pale gray cloud the star
Which now I gaze on, as on her,
Who look'd and looks far lovelier ;
Dimly I view its trembling spark ;
To-morrow's night shall be more dark ;
And I, before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.
I wander, father ! for my soul
Is fleeing towards the final goal.
I saw her, friar ! and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes ;
And rushing from my couch, I dart
And clasp her to my desperate heart ;
I clasp—what is it that I clasp ?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila ! yet the form is thine !
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch ?
Ah ! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not ; so my arms enfold
The all they ever wish'd to hold.
Alas ! around a shadow prest,
They shrink upon my lonely breast ;
Yet still 'tis there ! In silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands !
With braided hair and bright-black eye—
I knew 'twas false—she could not die !

* " Symar," a shroud.—B.

But he is dead! within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not, for he cannot break
From earth; why then art thou awake?
They told me wild waves roll'd above
The face I view, the form I love;
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:
If true, and from thine ocean-cave
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave;
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart:
But, shape or shade, whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart!
Or farther with thee bear my soul
Than winds can waft or waters roll!

"Such is my name, and such my tale.
Confessor! to thy secret ear
I breath the sorrows I bewail,
And thank thee for the generous tear
This glazing eye could never shed.
Then lay me with the humblest dead,
And, save the cross above my head,
Be neither name nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread."*

He pass'd—nor of his name and race
Hath left a token or a trace,
Save what the father must not say
Who shrived him on his dying day:
This broken tale was all we knew
Of her he lov'd, or him he slew.

* The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yandina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden "a wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romanc and Arnaut ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers, who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr Weber justly entitles it, "sublime tale," the "Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the "Bibliothèque Orientale"; but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."—B.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS;
A TURKISH TALE.

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."—BURNS

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT

BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine:
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gül* in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sat in his Divan:
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow
Did more than he was wont avow.

III.

"Let the chamber be clear'd."—The train disappear'd—
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."

* "Gül," the rose.—B.

† "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."—Yousuf's *Revenge*.—B.

With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.
"Haroun—when all the crowd that wait
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower:
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:
Yet not to her repeat my thought;
By me alone be duty taught!

"Pacha! to hear is to obey."
No more must slave to despot say—
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
But here young Selim silence brake,
First lowly rendering reverence meet;
And downcast look'd, and gently spake,
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:
For son of Moslem must expire,
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father, for fear that thou shouldst chide
My sister, or her sable guide,
Know—for the fault, if fault there be,
Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me—
So lovely the morning shone,
That—let the old and weary sleep—
I could not; and to view alone
The fairest scenes of land and deep,
With none to listen and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high
Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
In sooth I love not solitude;
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
And, as thou knowest that for me
Soon turns the Haram's grating key,
Before the guardian slaves awoke
We to the cypress groves had flown,
And made earth, main, and heaven our own!
There linger'd we, beguiled too long
With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;*
Till I, who heard the deep tambour†
Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,
To thee, and to my duty true,
Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew:
But there Zuleika wanders yet—
Nay, Father, rage not—nor forget
That none can pierce that secret bower
But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

"Son of a slave"—the Pacha said—
"From unbelieving mother bred,

* Mejnoun and Lella, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.—B.

† Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.—B.

Vain were a father's hope to see
 Aught that befits a man in thee.
 Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
 And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
 Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,
 Must pore where babbling waters flow,
 And watch unfolding roses blow.
 Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
 Thy listless eyes so much admire,
 Would lend thee something of his fire!
 Thou, who would'st see this battlement
 By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
 Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
 Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
 Nor strike one stroke for life and death
 Against the curs of Nazareth!
 Go—let thy less than woman's hand
 Assume the distaff—not the brand.
 But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
 And hark—of thine own head take heed—
 If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
 Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
 At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
 But every frown and every word
 Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
 "Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear!
 Those gibes had cost another dear.
 Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"
 Thus held his thoughts their dark career;
 And glances ev'n of more than ire
 Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
 Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
 And started; for within his eye
 He read how much his wrath had done;
 He saw rebellion there begun:
 "Come hither, boy—what, no reply?
 I mark thee—and I know thee too;
 But there be deeds thou dar'st not do;
 But if thy beard had manlier length,
 And if thy hand had skill and strength,
 I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
 Albeit against my own perchance."
 As sneeringly these accents fell,
 On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:
 That eye returned him glance for glance,
 And proudly to his sire's was raised,
 Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk askance—
 And why—he felt, but durst not tell.
 "Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
 Will one day work me more annoy:
 I never loved him from his birth,
 And—but his arm is little worth.

