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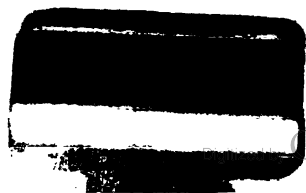
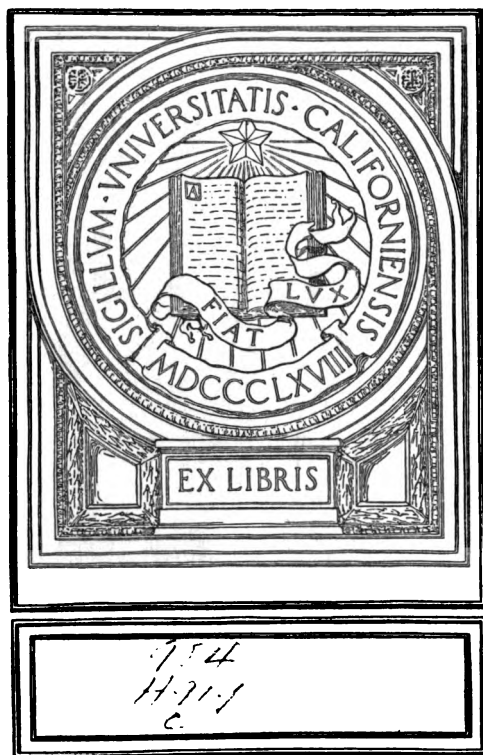


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A TRAGEDY;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

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A TRAGEDY;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLOTTE DE HUMBOLDT.

||

" 'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own." — POPP.

" Les Livres ont un même langage;
Mais ce langage ne parle pas également
A` tous les cœurs."



7

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TO THE
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TO
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
QUEEN ADELAIDE.

MADAM,

DEEPLY sensible as I am of the high honour conferred upon me by Your Majesty's gracious permission granted me, to dedicate this work to Your Majesty, I am aware that words cannot adequately convey to Your Majesty my feelings on the occasion.

My thanks are Your Majesty's.

The high estimation in which Your Majesty is universally held in this country, renders my humble expression of respect and admiration

but as the tributary stream adding its waters to the ocean; still may I be permitted to avail myself of this opportunity afforded me by Your Majesty's kindness, of publicly offering to Your Majesty the homage of my respectful gratitude.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Majesty's most devoted,

Humble, and obedient Servant,

CHARLOTTE DE HUMBOLDT.

Tunbridge Wells,
March, 1838.

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CORINTH,

A TRAGEDY.

"Canst thou dispense with Heaven for such an oath?"

SHAKSPEARE.

THIS Tragedy represents a period of the government of Corinth, wherein, after being subject for upwards of 100 years to Prytanes, or annual magistrates, Cypselas usurped regal authority: but repenting, on his death-bed, he made his son Periander swear to restore the Corinthians to their ancient liberty. The ambitious young man, unmindful of his oath, refused to comply with their wishes. — On this event the Tragedy is founded.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN this blest isle we happily can show
The joys and comforts that from freedom flow ;
'T is but the shade that other nations grasp,
But we the glorious reality enclasp.
Here, every cottager can rest, assured
The little that he hath is his secured ;
The prince and peasant equally enjoy
A home which no intruder dares annoy.
In olden times, indeed, when man was slave,
And monarchs tyrants, with no arm to save,
We must not marvel citizens did stand
In arms against the powers of their land —
We must not wonder rebel passions rose
Where civil feuds inflicted direst woes :
It must be so — since, true to nature's law,
All will the sword against oppression draw.
We have not fail'd to bless the Power divine
That we are free ! nor, selfishly supine,
Whene'er affliction visits other lands
Do Englishmen withhold their saving hands.
O favour'd land ! if to herself but true,
No hostile power can England e'er subdue.
United, she the world in arms defies,
And her supremacy in *union* lies !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PERIANDER,	-	-	-	<i>King of Corinth.</i>
LEONIDAS,	-	-	-	<i>His General.</i>
PROCLES,	-	-	-	<i>Tyrant of Epidaurus.</i>
LYSANDER,	}	-	-	<i>Principal Citizens.</i>
PERDICEAS,				

Priests, Conspirators, Soldiers, Mob, &c. &c.

MELISSA,	-	-	-	<i>Wife to Periander.</i>
AMANA,	-	-	-	<i>Betrothed to Procles.</i>
HELENA,	-	-	-	<i>Melissa's Friend.</i>
ZEMIRA,	-	-	-	<i>A Greek Slave.</i>

Priestess of Apollo, — Attendants, &c.

SCENE — *partly in Corinth, and partly in Corfu.*

CORINTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Streets of Corinth.*

Shouts of Citizens behind the Scenes.

Enter LYSANDER *and* PERDICEAS.

LYSANDER.

Is it then true, Perdiceas! Whence these shouts?
They do bespeak our shame — the perjured prince
Usurps our rights, and grasps at regal power —
And shall we crouch beneath the yoke? No — sooner
Inhale the deadly steams of black Avernus.
Wilt thou, too, join the pageantry?

PERDICEAS.

I shall.

For, mark me! to dissemble now were wise.
The whirlwind rises. — Let the present swell
Of changeful popularity subside —
A calm, propitious to our plans, will soon
Succeed — till then, Lysander, hold thy peace.

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LYSANDER.

I ne'er can do so while my country groans,
Spoil'd of her rights by perjury so foul.

PERDICEAS.

Thou wilt but sacrifice thyself, and yield
No good to Corinth by this ill-timed rage.

LYSANDER.

What! shall we live the scoff of Greece, and mourn
Our trampled liberty, nor dare avenge it?

PERDICEAS.

Thou dost mistake me much — I feel our wrongs —
And all the ills his perfidy entails —
But would with caution act. Wait but the time;
Like a coil'd snake we'll wind us closely round,
Then dart upon our prey. I prithee yield,
And with fair seeming join the holy train:
The hour will come, our wrongs shall be proclaim'd.

LYSANDER.

And loudly too! All Greece shall hear the shout,
And Heaven's bright concave echo back reply,
That "Corinth's free" — But if it must be so,
And it promote the cause, we will prepare
To join this mockery, and play a part
Unwilling in the scene. — Listen, Perdiceas;
I sought Melissa's love — was by her scorn'd:
This gives a keener edge to my revenge.

PERDICEAS.

Hear me, Lysander — Do not rashly urge.

LYSANDER.

Are we not Greeks ? The spirit of our sires
May slumbering lie, but is not quite extinct :
It will revive. Its flame shall light us on
To liberty, and guide our free-born steps.

PERDICEAS.

The crisis is at hand — the storm rolls on ;
Let then no maddening impulse urge to acts
We might repent. — Let's follow to the temple.

SCENE II. — *Apollo's Temple, Altar, &c.*

PERIANDER, LEONIDAS, LYSANDER, PERDICEAS, *Citizens
and Soldiers with banners, &c. Priests, Priestess,
Virgins crowned with Laurel, enter in procession.*

LEONIDAS.

Behold us here assembled to implore
The blessings of the God upon our king.
Corinth, in regal splendour deck'd, will now
Shine forth a bright example to the world,
And, rich in arts as strong in war, outvie
Her sister cities — will defy her foes
And merit their applause. Be then our cry
For country and for king.

B 4

SOLDIERS, &c.

Long live the king !

LYSANDER.

Of all republics better stand the first,
Than glimmer with a feeble light and be
The last of kingdoms ! Dying Cypelas
Made Periander swear he would restore
Our rights. We claim fulfilment of this oath,
We ask our freedom now. —

LEONIDAS.

Rebel, forbear !

PERIANDER.

Most true my father did extort an oath,
But the protecting Gods have cancelled it :
Corinth's wise citizens and loyal troops,
Demand a king. By every power I swear !
I take the crown (which your rebellion makes
Sit heavy on my brow) for Corinth's sake !
I mourn there are who would seduce my people,
And bid me punish those I'd fain protect.

LEONIDAS.

Let not your gen'rous soul be grieved : in me
Your people speak, my noble liege, and own
Their true allegiance to their lawful king.
If the bright beams of thy transcendent love
Kindle no feeling in th' unworthy breasts
Of a rebellious few, they shine not less

Resplendent. — Doth the sun in cloudless sky,
 When glowing on Arabia's barren plain,
 Less glorious seem than when he calls to life
 The blushing flowers in Persia's blooming beds,
 That by rich perfume offer incense sweet,
 And thus repay his animating care ?

LYSANDER.

In vain, Leonidas, in vain you drop
 Your honied words into his flatter'd ear !
 Truth will rouse his slumb'ring conscience,
 And tell him what he is — a perjured man.

PERIANDER.

Restrain your lawless tongue, unhallow'd wretch !
 Nor let thy rebel rant insult this spot :
 I'll answer thee elsewhere. — Proceed, ye Priests;
 Prepare the rites, — and raise the holy song.

Chief Priests arrange the Sacrifice on the Altar.

CHIEF PRIEST.

Hear us, great Apollo, hear us,
 Whilst we offer on thy shrine !
 Protect our holy mystic rites,
 Bless them by thy power divine !

CHIEF PRIESTESS.

Fragrant incense here we bring
 In honour to thy glorious name ;

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May a good omen speak thy will,
And ratify a monarch's claim !

*(Thunder and lightning — the holy fire on the
Altar is extinguished.)*

PRIESTS.

Oh horror ! horror !

LYSANDER, *triumphantly*.

The God disdains the sacrifice.

PERIANDER.

Not against Corinth's king, but Corinth's self
Doth heaven direct its thunders — we can hope
No better signs, while treason stalks abroad —
We'll humble those who have, with vile intent,
Raised up sedition's standard — and renew
Our offerings in some happier hour.

Procession retires with the King and LEONIDAS, &c.

LYSANDER.

Proud man !

[Exit.

SCENE III. — *Interior of the Palace.*

MELISSA and HELENA.

MELISSA.

Alas! whence comes it, Helena, amidst
The blaze of gratified ambition, still
The icy chill of doubt should rise, and damp
Our joys?—In rude and humble scenes alone
Will peace impart her smile? — must care-worn swains
Become the object of our envy?
Must toil laborious cradle sweet content,
And gilded couch be press'd by restless grandeur?
What is the recompence of statesman's cares?
The tooth of envy, and ingratitude
Doth fasten on his fame, and steal from him
The guerdon of his long and watchful labours! —
Say what the trophies of the victor's prowess?
Ruin and devastation mark his path!
And sterile fields, bestrew'd with whit'ning bones,
Are monuments that mark his dread career!

HELENA.

Not always so! the better part esteem
The great man's power, and thank his guardian care
For joys that peace and independence bring!
The victor's steel, to worthy hands consign'd,
Is drawn but to defend what most we prize!

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Though, in the contest, just and guilty fall
Alike, the living thousands bless his deeds,
And grateful tears are mingled with regrets.

MELISSA.

Thou knowest I love my lord, and that his fame
Must ever be my pride and my ambition ;
But my weak heart was never made for scenes
Like these ; nor can it so dissimulate,
As not to own to thee, my Helena,
That Periander's oath lies heavy here !

[Laying her hand on her heart.]

HELENA.

'T is thy fear blinds thee ; or thou would'st observe
The long perspective of a life of bliss.

MELISSA.

No longer do I recognise my poor
Distracted country ! now so sadly changed !
Pity and honour fly appalled ! and deeds
Of darkness cloud our fame. — It must be so,
When men thus fail in duty to the Gods,
And rashly spurn authority — Oh, Helena !
It grieves my soul our country thus should feel
The scourge of base disloyalty and crime.

HELENA.

Yet still the good predominate — there are,
Who like th' enriching streams of mighty rivers
Nourish the soil they ornament, — whilst others
bolder minds, like raging torrents burst

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Upon us, and obtain observance which
Our terrors, rather than our wills, bestow ;
But soon their force is spent — and useless fall
Their noisy waters. — Scan not thou the vices
Of the few, but rather glory in the virtues
Of the many that surround us.

MELISSA.

May the just Gods recall deluded men
To reason ! No native soil of murder this !
The altars of the Gods are here respected ;
Here virtue still abides ! and headlong rage
Gives place to social worth, and soft compassion.
He comes ! — My Helena, retire.

[*Exit* HELENA.]

Enter PERIANDER.

MELISSA.

My life !

PERIANDER.

Sweet love ! dear soother of my cares ;
And source of all my joys ! I come to say
That (with the exception of a rebel few)
The citizens acknowledge my fond care,
And free me of mine oath for Corinth's sake.
Say — wilt thou now renew thy wonted smiles ?

MELISSA.

Affection, love, was parent to my fears ;
I look'd upon the past as 't were a dream.

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I fear'd the tide of happiness was low,
And to the morning of our day of love
The night of sorrow was too soon succeeding!
My Periander, canst thou pardon this?

PERIANDER.

I pray thee, now, dispel these anxious thoughts,
Nor plunge me back to darkness, as the gleam
Of hope is dawning on my mind!
My sweet Melissa! pour into mine ear
Thy melting tones! and cheer my heart, that sinks
At thought of leaving thee; straight to Corcyra
I must lead my troops, to reconcile the feuds
Of those proud colonists, and bid them join
In sacred bonds of amity with Corinth.
On my return, the diadem shall grace
Thy brow.

MELISSA.

If it secure thine honour I will give
A welcome to the bauble! but I fear
'T will ne'er impart the sweetness, which the wreath
Thou once entwin'dst around my brow did yield!
We then were happy — pleasure beam'd around us,
Nor dreamt we of ambition — Oh! 't is the grave
Of peace and love! Resign it, dearest lord.

PERIANDER.

It cannot be — I hope to satisfy
My people, and redeem the pledge I gave.
If I refuse to grant their bold demands
It is but to ensure their future good.

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Corinth, for commerce and for arts renown'd,
Must shine in war and be in arms invincible.

MELISSA.

May thy bright dreams be realised !

PERIANDER.

Whilst

I hold thee here my bliss is perfected,
And hope of future joys throws round my soul
A light, that makes Melissa seem indeed
A worshipp'd goddess in my wond'ring eyes !
I leave th' important charge of Corinth's peace,
For the brief space of my unwilling absence,
To my ally and friend, the noble Procles,
To guard my heart's best treasure —
But see ! from ocean's depths the new-born sun
Gilds my bright banners ! and my troops await me.
Within the bay my galley rides — farewell !
These parting pangs do show how great the price
I pay for Corinth's glory !

MELISSA.

Oh ! in this hour

My fears return — I strive in vain to cheer thee !
By this embrace, I charge thee hasten back
To thy Melissa's arms — till then, nor joy
Nor peace can visit her. — Farewell — farewell !

[*Exit* MELISSA.]

PERIANDER.

But five times only hath the queen of night
In her full radiance silvered yon waters

Since she did give herself to these fond arms !
Shall I then wound her feelings ! show her
The chaos of my own ! What would it serve
To tell her my sad breast is tortured, rack'd,
Torn by conflicting passions ! Pride, ambition,
Honour, and conscience — struggle there for mastery.
Ambition ! all thy flattery will not ease
My pangs, nor silence my remorse ! Thou too,
My meddling conscience, raisest images
That rend my soul ! My father seems to stand
Before me, with reproachful look. — Mine ears
Distracted, ring with sounds of "perjury !" *(Recovering himself.)* I am too far advanced in glory's
path,
To be withheld by goblin fears ; my pride
Forbids me to retract. What ! shall I own
To grov'ling knaves, that Periander's conscience
Affrights, and turns him from the road to glory
The fates have pointed out ? Like trembling slave,
Fearing the scourge, shall I cry out and say,
" I 'm sorry for it ? " — No : the die is cast.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Grove. — Woodland Scenery.*

LYSANDER and PERDICEAS.

LYSANDER.

Did'st mark how tamely the proud tyrant bore
My keen reproach? With all his boasted pride,
Did'st mark his changing glance, and his blanch'd
cheek?

That told us of a mind not much at ease.

PERDICEAS.

Truly I did, and trembled at thy boldness!
He now gives Corinth opportunity
To shake his chains from off her. — Procles comes,
And with him brings the beautiful Egyptian.
From her I learn, that love of fair Melissa,
The secret motive of his coming hither,
Fills all the tyrant's soul. — She gives him welcome
As Periander's friend, whose bold ambition
Aims at the throne, and, with the throne, Melissa!

