

Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath painted  
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine ;  
And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd  
To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
There is many a pang to pursue me :  
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—  
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—  
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou did'st not forsake,  
Though loved, thou forbores't to grieve me,  
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,—  
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one—  
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
'Twas folly not sooner to shun :  
And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee,  
I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd,  
Thus much I at least may recal,  
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd  
Deserved to be dearest of all :  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

July 24, 1816.

EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA.

My sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name  
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.  
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim  
No tears, but tenderness to answer mine :  
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—  
A loved regret which I would not resign.  
There yet are two things in my destiny—  
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,  
It were the haven of my happiness ;  
But other claims and other ties thou hast,  
And mine is not the wish to make them less.  
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past  
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress ;  
Reversed for him\* our grandsire's fate of yore,—  
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
In other elements, and on the rocks  
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,  
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,  
The fault was mine ; nor do I seek to screen  
My errors with defensive paradox ;  
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.  
My whole life was a contest, since the day  
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd  
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray ;  
And I at times have found the struggle hard,  
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay :  
But now I fain would for a time survive,  
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day  
I have outlived, and yet I am not old ;  
And when I look on this, the petty spray  
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd  
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away :  
Something—I know not what—does still uphold  
A spirit of slight patience ;—not in vain,  
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
Within me,—or perhaps a cold despair,  
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—  
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
(For even to this may change of soul refer,  
And with light armour we may learn to bear.)  
Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not  
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

\* Admiral the Hon. John Byron.

I feel almost at times as I have felt  
 In happy childhood; trees, and flowers, and brooks  
 Which do remember me of where I dwelt  
 Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,  
 Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
 My heart with recognition of their looks;  
 And even at moments I could think I see  
 Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create  
 A fund for contemplation;—to admire  
 Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;  
 But something worthier do such scenes inspire:  
 Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
 For much I view which I could most desire,  
 And, above all, a lake I can behold  
 Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but I grow  
 The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
 The solitude which I have vaunted so  
 Has lost its praise in this but one regret;  
 There may be others which I less may show;—  
 I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet  
 I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
 And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,\*  
 By the old Hall which may be mine no more.  
 Leaman's is fair; but think not I forsake  
 The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore:  
 Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,  
 Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before;  
 Though, like all things which I have loved, they are  
 Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me; I but ask  
 Of Nature that with which she will comply—  
 It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
 To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
 To see her gentle face without a mask,  
 And never gaze on it with apathy.  
 She was my early friend, and now shall be  
 My sister—till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one;  
 And that I would not;—for at length I see  
 Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.  
 The earliest—even the only paths for me—  
 Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,  
 I had been better than I now can be;  
 The passions which have torn me would have slept;  
 I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not wept.

\* The Lake of Newstead Abbey.

With false Ambition what had I to do?  
 Little with Love, and least of all with fame;  
 And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,  
 And made me all which they can make—a name  
 Yet this was not the end I did pursue;  
 Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
 But all is over—I am once the more  
 To baffled millions which have gone before

And for the future, this world's future may  
 From me demand but little of my care;  
 I have outlived myself by many a day;  
 Having survived so many things that were;  
 My years have been no slumber, but the prey  
 Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share  
 Of life which might have fill'd a century,  
 Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come  
 I am content; and for the past I feel  
 Not thankless,—for within the crowded sum  
 Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,  
 And for the present, I would not benumb  
 My feelings further.—Nor shall I conceal  
 That with all this I still can look around,  
 And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart  
 I know myself secure, as thou in mine;  
 We were and are—I am, even as thou art—  
 Beings who ne'er each other can resign;  
 It is the same, together or apart,  
 From life's commencement to its slow decline  
 We are entwined—let death come slow or fast,  
 The tie which bound the first endures the last!

#### LINES

ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL.

AND thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee!  
 And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;  
 Methought that joy and health alone could be  
 Where I was not—and pain and sorrow here!  
 And is it thus?—it is as I foretold,  
 And shall be more so; for the mind recoils  
 Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,  
 While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils.  
 It is not in the storm nor in the strife  
 We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,  
 But in the after-silence on the shore,  
 When all is lost, except a little life.

I am too well avenged!—but 'twas my right;  
 Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert not sent  
 To be the Nemesis who should requite—  
 Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.  
 Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou  
 Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.  
 Thy nights are banish'd from the realms of sleep!—  
 Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel  
 A hollow agony which will not heal,  
 For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;  
 Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap  
 The bitter harvest in a woe as real!  
 I have had many foes, but none like thee;  
 For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,  
 And be avenged, or turn them into friend;  
 But thou in safe implacability  
 Hadst nought to dread—in thy own weakness shielded,  
 And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,  
 And spared, for thy sake, some I should not spare—  
 And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth—  
 And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—  
 On things that were not, and on things that are—  
 Even upon such a basis hast thou built  
 A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!  
 The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,  
 And hew'd down, with an unsuspected sword,  
 Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better life  
 Which, but for this cold treason of thy heart,  
 Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,  
 And found a nobler duty than to part.  
 But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,  
 Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,  
 For present anger, and for future gold—  
 And buying other's grief at any price.  
 And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,  
 The early truth, which was thy proper praise,  
 Did not still walk beside thee—but at times,  
 And with a breast unknowing its own crimes,  
 Deceit, averments incompatible,  
 Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell  
 In Janus-spirits—the significant eye  
 Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext  
 Of Prudence, with advantages annex'd—  
 The acquiescence in all things which tend,  
 No matter how, to the desired end—  
 All found a place in thy philosophy.  
 The means were worthy, and the end is won—  
 I would not do by thee as thou hast done!

September, 1816

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,  
 Her dusky shadow mounts too high,  
 And e'er the changing aspect flits,  
 And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;  
 Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:  
 My thoughts their dungeon know too well.  
 Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,  
 And droop within their silent cell.