And scarcely in the chase could cope
 With timid fawn or antelope,
 Far less would venture into strife
 Where man contends for fame and life—
 I would not trust that look or tone:
 No—nor the blood so near my own.
 That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
 I'll watch him closer than before.
 He is an Arab* to my sight,
 Or Christian crouching in the fight—
 But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice;
 Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear:
 She is the offspring of my choice;
 Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,
 With all to hope, and nought to fear—
 My Peri! ever welcome here!
 Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave,
 To lips just cool'd in time to save—
 Such to my longing sight art thou:
 Nor can they wait to Mecca's shrine
 More thanks for life, than I for thine,
 Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,
 When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
 Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind—
 But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;
 Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision
 To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
 When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
 And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;
 Soft, as the memory of buried love;
 Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above;
 Was she—the daughter of that rude old Chief,
 Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.
 Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,
 His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
 The might—the majesty of Loveliness?
 Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
 The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone;
 The light of love, the purity of grace,
 The mind, the Music breathing from her face,

* The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred-fold) even more than they hate the Christians.—B.

† This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii. cap. 10. DE L'ALLEGORIE. And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy? With the colouring of Nature than of Art! After all, this is rather to

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast;
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest,
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt:
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel;
Affection chain'd her to that heart;
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

"Zuleika! child of gentleness.
How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
In losing what I love so well,
To bid thee with another dwell:
Another! and a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van.
We Meslem reck not much of blood;
But yet the line of Carasman*
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
First of the bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands.
Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:
His years need scarce a thought employ
I would not have thee wed a boy.
And thou shalt have a noble dower:
And his and my united power
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
Which others tremble but to scan,
And teach the messenger† what fate
The bearer of such boon may wait.
And now thou know'st thy father's will;
All that thy sex hath need to know:
'Twas mine to teach obedience still—
The way to love thy lord may show."

be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied.—B.

* Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey he governs Magnesia: those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots; they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.—B.

† When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient: If, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan's respectable signature, and is bow-strung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of Baginat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery after a desperate resistance.—B.

VIII.

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;
And if her eye was fill'd with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped,
What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!
Whate'er it was the sire forgot;
Or if remember'd, mark'd it not;
Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed,*
Resigned his gem-adorn'd chibouque,†
And mounting featly for the mead,
With Maugrabee‡ and Mamaluke,
His way amid his Delis took,§
To witness many an active deed
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.
The Kislar only and his Moors
Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

IX.

His head was leant upon his hand,
His eye look'd o'er the dark blue water
That swiftly glides and gently swells
Between the winding Dardanelles;
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand,
Nor ev'n his Pacha's turban'd band
Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,
Careering cleave the folded felt||
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,
Nor heard their Ollahs¶ wild and loud—
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter.

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.

* Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expense of voice, and they have no bells.—B.

† "Chibouque," the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.—B.

‡ "Maugrabee," Moorish mercenaries.—B.

§ "Delis," bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.—B.

|| A twisted fold of felt is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.—B.

¶ "Ollahs," Alla il Allah, the "Lellies," as the Spanish poets call them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and comboloias, form an amusing contrast.—B.

To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
 But little from his aspect learn'd;
 Equal her grief, yet not the same;
 Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:
 But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,
 She knew not why, forbade to speak.
 Yet speak she must—but when essay?
 "How strange he thus should turn away!
 Not thus we e'er before have met;
 Not thus shall be our parting yet."
 Thrice paced she slowly through the room,
 And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd:
 She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd
 The Persian Atar-gul's* perfume,
 And sprinkled all its odours o'er
 The pictur'd roof† and marble floor:
 The drops, that through his glittering vest
 The playful girl's appeal address'd,
 Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
 As if that breast were marble too.
 "What, sullen yet? it must not be—
 Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
 She saw in curious order set
 The fairest flowers of Eastern land—
 "He lov'd them once; may touch them yet,
 If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."
 The childish thought was hardly breathed
 Before the rose was pluck'd and wreathed;
 The next fond moment saw her seat
 Her fairy form at Selim's feet:
 "This rose to calm my brother's cares
 A message from the Bulbul‡ bears;
 It says to-night he will prolong
 For Selim's ear his sweetest song;
 And though his note is somewhat sad,
 He'll try for once a strain more glad,
 With some faint hope his alter'd lay
 May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