LYSANDER.

Why, this is well; — but, hark, he comes!

[Shouts behind the Scenes.]

C

*Enter PROCLES, with Citizens bearing Flags,
Bands of Music, &c.*

MOB.

Long live Procles!

PROCLES.

Thanks, good people. In me
Behold your friend, and city's willing guardian.
My troops will join with yours to serve the cause.
Your sovereign, in his absence, delegates
His powers to me. — I'll use it to your profit.
See that your strict obedience to my orders
Proves your loyalty and love. — Give now full scope
To social revelry; — but, look ye,
Make this indulgence no pretence for rioting,
To give rebellious tongues licence to spread
Their calumny. — Let festive sports bespeak
Your sense of Procles' presence, and avow
Your readiness to welcome him. — Away, sirs,
And let no clamour rude attend your steps.

*[Exeunt Mob, shouting "Long live Periander!"
"Long live Procles!"]*

PROCLES, *turning to* LYSANDER AND PERDICEAS.

Sirs! methinks you join not in the welcome.
Why stand ye thus in silence and aghast?
Why bend your brows thus sternly? Know ye not
I come invited — come to save ye from —

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LYSANDER (*hastily*).

Periander?

PROCLES (*affecting surprise*).

Whom d' ye say?

LYSANDER.

Periander — who betrayed
And would enslave us, breaking his plighted oath !
Lend not thyself to such an act ; — be thou
The friend of liberty, and help our cause.

PROCLES.

Thou dost but dream. He is thy lawful monarch.

LYSANDER.

We seek our freedom, and demand no king.
Peruse this fair memorial of our wrongs,
Nor give thine aid to rob us of our birthright.

PROCLES, *looking at the Paper, (aside.)*

This will do — Extended power — Melissa's
Charms ! — Blest chance ! I hail thee.
(*Aloud.*) I'll think on this ; but I must coolly act,
Nor hastily condemn my absent friend.

LYSANDER.

We thank thee, sir ; and fear not the result.

[*Exeunt* LYSANDER and PERDICEAS.]

PROCLES (*after a Pause*).

His wife, too ! — Men will talk of honesty !

Of trusting faith! — Pshaw — nurses' tales — no more !

It leads to power. — If on his fall I rise,

'T is destiny alone must take the blame.

'T is plain, to conquest I am call'd ; and must

All weaker feelings now resign — but then,

Amana ! fond Amana ! will she yield ?

Nay, she shall comply.

(*Looks at the Paper.*) Rebellious dogs !

Ye must be made my stepping-stone to power.

Why, this is right ; thus traitors ever dig

The pit wherein themselves to fall. Fall then

Who may, so Procles rise. — I have embark'd

Upon a stormy ocean ; no matter —

Love and power — or death and what ? — no matter.

[*Exit musing.*]

SCENE II. — *Garden — Sunrise — Fountain playing.*

MELISSA and HELENA.

HELENA.

Forgive me if I say, my honour'd dame,

This grief indulged but ill becomes the wife

Of Corinth's king. How would he grieve to see

Thy wakeful eyes dimm'd with these unchecked tears !

MELISSA.

Oh, Helena ! this heavy heart will break.

'T is filled with pale affright, and direful thoughts.

Can I be patient, when rebellion lifts

Its frightful head with threat'ning aspect here ?
 Can I but weep when thus he leaves me ! Parted
 In this distracting hour ! Must I not fear,
 When rashly thus he braves the people's anger ?

HELENA.

The presence of his friend ensures thy safety.
 In person he protects thee ; nor would leave
 To care of meaner hands the envied charge.
 The people shouted, as his bounding charger
 Bore him, majestic, through the crowded streets.
 Resign thy grief !

MELISSA. (*Noise behind the Scenes.*)

Thine ardour doth inspire
 My drooping spirits. — Lo ! thy vaunted hero
 This way directs his steps. — Retire ! — The news
 He brings of his late conference with the rebels
 Will prove his good intents, revive my hopes,
 Or speak his infamy and my despair.

[*Exit* HELENA.]

Enter PROCLES.

PROCLES.

Still undisturb'd the glittering dew-drop hangs
 On yonder flowers that grace the lawn,
 In liquid gems, like brightest pearls appearing.
 The pallid gleam of morn hath scarce dispell'd
 The lingering mist, yet thou, Melissa, thou,
 More fair than morn, art waking !

MELISSA.

Is there cause

For thy surprise, that sleep refuse to close
 The tearful eye of her who mourns, alone,
 Her country's troubles, and her husband's absence?
 What say the rebel chiefs?

PROCLES.

They speak like men,
 And give their wrongs a tongue.

MELISSA (*anxiously*).

Which thou wilt silence?

PROCLES.

Mine honour will not make so rude a nurse
 Of me, that I should stifle freedom's bantling
 In the birth — It were a deed —

MELISSA (*firmly*).

Which thou must do,
 And quickly too, or answer it to him
 Who call'd thee here. — Art coward, or a villain?
 My loved Periander gave thee charge of all
 That's dear to him. Would'st parley with rebellion?
 How ill dost thou conceive his worth, or my
 Fond love for him, if thou, at such a time
 As this, canst marvel at my wakefulness!
 'T was not from Procles I anticipated
 This remark.

PROCLES.

Not stranger, than that perjury

Should find an advocate in thee. — Start not :
 Procles no longer holds alliance with
 A man who treats the Gods with such contempt,
 And plays the tyrant's part so daringly.
 Art still in error ? Hear, that I detest
 Thy husband's treacherous arts ; that I will save
 This noble city from the galling bonds
 He would impose ; but, whilst with friendly hand
 I would relieve them, I do yield myself
 A willing slave to chains, more binding still !
 Which I so fondly clasp ——

MELISSA.

Am I awake ?

Is it the coinage of my feeble brain
 Harassed by grief ? or do I rightly hear thee ?
 Doth Procles join a ruffian horde against
 His early, and his trusting friend ? Of chains
 Thou spakest :— what fetters dost thou fear but those
 Thy conscience will impose ?

PROCLES.

My fair Melissa !

Say, hath the glassy surface of the lake
 Ne'er given thy form reflected to those eyes ?
 Canst ask what chains I wear : must I yet speak
 More plain ? and say how I do thank the Gods
 For this blest chance, when I may tell thee all
 This glowing heart endures, and fears, and hopes.
 Oh ! let me, ere the garish day shall show
 The crimson, most unmeet for warrior's cheek,

c 4

Which love impresses there — Oh ! let me say
How fervently ——

MELISSA.

Dare not such speech
As this to the chaste wife of Corinth's king.
What ! do I hear thy sigh, and still remain
To breathe the poison'd atmosphere. My blood
Is frozen in its channel ; and I stand,
Fix'd to the ground, the statue of despair !

PROCLES.

Oh! gentle as the western breeze, and beauteous
As the azure heaven ! thou dost, despite thy coldness,
Charm me ! each look, each action, but increase
The flame that darts through all my veins !
I cannot hide it from thee. — I adore thee.

MELISSA.

Oh, Periander ! this the guardian thou
Hast chosen ! Insolent, presumptuous man !
The torrent of his anger soon will burst
Upon thee. Cease thy lawless speech, and leave me.

PROCLES.

Periander ne'er sees Corinth more, but as
His tomb. The rebel citizens suit well
My purpose : yes, my voice shall banish him
From hence.

MELISSA.

Where are thy lightnings, Jove ? oh, where ?

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 To strike the impious monster, ere his breath,
 Undaunted, shock me by his bold address!

PROCLES.

The language of thy scornful eye but serves
 As fuel to my ardent flame ; and makes me
 More urgent to possess thee, loveliest !

MELISSA.

If they declare my thoughts, they tell thee plainly
 I do hate thee, wretch !

PROCLES.

Oh ! thy melodious voice
 Doth win my love, and soften all my rage.
 The dulcet sound doth change the harsher sense ;
 And all thy angry words seem harmony.
 Some witching charm hangs on thy trembling lip.
 Thy tones mellifluous seem, like Philomela's,
 Warbling her strains that float on evening breezes.
(Seizes her arm fiercely.) Hear me ! The credulous
 Corinthians soon
 Shall own no master but myself, and thou
 Must be my lovely prize. Proud dame, decide !
 Be mine, in rosy fetters bound ; or weep,
 Within a dungeon's gloom, thy vain resistance.

MELISSA.

The Gods who rule the thunders and the waves,
 Shall not their power restrain within their bounds
 Thy dangerous passions, stop thy vicious course,
 And bid thee hold thy peace ?

PROCLES.

Thou art but idly wasting
 Thy sweet breath, Melissa. Thy doom is fixed ! Accept
 My vows, and thou shalt reign the arbitress
 Of Corinth's and of Procles' destiny !
 Reject them, and thou 'lt feel my fearful vengeance !

MELISSA.

Thy vengeance ! What ! dost think I 'm unprotected
 In my husband's realm ? what, ho ! my guards !

PROCLES (*seizing her Arm*).

Thou art no longer mistress here, unless
 As Procles' wife. Resistance is in vain.
 (*Catches her in his arms.*) Mine shalt thou be, proud
 dame !—Nay, struggle not ; —
 Each moment adds new ardour to my passion : —
 On these fair lips I swear ——

MELISSA.

Monster, unhand me : —
 Help ! help ! for mercy's sake.

Enter HELENA.

HELENA.

What means this cry ?
 Oh ! my loved friend : we're lost ! The tyrant's guards
 Surround us. Inhuman wretch, release her !

PROCLES.

Silence, thou prating woman, or I'll teach thee.

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MELISSA.

Fear him not, my Helena ; he dares not.

PROCLES.

Dares not ? — within, there ! Who waits ?

[Enter four Soldiers.]

HELENA.

Oh, heavens !

PROCLES (*points to MELISSA*).

Take her hence : — in Pelop's tower confine her.

[Soldiers advance to seize MELISSA.]

HELENA (*rushing between them*).

Touch her at your peril.

PROCLES.

Am I obeyed ?

(Soldiers seize HELENA : the others advance to MELISSA.)

MELISSA, *with dignity, to PROCLES*.

Stand off : approach me not : there needs no force.

Infamous traitor, thou'lt repent this deed.

PROCLES.

Straight conduct her to the tower, and treat her
With respect.

HELENA.

Base ruffian ! — I'll share her fate.

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MELISSA.

Be calm : the coward's triumph will be short.
Leave me, I beseech thee, if thou lovest me !

HELENA.

I go, my dearest lady. Soon thy prison
Shall be opened. Periander will return.

[*Exit HELENA.*]

MELISSA.

Lead on — I follow. Wretch ! I do abhor
But fear thee not. Feed on this pleasing truth.
Go, banquet on my scorn.

[*Exit MELISSA guarded.*]

PROCLES.

Thy wondrous charms are more alluring made
By thy proud coyness. All powerful love !
How dost thou soothe our rugged nature !
On the mind's darkest spot thou sheddest radiance.
Her mellow voice revives my wearied senses.
'T is sweet to give offence, thus to be chidden.
Her presence would make caverns palaces.
How will she, then, diffuse her peerless splendour,
And beautify the thrones to which I raise her.
Yes, it shall be thus ; but now, to flatter
The rebel chiefs, and win them to my wishes.
These mighty advocates for revolutions ;
These restless beings, who seek felicity
In change and tumult ; could they but conceive
The horrors that attend the consummation,
Would they not pause, ere yet the assassin's knife

Is raised to the throat of wife and babes ?
For all must perish in the wild contention —
Guiltless and guilty, infancy and age.
Would they not pause before they op'd the gates
To the resistless torrent of destruction ?
Before they played the busy part of midwife,
And gave deliverance to the curst offspring
Of the designing brain of those, whom idleness
And vice have made conceive such murderous mischief?
Better the sword rust within the scabbard
Than be drawn forth by Greek against a Greek.
Yet must it be — now peevish discontent,
Fomented by the baneful breath of treason,
Is blown into a flame in which good order
And lovely peace must quickly be envelop'd.
If in the struggle thou obtain'st thy wishes,
Content thee, Procles. Thou canst not hinder
Their course of villany — then profit by it.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — PROCLES's House.

AMANA discovered reading.

Enter ZEMIRA with a Garland.

AMANA.

Well, my Zemira, whence comest thou? Thy face
Reflects more joy than I have lately dreamt of.

ZEMIRA (taking away AMANA's Book).

Read no more such dismal histories, lady,
Or I'll go bask me in Melissa's smiles.
She's a rare dame. She wove me this gay garland.
See how the ivy leaves become the roses!

AMANA.

A crown well fitting for the brow of Bacchus.

ZEMIRA.

Say rather, Cupid, lady.

AMANA.

He'd disdain

The ivy, simple girl: his golden tresses
Sweet pansies and the myrtle wreath become.

www.libtool.cc ZEMIRA.

May I speak out a thought unvarnish'd, madam ?

AMANA.

Ay, in good sooth ; thy blunt simplicity
Will refresh my senses, too much used, alas !
To courtesy that hath no meaning.

ZEMIRA.

Thou'lt be angry ?

AMANA.

Nay, I promise thee.

ZEMIRA.

Smile, and I 'll believe.

Why, lady, dost thou deem the evergreen
Unmeet to match the blushing queen of flowers ?
It hath example : — I know thou lovest ;
Yet I do see thee mournful, and oppress'd with grief.
If love with melancholy thus can mate,
Melissa's garland should not seem ill chosen :
Like smiles in tearful eyes 't is a fit emblem
Of that heart, where grief and love hold equal
Sway.

AMANA.

Thou hast a kindly heart, Zemira ;
And dost but mean thus prettily to chide
My sad indulgence in this murky mood :
Come, then, — cheat the dull hours.

ZEMIRA.

With music, lady ?

Shall I attune my lute, and chant a melody
To celebrate this day?

AMANA.

What of it, girl?

All days are now alike to me, and time
Hangs heavily. Why should'st thou note this day?

ZEMIRA.

Because it gave thee life — the poor a friend —
And me — a most kind mistress!

AMANA.

Foolish child!

Come, let us have thy minstrelsy.

[ZEMIRA sings.

AMANA.

Thy strain

Hath magic in it.

ZEMIRA.

Oh! that it might lure back
Thy wonted cheerfulness. See, Helena
Approaches: lady, shall I withdraw awhile?

AMANA.

Go — and pursue the sports thy care of me
Hath interrupted.

[Exit ZEMIRA.

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Enter HELENA.

HELENA.

Pardon this bold intrusion.
I come to interest thee in the fate
Of my most honour'd lady.

AMANA.

I am more interested than perchance
Thou art aware of. — What would'st thou of me?

HELENA.

Procles sets all power at nought: prayers nor threats
Regards he.

AMANA.

I have not to learn from others
The story of his rash intemperance:
Too well I know it.

HELENA.

Use thine influence, lady.
In pity to Melissa, speak to him.

AMANA.

That dame can lack no champion: the hoary head
Grows young, and youth doth ripen in her smile.
I hear she's fair, and of right merry mood:
The soul of harmony: — can tune her lyre
At Procles' bidding: — plaits the glossy braid
Around her brow, with care, to please his fancy: —

D

Industrious, too; — but that she spins her web
More to ensnare than cheat her pressing suitors.

HELENA.

What tongue malevolent has dared to utter
Such gross calumny? That she has beauty
Is most true; but temper'd with sweet modesty.
I grant her eyes outshine the beaming stars,
And most untrue it is they smile on Procles.
The tears of anguish scald her pallid cheek,
And her heart's big with woe.

AMANA.

Then she's belied:

Report speaks of her as exceeding far
The courtesy that's due, in this her welcome
To her husband's friend.

HELENA.

Ah! believe it not;

No turtle mourns more piteously her mate
Than she her absent love: — the early lark
Bears witness to her sighs — the ear of night
Receives her sad complaint. — She's sick with grief.
The traitor, Procles, takes most vile advantage
Of her widow'd state, and husband's confidence.
E'en now she languishes in Pelop's tower;
And fears each hour some aggravated insult.

AMANA (*aside*).

Perfidious man! and is it come to this?

www.libtool.com ~~HELENA.~~

I grieve thou' st cause for tears; yet they become
Thy cheek: those precious drops lend grace to beauty,
Although endow'd with charms more numerous
Than Venus' zone encircles, or Hebe's dimples
Treasure up. Woman would seem most hideous,
Did she not sympathise with her own sex —
The vermeil tintured lip will show more lovely
When it speaks the praise of rival excellence.