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,  
 And the wan lustre of thy features—caught  
 From contemplation—where serenely wrought,  
 Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—  
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,  
 That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught  
 With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—  
 I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.  
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,  
 When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,  
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)  
 The Magdalene of Guido saw the morn—  
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent!  
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,  
 And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush  
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,  
 My heart would wish away that ruder glow:  
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh!  
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,  
 And into mine my mother's weakness rush,  
 Soft as the last drop round heaven's airy bow.  
 For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,  
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness  
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,  
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;  
 At once such majesty with sweetness blending,  
 I worship more but cannot love thee less.

December 17, 1813

## FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

"TU MI CHAMAS."

IN moments to delight devoted,  
 "My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry;  
 Dear words! on which my heart had doted,  
 If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must roll,  
 Ah! then repeat those accents never;  
 Or change "My life" into "my soul!"  
 Which like my love exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*.—Oh! change the word—  
 Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:  
 Say rather I'm your soul; more just that name,  
 For, like the soul, my love can never die.

## WINDSOR POETICS.

Lines composed on the occasion of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent  
 being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I.,  
 in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,  
 By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies;  
 Between them stands another sceptred thing—  
 It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,  
 —In him the double tyrant starts to life:  
 Justice and death have mix'd their dust in vain,  
 Each royal vampire wakes to life again.  
 Ah, what can tombs avail!—since these disgorge  
 The blood and dust of both—to mould a George.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name,  
 There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame:  
 But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart  
 The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for our peace  
 Were those hours—can their joy or their bitterness cease?  
 We repent—we abjure—we will break from our chain,—  
 We will part—we will fly to—unite it again!

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be the guilt!  
 Forgive me, adored one!—forsake, if thou wilt;—  
 But the heart which is thine shall expire undebased,  
 And *man* shall not break it—whatever *thou* may'st.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to thee,  
 This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall be;  
 And our days seem as swift, and our moments more sweet,  
 With thee by my side, than with worlds at our feet.

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy love,  
 Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or reprove;  
 And the heartless may wonder at all I resign—  
 Thy lip shall reply, not to them but to *mine*.

ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE  
CALEDONIAN MEETING.

Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame  
 Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd name;  
 The mountain-land which spurn'd the Roman chain,  
 And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,  
 Whose bright claymore and hardihood of hand  
 No foe could tame—no tyrant could command?  
 That race is gone—but still their children breathe,  
 And glory crowns them with redoubled wreath:  
 O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners shine,  
 And, England! add their stubborn strength to thine.  
 The blood which flow'd with Wallace flows as free,  
 But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!  
 Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's claim,  
 But give support—the world hath given him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who bled  
 While cheerly following where the mighty led—  
 Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod  
 Where happier comrades in their triumph trod,  
 To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—  
 The sireless offspring and the lonely spouse:  
 She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise  
 The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,  
 Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose  
 The Highland seer's anticipated woes,  
 The bleeding phantom of each martial form  
 Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the storm;  
 While sad, she chants the solitary song,  
 The soft lament for him who tarries long—  
 For him, whose distant relics vainly crave  
 The Coronach's wild requiem to the brave!

'Tis heaven—not man—must charm away the woe  
 Which bursts when Nature's feelings newly flow;  
 Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear  
 Of half its bitterness for one so dear;

A nation's gratitude perchance may spread  
A thornless pillow for the widow'd head,  
May lighten well her heart's maternal care,  
And wean from penury the soldier's heir.

May, 1814.

#### CONDOLATORY ADDRESS

TO SARAH COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S  
RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS MEE.

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial lord,  
Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet abhorr'd,  
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious bust,  
That left a likeness of the brave, or just ;  
What most admired each scrutinising eye  
Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry ?  
What spread from face to face that wondering air ?  
The thought of Brutus—for his was not there !  
That absence proved his worth,—that absence fix'd  
His memory on the longing mind, unmix'd ;  
And more decreed his glory to endure,  
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.

If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze  
Search for thy form, in vain and mute amaze,  
Amidst those pictured charms, whose loveliness,  
Bright though they be, thine own hath render'd less  
If he, that vain old man, whom truth admits  
Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,  
If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,  
Could with thy gentle image bear depart ;  
That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the grief,  
To gaze on Beauty's band without its chief :  
Yet comfort still one selfish thought imparts,  
We lose the portrait, but preserve our hearts.

What can his vaulted gallery now disclose ?  
A garden with all flowers—except the rose—  
A fount that only wants its living stream ;  
A night, with every star, save Dian's beam.  
Lost to our eyes the present forms shall be,  
That turn from tracing them to dream of thee ;  
And more on that recall'd resemblance pause,  
Than all he *shall* not force on our applause.

Long may thy yet meridian lustre shine,  
With all that Virtue asks of Homage thine :  
The symmetry of youth—the grace of mein—  
The eye that gladens—and the brow serene ;  
The glossy darkness of that clustering hair,  
Which shades yet shows that forehead more than fair ;  
Each glance that wins us, and the life that throws  
A spell which will not let our looks repose,  
But turn to gaze again, and find anew  
Some charm that well rewards another view.

These are not lessen'd, these are still as bright,  
Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight ;  
And those must wait till every charm is gone,  
To please the paltry heart that pleases none :—  
That dull, cold sensualist, whose sickly eye  
In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by ;  
Who rack'd his little spirit to combine  
Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and *thine*.

August 1814.

#### TO BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR ! from the banquet turn,  
Nor in thy sensual fulness fall ;  
Behold ! while yet before thee burn  
The graven words, the glowing wall.  
Many a despot men miscall  
Crown'd and anointed from on high ;  
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—  
Is it not written, thou must die ?

Go ! dash the roses from thy brow—  
Gray hairs but poorly wreath with them,  
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,  
More than thy very diadem,  
Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem :—  
Then throw the worthless bauble by,  
Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves contemn ;  
And learn like better men to die .

Oh ! early in the balance weigh'd,  
And ever light of word and worth,  
Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,  
And left thee but a mass of earth.  
To see thee moves the scorner's mirth :  
But tears in Hope's averted eye  
Lament that even thou hadst birth—  
Unfit to govern, live, or die.

#### ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave ;  
But nations swell the funeral cry,  
And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh  
O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent .  
In vain their bones unburied lie,  
All earth becomes their monument !