"What! not receive my foolish flower?
 Nay then I am indeed unblest:
 On me can thus thy forehead lower?
 And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
 Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
 Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
 And I will kiss thee into rest,

* "Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.—B.
 † The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective below, arms, scimitars, &c., are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.—B.
 ‡ It has been much doubted whether the notes of this "Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the "errare mallet," &c., if Mr Fox was mistaken.—B.

Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
 Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.
 I knew our sire at times was stern,
 But this from thee had yet to learn:
 Too well I know he loves thee not;
 But is Zuleika's love forgot?
 Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—
 This kinsman Bey of Carasman
 Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.
 If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
 If shrines that ne'er approach allow
 To woman's step admit her vow,
 Without thy free consent, command,
 The Sultan should not have my hand!
 Think'st thou that I could bear to part
 With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
 Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
 Where were thy friend—and who my guide
 Years have not seen, time shall not see
 The hour that tears my soul from thee:
 Even Azrael,* from his deadly quiver
 When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
 That parts all else, shall doom for ever
 Our hearts to undivided dust!"

XII.

He lived—he breathed—he moved—he felt
 He raised the maid from where she knelt;
 His trance was gone—his keen eye shone
 With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
 With thoughts that burn—in rays that melt
 As the stream late conceal'd
 By the fringe of its willows,
 When it rushes reveal'd
 In the light of its billows;
 As the bolt bursts on high
 From the black cloud that bound it,
 Flash'd the soul of that eye
 Through the long lashes round it.
 A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,
 A lion roused by heedless hound,
 A tyrant waked to sudden strife
 By graze of ill-directed knife,
 Starts not to more convulsive life
 Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,
 And all, before repress'd, betray'd:
 "Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
 With life to keep, and scarce with life resign:
 Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
 Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
 Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;
 That vow hath saved more heads than one
 But blench not thou—thy simplest tress
 Claims more from me than tenderness;

* "Azrael," the angel of death.—B.

I would not wrong the slenderest hair
That clusters round thy forehead fair,
For all the treasures buried far
Within the caves of Istakar.*
This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!
Now I have motive to be brave;
The son of his neglected slave,—
Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,—
May show, though little apt to vaunt,
A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
His son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,
Perchance I am, at least shall be;
But let our plighted secret vow
Be only known to us as now.
I know the wretch who dares demand
From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
Holds not a Musselim† control:
Was he not bred in Egripo‡
A viler race let Israel show;
But let that pass—to none be told
Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
To me and mine leave Osman Bey;
I've partisans for peril's day:
Think not I am what I appear;
I've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

XIII.

"Think not thou art what thou appearest!
My Selim, thou art sadly changed;
This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;
But now thou'rt from thyself estranged.
My love thou surely knew'st before,
It ne'er was less, nor can be more.
To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,
And hate the night I know not why,
Save that we meet not but by day;
With thee to live with thee to die,
I dare nor to my hope deny:
Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,
Like this—and this—no more than this;
For, Alla! sure thy lips are flame:
What fever in thy veins is flushing?
My own have nearly caught the same,
At least I feel my cheek too blushing.
To soothe thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smiles un murmuring by,

* The treasures of the Pre-adamite Sultana. See D'Herbelot, article *Istakar*.

(Persepolis)—B.

† "Musselim," a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the *Agas*.—B.

‡ "Egripo," the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

—B.

And lighten half thy poverty;
Do all but close thy dying eye,
For that I could not live to try;
To these alone my thoughts aspire:
More can I do? or thou require?
But, Selim, thou must answer why
We need so much of mystery?
The cause I cannot dream nor tell,
But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;
Yet what thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'
Beyond my weaker sense extends.
I meant that Giaffir should have heard
The very vow I plighted thee;
His wrath would not revoke my word:
But surely he would leave me free.
Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
To be what I have ever been?
What other hath Zuleika seen
From simple childhood's earliest hour?
What other can she seek to see
Than thee companion of her bower,
The partner of her infancy?
These cherish'd thoughts, with life begun,
Say, why must I no more avow?
What change is wrought to make me shun
The truth; my pride, and thine till now?
To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
Our law, our creed, our God denies;
Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
At such, our Prophet's will, repine;
No! happier made by that decree!
He left me all in leaving thee.
Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd
To wed with one I ne'er beheld:
This wherefore should I not reveal?
Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
I know the Pacha's haughty mood
To thee hath never boded good;
And he so often storms at nought,
Allah! forbid that e're he ought!
And why I know not, but within
My heart concealment weighs like sin.
If then such secrecy be crime,
And such it feels while lurking here;
Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,
Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,*
My father leaves the mimic war;
I tremble now to meet his eye—
Say, Selim, can'st thou tell me why?"

