

When the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From many a casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river.
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled
Anywhere! anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran;
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it—drink of it
Then, if you can.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring,
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurned by contumely,
Bold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest;
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager,
Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time,
The sun will never fail,
But follow, follow, round the world,
The green earth and the sea;
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light,
The moon will veil her in the shade,
The sun will set at night;
The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away,
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born—
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim :—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come
Share my harvest and my home.

I LOVE THEE! I LOVE THEE!

I LOVE thee! I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say;—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray,
I love thee! I love thee!
Is all that I can say.

I love thee! I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy,
That chorus still is sung.
It is the verdict of my eyes
Amidst the gay and young;
I love thee! I love thee!
A thousand maids among.

I love thee! I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips
Whose tender tones entrance.
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,
That still these words enhance;
I love thee! I love thee!
Whatever be thy chance.

FAIR INES.

O SAW you not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest.
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh, turn again, fair Ines!
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright.
And blessed will the lover be,
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek,
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side
And whispered thee so near!—

Were there no loving dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With a band of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before,
And gentle youths and maidens gay—
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines!
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng.
And some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang, Farewell, farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its decks,
Nor danced so light before.
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore;
The smile that blest one lover's heart,
Has broken many more!

LINES ON SEEING MY WIFE
AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING
IN THE SAME CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious
round,
The sky, its blue circumference above,
That in this little chamber there is found
Both earth and heaven—my universe of
Love?
All that my God can give me or remove,
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic
death,
Sweet that in this small compass I
behave
To live their living, and to breathe their
breath!

Almost I wish, that with one common
sigh, [strife;
We might resign all mundane care and
And seek together that transcendent sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Hus-
band, Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life !

[GEORGE GORDON LORD BYRON. 1788—1824.]

BEAUTY OF GREECE AND THE GRECIAN ISLES.

The Giaour.

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

The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blossoms blushing to her lover's tale ;
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the West,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven ;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest ;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar
Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore

Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to
trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling-place,
And every charm and grace hath mixed
Within the paradise she fixed,
There man, enamoured of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour ;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
Strange—that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevailed
Against the seraphs they assailed,
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should
dwell

The freed inheritors of hell ;
So soft the scene, so formed for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy !

ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty
lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not
now,
And but for that chill changeless
brow,

Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
Yes, but for these and these alone,

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

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land from plain to mountain-
cave

War freedom's home, or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven crouching
slave :

Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is
this ?

The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own ;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of the former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age !

While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their
tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land !
There points thy muse to stranger's
eye
The graves of those that cannot die !

THE PURSUIT OF BEAUTY.

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower,
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye :
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as
wild ;

A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Woe waits the insect and the maid ;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play and man's caprice ;
The lovely toy so fiercely sought,
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty
gone,

'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing or bleeding breast,
Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before ?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower ?
No : gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that
die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame.

REMORSE.

THE mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly searched by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain:
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven,
Around it flame, within it death!

LOVE.

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 formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

KNOW YE THE LAND.

The Bride of Abydos.

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, op-
pressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gál 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 chil-
dren have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' fare-
well
Are the hearts which they bear, and the
tales which they tell.

ZULEIKA.

FAIR, as the first that fell of woman-
kind,
When on that dread yet lovely serpent
smiling,
Whose image then was stamped upon her
mind—
But once beguiled—and ever more be-
guing;
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 unmarked by her
alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the Music breathing from her
face,
The heart whose softness harmonised the
whole—
And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

THE HELLESPONT.

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 Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warned 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 the light of love,
The only star it hailed 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.

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

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;
These feet have pressed 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!

THE DEATH OF ZULEIKA.

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?
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
couldst 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 quiver-
ing heart!
Ah! wherefore not consume it—and de-
part!
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy
head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs thou
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, [wed,
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to
Thy Daughter's dead!
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely
beam,
The Star hath set that shone on Helle's
stream.
What quenched its ray?—the blood that
thou hast shed!
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers
—"Where?"

ZULEIKA'S GRAVE.