A tomb is theirs on every page,  
An epitaph on every tongue:  
The present hours, the future age,  
For them bewail, to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth  
Grows hush'd, *their name* the only sound;  
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth  
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
Lamented by admiring foes,  
Who would not share their glorious lot;  
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined  
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;  
And early valour, glowing, find  
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee  
In woe, that glory cannot quell;  
And shuddering hear of victory,  
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?  
When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?  
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,  
While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,  
They cannot choose but weep the more;  
Deep for the dead the grief must be,  
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

"O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater  
Felix! In imo qui scatentem  
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit."

GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so  
fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess:  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain  
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the  
breast,  
Though midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of  
rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanish'd scene;  
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they  
be,

So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmed ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming,

And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep;  
Whose breast is gently heaving,  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee;  
To listen and adore thee:  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

## ODE FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!  
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew  
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—  
Rising from each gory trunk,  
Like the water-spout from ocean,  
With a strong and growing motion—  
It soars, and mingles in the air,  
With that of lost Labedoyère—\*  
With that of him whose honour'd grave  
Contains the "bravest of the brave."†

\* Col. Labedoyère, who, with his regiment, joined Napoleon, on his return from  
Elba; he was tried by court-martial, and shot.

† Marshal Ney

A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
 But shall return to whence it rose;  
 When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—  
 Never yet was heard such thunder,  
 As then shall shake the world with wonder,  
 Never yet was seen such lightning  
 As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!  
 Like the Wormwood Star foretold  
 By the sainted seer of old,  
 Show'ring down a fiery flood,  
 Turning rivers into blood.\*

## II.

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,  
 Vanquishers of Waterloo!  
 When the soldier-citizen  
 Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—  
 Save in deeds that led them on  
 Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—  
 Who, of all the despots banded,  
 With that youthful chief competed?  
 Who could boast o'er France defeated,  
 Till alone Tyranny commanded?  
 Till, goaded by ambition's sting,  
 The Hero sunk into the King?  
 Then he fell:—so perish all,  
 Who would men by man enthrall!

## III.

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume:  
 Whose realm refused thee even a tomb!†  
 Better had'st thou still been leading  
 France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,  
 Than sold thyself to death and shame  
 For a meanly royal name;  
 Such as he of Naples wears,  
 Who thy blood-bought title bears,  
 Little didst thou deem when dashing  
 On thy war-horse through the ranks  
 Like a stream which burst its banks,  
 While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,  
 Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—  
 Of the fate at last which found thee:  
 Was that haughty plume laid low  
 By a slave's dishonest blow?  
 Once—as the Moon sways o'er the tide,  
 It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide;  
 Through the smoke-created night  
 Of the black and sulphurous fight,  
 The soldier raised his seeking eye  
 To catch that crest's ascendancy—

\* See Rev. chap. viii., v. 7. &c.—B.  
 Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.—d

And as it onward rolling rose,  
 So moved his heart upon our foes.  
 There, where death's brief pang was quickest,  
 And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
 Strew'd beneath the advancing banner  
 Of the eagle's burning crest—  
 (There with thunder-clouds to fan her,  
 Who could then her wing arrest—  
 Victory beaming from her breast?)  
 While the broken line enlarging,  
 Fell, or fled along the plain;  
 There be sure was Murat charging!  
 There he ne'er shall charge again!

## IV.

O'er glories gone the invaders march,  
 Weeps triumph o'er each levell'd arch—  
 But let Freedom rejoice  
 With her heart in her voice,  
 But, her hand on her sword,  
 Doubly shall she be adored;  
 France hath twice too well been taught  
 The "moral lesson" dearly bought—  
 Her safety sits not on a throne,  
 With Capet or Napoleon!  
 But in equal rights and laws,  
 Hearts and hands in one great cause—  
 Freedom, such as God hath given  
 Unto all beneath his heaven,  
 With their breath, and from their birth,  
 Though Guilt would sweep it from the earth;  
 With a fierce and lavish hand  
 Scattering nations' wealth like sand;  
 Pouring nations' blood like water,  
 In imperial seas of slaughter!

## V.

But the heart and the mind,  
 And the voice of mankind,  
 Shall arise in communion—  
 And who shall resist that proud union?  
 The time is past when swords subdued—  
 Man may die—the soul's renew'd:  
 Even in this low world of care  
 Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;  
 Millions breathe but to inherit  
 Her for ever bounding spirit—  
 When once more her hosts assemble,  
 Tyrants shall believe and tremble—  
 Smile they at this idle threat?  
 Crimson tears will follow yet.

## FROM THE FRENCH.

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,\*  
 Sever'd from thy faithful few?  
 Who can tell thy warrior's grief,  
 Maddening o'er that long adieu?  
 Woman's love, and friendship's zeal,  
 Dear as both have been to me—  
 What are they to all I feel,  
 With a soldier's faith for thee?

Idol of the soldier's soul!  
 First in fight, but mightiest now:  
 Many could a world control;  
 Thee alone no doom can bow,  
 By thy side for years I dared  
 Death; and envied those who fell,  
 When their dying shout was heard,  
 Blessing him they served so well.†

Would that I were cold with those,  
 Since this hour I live to see;  
 When the doubts of coward foes  
 Scarce dare trust a man with thee.  
 Dreading each should set thee free!  
 Oh! although in dungeons pent,  
 All their chains were light to me,  
 Gazing on thy soul unbent.

Would the sycophants of him  
 Now so deaf to duty's prayer,  
 Were his borrow'd glories dim,  
 In his native darkness share?  
 Were that world this hour his own,  
 All thou calmly dost resign,  
 Could he purchase with that throne  
 Hearts like those which still are thine?

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!  
 Never did I droop before;  
 Never to my sovereign sue,  
 As his foes I now implore:  
 All I ask is to divide  
 Every peril he must brave;  
 Sharing by the hero's side  
 His fall, his exile, and his grave.

\* "All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted."—B.

† "At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, 'Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort!' There were many other instances of the like; this, however, you may depend on as true." *Private Letter from Brussels.*—B.

## ON THE STAR OF "THE LEGION OF HONOUR."

FROM THE FRENCH.

