

ROME.

OH Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance?
Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,
Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol;
far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
Alas for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

FREEDOM'S TRUE HEROES.

CAN tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Hath Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such shore?

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamant wall,
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst—his second fall.

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn,
but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

THE FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA.

EGERIA! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoever thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erases
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round fern, flowers, and ivy creep,

Fantastically tangled: the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

LOVE'S SORROWS.

ALAS! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poisons; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants,

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art—
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,—
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquenched soul—parched—
—wearied—wrung—and riven.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation:—where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom again?

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm un-winds
Which robbed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize,—wealthiest when most undone.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon—un-slaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle—and all ill—and none the worst—
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

Few—none—find what they love or could have loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
Envenomed with irrevocable wrong;
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the dust we all have trod.

INVOCATION TO NEMESIS.

AND thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long—
Thou who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution—just
Had it but been from hands less near—in this [dust!
Thy former realm, I call thee from the
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake!
thou shalt, and must.

* * * * *
And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now
I shrink from what is suffered: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak [verse,
The deep prophetic fulness of this
And pile on human heads the mountain
of my curse!

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—
Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!—
Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
And only not to desperation driven,
Because not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
Have I not seen what human things could do?
From the loud roar of foaming calumny
To the small whisper of the as paltry few,
And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,
And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
But there is that within me which shall [tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire.

THE STATUE OF APOLLO.

OR view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision—are
express

All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly
mood,
When each conception was a heavenly
guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a
god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from
Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not of human
thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it,
nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it
caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame
with which 'twas wrought.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

HARK! forth from the abyss a voice
proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread
sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable
wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the
rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but
the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head
discrowned,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal
grief
She clasps a babe to whom her breast
yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where
art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou
dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and
lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?

In the sad midnight, while thy heart
still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that pang for ever: with
thee fled
The present happiness and promised
joy
Which filled the imperial isles so full it
seemed to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it
be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall
weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy,
cease to hoard
Her many griefs for One; for she had
poured
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely
lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou
wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the
dead!

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment
made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is
laid,
The love of millions! How we did en-
trust
Futurity to her! and, though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly
deemed
Our children should obey her child,
and blessed
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose pro-
mise seemed
Like stars to shepherds' eyes:—'twas but
a meteor beamed.

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps
well:
The fickle reek of popular breath, the
tongue
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
Which from the birth of monarchy hath
rung
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'er-
stung

Nations have armed in madness, the
strange fate
Which tumbles mighty sovereigns, and
hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a
weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes
soon or late,—

These might have been her destiny;
but no,
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so
fair,
Good without effort, great without a
foe;
But now a bride and mother—and now
there!—
How many ties did that stern moment
tear!
From thy Sire's to his humblest sub-
ject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that
despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's,
and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none
could love thee best.

SOLITUDE.

OH! that the desert were my dwelling-
place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely
be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless
woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature
more,
From these our interviews, in which I
steal

From all I may be, or have been be-
fore,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal.

THE OCEAN.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue
Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in
vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his
control
Stops with the shore;—upon the
watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his
own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of
rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling
groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined,
and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy
fields [arise
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost
And shake him from thee; the vile
strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all
despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the
skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy play-
ful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply
lies [bay,
His petty hope in some near port or
And dashest him again to earth:—there
let him lay,

The armaments which thunderstrike the
walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations
quake,
And monarchs tremble in their
capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs
make

Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves,
which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all
save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,
what are they ?
Thy waters washed them power while
they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores
obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their
decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not
so thou ;—
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves'
play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou
rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-
mighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale,
or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ;— boundless, endless,
and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy
slime
The monsters of the deep are made :
each zone
Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread,
fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my
joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to
be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from
a boy
I wanted with thy breakers—they to
me

Were a delight ; and if the freshening
sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing
fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I
do here.

SONG OF THE CORSAIRS.

The Corsair.