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 stamped 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;
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 unsheltered 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 unmixed 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 its 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;

Lashed by the tumbling tide, whose wave
Denied his bones a holier grave:
And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turbaned head:
And hence extended by the billow,
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's
pillow!" [flower
Where first it lay, that mourning
Hath flourished; flourisheth this hour,
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's
tale!

MIDNIGHT IN THE EAST.

The Siege of Corinth.

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply
down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there,
Calm, clear, and azure as the air:
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves;
The banners drooped along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered from the hill,
And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer:
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain;
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp-strings
meet,
And take a long unmeasured tone,
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.
It seemed to those within the wall
A cry prophetic of their fall:

It struck even the besieger's ear
With something ominous and drear,
An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed;
Such as a sudden passing-bell
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

THE VISION OF ALP THE
RENEGADE.

HE sate him down at a pillar's base,
And passed his hand athwart his face;
Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude;
His head was drooping on his breast,
Fevered, throbbing, and oppressed;
And o'er his brow, so downward bent,
Oft his beating fingers went,
Hurriedly, as you may see
Your own run over the ivory key,
Ere the measured tone is taken
By the chords you would awaken.

There he sate all heavily,
As he heard the night-wind sigh.
Was it the wind, through some hollow
stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan?
He lifted his head, and he looked on the
sea,
But it was unrippled as glass may be;
He looked on the long grass—it waved
not a blade;
How was that gentle sound conveyed?
He looked to the banners—each flag lay
still,
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
And he felt not a breath come over his
cheek;
What did that sudden sound bespeak?
He turned to the left—is he sure of sight?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

He started up with more of fear
Than if an armèd foe were near.
"God of my fathers! what is here?
Who art thou, and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament?"
His trembling hands refused to sign
The cross he deemed no more divine:

He had resumed it in that hour,
But conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed—he saw : he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace ;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his
bride !

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellowed with a tenderer streak :
Where was the play of her soft lips fled ?
Gone was the smile that enlivened their
red.

The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue ;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought concealed her bosom shining ;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm showed white and bare :
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high ;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine
through.

"I come from my rest to him I love best,
That I may be happy, and he may be
blest.

I have passed the guards, the gate, the
wall ;
Sought thee in safety through foes and
all.

'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity ;
And the Power on high, that can shield
the good

Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as
well

From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
I come—and if I come in vain,
Never, oh never, we meet again !
Thou hast done a fearful deed

In falling away from thy father's creed :
But dash that turban to earth, and sign
The sign of the cross, and for ever be
mine ;

Wring the black drop from thy heart,
And to-morrow unites us no more to
part."

"And where should our bridal couch be
spread ?

In the midst of the dying and the dead ?
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter
and flame

The sons and the shrines of the Christian
name.

None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,
Shall be left upon the morn :
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
Where our hands shall be joined, and our
sorrow forgot.

There thou yet shalt be my bride,
When once again I've quelled the pride
Of Venice ; and her hated race
Have felt the arm they would debase,
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the
bone,

And shot a chillness to his heart,
Which fixed him beyond the power to
start.

Though slight was that grasp so mortal
He could not loose him from its hold ;
But never did clasp of one so dear
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of
fear,

As those thin fingers, long and white,
Froze through his blood by their touch
that night.

The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
And his heart sank so still that it felt like
stone,

As he looked on the face, and beheld its
hue,

So deeply changed from what he knew :
Fair but faint—without the ray
Of mind, that made each feature play
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;

And her motionless lips lay still as death,
And her words came forth without her
breath,

And there rose not a heave o'er her
bosom's swell.

And there seemed not a pulse in her veins
to dwell.

Though her eye shone out, yet the lids
were fixed,

And the glance that it gave was wild and
unmixed

With aught of change, as the eyes may
seem

Of the restless who walk in a troubled
dream ;

Like the figures on arras, that gloomily
glare,

Stirred by the breath of the wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;
As they seem, through the dimness, about
to come down

From the shadowy wall where their
images frown ;

Fearfully sitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

"If not for love of me be given
Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,—
Again I say—that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and swear
Thine injured country's sons to spare,
Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—
Not earth—that's past—but heaven or
me.

If this thou dost accord, albeit
A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
And mercy's gate may receive thee
within :

But pause one moment more, and take
The curse of Him thou didst forsake ;
And look once more to heaven, and see
Its love for ever shut from thee.