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath shed  
 Such glory o'er the quick and dead—  
 Thou radiant and adored deceit!  
 Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—  
 Wild meteor of immortal birth!  
 Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;  
 Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;  
 The music of thy martial sphere  
 Was fame on high and honour here;  
 And thy light broke on human eyes,  
 Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,  
 And swept down empires with its flood;  
 Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,  
 As thou didst lighten through all space;  
 And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,  
 And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,  
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue  
 Of three bright colours,\* each divine,  
 And fit for that celestial sign;  
 For Freedom's hand had blended them,  
 Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;  
 One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;  
 One, the pure Spirit's veil of white  
 Had robed in radiance of its light:  
 The three so mingled did bescem  
 The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,  
 And darkness must again prevail!  
 But, on thou Rainbow of the free,  
 Our tears and blood must flow for thee,  
 When thy bright promise fades away,  
 Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread  
 The silent cities of the dead;  
 For beautiful in death are they  
 Who proudly fall in her array;  
 And soon, oh Goddess! may we be  
 For evermore with them or thee!

\* The tricolour.—B.



NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

FAREWELL to the Land, where the gloom of my Glory  
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—  
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,  
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.  
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only  
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;  
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,  
The last single Captive to millions in war.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,  
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—  
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,  
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth,  
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted  
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—  
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,  
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun!

Farewell to thee, France!—but when liberty rallies  
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—  
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;  
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—  
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,  
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—  
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us  
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice!

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:  
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,  
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch:  
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd:  
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour  
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks

Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.  
The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; and wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food:  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again;—a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;  
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;  
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,  
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.  
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies: they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place  
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage; they raked up,  
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—  
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,

And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths ;  
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropp'd  
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,  
 The Moon, their mistress, had expired before ;  
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,  
 And the clouds perish'd ! Darkness had no need  
 Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

#### CHURCHILL'S GRAVE.\*

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed  
 The comet of a season, and I saw  
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed  
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe  
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,  
 With name no clearer than the names unknown,  
 Which lay unread around it ; and I ask'd  
 The Gardener of that ground, why it might be  
 That for this plant strangers his memory task'd  
 Through the thick deaths of half a century ?  
 And thus he answer'd—"Well, I do not know  
 Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so ;  
 He died before my day of Sextonship,  
 And I had not the digging of this grave."  
 And is this all ? I thought,—and do we rip  
 The veil of Immortality ? and crave  
 I know not what of honour and of light  
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight ?  
 So soon, and so successless ? As I said,  
 The Architect of all on which we tread,  
 For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay  
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,  
 Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,  
 Were it not that all life must end in one,  
 Of which we are but dreamers ;—as he caught  
 As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,  
 Thus spoke he,—“I believe the man of whom  
 You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,  
 Was a most famous writer in his day,  
 And therefore travellers step from out their way  
 To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er  
 Your honour pleases,”—then most pleased I shook  
 From out my pocket's avaricious nook  
 Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere  
 Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare  
 So much but inconveniently :—Ye smile,  
 I see ye, ye profane ones ! all the while,

\* Charles Churchill, author of the *Rosciad*, &c

Because my homely phrase the truth would tell  
 You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell  
 With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,  
 On that Old Sexton's natural homily,  
 In which there was Obscurity and Fame,—  
 The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

#### SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN.

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Stael—  
 Lemans !\* these names are worthy of thy shore,  
 Thy shore of names like these ! wert thou no more,  
 Their memory thy remembrance would recall :  
 To them thy banks were lovely as to all,  
 But they have made them lovelier, for the lore  
 Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core  
 Of human hearts the ruin of a wall  
 Where dwelt the wise and wondrous ; but by thee  
 How much more, Lake of Beauty ! do we feel,  
 In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,  
 The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,  
 Which of the heirs of immortality  
 Is proud, and makes the breath of glory reel !

#### PROMETHEUS.

TITAN ! to whose immortal eyes  
 The sufferings of mortality,  
 Seen in their sad reality,  
 Were not as things that gods despise ;  
 What was thy pity's recompense ?  
 A silent suffering, and intense ;  
 The rook, the vulture, and the chain,  
 All that the proud can feel of pain,  
 The agony they do not show  
 The suffocating sense of woe,  
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,  
 And then is jealous lest the sky  
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh  
 Until its voice is echoless.

Titan ! to thee the strife was given  
 Between the suffering and the will,  
 Which torture where thy cannot kill  
 And the inexorable Heaven,  
 And the deaf tyranny of Fate,  
 The ruling principle of Hate,  
 Which for its pleasure doth create  
 The things it may annihilate,

Geneva, Ferney, Copet, Lausanne.—B

Refused thee even the boon to die :  
 The wretched gift eternity  
 Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.  
 All that the Thunderer wrung from thee  
 Was but the menace which flung back  
 On him the torments of thy rack ;  
 The fate thou didst so well foresee,  
 But would not to appease him tell ;  
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,  
 And in his Soul a vain repentance,  
 And evil dread so ill dissembled,  
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,  
 To render with thy precepts less  
 The sum of human wretchedness,  
 And strengthen Man with his own mind ;  
 But baffled as thou wert from high,  
 Still in thy patient energy,  
 In the endurance, and repulse  
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,  
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,  
 A mighty lesson we inherit :  
 Thou art a symbol and a sign  
 To Mortals of their fate and force ;  
 Like thee, Man is in part divine,  
 A troubled stream from a pure source ;  
 And Man in portions can foresee  
 His own funereal destiny ;  
 His wretchedness, and his resistance,  
 And his sad unallied existence :  
 To which his Spirit may oppose  
 Itself—and equal to all woes,  
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,  
 Which even in torture can desery  
 Its own concenter'd recompense,  
 Triumphant where it dares defy,  
 And making Death a Victory.

[The pieces following, to the end, are, from their great beauty and unobjectionable character, extracted from Don Juan, a poem unfit to be printed, in this collection entire.]