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls
as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows
foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home !
These are our realms, no limits to their
sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious
slave !
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving
wave ;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and
ease !
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure
cannot please—
Oh, who can tell save he whose heart
hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters
wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening
play, [way ?
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless
That for itself can woo the approaching
fight,
And turn what some deem danger to
delight ;
That seeks what cravens shun with more
than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only
feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?
No dread of death—if with us die our
foes—
Save that it seems even duller than
repose :

Come when it will—we snatch the life of
life—
When lost—what recks it—by disease or
strife ?
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years
away ;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his
palsied head ;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish
bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his
soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes
control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow
cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild
his grave :
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely
shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our
dead.
For us, even banquets fond regrets supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory ;
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the
prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er
each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted now !

CONRAD.

THEY make obeisance and retire in haste,
Too soon to seek again the watery waste :
Yet they repine not—so that Conrad
guides,
And who dare question aught that he
decides ?
That man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to
sigh ;
Whose name appals the fiercest of his
crew,
And tints each swarthy cheek with sal-
lower hue ;
Still sways their souls with that com-
manding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar
heart.

What is that spell, that thus his lawless
train
Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain ?
What should it be, that thus their faith
can bind ?
The power of thought—the magic of the
Mind !

CONRAD'S LOVE FOR MEDORA.

NONE are all evil—quickening round his
heart,
One softer feeling would not yet de-
part ;
Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
By passions worthy of a fool or child ;
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he
strove,
And even in him it asks the name of
Love !
Yes, it was love—unchangeable—un-
changed,
Felt but for one from whom he never
ranged ;
Though fairest captives daily met his
eye,
He shunned, nor sought, but coldly passed
them by ;
Though many a beauty drooped in pri-
soned bower,
None ever soothed his most unguarded
hour.
Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tender-
ness,
Tried in temptation, strengthened by
distress,
Unmoved by absence, firm in every
clime,
And yet—oh, more than all !—untired by
time ;
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled
wile,
Could render sullen, were she near to
smile ;
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to
vent
On her one murmur of his discontent ;
Which still would meet with joy, with
calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach
her heart ;

Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals—this was love!
He was a villain—ay—reproaches shower
On him—but not the passion, nor its power,
Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

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THE PARTING OF CONRAD  
AND MEDORA.

SHE rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,  
Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face,  
He dared not raise to his that deep-blue eye,  
Which downcast drooped in tearless agony.  
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er her his arms,  
In all the wildness of dishevelled charms;  
Scarce beat that bosom where his image dwelt  
So full—that feeling seemed almost un-felt!  
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-gun!  
It told 'twas sunset—and he cursed that sun.  
Again—again—that form he madly pressed,  
Which mutely clasped, imploringly caressed!  
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,  
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more;  
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,  
Kissed her cold forehead—turned—is Conrad gone?

“And is he gone?”—on sudden solitude  
How oft that fearful question will intrude!  
“’Twas but an instant past—and here he stood!

And now”—without the portal's porch she rushed,  
And then at length her tears in freedom gushed;  
Big,—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;  
But still her lips refused to send—“Farewell!”  
For in that word—that fatal word—how-e'er  
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despair,  
O'er every feature of that still pale face,  
Had sorrow fixed what time can ne'er erase:  
The tender blue of that large loving eye  
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,  
Till—oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of him,  
And then it flowed—and phrensied seemed to swim,  
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dewed  
With drops of sadness oft to be renewed.  
“He's gone!”—against her heart that hand is driven,  
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to heaven;  
She looked and saw the heaving of the main;  
The white sail set—she dared not look again;  
But turned with sickening soul within the gate—  
“It is no dream—and I am desolate!”

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SUNSET IN THE MOREA.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in nothern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;

O'er his own regions lingering, loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven,
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

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CONRAD AND THE DEAD BODY  
OF MEDORA.

HE turned not—spoke not—sunk not—fixed his look,  
And set the anxious frame that lately shook:  
He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,  
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!  
In life itself she was so still and fair,  
That death with gentler aspect withered there;  
And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,  
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained  
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,  
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:  
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,  
And veiled—thought shrinks from all that lurked below—  
Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,  
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!  
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,  
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—

Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile  
And wished repose—but only for a while;  
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,  
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;  
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier,  
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?  
He asked no question—all were answered now  
By the first glance on that still, marble brow.  
It was enough—she died—what recked it how?  
The love of youth, the hope of better years,  
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,  
The only living thing he could not hate,  
Was reft at once—and he deserved his fate,  
But did not feel it less;—the good explore,  
For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar;  
The proud—the wayward—who have fixed below  
Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,  
Lose in that one their all—perchance a mite—  
But who in patience parts with all delight?  
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn!  
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,  
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

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KALED.