There is a light cloud by the moon—
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
If, by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged ;
Dark will thy doom be, darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high
The sign she spake of in the sky ;
But his heart was swollen, and turned
aside,

By deep interminable pride.
This first false passion of his breast
Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy ! *He* dismayed
By wild words of a timid maid !
He, wronged by Venice, vow to save
Her sons, devoted to the grave !

No—though that cloud were thunder's
worst,

And charged to crush him—let it burst !

He looked upon it earnestly,
Without an accent of reply ;
He watched it passing ; it is flown :
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
And thus he spake :—"Whate'er my
fate,

I am no changeling—'tis too late :
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
Then rise again ; the tree must shiver.

What Venice made me, I must be,
Her foe in all, save love to thee :
But thou art safe : oh, fly with me !"
He turned, but she is gone !

Nothing is there but the column stone.
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in
air ?

He saw not—he knew not ; but nothing
is there.

~~~~~  
TWILIGHT.

*Parisina.*

It is the hour when from the boughs  
The nightingale's high note is heard ;  
It is the hour when lovers' vows  
Seem sweet in every whispered word ;  
And gentle winds, and waters near,  
Make music to the lonely ear.  
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
And in the sky the stars are met,  
And on the wave is deeper blue,  
And on the leaf a browner hue,  
And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
Which follows the decline of day,  
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

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MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY ON
THE JUNGFRAU.

Manfred.

THE spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle
me—

The remedy I recked of tortured me ;
I lean no more on superhuman aid,
c c 2

It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulfed in
darkness,
It is not of my search.—My mother
Earth!
And thou, fresh breaking Day, and you,
ye Mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my
heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme
edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to
shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would
bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is
firm:
There is a power upon me which with-
holds,
And makes it my fatality to live;
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have
ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil. Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,
[*An eagle passes.*]
Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I
should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou
art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but
thine
Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns,
we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence,
make

A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty
will,
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to
themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark! the
note,

[*The shepherd's pipe in the
distance is heard.*]

The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mixed with the sweet bells of the saunter-
ing herd;
My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh,
that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

Enter from below a Chamois Hunter.

Chamois Hunter. Even so
This way the chamois leapt: her nimble
feet
Have baffled me; my gains to-day will
scarce
Repay my break-neck travail.—What is
here?
Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath
reached
A height which none even of our moun-
taineers,
Save our best hunters, may attain: his
garb
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air
Proud as a freeborn peasant's, at this
distance—
I will approach him nearer.

Man. (not perceiving the other.) To be
thus—

Grey-haired with anguish, like these
blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless,
branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise! Now furrowed
o'er

With wrinkles, ploughed by moments,
not by years,—
And hours, all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of
ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws
down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and
crush me!
I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye
pass,
And only fall on things that still would
live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the
hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager.

C. Hun. The mists begin to rise from
up the valley;
I'll warn him to descend, or he may
chance
To lose at once his way and life together.

Man. The mists boil up around the
glaciers: clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and
sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep
Hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living
shore,
Heaped with the damned like pebbles.—
I am giddy.

C. Hun. I must approach him cau-
tiously; if near,
A sudden step will startle him, and he
Seems tottering already.

Man. Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the
shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's
splinters;
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crushed the waters into mist, and
made
Their fountains find another channel—
Thus,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosen-
berg—
Why stood I not beneath it?

C. Hun. Friend! have a care,

Your next step may be fatal!—for the
love
Of Him who made you, stand not on that
brink!

Man. (not hearing him.) Such would
have been for me a fitting tomb;
My bones had then been quiet in their
depth:

They had not then been strewn upon the
rocks
For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus
they shall be—
In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening
heavens!

Look not upon me thus reproachfully—
You were not meant for me.—Earth!
take these atoms!

[*As Manfred is in act to spring from
the cliff, the Chamois Hunter
seizes and retains him with a
sudden grasp.*]

C. Hun. Hold, madman!—though
awearied of thy life,
Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty
blood:
Away with me—I will not quit my
hold.

Man. I am most sick at heart—nay,
grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind—
What art thou?

C. Hun. I'll answer that anon.—Away
with me—
The clouds grow thicker—there—now
lean on me—
Place your foot here—here, take this staff,
and cling

A moment to that shrub—now give me
your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—
well— [hour:
The Chalet will be gained within an
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer
footing,
And something like a pathway, which the
torrent

Hath washed since winter.—Come, 'tis
bravely done—
You should have been a hunter.—Follow
me.

MANFRED, AFTER HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE WITCH OF THE ALPS.

WE are the fools of time and terror : days
Steal on us and steal from us ; yet we
live,
Loathing our life, and dreading still to
die.

In all the days of this detested yoke—
This vital weight upon the struggling
heart

Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick
with pain,

Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—
In all the days of past and future, for
In life there is no present, we can number
How few—how less than few—wherein
the soul

Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws
back

As from a stream in winter, though the
chill

Be but a moment's. I have one resource
Still in my science—I can call the dead,
And ask them what it is we dread to be :
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,
And that is nothing! If they answer not—
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag
Of Endor ; and the Spartan Monarch
drew

From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping
spirit

An answer and his destiny—he slew
That which he loved, unknowing what he