XIV.

"Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet:

* "Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.—B.

And now with him I fain must prate
Of firmans, impost, levies, state.
There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
For which the Giaour may give him thanks !
Our Sultan hath a shorter way
Such costly triumph to repay.
But, mark me, when the twilight drum
Hath warn'd the troops to food and sleep.
Unto thy cell will Selim come :
Then softly from the Haram creep
Where we may wander by the deep :
Our garden-battlements are steep ;
Nor these will rash intruder climb
To list our words, or stint our time ;
And if he doth, I want not steel
Which some have felt, and more may feel
Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
Than thou hast heard or thought before :
Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me !
Thou know'st I hold a Haram key.”
“ Fear thee, my Selim ! ne'er till now
Did word like this——”

“ Delay not thou ;
I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.
To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
My tale, my purpose, and my fear :
I am not, love ! what I appear.”

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When LOVE, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sesto's daughter.
Oh ! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear ;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above ;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
“ Ye waves divide not lovers long !”
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main ;
And Night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedew'd in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride ;
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle !

III.

Oh ! yet—for there my steps have been ;
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel ! with thee to muse, to mourn,
To trace again those fields of yore,
Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own “ broad Hellespont”^{*} still dashes,
Be long my lot ! and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee !

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That moon, which shone on his high theme :
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
But conscious shepherds bless it still.
Their flocks are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow :
That mighty heap of gather'd ground,
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,†
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow !
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow !
Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath :
Dust long outlasts the storied stone ;
But thou—thy very dust is gone !

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear :

^{*} The wrangling about this epithet, “ the broad Hellespont” or the “ boundless Hellespont,” whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot ; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the meantime ; and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of “ the tale of Troy divine” still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word “ *ἀστερος* :” probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time ; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile ; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks.—B.

† Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, &c. He was afterward imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of *Æsletes* and *Antilochus* the first is in the centre of the plain.—B.

Till then no beacon on the cliff
 May shape the course of struggling skiff;
 The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
 All, one by one, have died away:
 The only lamp of this lone hour
 Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,
 And o'er her silken Ottoman
 Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
 O'er which her fairy fingers ran;*
 Near these with emerald rays beset,
 (How could she thus that gem forget?
 Her mother's sainted amulet,†
 Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
 Could smooth this life, and win the next;
 And by her comboloio‡ lies
 A Koran of illumined dyes;
 And many a bright emblazoned rhyme
 By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
 And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
 Reclines her now neglected lute;
 And round her lamp of fretted gold
 Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
 The richest work of Iram's§ loom,
 And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;
 All that can eye or sense delight
 Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:
 But yet it hath an air of gloom.
 She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
 What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
 Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
 To guard from winds of heaven the breast
 As heaven itself to Selim dear,
 With cautious steps the thicket threading,
 And starting off as through the glade
 The gust its hollow moanings made,
 Till on the smoother pathway treading,
 More free her timid bosom beat,
 The maid pursued her silent guide:
 And though her terror urged retreat,
 How could she quit her Selim's side
 How teach her tender lips to chide?

* When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but not disagreeable.—B.

† The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.—B.

‡ "Comboloio"—a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "blues" might not be the worse for bleaching.—B.

Persia.

VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn
 By nature, but enlarged by art,
 Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
 And oft her Koran conn'd apart;
 And oft in youthful reverie
 She dream'd what Paradise might be:
 Where woman's parted soul shall go
 Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;
 But Selim's mansion was secure,
 Nor deem'd she, could he long endure
 His bower in other worlds of bliss,
 Without *her*, most beloved in this!
 Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
 What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
 Some change seem'd wrought within the grot;
 It might be only that the night
 Disguised things seen by better light:
 That brazen lamp but dimly threw
 A ray of no celestial hue;
 But in a nook within the cell
 Her eye on stranger objects fell.
 There arms were piled, not such as wield
 The turban'd Delis in the field;
 But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
 And one was red—perchance with guilt!
 Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
 A cup too on the board was set
 That did not seem to hold sherbet.
 What may this mean? she turn'd to see
 Her Selim—"Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
 His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
 But in its stead a shawl of red,
 Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore.
 That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
 Were worthy of a diadem,
 No longer glitter'd at his waist,
 Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;
 And from his belt a sabre swung,
 And from his shoulder loosely hung
 The cloak of white, the thin capote
 That decks the wandering Candiote:
 Beneath—his golden plated vest
 Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
 The greaves below his knee that wound
 With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
 But were it not that high command
 Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,

All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée.*

X.

"I said I was not what I seem'd;
And now thou see'st my words were true:
I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,
If sooth—its truth must others rue.
My story now 'twere vain to hide,
I must not see the Osman's bride:
But had not thine own lips declared
How much of that young heart I shared,
I could not, must not, yet have shown
The darker secret of my own.
In this I speak not now of love;
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:
But first—Oh! never wed another—
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

"Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—
God! am I left alone on earth
To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
That saw my solitary birth?
Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
My sinking heart foreboded ill;
But know me all I was before,
Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;
If thou hast cause for vengeance, see!
My breast is offer'd—take thy fill!
Far better with the dead to be
Than live thus nothing now to thee:
Perhaps far worse, for now I know
Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe;
And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
For whom thou wert condemn'd, reviled.
If not thy sister—would'st thou save
My life, oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine;
But, gentle love, this transport calm,
Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;
I swear it by our Prophet's shrine.
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.
So may the Koran† verse display'd

* "Galiongée," a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Captain Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of *jacog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnavut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni, in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.—B.

† The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction; it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add; he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was "più ferace." I do not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.—B.

Upon its steel direct my blade,
In danger's hour to guard us both,
As I preserve that awful oath!
The name in which thy heart hath prided
Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,
That tie is widen'd, not divided,
Although thy sire's my deadliest foe.
My father was to Giaffir all
That Selim late was deem'd to thee;
That brother wrought a brother's fall,
But spared, at least, my infancy;
And lull'd me with a vain deceit
That yet a like return may meet.
He rear'd me, not with tender help,
But like the nephew of a Cain;†
He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,
That gnaws and yet may break his chain.
My father's blood in every vein
Is boiling; but for thy dear sake
No present vengeance will I take;
Though here I must no more remain.
But first, belov'd Zuleika! hear
How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

"How first their strife to rancour grow,
If love or envy made them foes,
It matters little if I knew;
In fiery spirits, slights, though few
And thoughtless, will disturb repose.
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
Remember'd yet in Bosniac song.
And Paswan's‡ rebel hordes attest
How little love they bore such guest.
His death is all I need relate,
The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
And how my birth disclosed to me,
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,
At last for power, but first for life,
In Widin's walls too proudly sate,
Our Pachas rallied round the state;
Nor last nor least in high command,
Each brother led a separate band;
They gave their horse-tails§ to the wind,

* It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew; indeed, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred writ; and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife; and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.—B.

† Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widin; who for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.—B.

‡ "Horse-tail," the standard of a Pacha.—B.

And mustering in Sophia's plain
 Their tents were pitch'd, their post assigned ;
 To one, alas ! assign'd in vain !
 What need of words ? the deadly bowl,
 By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,
 With venom subtle as his soul,
 Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.
 Reclined and feverish in the bath,
 He, when the hunter's sport was up,
 But little deem'd a brother's wrath
 To quench his thirst had such a cup :
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore ;
 He drank one draught* nor needed more
 If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
 Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

XV.