AMANA.

Melissa's injuries are mine. — Our peace
Is ruined by the same base destroyer.

HELENA.

Can we not save her ?

AMANA.

Surely Melissa's safe whilst Periander
Breathes the vital air. Procles' hardihood
Is monstrous — yet he values his own safety.

HELENA.

Oh ! plead for her when next you see the tyrant.

AMANA.

Plead for her ! alas ! I need eloquence
To serve my own cause. — Can I stem the torrent
Of his lawless passion ? I am borne down
Myself in the wild current, and my hopes
Are wrecked ! — Procles is made of sterner mould
Than to be turned aside by woman's prayers.

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We ~~needs must meet the~~ tempest ; but our bark
 Demands a better steersman at the helm
 Than you, or I, good Helena.

HELENA.

I hear

A footstep : — let us withdraw.

AMANA.

We will consult

Within, what best can serve us at this crisis.

HELENA.

My bosom's burnt with indignation's heat :
 Oceans of tears will not assuage the flame.
 She shall have vengeance, that shall match her patience.
 Lady, I follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Corfu.*

*Troops in attendance. PERIANDER lands with LEONIDAS
 and Soldiers.*

CORCYREAN CHIEF.

My hardy warriors, greet these friendly bands,
 Who come with their loved king to check the efforts
 Emanating from some hateful demon,
 Enemy to Greece and to Corcyra.

SOLDIERS clash their spears.

Hail, Periander! Hail!

PERIANDER.

Thanks, my gallant friends :

The wish that's dearest to my paternal heart
Is to unite ye firm in bonds of amity,
And stay the extending evil of sedition
Ere it oppose our arms with hydra head,
And force us to unloose the dogs of war,
Staining these fertile fields with brethren's blood.

CHIEF.

We've look'd impatiently for this bright hour,
To warm us in the sunshine of your presence.
A king should ne'er withhold his gracious person
From the sight of subjects, nor shun the gaze
Of those who fondly hang upon his looks;
Proud, when their monarch's eye reads in their smiles
His noblest triumph, and their true devotion !

PERIANDER.

May we inspire your souls ! and give ye energy
To join, and crush the puny efforts made
By those who would involve us in that direst woe,
A civil war.

CHIEF.

All is ready, noble liege,
For thy reception. Our best hearts are thine :
Our valiant soldiers' bucklers form a bulwark

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To defend thy sacred person. — Our people
Long to greet thee.

PERIANDER.

Their love will throw a lustre
On my diadem ; and be the solemn pledge
Of happiness. — Under the gods' protection
And my guidance, I trust it is secured.

CHIEF.

Soon will experience of thy worth convince
The rebel spirits — and their penitence
Obliterate remembrance of their fault.

PERIANDER.

Leonidas ! conduct our troops to their
Respective quarters — I'll meet thee at the palace.
[Exeunt all but PERIANDER.]

PERIANDER.

Now is the hour when I shall rise to greatness,
Or yield obedience to my officious conscience !
Melissa's tender fears unman'd me quite ;
And to my anxious thoughts a colour gave
Of sombre hue, like that which clouds her own.
This must not be — no — see where smiling glory
Displays her 'luring form, and bids me follow :
Her radiant charms grow on my ravish'd sight,
And bear a semblance of divinest majesty.
E'en now, methinks, I view the gorgeous train !
The banners float in air — the clang of arms —
Exulting shouts in proud contention rise,

And reach remotest heaven! — Lo! victory
 Descends: — see! in her hand she bears a crown: —
(Rushes forward) 'Tis mine! I grasp it thus — why!
 now 't is gone! —

The dazzling scene is fading into dimness!
 The plain is dyed in gore: the snowy plumes
 Stained in the crimson tide — whilst shrieks of woe,
 And dying groans, appal and deafen me.
 The brilliant form of glory's self is changed.
 She sits dejected on a heap of slain,
 Stripped of her borrowed splendour. See! she meets
 Mine eye — a hideous and most ghastly spectre.
 Urged on by fate to grasp the hateful shade,
 I clasp it, shuddering, to my freezing heart!
(Recovering himself.) Pshaw! this is weakness —
 vap'ring clouds of fancy —

Thoughts engender'd in the distemper'd brain,
 That check the current in our veins, and mar
 Our cheerfulness: — I must not yield to such.
 I must decide. As Corinth's king I triumph,
 Or, as Periander, perish. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.— *Corinth. Council Room.*

CONSPIRATORS round a Table.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

Lysander comes not yet, I wonder wherefore?

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SECOND CONSPIRATOR.

The morning breaks, we must dissolve the meeting.

THIRD CONSPIRATOR.

Methinks I hear a voice — I thought, a groan.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

'Tis but the wind — we need not fear — our guards are true.

SECOND CONSPIRATOR.

Who talks such folly — who speaks of fear?

Enter PROCLES, muffled up, his sword bloody.

Conspirators draw their swords.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

Speak out — What means this bold intrusion? — Say,
Who art thou?

(Procles throws off his disguise.)

SECOND CONSPIRATOR.

Seize him — there's treason here.

PROCLES.

Come on.

CONSPIRATORS *together.*

Not I.

Not I.

Not I.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

We are betrayed.

PROCLÉS.

Your fears betray ye ! How ! are *these* the wheels
 That move this great machine of treason ? — *these*
 The tools employed ? — No marvel he derides you :
 No marvel that he mocks your power : — 'tis ever thus.
 An honest man needs no defence — traitors,
 Tho' armed in steel, will fear and tremble.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

How didst thou pass the outpost ?

PROCLÉS.

Dost think

That Proclés ever begs admission ? — No —
 I slew the caitiff who opposed my path.
 I need no key but this. (*Points to his sword.*)

SECOND CONSPIRATOR.

Who gave thee entrance ?

PROCLÉS.

My courage — less would have served my purpose.
 Ye're mighty bold ! With your base fellow plotters
 Ye toss your caps, and roar out " Liberty ; "
 But, mark me ! on the ear of honest men
 Your fiercest threats would die away in whispers,
 The sound of which would e'en appal yourselves.

Disarm him : let us hear

No more.

Enter LYSANDER.

LYSANDER.

Hold ! would ye slay our best ally ?

He is our friend.

PROCLES.

Such fellowship, in sooth,

I almost scorn.

FIRST CONSPIRATOR.

What, he ? Periander's friend !

He join our cause ! I much mistrust him.

The man who would betray his friend deserves

No confidence.

PROCLES.

What, if I loved him once ?

My dormant honour's roused. I hate his perjury,

And will not sanction it.

LYSANDER.

Rely on Procles :

He's ardent in the cause, believe me.

See, the morning dawns : we must withdraw.

Procles will join us at our next meeting.

For a short space, farewell, most noble prince !

(Exeunt all but PROCLES.)

Deluded fools ! they shall but change their gaoler,
Not their prison. I seek extended empire.
Long have I marked out Corinth for my own.
Soon will I join this boasted " eye of Greece "
To my domains. Love's rosy chain
And glory's wreath shall deck my car triumphal.
I hail the gifts the gods, propitious, offer.
The mob is hot, and must be used with cunning.
Beware, Corinthians ! soon shall ye know me,
Ay, and fear me too. [Exit.

ACT IV.SCENE I. — *A Garden.*

AMANA.

How rich the fragrance from these beds of sweets !
Their perfume hath, like love, a transient day :
The one escapes us, borne on Zephyr's wing
To some more favour'd spot — again to charm,
And then again be lost — the other flies us, too,
But leaves a sad remembrance in the heart.
Am I, then, here to swell his pompous train ?
And, like his pages, gratify his pride ?
Was it for this my galley cut the waves,
And bore me, not unwilling, from the walls

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Of proud Canopus to this far-famed Greece ?
 Doth he wear my love, but like his armour,
 To be laid aside at his good pleasure ?
 Hath he garnished his speech with compliment
 But to deceive, to trifle with my fame ?
 (*A noise of footsteps.*) Perdiceas comes : he seeks to
 win my favour.

Men think us wax to take each form their will
 May mould us to — or birds, caught by the “lime-
 twigs ”

Of their oaths, to warble at their bidding.
 I must fain admit him to my counsels,
 If I would fathom all their deep designs.

Enter PERDICEAS.

PERDICEAS.

Beloved Amana ! do I behold thee !
 Have I no hope ? — What means that mantling cheek ?

AMANA.

My angry soul disdains its former love,
 And struggles to be free.

PERDICEAS.

Oh ! say not free :
 Drive me not to despair — here, on this hand,
 I swear —

AMANA.

This is no time to urge thy suit :
 It is enough to say, I love not Procles.

Deem it not light in me if I appoint
To meet thee at the tomb of Cypselas,
When yon dark mountain's top shall be illumed
By Dian's beam; there will I more unfold;
But spare me now.

PERDICEAS.

Amana, thou 'rt obeyed.
I'll court the lagging hours to speed their way,
And bear upon their wings the envious day.
Without this hope I would resign my breath:
To live not seeing thee is worse than death.
[Exit AMANA.]

Enter LYSANDER.

LYSANDER.

Well met — I am the messenger of good.
The powers above are with us. Fates unseen
Direct the meditated blow. Procles
Affects approval of our views. The tyrant
Tries his skill at angling, — throws out his line,
And thinks to bait his hook with our simplicity.

PERDICEAS.

An hour hence our council sits again.
The fate of Periander hangs upon their lips.
'Tis doubtful how we shall secure his person.
If with his troops he should return, it mars
Our plans.

LYSANDER.

Leave that to me: I have a scheme

Which yet must rest unseen — as walks hypocrisy.
 Gather patience, and I'll make it visible —
 When next we meet; our clashing arms shall rouse
 Our ardent souls; and we'll regain our liberty,
 Or die like men. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II. — *A Room in PROCLES's House.*

PROCLES and AMANA.

PROCLES.

How could'st thou ever think, belov'd Amana,
 I'd waste a sigh on any but thyself?
 Whence sprang those jealous fears?

AMANA.

These jealous fears,

If such you term them, are but too well grounded.
 Am I not scorn'd? neglected? whilst you give
 Your leisure hours to Periander's wife,
 Who hates thy presence, and rejects thy love.

PROCLES.

'Tis true I pass some hours with the fair dame,
 As becomes her guardian.

AMANA.

Her tyrant, rather!

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PROCLES.

Be patient, or I may, perchance, forget
When first the kind Amana own'd she loved :
'T was a dear hour ! each charm that nature boasteth
Lavish'd on us every sweet. — It was an hour——

AMANA.

Destructive of my peace ! an hour, in which
My happiness was sacrificed. Thy art
Inveiled its danger, and betrayed me. Oh !
Give up thy intent, or lose Amana's heart
For ever.

PROCLES.

How ! resign my golden prospects !
No — when I've reached the zenith of my power,
Thou still shalt be my favour'd love.

AMANA.

Dost think

I am so mean ? When I gave thee my heart
I deem'd thee worthy. All the greatness
Thou dost speak of I despise : Amana
Would not share it.

PROCLES.

Urge me not. I once believed
Thy mind superior to such canting folly.
Could I conceive thou would'st be so unjust
To thy attractions as to doubt my love ?

AMANA.

I wonder at myself, indeed, that ere

I could myself so little prize as think
 On one like thee! I know thee, Procles,
 Know thy deception, and would save thy honour
 This dark blot. By all our past endearments,
 I do entreat thee, Procles, spare thyself
 This foul disgrace.

PROCLES.

Amana never loved,
 Or would rejoice to see me thus aspire.

AMANA.

Aspire to what? to deeds thou darest not name.

PROCLES.

Or share my honours, or in some retreat
 Go hide thy weakness from a scoffing world.
 A bosom that enshrines a nobler heart
 Than thine must be my pillow — the partner
 Of my fate must have no childish scruples.
 She must triumph with me — or with me must
 Fall.

AMANA.

The choice is made — I leave thee, Procles,
 Leave thee, wretched man, a prey to fears
 Thou darest not name — to pangs thy conscience
 Will inflict. — I tremble at thy fate — Farewell.

[Exit AMANA.]

PROCLES.

The battle's din, or clash of jarring elements,
 Were music to mine ear, compared with woman's

Angry tongue. — One voice alone I doat on !
 It steals upon my senses, like summer showers
 Besprinkling the thick foliage of the forest.
 Come, then, sweet whispers of prophetic hope !
 Come, ease my troubled mind, thus harassed
 By a woman's wrath. — Oh ! lead me on
 To fair Melissa's arms : I will forget
 Amana's anger, and Amana's wrongs.

[*Exit PROCLES.*]

SCENE III. — *Corfu.*

Hall with Sculpture and Trophies. Enter PERIANDER
(with a letter in his hand).

PERIANDER.

Melissa false ! — she plot against mine honour
 And my life ! — Impossible ! The bright abodes
 Of blest Olympus would not fairer show
 Than she appear'd at Hymen's altar. Gods
 Did never gaze on Hebe's sparkling form
 More rapturously than did I upon Melissa.
 I've heard, that woman's frail ; that she can weave
 Her web of soft deception round the wretch
 Who blindly loves her — but Melissa ! she
 Betray her husband ! — Oh ye offended gods,
 If my black guilt of perjury demands
 Thy punishment, stay not your lifted arm !
 If broken vows have brought this heavy curse
 Upon me, I will calmly bear it all !

E

I will not wrestle with the angry fates.
 Blight my hopes; make my poor heart a wilderness;
 Let no joy flourish there; doom me to sufferance;
 Make my brow crownless — my sorrows endless!
 But, oh! in mercy, speed your destroying shafts
 From any hands but those of her I love!
 Place me in front of th' embattled squadrons
 Of victorious foes! tarnish my laurels
 With defeat! and let me, bleeding, expiate
 My fault — but, oh! preserve her innocent!

Enter LEONIDAS.

(*PERIANDER starts.*)

Who comes? speak quickly — break my heart at once;
 Confirm the horrid tale!

LEONIDAS.

What moves thee
 Thus, my liege? — what dost thou fear?

PERIANDER.

That peace
 Will ne'er revisit me! Adultery, treason,
 Rule the hour. I am betray'd by Procles!
 And, oh! Melissa —

LEONIDAS.

What of her? I trust
 No danger threatens.

PERIANDER.

Oh! I dare not, cannot

Utter it — hast ever heard of madness?
 Of caverns rent? of fires emanating
 From the boiling gulf? Of all the terrors
 Of the infernal world? Believe me they are nought
 They're joys—they're bliss — compared with what I feel
 When thus I publish my dishonour, telling thee
 Melissa's false, and wantons it with Procles.

LEONIDAS.

Sooner would I credit woman's sigh
 Could fan the fierce volcano, or its fires
 Could be extinguish'd by her tears. — Melissa false!
 My liege, give heed to no such vile assertion;
 Thou art abused.

PERIANDER.

Too well the tale is told;

I cannot doubt it. — I fly to Corinth
 From her lips to learn her guilt — or be convinced
 She's chaste. She meets him at my father's tomb;
 Thither I go, and unobserved will watch them.

LEONIDAS (*endeavouring to detain him*).

Hold!

PERIANDER.

Detain me not — my bursting heart doth pant
 For confirmation of my blasting fears!
 We soon shall meet — or never — thou wilt hear
 She's guiltless — Or, that I'm avenged.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. — *Corinth.* — *Exterior of the Tower.**Enter HELENA and PROCLES.*

HELENA.

Relentless man ! I will implore thee yet.
Will not memory of thy early pastimes
Check thy career, and save thee from this crime ?
Not all thy boyish sports, thy frolic joys,
The sunshine of thy youth ? — Are *all* forgotten ?
(*Points to the tower.*) Is *that* the casket for the gem
which he entrusted ?

PROCLE.

The feelings of our early years
Are wash'd away by Time's destructive tide ;
The morning of our days is warm romance.
Manhood brings sterner thoughts ; more fit to cope
With the rough storms of Life's reality !
Self-interest supersedes all former compacts,
And bids us teach our hearts another lesson
Than the light tasks our youthful minds imbibed
From woman's lips ; their idle tales but serve
To enervate our frames, and make us fit
But to amuse another Omphale.
Shall I, when love and power await me,
Yield them so easily, and sacrifice
A present fortune to the frail shade
Of long departed years ?