Lara.

LIGHT was his form, and darkly delicate
That brow whereon his native sun had sate,

But had not marred, though in his beams
he grew,
The cheek where oft the unbidden blush
shone through;
Yet not such blush as mounts when health
would show
All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;
But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care
That for a burning moment fevered there;
And the wild sparkle of his eye seemed
caught
From high, and lightened with electric
thought,
Though its black orb those long low lashes
fringe,
Had tempered with a melancholy tinge;
Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,
Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should
share:
And pleased not him the sports that please
his age,
The tricks of youth, the frolics of the
page;
For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,
As all-forgotten in that watchful trance;
And from his chief withdrawn, he wan-
dered lone,
Brief were his answers, and his questions
none;
His walk the wood, his sport some foreign
book;
His resting-place the bank that curbs the
brook:
He seemed, like him he served, to live
apart
For all that lures the eye, and fills the
heart;
To know no brotherhood, and take from
earth
No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara; but was
shown
His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;
In mute attention; and his care, which
guessed
Each wish, fulfilled it ere the tongue ex-
pressed.

Still there was haughtiness in all he did,
A spirit deep that brooked not to be chid;
His zeal, though more than that of servile
hands,
In act alone obeys, his air commands;

As if 'twas Lara's less than his desire
That thus he served, but surely not for
hire.
Slight were the tasks enjoined him by his
lord,
To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;
To tune his lute, or, if he willed it more,
On tomes of other times and tongues to
pore;
But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,
To whom he showed nor deference nor
disdain,
But that well-worn reserve which proved
he knew
No sympathy with that familiar crew:
His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,
Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.
Of higher birth he seemed, and better
days,
Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays;
So femininely white it might bespeak
Another sex, when matched with that
smooth cheek,
But for his garb, and something in his
gaze,
More wild and high than woman's eye
betrays;
A latent fierceness that far more became
His fiery climate than his tender frame:
True, in his words it broke not from his
breast,
But from his aspect might be more than
guessed.
Kaled his name, though rumour said he
bore
Another ere he left his mountain shore;
For sometimes he would hear, however
nigh,
That name repeated loud without reply,
As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,
Start to the sound, as but remembered
then;
Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that
spake,
For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all
awake.

A BATTLE-FIELD.

DAY glimmers on the dying and the dead,
The cloven cuirass, and the helmless
head;

The war-horse masterless is on the earth,
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody
girth;
And near, yet quivering with what life re-
mained,
The heel that urged him and the hand
that reined;
And some too near that rolling torrent lie,
Whose waters mock the lip of those that
die;
That panting thirst which scorches in the
breath
Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave
One drop—the last—to cool it for the
grave;
With feeble and convulsive effort swept
Their limbs along the crimsoned turf have
crept; [waste,
The faint remains of life such struggles
But yet they reach the stream, and bend
to taste: [take—
They feel its freshness, and almost par-
Why pause?—no further thirst have they
to slake—
It is unquenched, and yet they feel it not;
It was an agony—but now forgot!

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

Don Juan.

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 locks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be
free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat 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 linked among a fettered 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.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
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 Polycrates—
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 Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric 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!

THE DYING BOYS ON THE RAFT.

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 at 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 heart 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 [gazed,
From his pale lips, and ever on him
And when the wished-for shower at
length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film
half glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seemed
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, [last
And looked upon it long, and when at
Death left no doubt, and the dead bur-
then lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope
were past,
He watched 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.

A BUNCH OF SWEETS.

'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-mouthed 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 lulled 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 es-
capes
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 sea-
men.

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet
The unexpected death of some old
lady,
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,
Who've made "us youth" wait too,
too long already,
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,
Still breaking, but with stamina so
steady,
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its
Next owner for their double-damned post-
obits.

'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 plucked
—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 filched for us
from heaven.

MODERN CRITICS.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

A MAN must serve his time to every
trade
Save censure—critics all are ready-made.
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller, got
by rote,
With just enough of learning to mis-
quote;
A mind well skilled to find or forge a
fault;
A turn for punning,—call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go; be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per
sheet.
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky
hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass
for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper
jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caressed.