“ The deed once done, and Paswan's feud
 In part suppress'd though ne'er subdued,
 Abdallah's Pachaick was gain'd :—
 Thou know'st not what in our Divan
 Can wealth procure for worse than man—
 Abdallah's honours were obtain'd
 By him a brother's murder stain'd ;
 'Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd
 His ill-got treasure, soon replaced.
 Would'st question whence ? Survey the waste,
 And ask the squalid peasant how
 His gains repay his broiling brow !—
 Why me the stern usurper spared,
 Why thus with me his palace shared,
 I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,
 And little fear from infant's force ;
 Besides, adoption as a son
 By him whom Heaven accorded none,
 Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
 Preserved me thus ;—but not in peace :
 He cannot curb his haughty mood,
 Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

“ Within thy father's house are foes ;
 Not all who break his bread are true
 To these should I my birth disclose,
 His days, his very hours were few :
 They only want a heart to lead,
 A hand to point them to the deed.
 But Haroun only knows, or knew
 This tale, whose close is almost nigh ;
 He in Abdallah's palace grew,
 And held that post in his Serai

* Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper after dressing.—B.

Which holds he here—he saw him die :
 But what could single slavery do ?
 Avenge his lord ? alas ! too late ;
 Or save his son from such a fate ?
 He chose the last, and when elate
 With foes subdued, or friends betrayed,
 Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
 He led me helpless to his gate,
 And not in vain it seems essay'd
 To save the life for which he pray'd.
 The knowledge of my birth secured
 From all and each, but most from me ;
 Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.
 Removed he too from Roumelie
 To this our Asiatic side,
 Far from our seats by Darube's tide,
 With none but Haroun, who retains
 Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels
 A tyrant's secrets are but chains,
 From which the captive gladly steals,
 And this and more to me reveals :
 Such still to guilt just Alla sends—
 Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends !

XVII.

“ All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds ;
 But harsher still my tale must be :
 Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
 Yet I must prove all truth to thee.
 I saw thee start this garb to see,
 Yet is it one I oft have worn,
 And long must wear : this Galiengée,
 To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
 Is leader of those pirate hordes,
 Whose laws and lives are on their swords ;
 To hear whose desolating tale
 Would make thy waning cheek more pale :
 Those arms thou see'st my band have brought ;
 The hands that wield are not remote ;
 This cup too for the rugged knaves
 Is fill'd—once quaff'd, they ne'er repine :
 Our prophet might forgive the slaves ;
 They're only infidels in wine.

“ What could I be ? Proscribed at home,
 And taunted to a wish to roam ;
 And listless left—for Giaffir's fear
 Denied the courser and the spear—
 Though oft—Oh, Mahomet ! how oft !—
 In full Divan the despot scoff'd,
 As if my weak unwilling hand
 Refused the bridle or the brand :
 He ever went to war alone,
 And pent me here untried—unknown ;

To Haroun's care with women left,
 By hope unblest, of fame bereft.
 While thou—whose softness long endear'd,
 Though it unmann'd me, still had cheer'd—
 To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
 Awaitedst there the field's event.
 Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
 Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
 His captive, though with dread resigning,
 My thralldom for a season broke,
 On promise to return before
 The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
 'Tis vain—my tongue can not impart
 My almost drunkenness of heart,
 When first this liberated eye
 Survey'd Earth, Ocean, Sun, and Sky,
 As if my spirit pierced them through,
 And all their inmost wonders knew!
 One word alone can paint to thee
 That more than feeling—I was free:
 E'en for thy presence ceased to pine;
 The World—nay, Heaven itself was mine!

XIX.

"The shallop of a trusty Moor
 Convey'd me from this idle shore;
 I long'd to see the isles that gem
 Old Ocean's purple diadem:
 I sought by turns, and saw them all,*
 But when and where I join'd the crew,
 With whom I'm pledg'd to rise or fall,
 When all that we design to do
 Is done, 'twill then be time more meet
 To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

XX.

"'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
 But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
 And every creed, and every race,
 With them have found—may find a place:
 But open speech, and ready hand,
 Obedience to their chief's command;
 A soul for every enterprise,
 That never sees with terror's eyes;
 Friendship for each, and faith to all,
 And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
 Have made them fitting instruments
 For more than ev'n my own intents.
 And some—and I have studied all
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
 But chiefly to my council call
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank—
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,

* The Turkish notions of almost all Islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.—B.