HELENA.

Hard-hearted man !

Oh that the flash of my indignant eye
 Could from thy stony soul elicit
 Sparks of kindness — and some tone of pity bring,
 E'en as sunbeams draw, a sound from Memnon's
 Statue ! — Thou in towering pride now stand'st erect,
 And, with eagle wing, thou proudly soarest !
 But dost forget that Periander lives ?
 He soon will hurl thee from thy giddy height ;
 It is not yet too late — release Melissa —
 Chastise the rebel slaves — restore Amana's peace —
 Then shalt thou yield to none, in real glory !
 Shalt turn thine eye upon the dark abyss
 That yawn'd beneath thy feet, and bless the gods
 At thy escape.

PROCLES.

Forbear to urge thy suit ;

Though the dark scorpion, and the poison'd adder
 Cross my path — I'd dare them all to reach my prey.
 I love Melissa ! and through seas of fire
 And all the horrors of the wild tornado
 Would rush, to gain the haven of her arms.
 'T is vain to speak — go hence — and thank the gods
 I do not give thee what thy speech deserves.

HELENA.

Insatiate tiger ! I go ! and curse thy murderous schemes.

[Exit HELENA.]

PROCLES.

Rail on! it is a woman's privilege;
Your words are bloodless weapons — sounds that vanish
In ether — they will not add to zephyr's breath,
Nor swell the breeze to stormy rage — rail on!
(*Musing.*) Lysander keeps the tower; lest daring hands
Should rob me of my prize — my veteran bands
Ensure my conquest — Corinth waits my nod.

[*Exit* PROCLES.]

SCENE V. — *Interior of the Tower.*

MELISSA, *sitting.*

MELISSA.

Ye blest inhabitants of starry spheres,
Let me believe ye hover near! look down,
And teach me, whilst I glance upon the hours
Now gone, to meet my fate, without complaint!
Let me yield up each dear and fondest wish
To the high will of the all-ruling Jove!
And be, to all my wretchedness, resigned.
(*Noise behind the Scenes.*) What footstep's that? Must
I again behold
The object of my hate, or sendeth he
His myrmidons to end my sufferings
And my life together. — Who's there? Lysander!

Enter LYSANDER.

MELISSA.

How dares the man who plots against the king,
My bosom's lord, intrude himself unbidden ?

LYSANDER.

He comes not here unbidden. Procles sent him.

MELISSA (*scornfully*).

Fit messenger of such employer !

LYSANDER.

Spare your keen reproaches, spare, and listen.
Lysander is, by Fortune's strange caprice,
Appointed guard o'er her who held him once
Within her chains. Nay, frown not—Well thou knowest
I loved thee, and, though scorn'd, I was not less
Thy slave.

MELISSA.

'Thou well dost prove thy great devotion,
Conspiring with a wretch against mine honour !

LYSANDER.

Wert thou less indignant, haughty dame,
I'd tell thee, I do hate the traitor Procles.
With purpose fair I came to give thee tidings
That will glad thine ear and give thee comfort.
But I will rid thee of my hateful presence,
And resume my guard without these walls.

(*Going out.*)

MELISSA.

If thou dost mean me well, stay yet awhile ;
Explain thyself — induce me to believe
Thou art not quite the villain that I thought.

LYSANDER.

What if I promise thee an interview
With him thou lovest ? what, if Periander waits thee ?

MELISSA.

Nay ! — this is mockery — If it were true
Thine aid would be superfluous.

LYSANDER.

I talk no fable to thy unwary sense.
Thou art warn'd of this at hazard of my life !
And yet, methinks, I dare not.

MELISSA (*with impatience*).

Clip not the wings
Of my young hope ! — let us be gone. — My spirit
Seems nigh to quit this trembling frame — Come on.

LYSANDER.

I will direct thy steps, but must not follow :
Straight to the tomb of Cypselas repair,
There meet thy Periander — there learn, Lysander
Fails not t'accomplish what he dares undertake.
Come on, or we shall be too late — the guard
Will be relieved.

I follow — to thy hands

I now commit myself.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Streets of Corinth.—Citizens and Soldiers.*

LYSANDER.

Come on — success await us — soon we triumph
O'er the double tyranny that now enslaves us.
Procles first despatched, we'll seek Periander,
Whose furious passions give him to our hands.

CITIZENS.

The day's our own, long live Lysander!

[*Exeunt Citizens and Soldiers.*]

Manet LYSANDER.

LYSANDER.

So — 't is well — Periander, in his rashness,
Will commit a deed that nought but jealousy
Could urge him to. — He suffers for his perjury :

"Tis right he should. — The gods will be appeased,
And my revenge will be complete. [Exit.

SCENE II. — *Tomb of Cypselas. — Moonlight. — Boat
lands PERIANDER.*

PERIANDER.

Hence madd'ning memory ! hence thoughts of banish'd
bliss,

When first I held her smiling to my breast !
As on my sight, through many a graceful fold,
Some unexpected charm each moment dawn'd !
Why will ye haunt me ! why present her thus,
To my mind's eye, a spotless, peerless fair !
Away, ye phantoms ! — Come, truth ! and mar the scene !
Tear off the mask, and show the rank corruption.
Oh ! bathe in Lethe's stream my burning brain :
Let its dull influence mitigate the pangs
Obtruding memory inflicts upon it.
No cup of joy again will reach my lip !
I stand, mid circling foes, upon the brink
Of dark destruction ; and am armed for crime.
(*Looks at the tomb.*) My father ! could'st thou behold
thy hapless son,
Like midnight murderer, lurking ! — Could'st thou know
Melissa was the victim ! — thou would'st own,
That I am punish'd for my trespasses
Against the gods ! Oh that mine injured honour
Could but dispense with this dread sacrifice !

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My hopes revive ! — she does not — will not come.

Ha ! see — she comes — by Heaven — it is herself !

(Hides behind the tomb.)

Enter MELISSA (veiled).

MELISSA.

All here is still ! — Yon silver lamp gives softness

To the scene. — E'en so, a heart, at ease, illumines

The countenance, and sheds a charm around.

My heart was such — but oh ! 't is sadly changed !

PERIANDER *(aside)*.

Her voice is like the yell of savage animals.

MELISSA.

I tremble, thus to be alone. I feel

That woman's soul was never form'd for deeds

Of daring, or of peril. — Love and meekness

Are its natural guests, — pity its best grace !

Procles ! thou hast made a coward of me :

My boasted courage, like the lightning's flash,

Evanishing, my spirit sinks anew ;

I 'm left to all the darkness of my fear.

PERIANDER *(aside)*.

Her guilt she means.

MELISSA.

How every sound alarms me !

Surely some one spoke ! e'en my own voice affrights me.

Would he were come ! be still, my trembling heart !

Midst all this struggle of contending feelings
 My dearest wish is to be once again
 Enfolded in his loved embrace !

PERIANDER (*aside*).

Monstrous !

MELISSA.

Procles ! Procles ! to what hath thy fatal passion
 Driven me !

PERIANDER (*aside*).

Confusion ! shall she live
 To blast mine ear again with his curst name ?

MELISSA.

Doth danger heighten love ? I ne'er till now
 So strongly felt its power. — Oft I've met him,
 With fond affection, in security,
 But now, in hazard waiting him, a flame
 More ardent than I ever dared to own
 Glows in my beating heart ! — Who comes ? 't is he —
 My love ! my life !
 (*Rushes towards the side Scene, and discovers PROCLES.*)

MELISSA (*aside*).

Procles here ! then all is lost !
 (*Wraps her veil still closer round her.*)

PERIANDER.

By all the demons of black Tartarus,
 It is their master spirit ! (*Rushes in between them.*)

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[MELISSA *throws back her veil, and attempts to cast herself in PERIANDER's arms — who turns from her indignantly.*]

PROCLES.

Melissa ! Melissa here ?

MELISSA.

Great Gods ! what's this ?

PERIANDER.

Ye seem surprised — am I intruding ?

PROCLES.

I am, in truth, somewhat surprised to see thee,
Like uncavern'd beast, who fears the glare of day,
Come stealing on us thus, unlook'd for !
Unattended !— Whence this strange caprice ?

PERIANDER (*violently*).

It means (*subduing his voice.*) It means to paint my
great desire,
To seek my friend, and this my loving wife !
My warm impatience hath outstript my train,
And surely Procles knows my temper well ?
With what impetuous throb, my every pulse
Doth beat — impatient of the least delay !

MELISSA.

What do his looks import ?

PROCLES.

Thus lone
And undisguised, thou hazardest thy life.

PERIANDER.

It doth appear thou better hast provided
For thy safety ! Where is the danger here ?
Are the Corinthians become assassins ?
Or is honesty in masquerade ?

MELISSA.

Periander !
Let *me* all unfold.

PROCLES.

Retreat, Periander,
Ere another eye behold thee — danger
Must be great, when Procles thus can counsel.

PERIANDER.

From whence doth it arise ? Of public
Or of private foes dost thou so kindly warn me ?
With single arm I will oppose the rabble.
But if some lurking serpent lies conceal'd
(*Looks at MELISSA.*) I must destroy it, ere it rears its
crest!
Pray thee instruct me in all thou knowest
That makes thee counsel me to such base flight ?

MELISSA.

I best can tell thee all his specious arts.

PERIANDER (*significantly.*)

I know it all! the tale is told! and needs
No varnish at thy hands, 't is written here.

(*Points to his heart.*)

Where like the furious blast that sweeps the bosom
Of the fathomless deep, it swells the tide
To foaming madness! (*To PROCLES.*) Answer — whence
thy counsel?

PROCLES.

Have I not told thee treason is abroad?
Yet unsubdued? — that thou art rash to come
Thus singly to the jaws of death? where e'en
The arm of Procles cannot save.

PERIANDER.

Indeed!

Not e'en the arm of Procles! — hath it lost
Its wonted vigour? or why still do Corinth's
Sons rebel? — say — art wanting most in hand?
Or head? — or heart? — or all?

PROCLES.

Thou'rt wanting much

In courtesy, thus meanly to suspect me.

PERIANDER.

Leave then the rebels — Speak now of my wife.
What are my obligations? — how hast thou discharged
Thy guardianship — Ha! — canst thou answer well?

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PROCLES (*warmly*).

Better than he who left his city, and his wife endanger'd.
None shall school me with impunity.

PERIANDER.

Hold ! my hot-brain'd lord :

Dost disapprove the prelude ? — Wilt not wait
Till I commence the lay to chant thy praise ;
Or doth thy conscience, nobler than thyself,
Disclaim such homage undeserved. — Art angry ?
From thine own mouth I judge thee ! Ay ! from all
That stands before me ! Canst thou not present
A fairer page for my perusal ?

PROCLES.

Yes —

Fairer than thou canst give ! I trample not
On rights established ! forfeit not mine oath !
Fool that I was — I thought thee wrong'd, and am
Deceived.

PERIANDER.

As I have been ! Defend thy life ! — (*he draws
his sword.* MELISSA *shrieks.*)

PROCLES.

'T is I should bid thee stand on thy defence !

PERIANDER.

Thou should'st have done it sooner. — Thou didst know
The purpose of thy traitor heart, and all
Thy base ambition.

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PROCLES.

It was not greater than

Thine own.

PERIANDER.

Was it thine only crime? Give back
The hearts thou hast estranged from me — restore
Her purity — my wife's! which thou hast tarnished.

MELISSA.

Heavens! do I hear aright? — what means he?

PROCLES.

Melissa's deepest stain is the pollution
Of thy touch. — A better fate awaits her —
Thou darest me to it — I glory when I say
That Corinth is my own — thy lovely wife
Becomes my prize.

PERIANDER.

Thou liest, adulterer
Coward, straight defend thyself, and make me
Not a murderer.

PROCLES (*drawing his sword*).

Come on, and make

One final struggle, for thy liberty :

And life —'t will be thy last!

[*They fight. — PERIANDER is beaten down; — as
PROCLES is in the act of stabbing him, MELISSA
throws herself before PERIANDER, and receives the
sword in her bosom. PERIANDER recovers him-
self, and catches her in his arms. Just then
AMANA and PERDICEAS enter at opposite sides.*

F

PERDICEAS.

Alas! what's here! Amana? is this the meeting
Thou didst promise? This the unravelling
Of thy plans?

AMANA.

I know not what imports this dreadful scene!

PROCLES.

Ask it of yonder kind, confiding husband,
Who thus repays his friend and wife their love.
His jealousy hath work'd this mischief here.

MELISSA.

Alas! alas! we are betrayed. — Lysander
Gave me liberty — bade me meet my
Husband — by his direction did I come:
Procles knows nought of this — I was his prisoner.
I mean not to reproach my Periander:
We both are victims of thy rash belief.

PERIANDER.

Lysander sent thee here! — Wretch,
I see it all — he was my base informer.
The horrid truth appears, and brands me murderer
Of the best of women.

AMANA to PROCLES.

Matchless Melissa!

She was a light in this most dreary waste
Thy crimes have robbed us of! but all thy venom
Is powerless to sully her fair purity!
She gave no licence to thy daring vows;

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Repulsing thy advances, was convey'd
To Pelop's tower. She regain'd her liberty
By base Lysander's help, who thus contrived
To hunt his victims into his hideous snare !

PROCLES.

She's chaste, 't is true — and my heart grudges him
That sweet conviction.

PERDICEAS.

Horrible ! could Lysander
Find no nobler means than these to execute
His purpose ! (*shouts at a distance.*) Hark ! the rebels
near us.

PROCLES.

Curb them who can — will he defy them still ?
He spurn'd advice — let him then meet their rage,
Wild as the mingling of earth and heaven !

PERDICEAS.

Not if my repentant arm can turn the tide.

[*Exit* PERDICEAS.]

PERIANDER.

See, see, Melissa faints — Could I but save her !

MELISSA.

It cannot be — the gods are just — we part !
I forgive thy doubts — and die rejoicing
To have saved — thy precious life.

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AMANA.

Still there is hope.

Oh ! let me fly and seek some other help !

[*Exit AMANA.*]

PERIANDER.

We will not part — we 'll die together here !

(*Attempts to kill himself.*)

MELISSA (*arresting his arm*).

No, my Periander, live ! I charge thee live !

Make restitution of her rights to Corinth.

[*She falls to the ground.*]

One last embrace — and now I die content : —

Give me thy hand — Bless him, all ye powers,

Bless — Periander !

[*She dies.*]

PERIANDER.

Melissa ! my beloved !

Hath thy pure spirit fled ! how do I mourn thee !

Yet do I thank the gods that thou wert spotless !

And that my hand was guiltless of thy blood.

Oh ! how the powerful charm of innocence

In death itself adorns her ! See ! her pale cheek

Is lovely, as, when drest in sweetest smiles.

One marble tomb shall hold our mingling dust,

In brighter worlds our souls will be united.

One kiss — one kiss of thy pale lips, Melissa !

(*He turns to PROCLES.*) And now for vengeance ! —

Thou murderer of my peace,

Beware ! my rage is like the liquid lava —

'T will overwhelm thy guilty soul, and hurl it

Down to hell's most deep abyss.

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PROCLES.

Thou madman !

Rave on — like ocean's stormy billows rave ;
I, like the rock, resist its force. — Think not
Thy dastard spirit will rejoin Melissa.
Thy mean suspicion, and thy headstrong passion
Have destroyed her.

PERIANDER.

Villain, thou liest ; thine own
Dark treachery, aided by base Lysander,
Hemmed us in. — No triumph thine ! To glorious
Bliss we both shall rise — whilst thou art writhing
In torments of the accurs'd. — Why do I
Parley with thee ? It insults her memory.
Guard thy life.

PROCLES.

Look to thine own — soon shall thy
Pining ghost make fruitless search in Pluto's
Shades for thy poor murder'd wife, nor shalt thou
Meet her.

PERIANDER.

Aid me, ye powers — nerve well mine arm !
Oh ! let me reach the taunting miscreant's heart.

[*They fight — PROCLES falls.*]

PROCLES.