THE MEMORY OF KIRKE
WHITE.

UNHAPPY White! while life was in its
spring,
And thy young muse just waved her
joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise
fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever
there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here un-
done,
When Science' self destroyed her favourite
son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pur-
suit,
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped
the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final
blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid
thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the
plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar
again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in
his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to
feel,
He nursed the pinion which impelled the
steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed
his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding
breast.

DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a
dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the
stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moon-
less 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 chilled into a selfish prayer for
light.
And they did live by watchfires—and the
thrones,
The palaces of crownèd kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were con-
sumed,
And men were gathered 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 con-
tained;
Forests were set on fire—but hour by
hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling
trunks
Extinguished 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 looked
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 gnashed their teeth and howled; the
wild birds shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest
brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers
crawled
And twined themselves among the multi-
tude,

Hissing, but stingless: they were slain
for food:
And War, which for a moment was no
more,
Did glut himself again. O 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 de-
voured;
Even dogs assailed their masters; all save
one:
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famished 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 answered not with a caress—he
died.
The crowd was famished by degrees: but
two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met be-
side
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heaped 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 shrieked,
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 stirred within their silent
depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as
they dropped
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 withered in the stagnant
air,
And the clouds perished! Darkness had
no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

ODE TO NAPOLEON.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive,
And now thou art a nameless thing;
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.
Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned—power to
save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!
Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.

That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life ;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The arbiter of others' fate
A suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope,
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of the rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how looked he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowler's prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:

Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean!

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! may we hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay; [mirth
Nor deemed Contempt could thus make
Of these the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she, too, bend,—must she, too,
share,
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand,
In loitering mood upon the sand,
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage—
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth—
So long obeyed—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day—there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul's thine—
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign,
Had been an act of purer fame,
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou, forsooth, must be a king,
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is the faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star—the string—the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?

Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

FAREWELL to the land, where the gloom
of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with
her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of
her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with
my fame.
I have warred with a world which van-
quished 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 crowned me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of
earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave
as I found thee,
Decayed 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 mo-
ment was blasted,
Had still soared with eyes fixed 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 depths of thy
valleys;
Though withered, thy tears 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!

~~~~~  
TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,  
And say, what Truth might well have said,

By all, save one, perchance forgot,  
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea  
Divided, yet beloved in vain!  
The past, the future fled to thee,  
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look,  
That softly said, "We part in peace,"  
Had taught my bosom how to brook,  
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee  
Prepared a light and pangless dart,  
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,  
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watched thee here?  
Or sadly marked thy glazing eye,  
In that dread hour ere death appear,  
When silent sorrow fears to sigh.

Till all was past! But when no more  
'Twas thine to reck of human woe,  
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,  
Had flowed as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day  
In these, to me, deserted towers,  
Ere called but for a time away,  
Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;  
The smile none else might understand;  
The whispered thought of hearts allied,  
The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,  
That Love each warmer wish forbore;  
Those eyes proclaimed so pure a mind,  
Even passion blushed to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;  
The song, celestial from thy voice,  
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still,  
But where is thine?—Ah! where art thou?

Oft have I born the weight of ill,  
But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
The cup of woe for me to drain.  
If rest alone be in the tomb,  
I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this  
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,  
Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee!  
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:  
On earth thy love was such to me,  
It fain would form my hope in heaven!

~~~~~  
ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I
AM FREE.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;

One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring!
Man was not formed to live alone;
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing,
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.

It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It soothed to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deemed the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on the pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrsa gazes on the moon"—
Alas, it gleamed upon her grave!

When stretched on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
"Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
"That Thyrsa cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live!

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with sorrows hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou'rt pressed!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallowed when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

~~~~~  
EUTHANASIA.

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,  
Oblivion! may thy languid wing  
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,  
To weep or wish the coming blow;  
No maiden with dishevelled hair,  
To feel or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,  
With no officious mourners near;  
I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
Could nobly check its useless sighs,  
Might then exert its latest power  
In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last  
Thy features still serene to see:  
Forgetful of its struggles past,  
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still  
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;  
And woman's tears, produced at will,  
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,  
Without regret, without a groan;  
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,  
And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!  
Where all have gone, and all must go!  
To be the nothing that I was  
Ere born to life and living woe.

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be.