slew,

And died unpardoned—though he called
in aid

The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused
The Arcadian Evocators to compel

The indignant shadow to depose her
wrath,

Or fixed her term of vengeance—she
replied

In words of dubious import, but fulfilled.
If I had never lived, that which I love
Had still been living : had I never loved,
That which I love would still be beautiful—

Happy and giving happiness. What is
she ?

What is she now ?—a sufferer for my
sins—

A thing I dare not think upon—or no-
thing.

Within few hours I shall not call in
vain—

Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare :
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my
heart.

But I can act even what I most abhor,
And champion human fears. The night
approaches.

MANFRED'S MIDNIGHT
THOUGHTS.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the
tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beau-
tiful !

I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a
night

I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees which grew along the broken
arches

Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the
stars

Shone through the rents of ruin ; from
afar

The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ;
and

More near from out the Cæsars' palace
came

The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song

Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn
breach

Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they
stood

Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars
dwelt,

And dwell the tuneless birds of night,
amidst

A grove which springs through levelled
battlements,

And twines its roots with the imperial
hearths,

Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Au-
gustan halls,

Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon,
upon

All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,

As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries ;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the
place

Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old !—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who
still rule

Our spirits from their urns.—

'Twas such a night !
'Tis strange that I recall it at this time ;
But I have found our thoughts take wildest
flight

Even at the moment when they should
Themselves in pensive order.

MY NATIVE LAND—GOOD
NIGHT.

Childe Harold.

"ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue ;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight :
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night !

"A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth ;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate ;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;
My dog howls at the gate.

"Come hither, hither, my little page,
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;
Our ship is swift and strong :
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind :
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind ;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee—and One above.

"My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain ;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again."—
"Enough, enough, my little lad !
Such tears become thine eye ;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
My own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my stanch yeoman,
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman ?
Or shiver at the gale?"—
"Deem'st thou I tremble for my life ?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak ;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy
hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?"—
"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay ;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour ?
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near ;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea;
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!"

LISBOA AND CINTRA.

WHAT beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing lord.

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt,
unwashed, unhurt.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest scenes—
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked
Elysium's gates.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrowned,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe;"
Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
Here impious men have punished been, and lo!
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path:

PARNASSUS.

OH, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more one Muse will wave her wing.

Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath:
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
And grove and glea with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life!

THE DEMON OF BATTLE.

HARK! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and Tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Oft have I dreamed of thee! whose glorious name
Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore;
And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore.
When I recount thy worshippers of yore,
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,
Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

THE lists are oped, the spacious area cleared,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

Hushed is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance:
If in the dangerous game they shine to—
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot, the light-limbed Mata-stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurms, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed:
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseamed appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyng hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

ATHENS.

ANCIENT of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole

Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn,
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou knowest not, reckest not to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

REAL AND UNREAL SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

HOLY GROUND.

WHERE'ER we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and wild the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

NAPOLEON.

THERE sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit, antithetically mixed,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixed;
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,

Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who wo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

Oh, more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

THE ISOLATION OF GENIUS.

HE who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,

Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

CLEAR, placid Lemán! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warms me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice improved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more:

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

THE STARS.

YE stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

THE RHINE.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers

Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

STORM AT NIGHT.

THE sky is changed!—and such a change!
Oh night, and storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the [light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
 Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed:—
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation worked,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be
 Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
 But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal? [breast?
 Are ye like those within the human
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

Could I embody and unbosom now
 That which is most within me,—could I wreak
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
 All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into one word,