Confusion ! — May palsy seize thy sinews —
Thy limbs be wither'd like the grass that's blasted
By a pestilential dew ! — I'll welcome

All the hell-born torments thou hast threaten'd,
 May thine but glad mine eye. — I envy not
 Thy lengthen'd span of life. — Thou'lt stand the gaze
 Of all the gaping crowd — the monument
 Of pale remorse. — Thou'lt live — to hide thyself
 Within some grisly cave — abhorr'd by men.
 Oh! this pang — 't is mortal — let me curse thee,
 Ere my spent breath deny me that last joy!
 I do not see thy hated form — Stand off! —
 Nor let thy blasting breath dare mix with mine.
 Those wrinkled hags — the fates — are dragging me
 To Stygian darkness. Had I but fallen
 Glorious in the field! May conscience haunt thee,
 And thy steps pursue — may ravenous beasts devour
 Thy corse — and never-ceasing pangs await
 Thy howling soul! — Oh! may my funeral pile
 Be Corinth's blazing walls: and future ages
 Say, Avenged he falls! [Dies.

(*Loud shouts— Mob and Soldiers rush in with PERDICEAS.*)

FIRST CITIZEN (*shouting*).

Periander!

PERIANDER.

See him here — plunge deep your daggers,
 End my woes.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Enough of blood already
 Hath been spilt, swift as a meteor did our
 Citizens rush on — Lysander perish'd
 In the onset.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Who hath laid the gallant
Procles low?

PERIANDER.

'T was by my hand he fell.
'Tis just — he paid the forfeit of his crimes,
Who used the angry spirits of my people
To his own purposes, and broke his faith.

PERDICEAS.

He merited his fate!

PERIANDER (*deeply moved*).

My loved Melissa!

Now will I follow thy dear shade! in blest abodes
We shall unite — Elysian flowers shall form
Our couch — Our nuptial song shall be the fountain's
Murmuring melody! no vice shall enter
To disturb our peace. This for my country — (*stabs*
himself

This for my Melissa — Farewell, my
Friends! farewell — the penitent proclaims with
Dying breath, "Corinth is free." — Melissa! [*Dies*

*Soldiers cross their Lances over the Bodies, Citizens lower
their Banners.*

PERDICEAS.

"Corinth is free" — and is content. No songs
Of revelry — no feast insulting to your
Memory, unhappy pair, shall celebrate
Our triumph. All honest hearts will mourn

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Your wretched fate. Ambition fed upon
His heart, crush'd all his hopes, and brought him to the
Dust. The myrtle, emblem of thy love, thou,
Fair Melissa, shall with cypress intertwine
And deck thy funeral bier. — Here, see the hand
Of retributive justice ! how long soe'er
It stays its arm, it falls at length to punish !
Fellow citizens ! whose freedom is restored,
Oh ! guard it well, and use it nobly ; learn
From this hero's fate, that fortune's basis
Must be honour — that virtue seeks her ends
In justice ; and that nought can well conclude
That is begun in aught but piety
And honest truth. (*Curtain falls to slow music.*)

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POEMS.

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TO

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ADELAIDE.

“ Those around her, from her shall read
“ The perfect ways of honour.”

ILLUSTRIOUS Lady ! years have sped their flight
Since first our country hail'd thee with delight ;
I witness'd thy approach to this fair land,
Saw thy foot plant its first step on our strand,
While gallant Owen and M'Culloch stood
In proud attendance, sons of the stormy flood,
Guarding thy gentle form from too rude gaze
Of those who loudly shouted forth thy praise !
As in thy gracious mien and air they caught
(To look on which with eager eyes they sought)
The promise of those virtues that have shone
In never-fading lustre on the throne !
Which deep on every English heart imprest,
Will to posterity proclaim thee blest.
We see thee now, alas ! a widow'd Queen !
A fair one sits enthroned where thou hast been :
Youthful and innocent, the royal Maid
Will emulate the worth of Adelaide ;
And whilst her merit shall secure her fame
Perpetuate thy virtues with her name.

TO ———.

IN ANSWER TO AN ACCUSATION OF INDIFFERENCE TO
THE NAVAL CHARACTER.

1809.

England " commands the empire of the sea."

THE time is past, 't is true, when Gods above,
From Jove's ærial palace wont to rove,
Deign'd to descend where mortals held the sway,
And turn from Godhead's dignity away!
When Jove himself, by mortal charms subdued,
In showers of gold for mortal pity sued!
Who, Proteus-like, called in a fraud to aid,
And in " Amphytrion's form Alcmen' betray'd."
Those days are gone — the Gods their heaven resume,
Justice alone remains to cheer the gloom.
'T is true, the age of chivalry is o'er,
The genius of romance presides no more;
No warrior knights on woman's smile attend,
No faithful squires the knee to beauty bend;
From beauty's hands at tournament no more
On bended knee victorious knights implore
The proud reward their own fair hands had wrought,
The scarf of silk for which they nobly fought.

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'Tis past — plain sense, plain manners undisguised,
Now hold the place of old romance, despised ;
Good honest courtesy chill form supplants,
And sweet sincerity the mind enchants :
And yet there are, who ancient times deplore,
And sigh, fantastic sigh, for days of yore !
Who read of chivalry, at moderns rail,
And fancy self the hero of each tale !
For me no time was e'er so blest on earth
As this, enrich'd by British seamen's worth.
Long may my country, long may England prove
Her rights protected by her heroes' love !
Long may the fair their sterling worth confess,
And with their smiles the gallant sailor bless !

TO SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

ON READING HIS STORY ENTITLED "MARY DE CLIFFORD."

1806.

" And visions, as poetic eyes allow,
" Hang on each leaf, and cling to every bough."

BELIEVE it — yes — some " kindred souls" thou'lt find,
Who, borne on fancy's wings, rejoice to soar
Above the level of the common mind,
And sweet imagination's realm explore.

Some kindred soul thou'lt meet, whose native glow,
Fann'd to a flame by thy inspiring breath,
Will heave the sigh to gentle Mary's woe,
And shed the tear at hapless Woodville's death.

In fancy, I too shared poor Edward's grief,
Echoed his sigh, and watch'd the rising tear;
Whose sickening mind, despairing of relief,
Dwelt on his Mary's smile, and wish'd her near.

I pictured, too, his pale and mournful mien,
And traced his footsteps to proud Grafton's tower;
There with him roam'd through every gloomy scene,
And in my fancy view'd the dark storm lour ;

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Mark'd the conflicting passions of his mind,
That made him scorn e'en beauty's soothing art ;
And Emily bewail'd her hopes resign'd,
While Mary reign'd sole mistress of his heart.

Then flow'd my tears of sympathy renew'd,
And Woodville, Mary's fate, my soul oppress ;
In fancy bound, by fancied grief subdued,
I mourn'd them both untimely sunk to rest.

Can fancy thus her mystic spell o'erspread,
Thus can she sober reason put to flight,
As in her sweet elysium we tread,
Thus sink our cares in kind oblivion's night ?

Ah ! who can doubt ! Hail fancy's empire, hail !
On me thy votary employ thy art :
O'er my charm'd senses cast the lustrous veil,
And lull to rest the sorrows of my heart.

Let the world's cares sink 'neath thy rays divine,
The chill of cold distrust drive far away ;
To nurse each warm affection be it mine,
Oh ! let thy sunshine gild my fleeting day.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR LONDON.

1809.

ERE chill forgetfulness assumes its power,
And joys of weeks shall vanish in an hour ;
Ere thought of Deal, and all it hath to boast,
Is in the din, and dust of London lost ;
Ere the light zephyrs on the sea-girt shore,
In sighing murmurs charm your ear no more,
And you exchange sweet nature's smiling mien,
For smoky town, dull ordnance, and spleen ;
Ere each grey dusky pile you greet anew,
And these soft scenes shall fade upon your view :
These lines, poor tribute to your worth, receive,
In candour judge them, and in truth believe.
Think not that woman's mind, as poets sing,
Veers like the wind, or some more fickle thing ;
Nor time nor distance ever can consign
To dark oblivion merit such as thine.

TO THE MEMORY OF J—— W——,
WHO DIED IN THE WEST INDIES.

1809.

PEACE to thy shade — oh ! friend most dear,
Be no intruding sorrow nigh ;
Be no unhallow'd footstep near,
No murmur heard, save ————'s sigh.

What though thy loved remains are placed
Far, far from anxious friendship's care,
No time, no distance can efface
Remembrance of thy virtues rare.

Relentless fate denied the boon
Thy worth first taught my heart to crave ;
It crush'd affection's flower at noon,
Its blossoms deck thy early grave.

Though rudely pluckt from nature's soil,
'Twill flourish e'en within thy tomb ;
Whence, freed from earthly care and toil,
With thee 't will rise to endless bloom !

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ON HEARING OF A LITTLE POEM

WRITTEN BY THE DAUGHTER OF SIR NATHANIEL PEACOCKE,
AT THE AGE OF NINE YEARS.

To cheer thee in life's chequer'd scene,
Sweet girl! do the muses combine ;
And a wreath for thy juvenile brow
Early genius and fancy entwine !

May virtue's ineffable grace
Thy talents improve and refine ;
May science thy footsteps attend,
And her beautiful blossoms be thine.

Pursue thy poetical taste :
New lustre 't will add to thy bloom ;
And in sorrow, which Heaven avert,
It will aid to enlighten the gloom.

Let truth and sweet hope be thy theme :
Teach man, whatsoever be given,
That happiness dwelleth not here ;
The Christian must seek it in heaven !

TO ———.

1809.

“ Loin de moi, loin d'ici, portez vos soupirs :
 “ De l'amour je n'en veux ni les peines ni les plaisirs.”

No peace the restless heart can know
 Where love usurps tyrannic power ;
 The wretched sport of varied woe,
 It ne'er can boast one peaceful hour.

It flutters like imprison'd bird,
 That vainly beats the cage's wire ;
 Or, moth-like, heedless and absurd,
 A willing victim courts the fire.

Love, like the lightning, blazing fierce,
 Which whilst amusive oft destroys ;
 With wily shaft the heart will pierce,
 That pays with grief its short-lived joys.

Where are his rosy fetters ? where
 The gentle bands the poets sing ?
 The timid, unobtrusive air,
 The sigh soft borne on zephyr's wing ?

Delusive dreams! with danger fraught,
Thou ne'er shalt hold enslaved my mind,
By me, no more such joys are sought —
I freely yield them to the wind.

But like the vestals' sacred fire,
Let friendship's calm and steady flame,
My heart to nobler thoughts inspire,
And give that heart a nobler aim.

Its gentle, calm delights, be mine,
To gild this life, and cheer its gloom;
Firm let it round my soul entwine,
And smooth my passage to the tomb.

ON RECEIVING THE MINIATURE
OF A FRIEND.

How I value those features that speak thee so plain
No language can ever impart ;
I prize them, because they restore thee again,
And give back the friend of my heart ;

I see the loved smile that so often illumed
My destiny dark by its power ;
And the hopes I believed were for ever entomb'd,
Revive in this happier hour.

The ivy disdains not the ruin, but flings
Around it a beautiful shade :
E'en thus by the peace which thy sympathy brings
My trusting affection's repaid.

Thy kindness I value: it sheds a soft balm,
For it springs from a source that is pure ;
Represses each murmur, and bids me be calm,
While it soothes, though it never can cure.

THE SUBJECT OF THE FOLLOWING LINES WAS TAKEN
FROM THE SPANISH, AND THUS TRANSLATED: —

“The sea delighted to receive her tears, placed them in shells, and turned
“them into pearls.”

ENCIRCLED in its orb of blue,
A trembling tear of brilliant hue
Stood prone to fall from ———’s eye,
That shone in soft cerulean dye,
While on her bark she skimm’d the sea,
And tuned her lyre to harmony.
The tear-drop fell, old Ocean heaved,
And on its breast with pride received;
It shook not the affrighted shore,
With frothy rage, or furious roar;
Its billows softly rose and fell
In peaceful undulating swell;
To catch the liquid, beaming treasure,
It rose with conscious pride and pleasure.
That sparkling tear like dew-drop shone,
The sea-god mark’d it from his throne,
Where proudly, with his royal mate,
He sat in high and radiant state;
Dispersed around, where jewels bright,
‘Treasures hid from mortal sight,
Coral and sea-weed intertwined,
Did each fair crystal pillar bind

And many a lovely sea-born flower,
 Mocking stern winter's rugged power,
 Enrich'd the spot with waving grace,
 And, circling, met in sweet embrace.
 The monarch of the sea-green wave,
 With high import his mandate gave,
 In deep resolve he roll'd his eye,
 And thrice he shook his trident high ;
 He shook his trident, as I say,
 And bade his mermaids haste away :
 " This brightest tear that ever fell
 " Deserves," he said, " a costly shell ;
 " Haste, nymphs, the purest hither bring
 " To place the lovely sparkler in."
 Now, as he gazed with keen delight,
 A jealous pang seized Amphitrite ;
 She reddened, then grew pale with rage.
 Nor prudence could the flame assuage :
 " Neptune," she cried, " whence this ado
 " About a thing of empty show ?
 " This tear, produced by mortal weeping,
 " Unworthy of a monarch's keeping !
 " From deadly hatred fell, I ween,
 " Neglected love, or pride or spleen ;
 " From some ignoble passion born,
 " It merits nothing but thy scorn."
 In angry mood the god replied,
 " Your dark suspicions lay aside ;
 " It is not vile, as you may deem,
 " I'll swear it by its modest beam ;
 " It fell from lovely woman's eye,
 " And I'll know whence, and I'll know why.

“ Yon hoary sage bid hither come,
“ Quick to pronounce its final doom ;
“ From learned lore he fain can tell
“ Wherefore it came, and whence it fell
“ If from chaste love it doth appear,
“ The ruby’s blush shall tinge the tear,
“ But if it springs from jealousy,
“ It shall assume the topaz dye.
“ Should hopeless love therein be seen,
“ It shall reflect the emerald green ;
“ Should constancy have bid it flow
“ It shall for aye a sapphire glow ;
“ Should any passion base be spied,
“ It shall remain till liquefied,
“ And curious minds infer from thence
“ The trembling tear of penitence.”
The bending sage now forward came
Whose magic art had raised his fame ;
His flowing beard upon his breast,
With ebon wand and snowy vest.
The monarch wore attention’s air,
The nymphs threw back their dripping hair,
And Amphitrite half turn’d away,
Fearful to hear what he might say :
“ Whence came this tear my art can show,”
He humbly said ; “ its source I know ;
“ I watch’d its progress as it came
“ To———’s eye — no sense of shame,
“ No envious hate, no passion low,
“ Nor spleen hath caused this tear to flow ;
“ Mild, sweet compassion gave it birth,
“ It was too pure to fall on earth :

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“ Borne upon a soft-heaved sigh,
“ ‘T was cradled then in her blue eye ;
“ The thought which usher’d in that sigh
“ Is register’d in heaven on high !
“ The tear is thine, and pure, ’t is true,
“ As heaven’s ambrosial early dew.”
“ ‘T is mine,” the god with joy replies,
And view’d it o’er in fond surprise ;
“ ‘T is mine, and henceforth shall remain
“ The brightest pearl my seas contain ;
“ It ne’er shall swell the pompous hoard
“ Of any star-bedecked lord ;
“ No brow of false coquette or vain
“ Its costly purity shall stain ;
“ This precious gem shall never rest
“ Upon a proud or sordid breast ;
“ Within my richest shell it lies
“ Conceal’d from vulgar mortal eyes ;
“ And if I e’er should lend its ray
“ To grace in other spheres the day,
“ I with it only will dispense
“ To deck the brow of innocence.” *

* The same idea is prettily suggested in the “ Spectator,” under the title of a “ Persian Story.”

`A M——,

OFFICIER PRUSSE, QUI M'AVOIT RACONTÉ LES SUITES
FUNESTES DE L'ENTRÉE DE NAPOLEON EN SON PAYS.

1813.

“ Quelle étrange valeur qui, ne cherchant qu'à nuire,
“ Embrase tout sitôt qu'elle commence à luire.” RACINE.

LE récit de vos torts,
Aimable Henri,
A rempli de douleur
Mon ame attendrie.
J'écoute, j'admire, je plains
Vos pertes et vos malheurs,
Et même votre grandeur d'ame
A fait couler mes pleurs.
Mon cœur assez sensible
Vous offre sa pitié ;
Et plus encore, si j'ose,
Sa tendre amitié.
Malgré tous les fleaux
D'un tyran détestable, *
Vous possédez encore
Un bien inestimable,

* Napoléon en Prusse.