~~~~~  
AND THOU ART DEAD, AS
YOUNG AS FAIR.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair,
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the
past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed
away ;
I might have watched through long
decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that followed such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade :
Thy day without a cloud hath passed,
And thou wert lovely to the last :
Extinguished, not decayed ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed ;
To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head ;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee !
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS
OF MEN.

IF sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade :
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemned, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy memory !
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine ;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly thine.

If not the goblet pass unquaffed,
It is not drained to banish care ;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drowned a single thought of thee.

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 hushed, 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, the 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 cherished 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.

For wert thou vanished from my
mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn ?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandoned Urn ?
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil ;
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had
been
Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourned shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou :
And, oh ! I feel in that was given
A blessing never meant for me ;
Thou wert too like a dream of
heaven,
For earthly Love to merit thee.

TO GENEVRA.

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 drops 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 de-
scending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all dis-
tress ;
At once such majesty with sweetness
blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee
less.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

Hebrew Melodies.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes, and starry skies:
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace,
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-
place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

THE HARP THE MONARCH
MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallowed while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are
riven!

It softened men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his
throne!

It told the triumphs of our King,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladdened valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to heaven and there
abode! [more,

Since then, though heard on earth no
Devotion and her daughter Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light can
not remove.

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

IF that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving Love endears;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet this very hour to die!
To soar from earth and find all fears,
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

It must be so: 'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink;
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares,
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

ON JORDAN'S BANKS.

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels
stray,
On Zion's hill the False One's votaries
pray,
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
Yet there—even there—O God! Thy
thunders sleep:

There—where Thy finger scorched the
tablet stone!
There—where Thy shadow to Thy people
shone!
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

Oh! in the lightning let Thy glance
appear;
Sweep from his shivered hand the op-
pressor's spear;
How long by tyrants shall thy land be
trod!
How long Thy temple worshipless, oh
God!

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

SINCE our Country, our God—oh, my
sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire;

MY SOUL IS DARK.

MY soul is dark—Oh! quickly string
The harp I yet can brook to hear;
And let thy gentle fingers fling
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.
If in this heart a hope be dear,
That sound shall charm it forth again:
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

But bid the strain be wild and deep,
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
And break at once—or yield to song.

I SAW THEE WEEP.

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue:
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.

As clouds from yonder sun receive
A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.

WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS
SUFFERING CLAY.

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die, it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Since thy triumph was bought by thy
vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee
now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me
below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my father and country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath
gushed,
When the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

OH! SNATCHED AWAY IN
BEAUTY'S BLOOM.

OH! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;
And the wild cypress wave in tender
gloom.

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a
dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturbed
the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

Eternal, boundless, undecayed,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth, or skies displayed,
Shall it survey, shall it recall :
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all, that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track,
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fixed in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
It lives all passionless and pure :
An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thought shall
fly ;
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.

SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS.

SUN of the sleepless ! melancholy star !
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously
far,
That show'st the darkness thou canst not
dispel,
How like art thou to joy remembered
well ! [days,
So gleams the past, the light of other
Which shines, but warms not with its
powerless rays ;
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to be-
hold,
Distinct, but distant—clear—but oh, how
cold !

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf
on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple
and gold ;

And the sheen of their spears was like
stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Sum-
mer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset
were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn
hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered
and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings
on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he
passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly
and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for
ever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostrils
all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath
of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on
the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating
surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and
pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust
on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners
alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet un-
blown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in
their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of
Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote
by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of
the Lord !

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Miscellaneous Poems.

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, [of excess :
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean
The magnet of their course is gone, or
only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered 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 foun-
tain 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,
Through midnight hours that yield no
more their former hope of rest ;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined
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 vanished scene ;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet,
all brackish though they be,
So midst the withered waste of life, those
tears would flow to me.

FAREWELL ! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.

'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :
Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell !—Fare-
well !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry ;
But in my breast and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel :
I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sank chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame ;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well :—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee ?—
With silence and tears.