The last of Lambro's* patriots there
 Anticipated freedom share;
 And oft around the cavern fire
 On visionary schemes debate,
 To snatch the Rayahs† from their fate.
 So let them ease their hearts with prate
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
 I have a love for freedom too.
 Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch‡ roam,
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home!§
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
 Across the desert, or before the gale,
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide, my prow
 But be the star that guides the wanderer, Thou!
 Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark;
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of strife,
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
 Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;
 Soft—as the melody of youthful days,
 That steals the trembling tear of speechless praise;
 Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.
 For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
 Blooming as Aden‡ in its earliest hour.
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
 Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
 The Haram's languid ears of listless ease
 Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like these:
 Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
 Unnumber'd perils,—but one only love!
 Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
 Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
 How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
 Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
 Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
 To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,

* Lambro Canzama, Greek, famous for his efforts in 1789-90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.—B.

† "Rayahs,"—all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Haratch."—B.

‡ The first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.—B.

§ The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegade confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture, which was indescribable.—B.

¶ "Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman's paradise.—B.

Blend every thought, do all—but disunite !
 Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide :
 Friends to each other, foes to aught beside :
 Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind :
 Mark ! where his carnage and his conquests cease
 He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace !
 I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's length :
 Power sways but by division—her resource
 The best alternative of fraud or force !
 Ours be the last ; in time deceit may come
 When cities cage us in a social home :
 There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft the heart
 Corruption shakes which peril could not part !
 And woman, more than man, when death or woe,
 Or even disgrace, would lay her lover low,
 Sunk in the lap of luxury will shame—
 Away suspicion !—*not* Zuleika's name !
 But life is hazard at the best ; and here
 No more remains to win, and much to fear :
 Yes, fear !—the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my sail :
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest,
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms ;
 Earth—sea alike—our world within our arms !
 Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
 So that those arms cling closer round my neck :
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee !
 The war of elements no fears impart
 To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art.
 There lie the only rocks our course can check :
 Here moments menace—*there* are years of wreck !
 But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape !
 This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.
 Few words remain of mine my tale to close :
 Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes ;
 Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate decline ?
 And is not Osman, who would part us, thine ?

XXI.

“ His head and faith from doubt and death
 Return'd in time my guard to save ;
 Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
 From isle to isle I roved the while :
 And since, though parted from my band,
 Too seldom now I leave the land,
 No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
 Ere I have heard and doom'd it too :
 I form the plan, decree the spoil,
 'Tis fit I oft'ner share the toil.

But now too long I've held thine ear ;
 Time presses, floats my bark, and here
 We leave behind but hate and fear.
 To-morrow Osman with his train
 Arrives—to-night must break thy chain :
 And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,
 Perchance, *his* life who gave thee thine,
 With me, this hour away—away !
 But yet, though thou are plighted mine,
 Would'st thou recall thy willing vow,
 Appall'd by truths imparted now,
 Here rest I—not to see thee wed :
 But be that peril on *my* head !”

XXII.

Zuleika, mute and motionless,
 Stood like that statue of distress,
 When, her last hope for ever gone,
 The mother harden'd into stone ;
 All in the maid that eye could see
 Was but a younger Niobé.
 But ere her lip, or even her eye,
 Essay'd to speak, or look reply,
 Beneath the garden's wicket porch
 Far flash'd on high a blazing torch !
 Another—and another—and another—
 “ Oh ! fly—no more—yet now my more than brother
 Far, wide, through every thicket spread,
 The fearful lights are gleaming red ;
 Nor these alone—for each right hand
 Is ready with a sheathless brand.
 They part, pursue, return, and wheel
 With searching flambeau, shining steel ;
 And last of all, his sabre waving,
 Stern Giaffir in his fury raving :
 And now almost they touch the cave—
 Oh ! must that grof be Selim's grave ?

XXIII.

Dauntless he stood—“ 'Tis come—soon past—
 One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last ;
 But yet my band not far from shore
 May hear this signal, see the flash ;
 Yet now too few—the attempt were rash :
 No matter—yet one effort more.”
 Forth to the cavern mouth he stept ;
 His pistol's echo rang on high,
 Zuleika started not, nor wept,
 Despair benumb'd her breast and eye !
 “ They hear me not, or if they ply
 Their oars, 'tis but to see me die ;
 That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh
 Than forth my father's scimitar,
 Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war !
 Farewell, Zuleika !—Sweet ! retire :

Yet stay within—here linger safe,
At thee his rage will only chafe.
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance.
Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!
No—though by him that poison pour'd:
No—though again he call me coward!
But tamely shall I meet their steel?
No—as each crest save *his* may feel!"