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Un courage heroïque,

Un esprit éclairé !

Ah ! ceux-là sont des biens

D'une éternelle durée.

Comme le soleil brille

A travers des nuages,

Vos vertus calmes s'étalent

Au milieu des orages.

C'est aux esprits frivoles

D'avoir la peur au sein,

Succomber aux tempêtes,

Regretter leur destin !

Mais vous, d'une fierté noble,

Résistez aux chagrins —

Et loin de votre cœur

Repoussez leur venin.

Le sort d'un guerrier

Ainsi dispense les choses,

Le cypre, le laurier,

L'épine avec les roses.

Que Dieu suprême et juste

Protège votre gloire !

Pour moi, je chérirai,

A jamais, votre mémoire.

ON A GUITAR,

BROUGHT FROM THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ BY AN ENGLISH
OFFICER.

TELL me, O sweet guitar, whose dulcet strain
Checks the wild tide of grief within my breast,
Whose melting tones can thus beguile my pain
And lull the sorrows of a mind oppress —
Why, as in harmony the full chords swell,
Raising the soul from earth to thoughts divine,
Thy cadence seems so mournfully to tell,
In thrilling tones, of woes that are not mine ?
Whence comes it, as I gently press the string,
The sudden tear, unbidden, clouds mine eye ?
Whence, as I seek a gayer strain to sing
My bosom heaves with an unconscious sigh ?
'T is sympathy, which in my bankrupt heart
Doth bid me in thy mournful cadence trace
A tale of woe thy notes would fain impart
Of scenes beloved thou dost no longer grace.
Thou canst not yield beneath my unskill'd hand
Such melody as there entranced the ear
Of some bright daughter of Iberia's land,
To whom thy sound proclaim'd a lover near.
Touch'd by a stranger hand, thy plaintive song
No more in witching strain on silence floats ;
No more will mocking echo there prolong,
In distant murmur, thy impassion'd notes.

The hand that touch'd thee once perchance is cold,
He who did bid thee speak of love and mirth,
Whose passion thy obedient music told,
Perchance a wounded corpse lies low on earth!
And she, the object of thy warbling sweet,
May now in beauty's morn neglected lie,
And only in her tearful fancy meet
Thy music — and his faithful sigh!
I marvel not thy strings should thus disown
The stranger hand which guides thy melody;
I marvel not reproof should mark the tone,
And seem to say, my skill is mockery.
Despise it not — thou wilt not sure deny
At my command thy sweetest sounds to pour
Upon mine ear, in grateful memory
Of those who touch'd thee in thy happier hour.
Scorn not my lay — but with thee let me mourn
The hapless fate of those no longer near;
The wreath my fancy flings around their urn,
Oh! scorn it not — 'tis hallow'd by a tear.

EVENING REFLECTION.

1816.

BRIGHT is the beam, and glorious is the power
That animate the fervid noontide hour ;
The eye that wakes to joy and pleasure's day
Delighted hails the life inspiring ray ;
But I, whose sight is dimm'd by weeping care,
Desponding turn aside from daylight's glare
And court sweet Luna's light, her pallid ray,
Softly on distant landscape seen to play.
I watch her trembling radiance pleased to lave
Its modest beams within the colder wave ;
Her light, that gives a shadowy partial view
Of the fair scene around, yet gives it true :
Such mellow'd tints to me far dearer are
Than those reflected from Sol's radiant car.
Beneath her modest glow, with aching eyes,
I woo that calm and quiet day denies ;
Admiring, see the lovely planet glide
Through fleecy clouds, and sparkle on the tide.
Sweet moonlight hour ! each tripping fay's delight,
Who 'neath thy lamp, dance out the livelong night,
While sweet Titania, in her tiny bower,
Wreathes her a coronet of fragrant flower ;
I feel in daylight no such charm is found,
As thy soft influence now sheds around.

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TO A FRIEND,

WITH A PAINTING OF A MOSS ROSE.

1818.

THE charms now fading from my view
Which once this flower graced,
Can ne'er by any rival bloom
Be from my thoughts effaced.

No rose of Cashmere ever shed
A richer fragrance there,
Enwreathing tresses, gracing forms
As exquisite as rare.

'T was bathed in morning's early dew
When placed upon thy breast,
And seem'd to blush with conscious pride,
On such kind heart to rest.

Oh! may its perfume there exhaled
Ne'er wholly lose its power,
But breathing still in memory
Adorn thy latest hour :

May all its sweetness unimpair'd
In future days be thine,
And in the varied fate we meet
Its thorns be only mine!

ON A SNOWDROP.

“To me the meanest flower that blows, can give
“Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

SWEET pledge of spring! from 'neath the snow,
What loveliness dost thou disclose;
Like Venus in her dazzling glow
When from the parting wave she rose!

Emblem of life, thy rising fair,
In innocence and beauty clad;
Yet soon thy drooping buds declare
The morn of life is sometimes sad.

Yes! all must mourn, and droop like thee—
All feel the hand of that great power
Who binds or sets the captive free,
Paints or destroys the fairest flower.

The green that doth around thee fling
Its charm, is like the mercy given,
That speaks of hope, the gladd'ning spring,
Precursor of a promised heaven!

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ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
A HERRING FISHERY AT DEAL,
TO SUPERCEDE SMUGGLING.

1816.

How oft hath Heaven vouchsafed propitious gales
To swell with favouring aid the British sails,
Bearing our vessels safely to these shores,
Enrich'd with all the pride of India's stores!
How long hath Albion reign'd, by God's decree,
Unconquer'd Mistress of the wondrous sea!
What various treasures deck our crowded strand
While peace and commerce bless our favour'd land!
While nations groan in war, or shed their blood,
Our ships triumphant ride the boist'rous flood,
And to our army, brave on Belgian fields,
The vanquish'd enemy unwilling yields.
Graced is our land with verdant pastures fair,
And all our fields productive burdens bear;
Lovely the soften'd landscape to the eye,
And rich the tints beneath our varied sky.
And shall we then insensible receive
The many favours Heaven is pleased to give?
Shall we shine out in bright meridian power,
Nor deign to own the hand that rules the hour?
With base ingratitude shall we forget
That hand which bless'd us, and can bless us yet?

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Forbid it, virtue! let us raise the song
To God omnipotent, amidst the throng
Of angels bright, who hourly sing his praise;
Let us, too, gratefully our voices raise,
When o'er us now a chast'ning hand is bent,
For some unknown, but just and wise intent.
Let us not sink supine, debased and rude,
But be our hope by industry renew'd;
Let us unite to save our threaten'd land
From poverty or wild rebellion's hand —
On every side some helpless objects rise,
Worthy our care and craving our supplies.
Oh! think on this, all ye that know the charm
With which domestic love the heart can warm;
See, all who charity's blest path pursue,
The smuggler here stands prominent to view,
Old Ocean's hardy son, of manly race,
Than whom no bolder Britain's coast can grace,
Who fearlessly oft risk their lives to save
A fellow-creature from a watery grave;
Shall such their honour sacrifice for gain,
So risk their gallant lives upon the main!
Not theirs the crime, but theirs who lend the smile,
And while they give encouragement, beguile.
Though rugged and uncouth these men are seen,
Their hearts are tender, and their feelings keen,
Domestic love doth urge their toilsome life,
The storm they brave for children and for wife;
In courage stout, without parade or boast,
They form the strength and glory of our coast.
Shall men like these be driven to lawless deed?
Shall men like these as public felons bleed?

Shall lux'ry arm such men against their land,
And rob our country of so fine a band!
Exiled and outlaw'd, in that lux'ry's cause,
Exposed to all the rigour of the laws!
From laws transgress'd, oh! see what terrors rise,
Oh see them dragg'd from all they love and prize!
And seeing this, say, will ye then implant
The baneful seed, and approbation grant?
Hold out no lure to tempt distress anew,
But give the path of honour to their view;
Let charity to nobler acts inspire,
Then will they burn with patriotic fire.
And, O ye fair ones! born to bless and please,
Whose smiles can warm us and whose frowns can freeze,
Whose magic influence is conspicuous here,
In Britain where the sex is held so dear:
Lend not your smile, the tempting lure withhold,
Nor let man barter honesty for gold.
How flows your tear, how bleeds your tender heart,
To see a buskin'd hero play his part!
By Kean's unreal woes ye're taught to feel,
And echo back the sigh of soft O'Neil.
If fiction thus can claim the ready tear,
Deny it not to real misery here;
For men like these exposed on raging deep,
For men like these misguided ones, now weep;
Nor let thy lovely forms again be clad
In robes that must at such a price be had!
Let not the veil through which your beauties beam
Make tears of helpless wives and children stream;
Discard forbidden luxuries from your breast
And be your conduct pattern for the rest.

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'Tis known to all that to this favour'd shore
Christianity her earliest footsteps bore —
On this famed spot, too, did the Roman host
By valiant Cæsar led, attack our coast :
Had all, like brave Caractacus, repell'd,
No Roman sway had ever here been held.
Shall the descendants of our warrior brave
Want help their sinking fortunes now to save ?
While wisdom here the remedy prepares
Let charity assist to soothe their cares :
Then shall we still command the ruling helm,
And banish discord from this glorious realm.

TO I—— M——.

“ LIGHT as a feather,” d’ye say?
Why feathers, too, have in their day
Contributed to glory —
They’ve added grace to many a fair,
As waving in their glossy hair,
And triumph’d e’en in story.

That plume, I think I see it now,
Wild, floating o’er the noble brow
Of Henry of France :
It was not light as you may deem ;
That plume could never trifling seem,
Meeting the soldier’s glance.

A feather was his rallying sign,
“ Where’er,” he cried, “thou seest mine,
“ E’en there’s the battle’s heat.”
His snowy plume was made to show
Where, midst the battle’s hottest glow,
All valiant souls should meet.

This, this alone, would merit give
In history so famed to live,
Though but a simple feather.
And hence I do infer ’t is plain
That you, my friend, are somewhat vain
To class yourselves together.

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Grant you a "feather" floating free
Adown life's stream of vanity,
As many more have done;
Britannia's brow you yet may grace,
And in her records hold a place,
Before your course is run.

Then deem not your existence light,
It is not so in Heaven's sight,
We are not form'd in vain:
Though light as feathers we may sail,
Driven by fate's resistless gale,
We shall be found again.

And whether we our course shall steer
Through virtue's rivulet so clear,
Or vice's muddy way;
We must account for all our flight,
When we emerge from this world's night
To everlasting day.

FRAGMENT.

AN EVENING'S REFLECTION.

SOFT fades the sun in western skies,
 In whisp'ring murmur zephyr dies,
 And modest twilight reigns.

Sweet hour, hail ! of pensive thought,
 Soothing the mind with anguish fraught,
 Thou lull'st its cares to rest.

Yet short thine hour of mildest grace,
 To shades of night must thou give place,
 When darkness chills the soul.

But, lo ! Diana, rising bright,
 Dispels the fearful gloom of night,
 Midst all her starry train.

Inspired, the trembling soul admires
 The vault of heaven, with all its fires,
 In wondrous glory drest.

The God omnipotent doth seem
 Through every glitt'ring orb to beam
 In holy light arrayed. * * *

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND,

FOR THE

ANNIVERSARY OF A SCHOOL MEETING.

HERE, as in friendly guise we meet,
With taste's fair queen presiding,
Let gratitude the feeling speak
Within our breasts residing.
Let memory bear us back once more
To hours of youth fast fading,
And once again reveal to view
Those scenes which time is shading.
When sportive mirth with frolic hand
Seiz'd on the fleet hours flying :
For youthful joys, like meteor flame,
Are scarcely born ere dying.
Like flowr'et wild, the mind unform'd
Its sweets on air was wasting ;
And unrefresh'd by wisdom's dew
To early death was hasting.
Uncultured it had droop'd and died,
And ne'er again had flourish'd,
But sense, with sage experience join'd,
Its tender blossoms nourish'd :

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 Removed with care, the envious weed
 No more its fair health blasting,
 Instruction's kind and skilful hand
 Imprest a beauty lasting :
 Thus, as it bloom'd, revived again,
 The day of genius dawning,
 Diffused a clear and steady light
 Upon the mind's young morning.
 First order came, and heavenly truth
 Our wayward steps directing,
 And reason lent her purest ray,
 Our innocence protecting :
 In duty's sphere we learnt to move,
 At wisdom's shrine low bending ;
 Improvement led the graces on,
 Our progress still attending.
 Then fancy gay, and hope were seen,
 Their blended colours wreathing,
 The soul's best feeling all refined,
 Domestic bliss is breathing.
 Honour to her, who cherishing
 With care our mind's best treasure,
 By nobly nurt'ring virtue's germ
 Hath thus enhanced each pleasure.
 Those talents still let us revere
 Which, in our earliest day,
 Their kindly light around diffused,
 To guide our doubtful way.
 Come, memory, come ! oh, weave a wreath
 Of never-fading flowers,
 Which cherish'd by our grateful love,
 May grace her latest hours !

TO A FRIEND, ON HER GOING ABROAD.

NAY, check that trembling, starting tear;
Repress the sigh, dismiss the fear;
Let faith, let hope, thy bosom cheer,
Sweet Marian.

What though to roam by fate design'd:
Such modest worth as thine will find
A home in every feeling mind,
Sweet Marian.

The lustre of thy speaking eye
Love's brightest radiance doth outvie,
'T will reach the heart 'neath every sky,
Sweet Marian.

Then heave no more thy tender sighs,
The power above will highly prize
This thy noble sacrifice,
Sweet Marian.

To suffer is our lot below!
And all that good men seek to know
Is that God hath will'd it so,
Sweet Marian.

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Though weary trav'lers here we stray,
Sweet hope illumes our darkest day,
And faith doth future joys display,
Sweet Marian.

No more in sorrow then repine,
The cheerful day will yet be thine,
The hand that chasteneth is divine,
Sweet Marian.

In mild content thy lot endure,
Heaven's applause 'it will secure,
And make the Christian's triumph sure,
Sweet Marian.

On thee, where'er thy footsteps bend,
May mercy's gentle dew descend !
My kindest wishes will attend
Thee, Marian.

ON RECEIVING A JET CROSS

FROM A FRIEND.

1820.

THIS cross, of thy kind gifts the best,
Upon my breaking heart shall rest,
Shall there receive the silent tear,
I shed to mourn my fate so drear :
Fit boon bestow'd on sorrow's child,
To silence every murmur wild,
And, speaking from each martyr's tomb,
Bid faith my future day illumine.
And should rebellious wishes rise
To point my view to star-lit skies,
From worldly thoughts relieve my breast,
And tell me of eternal rest !
Are the heart's feelings only made,
To bloom awhile, and then to fade ?
Joy's gayest wreath once bound my brow,
Where are its beauties scatter'd now ?
Where once in blushing pride they grew,
Grief hath impress'd a sombre hue.
'T were vain, should I the change deplore,
Nought can their sweetness here restore :
But hope discovers brighter skies,
Where love unfading never dies !

Where, freed from earth's impurity,
Our ransom'd souls their God shall see.
Yes! the heart there will bloom again,
Nor in that sphere shall glow in vain;
The better feelings all entire,
No more in passion's heat expire,
Shall ebb and flow no more in tide
Of sin, repentance, folly, pride.
Thy gift bespeaks a kindly care,
Enjoins me patiently to bear
Those ills we all in turn must know,
Which from a chast'ning Parent flow;
Will prove to me a Mentor true,
And keep a happier world in view.

TO ———.

WHEN the bright sun's descending beam
Doth kiss the evening wave,
And on the shadowy landscape throw,
 With golden tints,
 His parting glow,
 I think on thee!

When, by fair Luna's pallid light
Gracing the star-gemm'd heaven,
I list to Philomela's song,
 Whilst echo doth
 The charm prolong,
 I think on thee!

Or as I watch the rising gale
Near ocean's sparkling tide,
And anxious view it, as I roam,
 Heave high its bosom
 White with foam,
 I think on thee!

When music's soul subduing sounds
Fall on my raptured ear,
And the wild harp's responsive string
 Doth all around
 Enchantment fling,
 I think on thee!