 And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

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 CLARENS.

CLARENS! sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep Love!  
 Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;  
 Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above  
 The very glaciers have his colours caught,  
 And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought [rocks,  
 By rays which sleep there lovingly: the  
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought  
 In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,  
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—  
 Undying Love's who here ascends a throne  
 To which the steps are mountains; where the god  
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown  
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
 In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower  
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown  
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender power  
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

All things are here of him; from the black pines,  
 Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar  
 Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines  
 Which slope his green path downward to the shore,  
 Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore,  
 Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,  
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,  
 But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,  
 Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
 And fairy-formed and many-coloured things,  
 Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,  
 And innocently open their glad wings  
 Fearless and full of life; the gush of springs,  
 And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which rings,  
 The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,  
 Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,  
 And make his heart a spirit; he who knows  
 That tender mystery, will love the more;  
 For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,  
 And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,  
 For 'tis his nature to advance or die:  
 He stands not still, but or decays, or grows  
 Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
 With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,  
 Peopling it with affections; but he found  
 It was the scene which passion must allot  
 To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground  
 Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,  
 And hallowed it with loveliness; 'tis lone,  
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,  
 And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone  
 Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne.

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 A MOONLIGHT NIGHT AT VENICE.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night—
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountain; Heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be,—
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
 D D

While, on the other hand, meek Dian's
crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of
the blest !

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ;
but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and
remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rætian
hill,
As Day and Night contending were,
until
Nature reclaimed her order ;—gently
flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their
hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and
glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which,
from afar,
Comes down upon the waters ; all its
hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse :
And now they change ; a paler shadow
strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting
day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang
imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone—
and all is gray.

ITALIA! OH ITALIA!

ITALIA! oh Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and
past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed
by shame,
And annals graved in characters of
flame.
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy naked-
ness
Less lovely or more powerful, and
couldst claim

Thy right, and awe the robbers back,
who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of
thy distress ;

Then mightst thou more appal ; or,
less desired,
Be homely and be peaceful, unde-
plored
For thy destructive charms ; then, still
untired,
Would not be seen the armed torrents
poured
Down the deep Alps ; nor would the
hostile horde
Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water ; nor the stran-
ger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of
friend or foe.

THE VENUS DI MEDICI AT FLORENCE.

THERE, too, the Goddess loves in
stone, and fills
The air around with beauty ; we in-
hale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld,
instils
Part of its immortality ; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn ; within the
pale
We stand, and in that form and face
behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's
self would fail ;
And to the fond idolaters of old
Envy the innate flash which such a soul
could mould :

We gaze and turn away, and know not
where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the
heart
Reels with its fulness ; there—for ever
there—
Chained to the chariot of triumphal
Art,
We stand as captives, and would not
depart.

Away!—there need no words, nor
terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have
eyes :
Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the
Dardan shepherd's prize.

Apparedst thou not to Paris in this
guise ?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises ? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when
lies
Before thee thy own vanquished Lord
of War ?
And gazing in thy face as toward a
star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee up-
turn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek ! while thy
lips are
With lava kisses melting while they
burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and
mouth, as from an urn ?

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless
love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's
fate
Has moments like their brightest ; but
the weight
Of earth recoils upon us ;—let it go !
We can recall such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be,
things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods
below.

THE CATARACT OF VELINO.

THE roar of waters!—from the head-
long height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the
abyss ;
The hell of waters ! where they howl
and hiss,
And boil in endless torture ; while the
sweat

Of their great agony, wrung out from
this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks
of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless
horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and
thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which
round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle
rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald :—how pro-
found
The gulf ! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious
bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward
worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms
a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on,
and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by
the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the
vale :—Look back !
Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its
track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a match-
less cataract,

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glitter-
ing morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, un-
worn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams
unshorn :
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the
scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable
mien.