#### FIRST LOVE.

'Tis sweet to hear  
 At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep  
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
 By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep,  
 'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear ;  
 'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep  
 From leaf to leaf ; 'tis sweet to view on high  
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;  
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;  
 'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,  
 Or lull'd by falling waters ; sweet the hum  
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
 In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth  
 Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes  
 From civic revelry to rural mirth ;  
 Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,  
 Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth,  
 Sweet is revenge—especially to women,  
 Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,  
 By blood or ink ; 'tis sweet to put an end  
 To strife ; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our quarrels,  
 Particularly with a tiresome friend :  
 Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;  
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend  
 Against the world ; and dear the school-boy spot  
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
 Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,  
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;  
 The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd—all's known—  
 And life yields nothing further to recall  
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
 Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from heaven.

#### VAIN REGRETS.

BUT now at thirty years my hair is grey—  
 (I wonder what it will be like at forty ?  
 I thought of a peruke the other day—)  
 My heart is not much greener ; and, in short, I  
 Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May,  
 And feel no more the spirit to retort ; I  
 Have spent my life, both interest and principal,  
 And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul invincible.  
 No more—no more—Oh ! never more on me  
 The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,  
 Which out of all the lovely things we see  
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new,  
 Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the bee,  
 Think'st thou the honey with those objects grew ?  
 Alas ! 'twas not in them, but in thy power  
 To double even the sweetness of a flower.

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my heart,  
 Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!  
 Once all in all, but now a thing apart,  
 Thou canst not be my blessing or my curse:  
 The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art  
 Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,  
 And in thy stead I've got a deal of judgment,  
 Though heaven knows how it ever found a lodgment.

Ambition was my idol, which was broken  
 Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of Pleasure;  
 And the two last have left me many a token,  
 O'er which reflection may be made at leisure:  
 Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've spoken,  
 "Time is, Time was, Time's past:"—a chymic treasure  
 Is glittering youth, which I have spent betimes—  
 My heart in passion, and my head on rhymes.

#### FAME.

WHAT is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill  
 A certain portion of uncertain paper:  
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,  
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;  
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,  
 And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"  
 To have, when the original is dust,  
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's King  
 Cheops erected the first pyramid  
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing  
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy hid;  
 But somebody or other rummaging  
 Burglarously broke his coffin's lid:  
 Let not a monument give you or me hopes,  
 Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

#### THE SHIPWRECK.

The wind  
 Increased at night, until it blew a gale;  
 And though 'twas not much to a naval mind,  
 Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,  
 For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:  
 At sunset they began to take in sail,  
 For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,  
 And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift  
 Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,  
 Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,  
 Started the stern-post, also shattered the  
 Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could lift  
 Herself from out her present jeopardy,  
 The rudder tore away: 'twas time to sound  
 The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

One gang of people instantly was put  
 Upon the pumps, and the remainder set  
 To get up part of the cargo, and what not;  
 But they could not come at the leak as yet;  
 At last they did get at it really, but  
 Still their salvation was an even bet:  
 The water rush'd through in a way quite puzzling,  
 While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets, bales of muslin,  
 Into the opening; but all such ingredients  
 Would have been vain, and they must have gone down.  
 Despite of all their efforts and expedients,  
 But for the pumps; I'm glad to make them known  
 To all the brother tars who may have need hence,  
 For fifty tons of water were upthrown  
 By them per hour, and they had all been undone,  
 But for the maker, Mr Mann, of London.

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,  
 And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,  
 And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet  
 Kept two hand and one chain pump still in use.  
 The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late  
 A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,  
 A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—  
 Laid with one blast the ship on her beam-ends.

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset;  
 The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,  
 And made a scene men do not soon forget;  
 For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,  
 Or any other thing that brings regret,  
 Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks  
 Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers,  
 And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

Immediately the masts were cut away,  
 Both main and mizen; first the mizen went,  
 The main-mast follow'd: but the ship still lay  
 Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.  
 Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they  
 Eased her as last (although we never meant  
 To part with all till every hope was blighted),  
 And then with violence the old ship righted.

It may be easily supposed, while this  
 Was going on, some people were unquiet,

That passengers would find it much amiss  
To loose their lives, as well as spoil their diet  
That even the able seaman, deeming his  
Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,  
As upon such occasions tafs will ask  
For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms  
As rum and true religion: thus it was,  
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some sung psalms,  
The high wind made the treble, and as bass  
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright cured the qualms  
Of all the luckless landmen's sea-sick maws:  
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devotion,  
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but for  
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his years,  
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before  
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,  
As if Death were more dreadful by his door  
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and tears,  
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,  
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

"Give us more grog," they cried, "for it will be  
All one an hour hence." Juan answer'd, "No!  
'Tis true that death awaits both you and me,  
But let us die like men, not sink below  
Like brutes:"—and thus his dangerous post kept he,  
And none liked to anticipate the blow;  
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,  
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,  
And made a loud and pious lamentation;  
Repented all his sins, and made a last  
Irrevocable vow of reformation;  
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril past)  
To quit his academic occupation,  
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,  
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

But now there came a flash of hope once more;  
Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the masts were gone  
The leak increased; shoals round her, but no shore,  
The vessel swam, yet still she held her own.  
They tried the pumps again, and though before  
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless grown,  
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to bale—  
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd a sail.

Under the vessel's keel the sail was past,  
And for the moment it had some effect;  
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,  
Nor rag of canvass, what could they expect?

But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,  
'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd:  
And though 'tis true that man can only die once,  
'Tis not so pleasant in the gulf of Lyons.

There winds and waves had hurl'd them, and from thence  
Without their will, they carried them away;  
For they were forced with steering to dispense,  
And never had as yet a quiet day  
On which they might repose, or even commence  
A jurymast or rudder, or could say  
The ship would swim an hour, which, by good luck,  
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,  
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce could hope  
To weather out much longer; the distress  
Was also great with which they had to cope  
For want of water, and their solid mess  
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope  
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in sight,  
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming night.

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew  
A gale, and in the fore and after hold  
Water appear'd; yet, though the people knew  
All this, the most were patient, and some bold,  
Until the chains and leathers were worn through  
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete she roll'd,  
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are  
Like human beings during civil war.