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In pleasure's sun, in sorrow's shade,

Be it in weal or woe,

At morn, at eve, in hall or bower,

Whatever spirit

Rules the hour,

I think on thee!

Chief when my ardent prayer ascends

For those my soul holds dear,

When bending meek I kiss the rod,

And, strong in faith,

Implore my God,

I think on thee!

ACROSTIC.

1821.

D EEP versed in science's fair page,
A nd rich in every pleasing art,
N e'er dost thou fail, a critic sage,
I nstruction's lesson to impart :
E nvy, that bane of peace on earth,
L earns to respect and praise thy worth.

I n every shape a welcome guest,
A s monitor, as friend, the same,
R ever'd in every feeling breast ;
V ice dreads, and virtue loves thy name.
I ntruding dullness fades away,
S pell-bound beneath thy magic sway.

ON THE DEATH OF LOUISA,

COUNTESS OF LIVERPOOL.

1821.

As the glorious sun on the cold waters playing,
Gives warmth to the wave that reflecteth its beam,
So thy feeling soul, each kind impulse obeying,
On the mourner's sad heart pour'd its cordial stream.
Placed high in the rank thou so nobly didst grace,
From poverty's plaint never turning aside,
Each child of affliction at distance could trace,
Thy benevolent spirit diffused far and wide.
In every relation, as wife, and as friend,
With social art, and the charm of true taste,
Thy duties and pleasures did gracefully blend,
And deck with sweet flowers the heart's bleakest waste.
What grief now is ours, as thy earthly frame
Hath sunk beneath man's unavoidable doom !
Thy soul's bright endowments endearing thy name,
Our tears shall embalm thee within the dark tomb !

ON READING DON JUAN.

1822.

WHAT numbers, Byron! what immortal line
The image of thy genius can reflect!
Oh! that my pen had but the force of thine,
To show thee in thy native colours deck'd!
The various hues in which thy fancy glows,
Are bright, but transient as the fading rose.
Not all that fancy, all that genius gave,
Thy name, O Byron! can from censure save;
Though sweet the numbers of thy early lay,
We mourn, alas! their premature decay;
Impiety and vice their poisons shower
On the rich bud, and wither every flower;
The muses weep to think that Byron's name
Must live inglorious, in doubtful fame.
Check thy wild strain: oh! then in time be wise,
And, great in genius, to real greatness rise;
Stoop not to please the "vicious" and the "bold,"
Oh! let thy magic pen some grace unfold;
To distant ages be thy fame convey'd,
Approved by virtue, not in vice portray'd.
Posterity shall deck with wreaths of bay
Thine honour'd brow, while every tongue shall say,
"Not science only graced our Byron's mind,
Genius and virtue were in him combined!"
So shall thy country proudly speak thy worth,
Confess thy merit equal to thy birth.

TRANSLATION

FROM SCHILLER'S "WAS IST DER MENSCH."

1823.

WHAT is man? that being strange,
Who through this beauteous world doth range,
Half animal, half angel he,
Say — what is his destiny?

Alternate state of hopes and fears,
Alternate state of smiles and tears;
A thousand vices blot his name,
A thousand virtues gild his fame.

How many joys around him bloom,
Fleeting pleasures fading soon!
Midst various pains he lives and sighs,
Grows old, then languishes and dies.

Thou masterpiece of work divine,
Is but this transient being thine?
This life alone thy being's end,
No further do thy views extend?

1 2

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A mere enigma is thy doom?
To blaze, then perish in the tomb?
Far better views had God for thee —
He form'd thee for eternity.

For better ends, for nobler light
God brought thy being into sight;
Amid thy crimes and discontent
A gleam of hope from heaven is sent,
That thy true penitence may prove
Thee worthy of his generous love.

ON THE DEATH OF M. L. T——.

1824.

SHE is gone — once our pride and delight,
On this earth she is lost to our sight ;
The form which in loveliness grew,
Now faded, lies hid from our view ;
And the charms which we knew how to prize,
Are snatch'd from our now tearful eyes.

So playful ! in innocence drest,
Of sense, taste, and feeling possest,
Ev'ry worldly advantage bestow'd,
Life's perspective with rich promise glow'd !
All these, at the mandate divine,
Uncomplaining, I saw her resign.

The bud of affection is crush'd,
The accents of friendship are hush'd ;
She is gone, like the meteor beam,
As bright, and as transient her gleam ;
Hath left us in darkness to mourn,
The enchantments that ne'er will return.

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Her heart, rich in feeling and love,
As gentle and true as the dove,
Now throbs not with aching or sorrow,
Now fears not the pangs of to-morrow :
Its pulses all silently sleep —
She 's at rest, and hath left us to weep.

Ev'ry wish, ev'ry hope in their spring,
To the feet of our Lord did she bring !
But *one* feeling of earth did she cherish,
One feeling forbade she to perish ;
“ Bless'd mother ! ” alone was the word
On her last ling'ring breath that was heard !

She is gone ! her pure spirit hath flown,
The Creator hath claim'd back his own :
Her virtues, too rare for this earth,
In Heaven, where first they had birth,
No longer illuming us here,
Have now reach'd their own native sphere.

TO MY CHILD,

ON HER COMPLAINING I HAD FORGOTTEN TO WRITE
TO HER.

1824.

FORGET thee, Mary ! dearest love,
How can I ere forget thee ?
Thou who hast been my heart's delight,
Whose smiles impart the only light
That shines on grief by fate decreed
I should endure ? 'Twas thine, indeed,
To cheer my soul in every hour,
E'en when the storm did darkest lour :
Forget thee ! no — though far away,
Thought of my child employs my day,
At night I dream that thou art near
And smiles replace the falling tear.
I prize thee with a mother's love,
Such as no stranger one can prove ;
I bless thee absent, present, ever,
I can forget thee, Mary, never !
Go on, my child, the path pursue
I mark'd out to thy infant view ;

Let truth and modesty combined,
Shed their graces o'er thy mind.
Nor let thy gentle soul lament
My trials, all in mercy sent ;
Let faith, dear child, confirm thy trust
In him who raised us from the dust,
Who promised blessings hath in store
For those who humbly do adore.

TO —.

1826.

WHAT makes the “pale blush of the morning more
bright

What adds to the softness of sweet evening light?

What bids the rich perfume of flower-decked vale

Breathe stronger its fragrance on each passing gale?

Say — when do my griefs in oblivion rest,

And halcyon peace bloom anew in my breast?

’Tis when thy dear presence, with magical power,

Enhances the pleasure at every hour.

What makes the enchantment of music’s rich spell

On the silence of night more seductively dwell?

What gives to the poet’s conception more fire

And with joy’s happy dream my wild fancy inspire?

Oh, what makes the zephyrs that wantonly stray

On my cheek with a softer impression to play?

It is thy dear presence, with magical power,

Enhancing the pleasure of every hour.

AN ACROSTIC.

1826.

D EEP dost thou quaff the famed Pierian spring,
A nd each fresh draught doth new perfection bring ;
L ike the proud towering eagle, soaring high,
L ow crouch'd on earth thou scorn'st inert to lie :
A ll that can charm is in thy verse combined,
S weets flowing endless from thine active mind.

TO THE SAME.

THE pleasure my poor verse bestows,
Alone from thy indulgence flows :
All that I seek of poet's power
Is but to cheat the passing hour.
The gold conceal'd within the mine
Is dross, till skilful hands refine :
It boasts no beauty in the sight,
Till brought by industry to light.
The humblest floweret that we see,
Yields honey to the active bee,
Who patiently extracts the sweet,
If any his research should meet.
So are my lines, like rugged ore,
By thy good nature polish'd more ;
And if within them " sweets " there be,
They owe that sweetness all to thee,
Since in thy kind approval lies
Their only value in mine eyes.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

BYRON 's no more ! his wild career is run ;
The pitying Muse weeps o'er her rebel son ;
The blushing Muse laments the cypress gloom
Is all that truth can gather for his tomb !
The wreath of bay, to his bright genius due,
Justice withholds, to virtue ever true :
That genius, though pre-eminent it stood,
Untimely sank engulf'd in passion's flood :
So highly gifted — deeper was his crime,
Thus to abuse his talent, and his time.
Had he made virtuous aims the poet's care,
None ever then with Byron could compare.
In earliest youth his numbers sweet and mild,
Mark'd him the muses loved and fav'rite child ;
His infant steps ne'er wand'ring from their side,
He boldly sat on Pegasus astride,
Quaff'd the deep draughts from Helicon's pure stream,
Enjoy'd on flow'ry beds the poet's dream.
Such was his dawn of life, a poet born,
The rose he gather'd, reckless of the thorn ;
The muses smiled upon their darling boy !
But manhood came and changed to grief their joy ;
With pride and passion glow'd his youthful breast,
Luxurious pleasure gave those feelings zest ;
Sated at length, a libertine, he rail'd,
Cursing the follies which such pangs entail'd ;

Drank to the dregs the fatal cup, then swore
That Fate was cruel, which denied him more !
The nine, now pallid, turn'd in sad affright,
Ceased to caress, and left him to the night
Of his dark thoughts, which now, as bolder grown,
He publish'd, though in truth he blush'd to own.
Bright is the sun — but were that orb untrue
To nature's course, what ruin would ensue !
Such ruin as awaited Byron's muse,
Who did, alas ! his talents thus abuse.
The laurels he'd fain cull on foreign shore,
Fell blighted soon, to bloom for him no more !
And were denied, to grace his parting hour,
By the Omnipotent, whose awful power
He dared ! and in his day of health defied
Ungratefully, and mock'd it in his pride !
He was not chosen to adorn that page
Of history, in this our present age,
That seems to promise Greece a second birth,
And give her once again her rank on earth.
No more ! — an early death hath laid him low,
And pity's tear fell on his dying brow ;
All weep his genius in his follies lost,
Mourn that his soul on passion's sea was tost.
The man of letters, proud of Byron's fame,
Grieves that a cloud should hang o'er Byron's name ;
The Christian, trusting that the God who gave
Such talent, will in greater mercy save ;
Prays that his ransom'd soul, made pure, may prove
The power and blessing of a Saviour's love.

THE SEER.

1827.

“ If I read aught in heaven,
“ Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars
“ Voluminous, or single characters
“ In their conjunction met, give me to spell ——”

THE Gipsy was bold, when she promised thee,
To unfold the page of thy destiny :
She may read, it is true, but no further can look,
Into the secrets of fate's dread book.

2.

She may read the stars with her keen dark eye,
But she cannot construe the truths that lie
Hidden therein, nor may she tell
Of the light contain'd in their magic spell.

3.

The Gipsy may read, the Seer must reveal,
All the fates would fain conceal :
His master art alone can see,
The path of thy fair destiny.

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4.

Well on thy snowy brow hath she traced
The good and ill that are interlaced,
But her power their sense can ne'er divine;
That art, sweet maid, is only mine.

5.

In the star of thy birth she hath caught a gleam,
And mixt up its hues in her fanciful dream;
But the Seer alone can truly show
How the tide of thy fate may ebb and flow.

6.

In the past I discern thy cheek was "pale;"
Thus far did the Gipsy's art prevail;
For a dear lost "rose" hath droop'd by thy side,
And thy first bloom wither'd when Marian died.

7.

One link of the "chain" was broken then,
But here again fail'd the Gipsy's ken;
Though one "ruby" was lost, my art can tell
Despair in thy breast could never dwell.

8.

Broken, not "lost," though thou grieve'st for the hour,
That crush'd in its bloom such an innocent flower;
For thy sweet resignation all murmur forbade,
And peace to thy heart was by mercy convey'd.

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So far have I read thee — the “star” of thy birth
Is bright, but seems “fallen,” as viewed from earth :
In a mist like a shade it appears to decay,
E'en thus will thy cares and thy woes pass away.

10.

Like the bright “coronal” in the fair moon-beam,
Doth the sparkling of pleasure in thy future seem ;
Its pearl drops like “tears” may by fancy be drest,
Still no sighs but for others shall heave thy soft breast.

11.

In the sweet modest beam of thy hazel eye,
Promised bliss, my fair maid, doth confessedly lie ;
And my art superior nought can see,
But a passing “shade” in thy destiny.

12.

Thus far, sweet girl, have I track'd thy way ;
More is not given the Seer to say ;
Yet no “broken heart,” no “early” doom,
Do I see to fade thy cheek's fair bloom.

13.

Thy worth and thy virtue will prove the shield
To resist every dart that fate may wield ;
In thy dear home, all aid is given
To bless on earth, and to lead to heaven ! *

* Written at the request of a Lady for her Album, as an antidote to an ill-boding “Gipsy's Prophecy.”

ON BEING PRESENT IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
 WHEN
 SIR EDWARD PARRY, SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,
 AND THE
 AMERICAN AMBASSADOR,
 WERE ADMITTED TO HONORARY DEGREES.

OXFORD, famed city, hail! thy spires and domes,
 Thy time-defying towers, at once the tombs
 Of worth departed — and the beacon light
 To rising genius, bursting from the night
 Of intellectual darkness, with a gleam
 Fair in its promised brightness, such as seem
 The lovely tints that early morn o'erspread,
 Herald of day's gold orb, from Ocean's bed
 Uprising! even thus in wisdom's school,
 Thy sons in arts and sciences bear rule,
 Led by experience, each task abide,
 And prove at once their country's boast and pride.
 Soft arts of peace! yet war has been thy own,
 Thy walls have heard the dying warrior's groan,
 When Mars with jealous rage his arm laid bare,
 To snatch thee from Minerva's fost'ring care.
 Of times gone by, it is not now to tell,
 No record past this humble page may swell;

K

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Such must the muse aside at present fling,
And of thy latest triumph, Oxford, sing.
Proud hour! when in her Theatre were seen
Soldier and seaman brave, and statesman keen,
With academic honours to be crown'd
Approving beauty circling all around,
Graceful, arrayed in robes of various dyes,
Like the bright rainbow's arch in purest skies.
Now as the heroes 'mid the shouts drew near,
Their smiles, like April's sun, shone through the tear.
America's stern child did foremost stand,
The proud ambassador of freedom's land —
Then stood our Parry! son of enterprise —
Fearless on ocean rude, 'neath threat'ning skies :
Yet *here* his iron nerves were hardly proof
Against the loud applause that shook the roof ;
His fading cheek, his quiv'ring lip betray'd
How much he felt his toils were now repaid —
Whilst kindling brightness in his speaking eye,
And the hard breathing of a stifled sigh,
Show'd that while thus to view unmoved he stood,
His grateful feelings, like the burning flood
'Neath Hecla's mountain, hid in Iceland's isle,
Under the placid seeming all the while,
With painful effort scarcely could restrain
His voice from echoing back those shouts again.
Beside him Franklin stood — of sturdy frame,
Whose deeds bespeak him favour'd son of fame :
With dauntless bearing, eye of eagle fire,
Showing the ardent soul that dares aspire
To toils which fainter hearts would shrink to bear,
Toils he subdued, for Franklin knew no fear.

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In his bold hardihood, 'midst the dark wild
To cheer his fainting comrades, Franklin smiled —
For others pangs, when famine threaten'd nigh,
The manly tear-drop trembled in his eye.
A welcome in all hearts the wand'ers found ;
How proud their welcome then on English ground !
Welcome how warm — a pride how great to grant
The meed they merit ! — and what joy to plant
Upon their sun-burnt brows thy civic wreath,
Oxford ! while grateful plaudits loudly breathe
To far posterity their glorious name,
And thus immortalize their well-earn'd fame.

July 7.

ON —.

THAT dark hair on his manly brow
Seem'd to my fancy's vivid glow
Like passing cloud on moon-beam bright,
Making more lustrous still her light.
The eye beneath it did outvie
The eagle's glance when soaring high —
I saw it flash in lightning pride !
I saw it swim in feeling's tide !
Ardent and soft in turn it grew,
And o'er the soul a strange spell threw —
With intellect superior shone
In a wild brightness all its own.
It spoke a mind unfit for earth,
Ambition's cradle from its birth ;
The bronzed and burning cheek all flush'd
With proud resolve, and hopes soon crush'd.
Such feelings here are all in vain,
And must unsatisfied remain —
Feelings which, if we humbly cherish,
In future worlds no more will perish :
But will be perfected in love
In everlasting realms above.

TO —,

WITH SOME PAPER SHADES.

1828.