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand;
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band,
A gasping head, a quivering trunk:
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes;
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave:
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength—
Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray;
Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
They struggle—now they touch the land!
They come—'tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water.

XXV.

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel.
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset,
To where the strand and billows met:
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—
Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eyes but sought in vain?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain
Sad proof, in peril and in pain,
How late will Lover's hope remain!
His back was to the dashing spray;
Behind, but close, his comrades lay.
When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball—
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang,
Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err?
'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer!
The father slowly rued the hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate:
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—

If aught his lips essay'd to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away
Few trophies of the fight are there:
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shiver'd brand;
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be mark'd; nor far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat;
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white capote!
'Tis rent in twain—one dark red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:
But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go, seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow;
That hand whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levell'd with the wave*—
What recks it, though that corse shall lie
Within a living grave?
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robb'd the meaner worm!
The only heart, the only eye
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
And mourn'd above his turban-stone,†
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed—
Yea—closed before his own!

XXVII.

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale;
Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,
Thy destined lord is come too late:
He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!
Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh‡ warn his distant ear?

* Galt mentions, "While the Salsette lay off the Dardanelles, Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea, floating on the stream to and fro with the trembling of the water, which gave to its arms the effect of scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour."

† A turban is carved in stone above the graves of men only.—E.

‡ The death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the men whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in public.—B.

Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
 The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
 The silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
 Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
 Tell him thy tale!
 Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
 That fearful moment when he left the cave
 Thy heart grew chill:
 He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
 And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
 Sufficed to kill;
 Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
 Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave
 Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
 That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy first.
 Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
 Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!
 And, oh! that pang where more than madness lies!
 The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
 Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
 That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light,
 That winds around, and tears the quivering heart!
 Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!
 Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
 Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
 Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread;
 By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.
 Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
 Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
 She, whom thy Sultan had but seen to wed,
 Thy daughter's dead!
 Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
 The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
 What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou hast shed!
 Hark to the hurried question of Despair:
 "Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?"*

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs
 That shine beneath, while dark above
 The sad but living cypress glooms,
 And withers not, though branch and leaf
 Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,
 Like early unrequited Love,
 One spot exists, which ever blooms,
 Ev'n in that deadly grove—
 A single rose is shedding there
 Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
 It looks as planted by Despair—
 So white—so faint—the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high;

* "I came to the place of my birth, and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, 'Where are they?'"—From an Arabic MS. The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader; it is given in the first annotation, p. 67, of "The Pleasures of Memory;" a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.—B.

And yet, though storms and blight assail,
 And hands more rude than wintry sky
 May wring it from the stem—in vain—
 To-morrow sees it bloom again!
 The stalk some spirit gently rears,
 And waters with celestial tears;
 For well may maids of Helle deem
 That this can be no earthly flower,
 Which mocks the tempest's withering hour
 And buds unshelter'd by a bower;
 Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,
 Nor woos the summer beam:
 To it the livelong night there sings
 A bird unseen—but not remote:
 Invisible his airy wings,
 But soft as harp that Houri strings,
 His long entrancing note!
 It were the Bulbul; but his throat,
 Though mournful, pours not such a strain
 For they who listen cannot leave
 The spot, but linger there and grieve,
 As if they loved in vain!
 And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
 'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,
 They scarce can bear the morn to break
 That melancholy spell,
 And longer yet would weep and wake,
 He sings so wild and well!
 But when the day-blush bursts from high
 Expires that magic melody,
 And some have been who could believe,
 (So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
 Yet harsh be they that blame.)
 That note so piercing and profound
 Will shape and syllable* the sound
 Into Zuleika's name.†
 'Tis from her cypress summit heard,
 That melts in air the liquid word:
 'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
 That white rose takes its tender birth.
 There late was laid a marble stone;
 Eve saw it placed—the Morrow gone!
 It was no mortal arm that bore
 That deep fixed pillar to the shore;
 For there, as Helle's legends tell,
 Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;
 Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave
 Denied his bones a holier grave:

* "And airy tongues that syllable men's names."—MILTON.—B.

† For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see Orford's Reminiscences), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see Orford's Letters.—B.

And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:
And hence extended by the billow
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
Where first it lay that mourning flower
Hath flourished; flourisheth this hour,
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale

THE CORSAIR

A TALE.

"— I snoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno."

TASSO, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto x

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ

MY DEAR MOORE

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit me, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it had commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my inten-