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears  
In his rough eyes, and told the captain, he  
Could do no more; he was a man in years,  
And long had voyaged through many a stormy sea,  
And if he wept at length, they were not fears  
That made his eyelids as a woman's be,  
But he, poor fellow, had a wife and children,—  
Two things for dying people quite bewildering.

The ship was evidently settling now  
Fast by the head; and, all distinction gone,  
Some went to prayers again, and made a vow  
Of candles to their saints—but there were none  
To pay them with; and some look'd o'er the bow;  
Some hoisted out the boats; and there was one  
That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,  
Who told him to be damn'd—in his confusion.

Some lash'd them in their hammocks; some put on  
Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;  
Some cursed the day on which they saw the sun,  
And gnash'd their teeth, and, howling, tore their hair  
And others went on as they had begun,  
Getting the boats out, being well aware,

That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,  
Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

The worst of all was, that in their condition,  
Having been several days in great distress,  
'Twas difficult to get out such provision  
As now might render their long suffering less :  
Men, even when dying, dislike inanition ;  
Their stock was damaged by the weather's stress :  
Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,  
Were all that could be thrown into the cutter

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow  
Some pounds of bread, though injured by the wet  
Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so ;  
Six flasks of wine ; and they contrived to get  
A portion of their beef up from below,  
And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,  
But scarce enough to serve them for a luncheon—  
Then there was rum, eight gallons in a puncheon.

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had  
Been stove in the beginning of the gale ;  
And the long-boat's condition was but bad,  
As there were but two blankets for a sail,  
And one oar for a mast, which a young lad  
Threw in by good luck over the ship's rail ;  
And two boats could not hold, far less be stored,  
To save one-half the people then on board.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down  
Over the waste of waters ; like a veil,  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown  
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.  
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,  
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,  
And the dim desolate deep : twelve days had Fear  
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,  
With little hope in such a rolling sea,  
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,  
If any laughter at such times could be,  
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,  
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,  
Half epileptical, and half hysterical :—  
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencecoops, spars,  
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,  
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,  
For yet they strove, although of no great use :  
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,  
The boats put off o'er-crowded with their crews ;  
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,  
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—  
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,—  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave ;  
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,  
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,  
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash  
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,  
And in them crowded several of the crew ;  
And yet their present hope was hardly more  
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew,  
There was slight chance of reaching any shore ;  
And then they were too many, though so few—  
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,  
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

Juan got into the long-boat, and there  
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place ;  
It seem'd as if they had exchanged their care,  
For Juan wore the magisterial face  
Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's pair  
Of eyes were crying for their owner's care ;  
Battista, though (a name call'd shortly Tita),  
Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,  
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,  
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the wave,  
As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,  
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave :  
They could not rescue him although so close,  
Because the sea ran higher every minute,  
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding in it.

A small old spaniel,—which had been Don Jose's,  
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may think,  
For on such things the memory reposes  
With tenderness—stood howling on the brink,  
Nowing, (dogs have such intellectual noses !)  
No doubt, the vessel was about to sink ;  
And Juan caught him up, and ere he stepp'd  
Off, threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

He also stuff'd his money where he could  
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,

Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,  
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,  
As every rising wave his dread renew'd ;

But Juan, trusting they might still get through,  
And deeming there were remedies for any ill,  
Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,  
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,  
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,  
They dared not take it in for all the breeze :  
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,  
And made them bale without a moment's ease,  
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,  
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

Nine souls more went in her : the long-boat still  
Kept above water, with an oar for mast,  
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill  
Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast ;  
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,  
And present peril all before surpass'd,  
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,  
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign  
Of the continuance of the gale : to run  
Before the sea until it should grow fine,  
Was all that for the present could be done :  
A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine  
Were served out to the people, who begun  
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,  
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

They counted thirty, crowded in a space  
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion ;  
They did their best to modify their ease,  
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,  
While t'other half were laid down in their place,  
At watch and watch ; thus, shivering like the tertian  
Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,  
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

'Tis very certain the desire of life  
Prolongs it : this is obvious to physicians,  
When patients, neither plagued with friends nor wife,  
Survive through very desperate conditions,  
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife  
Nor shears of Atropos before their visions :  
Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,  
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,  
They live upon the love of life, and bear  
More than can be believed, or even thought,  
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear ;

And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,  
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there  
She had a curious crew as well as cargo,  
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

But man is a carnivorous production,  
And must have meals, at least one meal a day :  
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,  
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey ;  
Although his anatomical construction  
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,  
Your labouring people think beyond all question,  
Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

And thus it was with this our hapless crew ;  
For on the third day there came on a calm,  
And though at first their strength it might renew,  
And lying on their weariness like balm,  
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue  
Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,  
And fell all ravenously on their provision,  
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

The consequence was easily foreseen—  
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,  
In spite of all remonstrances, and then  
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine ?  
They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men !  
And carry them to shore ; these hopes were fine,  
But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,  
It would have been more wise to save their victual.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,  
And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child :  
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,  
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—  
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)  
What could they do ? and hunger's rage grew wild :  
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,  
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,  
And Juan, who had still refused, because  
The creature was his father's dog that died,  
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,  
With some remorse received (though first denied)  
As a great favour one of the fore-paws,  
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who  
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun  
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,  
They lay like carcasses ; and hope was none,  
Save in the breeze that came not ; savagely  
They glared upon each other—all was done,  
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see

The longings of the cannibal arise  
 (Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.  
 At length one whisper'd his companion, who  
 Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,  
 And then into a hoarser murmur grew,  
 An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;  
 And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,  
 'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:  
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,  
 And who should die to be his fellow's food.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed,  
 In silent horror, and their distribution  
 Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,  
 Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;  
 None in particular had sought or planned it,  
 'Twas Nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,  
 By which none were permitted to be neuter—  
 And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

\* \* \* \*

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,  
 For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth  
 When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,  
 Men really know not what good water's worth;  
 If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,  
 Or with the famish'd boat's-crew had your birth,  
 Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,  
 You'd wish yourself where truth is—in a well.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer  
 Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,  
 Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,  
 And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,  
 They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher  
 Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet  
 As a full pot of porter, to their thinking  
 They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,  
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one  
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,  
 But he died early; and when he was gone,  
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw  
 One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!  
 I can do nothing," and he saw him thrown  
 Into the deep, without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,  
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;  
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate;  
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
 As if to win a part from off the weight  
 He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
 With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam  
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,  
 And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,  
 And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half-glazed,  
 Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,  
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain  
 Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,  
 And look'd upon it long, and when at last  
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay  
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,  
 He watch'd it wistfully, until away  
 'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;  
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,  
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through  
 The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark sea,  
 Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;  
 And all within its arch appear'd to be  
 Clearer than that without, and its wide hue  
 Wax'd broad and waving like a banner free,  
 Then chang'd like to a bow that's bent, and then  
 Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

It changed, of course; a heavenly cameleon,  
 The airy child of vapour and the sun,  
 Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,  
 Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,  
 Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,  
 And blending every colour into one,  
 Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle  
 (For sometimes we must box without the muffle).

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a good omen—  
 It is as well to think so, now and then;  
 'Twas an old custom of the Greek and Roman,  
 And may become of great advantage when  
 Folks are discouraged; and most surely no men  
 Had greater need to nerve themselves again  
 Than these, and so this rainbow look'd like hope—  
 Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

About this time a beautiful white bird,  
 Webfooted, not unlike a dove in size  
 And plumage (probably it might have err'd  
 Upon its course), pass'd oft before their eyes,  
 And tried to perch, although it saw and heard  
 The men within the boat, and in this guise  
 It came and went, and flutter'd round them till  
 Night fell:—this seem'd a better omen still.

But in this case I also must remark,  
 'Twas well this bird of promise did not perch,



Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark  
Was not so safe for roosting as a church ;  
And had it been the dove from Noah's ark,  
Returning there from her successful search,  
Which in their way that moment chanced to fall,  
They would have eat her, olive-branch and all.

With twilight it again came on to blow,  
But not with violence ; the stars shone out,  
The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,  
They knew not where nor what they were about ;  
Some fancied they saw land, and some said " No !"  
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—  
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,  
And all mistook about the latter once.

As morning broke, the light wind died away,  
When he who had the watch sung out and swore,  
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,  
He wish'd that land he never might see more ;  
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,  
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for shore ;  
For shore it was, and gradually grew  
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears,  
And others, looking with a stupid stare,  
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,  
And seem'd as if they had no further care ;  
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—  
And at the bottom of the boat three were  
Asleep : they shook them by the hand and head,  
And tried to awaken them, but found them dead.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,  
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,  
And by good fortune, gliding softly, caught her,  
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind  
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,  
Because it left encouragement behind :  
They thought that in such perils, more than chance  
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,  
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,  
Set by a current, toward it : they were lost  
In various conjectures, for none knew  
To what part of the earth they had been tost,  
So changeable had been the winds that blew ;  
Some thought it was Mount *Ætna*, some the highlands  
Of *Candia*, *Cyprus*, *Rhodes*, or other islands,

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,  
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,  
Like *Charon's* bark of spectres, dull and pale :  
Their living freight was now reduced to four.

And three dead, whom their strength could not avail  
To heave into the deep with those before,  
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd  
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen  
Unequal in its aspect here and there,  
They felt the freshness of its growing green,  
That waved in forest-tops, and smooth'd the air,  
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a screen  
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—  
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep  
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,  
And girt by formidable waves ; but they  
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,  
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay :  
A reef between them also now began  
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,  
But finding no place for their landing better,  
They ran the boat for shore,—and upset her.

But in his native stream, the *Guadalquivir*,  
Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont ;  
And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,  
Had often turn'd the art to some account :  
A better swimmer you could scarce see ever,  
He could, perhaps, have pass'd the *Hellespont*,  
As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)  
Leander, Mr *Ekenhead*, and I did.

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,  
He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply  
With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,  
The beach which lay before him, high and dry ;  
The greatest danger here was from a shark,  
That carried off his neighbour by the thigh ;  
As for the other two, they could not swim,  
So nobody arrived on shore but him.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,  
Which, providentially for him, was wash'd  
Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,  
And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas dash'd  
Within his grasp ; he clung to it, and sore  
The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd ;  
At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he  
Roll'd on the beach, half-senseless, from the sea :

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung  
Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,  
From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,  
Should suck him back to her insatiate grave :  
And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,  
Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,

With just enough of life to feel its pain,  
And deem that it was saved, perhaps, in vain.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,  
But sunk again upon his bleeding knee  
And quivering hand; and then he look'd for those  
Who long had been his mates upon the sea;  
But none of them appear'd to share his woes,  
Save one, a corpse, from out the famished three,  
Who died two days before, and now had found  
An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,  
And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the sand  
Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd  
He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand  
Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-mast),  
And, like a wither'd lily, on the land  
His slender frame and pallid aspect lay  
As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

How long in this damp trance young Juan lay  
He knew not, for the earth was gone for him,  
And Time had nothing more of night nor day  
For his congealing blood, and senses dim;  
And how this heavy faintness pass'd away  
He knew not, till each painful pulse and limb,  
And tinkling vein, seem'd throbbing back to life,  
For Death, though vanquish'd, still retired with strife.

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,  
For all was doubt and dizziness; he thought  
He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,  
And felt again with his despair o'erwrought,  
And wished it death in which he had reposed,  
And then once more his feelings back were brought,  
And slowly by his swimming eyes was seen  
A lovely female face of seventeen.

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the small mouth  
Seem'd almost prying into his for breath;  
And chafing him, the soft warm hand of youth  
Recall'd his answering spirits back from death;  
And bathing his chill temples, tried to sooth  
Each pulse to animation, till beneath  
Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh  
To these kind efforts made a low reply.

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle flung  
Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the fair arm  
Raised higher the faint head which o'er it hung;  
And her transparent cheek, all pure and warm,  
Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she wrung  
His dewy curls, long drench'd by every storm;  
And watch'd with eagerness each throb that drew  
A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers, too.

And lifting him with care into the cave,  
The gentle girl, and her attendant,—one  
Young, yet her elder, and of brow less grave,  
And more robust of figure,—then begun  
To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave  
Light to the rocks that roof'd them, which the sun  
Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoever  
She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and fair.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,  
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,  
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd  
In braids behind; and though her stature were  
Even of the highest for a female mould,  
They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her air  
There was a something which bespoke command,  
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes  
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,  
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies  
Deepest attraction; for when to the view  
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,  
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew;  
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,  
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye  
Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;  
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh  
Ever to have seen such; for she was one  
Fit for the model of a statuary,  
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done—  
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

And such was she, the lady of the cave:  
Her dress was very different from the Spanish,  
Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;  
For, as you know, the Spanish women banish  
Bright hues when out of doors, and yet, while wove  
Around them (what I hope will never vanish)  
The basquina and the mantilla, they  
Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

But with our damsel this was not the case:  
Her dress was many-colour'd, finely spun;  
Her locks curl'd negligently round her face,  
But through them gold and gems profusely shone:  
Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace  
Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious stone  
Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was shocking,  
Her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.

The other female's dress was not unlike,  
But of inferior materials: she

Had not so many ornaments to strike,  
Her hair had silver only, bound to be  
Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,  
Was coarser; and her air, though firm, less free;  
Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes  
As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

And these two tended him, and cheer'd him both  
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions,  
Which are—as I must own—of female growth,  
And have ten thousand delicate inventions:  
They made a most superior mess of broth,  
A thing which poesy but seldom mentions,  
But the best dish that e'er was cook'd since Homer's  
Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,  
With cliffs above, and a broad sandy shore,  
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,  
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore  
A better welcome to the tempest-tost;  
And rarely ceased the haughty billow's roar,  
Save on the dead long summer days, which make  
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

#### HAIDEE.

They carpeted their feet  
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue;  
Their sofa occupied three parts complete  
Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new;  
The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)—  
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew  
A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,  
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,  
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats  
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,  
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,  
And dwarfs and blacks, and such like things, that gain  
Their bread as ministers and favourites—(that's  
To say, by degradation)—mingled there  
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and  
The tables, most of ebony inlaid  
With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at hand,  
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,  
Fretted with gold or silver—by command,  
The greater part of these were ready spread  
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—  
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:  
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;  
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—  
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;  
With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,  
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,  
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,  
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,  
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold  
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,  
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould;  
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,  
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,  
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin  
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,  
A like gold bar above her instep roll'd  
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;  
Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold  
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band  
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;  
Her orange silk full Turkish trousers furl'd  
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel  
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun  
Dyes with his morning light,—and would conceal  
Her person if allow'd at large to run,  
And still they seem resentfully to feel  
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun  
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began  
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,  
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,  
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife  
With all we can imagine of the skies,  
And pure as Psycho ere she grew a wife—  
Too pure even for the purest human ties;  
Her overpowering presence made you feel  
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged  
(It is the country's custom), but in vain;  
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,  
The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,  
And in their native beauty stood avenged:  
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but again  
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for  
They could not look more rosy than before.

The henna should be deeply dyed to make  
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;

She had no need of this, day ne'er will break  
 On mountain tops more heavenly white than her ;  
 The eye might doubt if it were well awake,  
 She was so like a vision ; I might err,  
 But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly  
 "To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

#### THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung,  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,

The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo further west  
 Than your sires' "Islands of the blest."\*

The mountains look on Marathon—

And Marathon looks on the sea ;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free,  
 For standing on the Persian's grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;  
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
 And men in nations ;—all were his !  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,

My country ? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 The heroic bosom beats no more !  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,

Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;  
 For what is left the poet here ?  
 For Greeks a blush, for Greece a tear.

\* The *epos* *Μακροννησιος* of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cypre in Verd Islands, or the Canaries.—B.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?  
 Must we but blush ?—our fathers' blood,  
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?

Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
 And answer, "Let one living head,  
 But one arise,—we come, we come !"  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine !  
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !  
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—  
 How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?  
 Of two such lessons, why forget  
 The nobler and the manlier one ?  
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

We will not think of themes like these,  
 It made Anacreon's song divine ;  
 He served—but served Polyrates—  
 A tyrant ; but our masters then  
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
 That tyrant was Miltiades !

Oh ! that the present hour would lend  
 Another despot of the kind !

Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

On Sali's rock, and Parga's shore,  
 Exists the remnant of a line  
 Such as the Doria mothers bore ;  
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells :  
 In native swords, and native ranks,  
 The only hope of courage dwells ;  
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
 But gazing on each glowing maid,  
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

## EVENING.

AVE Maria! blessed be the hour!  
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,  
 Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
 And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of prayer!  
 Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!  
 Ave Maria! may our spirits dare  
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!  
 Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!  
 Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—  
 What though 'tis but a pictured image?—strike—  
 That painting is no idol,—'tis too like.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,  
 In nameless print—that I have no devotion;  
 But set those persons down with me to pray,  
 And you shall see who has the properest notion  
 Of getting into heaven the shortest way;  
 My altars are the mountains and the ocean,  
 Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great Whole  
 Who hath produced, and will receive the soul

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude  
 Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
 Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,  
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,  
 To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,  
 Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore,  
 And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,  
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,  
 Where the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,  
 And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;  
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,  
 His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng  
 Which learn'd from this example not to fly  
 From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—  
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,  
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;  
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
 Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;  
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart  
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day  
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;  
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way  
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;  
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?  
 Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom  
 Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,  
 Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,  
 Of nations freed, and the world overjoy'd,  
 Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb:  
 Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void  
 Of feelings for some kindness done, when power  
 Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

## THE LOVERS.

THE heart—which may be broken: happy they!  
 Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile mould,  
 The precious porcelain of human clay,  
 Break with the first fall: they can ne'er behold  
 The long year link'd with heavy day on day,  
 And all which must be borne, and never told  
 While life's strange principle will often lie  
 Deepest in those who long the most to die.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,\*  
 And many deaths do they escape by this:  
 The death of friends, and that which slays even more—  
 The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,

\* See Herodotus.—B