A "SHADOW," what is it? pray who can explain?
 For me to attempt it, I fear, were in vain;
 Our joys are all shadows! our pleasures the same,—
 All shadows, our love, our ambition, our fame!
 That rapidly pass in succession to prove
 That "nothing is true but in heaven above."
 Still their uses are various as we're all agreed,
 And oft in a "shadow" a moral we read:
 The murderer, Richard, alarm'd by a shade,
 By a tort'ring dream was in conscience repaid—
 A shade will restore us the features we love,
 When the object we value far from us may rove.
 The "shadows" of envy, we very well know,
 Prove the substance of merit, 'tis well to be so—
 The "shadows" of eve as they gracefully fall
 On the landscape around are admired by all—
 And are dear to the heart when sorrow is nigh,
 For they bring the loved hour when alone we may sigh;
 The shades of past joys are in fancy review'd,
 And the sweetest in mem'ry are often renew'd.
 The shades I here send serve but to amuse,
 They will not mock you, nor cheat, nor abuse,

The "*waltzers*" will show, that in life's giddy round
Their pleasure is lightly to skim o'er the ground.
The sly "*god of love*" is a "shadow" indeed,
As the stricken "*doves*" prove who unconsciously bleed.
His "*butterfly*" nature he'll surely disclose,
As he sips off the dew from the beautiful rose ;
By all he's confess'd, of "all shadows" the shade,
And chiefly by woman so often betray'd.
The "shadowy" subject I now will conclude,
Or you'll think me uncourteous, and prolix, and rude ;
Though "shadows" indeed are the presents I send,
Believe me in truth your affectionate friend.

FOR AN ALBUM.

1829.

THE murm'ring winds in silence sleep,
Diana sparkles on the deep,
Whose colder wave reflects her beams
Like visions floating in our dreams,
In which the days that are gone by
Like sheeted spectres meet the eye —
Like phantoms that could ne'er abide,
Lost in time's engulfing tide.
'Tis night, and sorrow wakes alone
To weary watching ever prone ;
My tired eyes to close refuse,
And I would woo the midnight muse,
Would humbly seek her potent aid
That in your Album, fair array'd,
You might her frolic fancy trace,
Confess her power, admire her grace,
And give thee, in these lines, to see
The loveliness of poesy.
I woo her in the silent air,
But no responsive echo 's there ;
I court her in the moon's bright sphere,
Yet still I feel she is not near ;
I seek her in the radiant skies,
She smiles, but far away she flies,

K 4

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To worlds unknown, where no base clay
Impedes her fancy on its way,
Where no gross passions intervene
To dull the sense, provoke the spleen —
Nor where, in wit's precarious fires,
Expression, scarcely born, expires:
The muse hath fled, my pen is weak
To tell thee all my heart would speak,
For if I write of times no more
My pity must the past deplore,
And if I dwell on time that's near,
My verse would teach thy heart to fear.
One joy alone on earth thou'lt find,
And that is centred in the mind:
In self-approving conscience lives
The only bliss existence gives.
The loveliest flowers that ere can grace
Thy brow, or deck with charms thy face
Are these, domestic love's fair rose,
That with a temper'd ardour glows,
Together with the lily fair
Of innocence, unscath'd by care;
With the immortal green entwined
Of truth and honour — such thou'lt find
Exceed the rarest, brightest gem
Though sparkling in a diadem.
Is peace thy wish? I tell thee where
'Tis found unsullied, free from care:
Abroad it fades and meets its death
In envy's pestilential breath —
Temptations in its path spring up,
And poison lurks in pleasure's cup;

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Unlike th' Helvetian rose that's found,
Thornless, in nature's wildest ground :
In proud ambition's warmest clasp
It meets the treach'rous ivy's grasp ;
E'en love, the dearest boon that's given,
Hath many a faithful bosom riven ;
The world's contagion blights its birth,
In *home* alone 't is found on earth.

L'AMOUR VENGEUR.

“ C'est par trop vous défendre,
“ Bergère : il faut se rendre.”

BELLE Hollandaise et jeune Anglaise
Se firent la promesse,
De faire la guerre au Dieu d'amour
Et vivre en chanoinesse.

Elles firent choix d'une belle endroit
Tout près des montagnes Suisses,
A jamais en bannir les hommes
Pour faire leur supplices.

Ces solitaires, voulant se plaire
Dans une retraite sûre,
Plus froide encore que les glaciers
Qui ornaient leur demeure ;

Croyant trouver félicité
Tout loin des hommes rudes,
Dans leur folie, vraiment bizarre,
Se vantaient d'être prudes.

Mais Cupidon, qui tout de bon
Se niche même dans la neige,
Pour se venger de leur froideur
Tendait sa douce piège.

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Il réussit, à ce qu'on dit,
Et la belle Hollandaise
Se laissant vaincre, dit adieu
Au pauvre jeune Anglaise.

Que peut donc faire notre solitaire
Son amie regrettant ?
Je la conseille, sitôt quelle peut,
D'aller en faire autant.

TO —,

WITH A TAPER CANDLESTICK.

1829.

ACCEPT this little Candlestick
With taper green, of waxen wick :
When night enveils the face of day
It will, with clear and steady ray,
Illume the path of science fair
And aid thee to dispel dull care.
Oft by the taper's trembling light
The student wakes the livelong night :
The monk in by-gone times would pore
By taper's gleam o'er learned lore,
While nature seem'd entranced to lie,
And nought but the holy man's deep sigh
Was wafted on the midnight breeze
In mournful cadence through the trees ;
That sigh which told of buried hope,
Of passions that had now no scope,
Which in the heart's recess confined,
Like canker wore the restless mind !
To no such use my gift employ,
But let it light thy path to joy :
May all thy hopes as brilliant seem
As doth its little flickering gleam ;

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Pliant like wax, may fate appear,
And wishes crowned, thy hours cheer ;
And as the taper wasting low
Expiring yields its brightest glow,
So may thy day's last sun decline,
And with a parting lustre shine !

TO A LADY,

WHO CALLED HER CHILD HER "SUN."

1829.

You call — your "Sun!" ah, prithee beware,
Consider the danger that lurks in the snare,
That awaits upon every excess of our love!
For joys that are brightest, the briefest oft prove:
The blossoms of virtue, alas! fade too soon
In so warm an approval ere yet in their noon;
In all youthful minds the germ of vice lies,
Which in flattery's hotbed will rapidly rise,
Will spread all around in luxuriant excess,
And the growth of perfection for ever repress.
No flattery to folly can give lustre true,
Nor envy withhold from real merit its due;
The sun hath its spots, and clouds intervene,
With ominous shadows, its brightness between;
The nightshade itself bears a flower that's fair
And the most grateful fruit is of foliage bare;
But the violet is sweetest when deep in the shade,
And the graces court beauty from modesty's aid.
Then let not a mother's lip foster that pride,
The original sin for which man first died!
On humility's basis build up his fair fame,
And you then may have cause to be proud of his name.

THE DUCHESS AND THE BISHOP.

THERE was, 't is said, a Duchess once
Prolific in wild themes
Of poetry, which Bishop Wilkins
Called her Grace's dreams.

For this her Grace a grudge did bear
Against the reverend man,
For ladies, angels though they be,
Can little mischiefs plan.

One day as the Lord Bishop sat
His racy cordial sipping,
In converse with her Grace, he watch'd
Her wit to catch it tripping.

Much wit she had, 't was pungent too,
As he knew to his cost,
For oft in battle of the brains
The victory he lost.

Now my Lord Bishop wish'd to lay
Before her Grace a plan,
And, with a fearful air of doubt,
His Lordship thus began: —

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“ Madam, I feel that in our day
“ Science and art are dying,
“ So to the world I would submit
“ My novel *art of flying*.”

“ Indeed, my Lord ! ” rejoin’d her Grace,
With laughter in her eye ;
“ That’s very nice, and I should like
“ To flutter in the sky.

“ I’d quickly travel to the moon,
“ Where “ *lost wits* ” all are met,
“ Which when I find, be sure I will
“ *Your Lordship* not forget.”

“ I thank your Grace ! precedence must
“ Be given to the fair ;
“ So when you have *yourself* supplied,
“ You’ll not have much to spare ! ”

Unheeding him, “ My Lord,” said she,
“ Make not of wax your wing,
“ Since that in former times a sad
“ Catastrophe did bring ! ”

“ Icarus was a fool,” replied
My lord, to anger moved,
“ As I should be had I not means
“ To show his plan improved.”

‘ Good,’ said her Grace; “ but see, my Lord,
“ As I your project trace,
“ I do not find you have mark’d down
“ At all a *baiting place* ! ”

The Bishop smiled — “ *Your Grace* will find
“ No difficulty there,
“ Since you have built so very many
“ *Castles in the air*,

“ That if, in journeying to the moon,
“ To rest you should think right,
“ In each you’ll find a baiting place,
“ A fresh one every night.”

The Lady here took out her watch,
The hint the Bishop took;
And as he bow’d, her Grace essay’d
To kill him — with a look.

“TITANIA SLEEPING.”

PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

“Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
 “Thy beauty's form on table of my heart.”

THE flush of exercise had warm'd her cheek,
 On which scarce fifteen summer's breath had play'd,
 It glow'd with tints of beauty which no rose
 Could e'er outvie ! contrasting with the arm
 In form and colour matchless, on the which
 It rested with a grace no sculptor's art
 Could give !

The fringing lashes that conceal'd
 Her eyes, gave on that cheek like ebony ;
 Her silken tresses dark as raven's wing
 Shaded her brow in natural ringlets falling :
 The bloom of youth was on that open brow,
 The smile of innocence unclosed the lips,
 Seeming to utter all her spirit felt
 Of playful thought !

She look'd in truth a being
 Of a brighter world ! The lovely Houris,
 In Mahomet's wild dream, could never boast
 Such symmetry unrivall'd !

Her rosy
 Fingers clasp'd the ribands of her hat,
 As when at first, in careless attitude,

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She had upon the couch her tiny form
Exhausted thrown, ere sleep on the soft lids
Had stolen !

She was indeed a specimen
Of Nature's work, and God's creation fair,
As eye could look upon ! The lovely vision
Of that sleeping form will never leave me.
Enchanting girl ! how do I grieve that time,
In all its power to fade and sadden, should
An envious shade throw o'er thy loveliness !
I pray, that when thy fleeting youth shall pass,
Bringing a sadder hour than that in which
I gazed on thee, — peace may thy spirit bless,
E'en though less bright thy fairy form appear !
That when the smoothness of thy radiant brow
Shall yield to time's cold touch, nor care, nor pang,
May steal away its smile ! but that the twilight
Soft of beauty, all unscath'd by sorrow,
May be reflected in the golden beams
Of virtues all matured ! ——

ON HEARING PAGANINI.

In all the various scenes of life,
In hours of joy, in battle strife,
There stands confest one magic power,
That rules the soul at every hour :
The smile it brightens, soothes the frown,
And holds e'en raging passion down.
That power is music ! whence its birth ?
It speaks like heaven, it breathes on earth ;
Mortals entranced admire here,
Angels to listen quit their sphere.
Say — does it spring from fairy ground ?
No — 't is in Paganini found —
In him its magic source we find,
In him its powers are all combined ;
And as his various passions glow,
In streams of harmony they flow,
In softness breathe, — in terror reign,
Imparting both his joy and pain :
As zephyr light, or raging wind,
They speak the changes of his mind,
Appear to flow but at his will,
Who bids the master-chord be still;

Or gives it power to swell the sound,
Till echo doth its notes rebound : —
In him the soul of music dwells,
And on each list'ner sheds its spells,
Not e'en Apollo's lute could show
The skill of *Paganini's bow*.

THE RHINE.

My bark was launch'd on the noble Rhine,
At the first pale dawn of day ;
When the rising sun his glories cast
O'er the scene that round me lay.

I have floated down that lovely stream,
In the moonlight's magic hour ;
Her radiance soft enhanced each charm,
Of ruin, vale, and tower.

Again, when the winds roar'd loud and wild,
My bark " danced on its tide ;"
The mountain top was veil'd in mist,
The storm raged far and wide.

At morn, at eve, and in the storm,
In every change, a spell
Of witchery I cannot name,
Upon my spirit fell.

To every mind its views impart,
Some feelings strange or new ;
Whate'er might be the varied thoughts
From which their source they drew.

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Mine were sad, as I gazed around,
And thought of by-gone days,
When ev'ry tower, and every vale
Rung with the minstrel's lays.

I watch'd the fitful light of the moon,
As the gathering clouds grew dark ;
Her pale ray shone on a boatman lone,
Guiding his drifting bark.

The rising wind in music wild
Now mournfully rush'd by,
It fell upon mine ear like sound
Of a gently whisper'd sigh.

Methought a voice address'd me thus,
In accents faint but clear :
“ I mourn the change I witness now
“ Come o'er the scenes once dear.

“ I mourn my feudal chiefs, whose halls
“ Were fill'd with warrior knight ;
“ My bowers, graced by chivalry,
“ Their plumes, and their armour bright.

“ Where ladye loves did their braided hair
“ With strings of pearl entwine,
“ And belted youths laid the helmet by,
“ To sing their charms divine.

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“ Where 's the life-stirring tournament,
“ The trumpet, herald, knight ?
“ And the lovely forms which graced the scene
“ As they watch'd the mimic fight ?

“ Gone, they are gone ! those days of glee,
“ The blaze of their light expired !
“ And only seen in the ' moody dream,'
“ By fancy now inspired.

“ My vales are mute, and my bold towers
“ In awful ruin stand,*
“ Where flowers bloom'd, and neighing steeds
“ Pranced proudly on the strand.

“ No reckless page from castle gate
“ Steals down the mountain side,
“ The wreath to weave for the rustic belle
“ As she bends o'er the rippling tide.

“ No tales of castle revelry
“ On the ear of age now fall,
“ No sound of merriment echoes round
“ Where the chiefs sat in banquet hall.

“ All is sad where the tournament spread,
“ Beauty has faded away,
“ The owls and bats their vigils keep
“ Where bright shone the martial array.

* See Note (A).

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- “ No sound is heard on the silent plains
“ But the wail and roar of the wind,
“ And the path where knights their steeds spurr'd on
“ Is trod by the lonely hind.
- “ The peasant mourns his hapless lot,
“ No patron chief is nigh!
“ With hand of charity to bless,
“ Or his mettle bold to try.
- “ Power may o'er my alter'd land
“ A gentler sway maintain;
“ But the mutual ties that bound the serf
“ To his lord, are snapp'd in twain.
- “ All delegated charities
“ Precarious aid afford,
“ That peasant only's blest, who boasts
“ The presence of his lord.
- “ Cheerless the hamlet, lone and sad!
“ And squalid misery's found
“ Where once the cottage hearth was bright,
“ And the tale and song went round.
- “ They say that the peasant was slave! 'tis true:
“ Still, the links of kindness bound
“ The fate of that serf to his noble lord,
“ Where'er that lord was found.

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“ The serf is free ! but is left alone
“ In his freedom to labour no less,
“ And his care-worn form, and drooping lid,
“ The woes of his heart express.”

The wind was hush'd — it was silence all,
As I gazed on the moonlight cold,
I thought on the Rhine as we view it now,
Compared with the days of old.

I felt the force of time's dread power,
And I look'd on the present scene
As on a shade or phantom pale
Of beauty that once had been.

I felt how few 'mid the empty show
Of life as it now flows on,
In the selfish tide of human pride
Would mourn for the days that are gone.

I travelled on, I bade farewell
To a scene almost divine,
And nought from my soul can e'er efface
The memory of the Rhine.

ON HEARING OF
THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

1834.

SOFT is the breath of dewy spring
On beds of violets breathing,
Sweet are its early blossoms seen
The brow of youth enwreathing,
Sweet is the warbling of the lark
The rising day-star meeting,
Soft to the blushing maid the voice
Of lover's whisper'd greeting.
In nature all is soft and sweet,
As feeling hearts have proved,
But nought so soft and nought so sweet,
As memory of the loved !

Sad is the note of Philomel
To night her woes revealing,
Cold is the shining dew-drop seen,
In winter's frost congealing.
Sad is the sound of parting step
On friendship's ear retreating,
And sad the heart that hopes no more
To hear that friend's kind greeting.
Sad and cold is all to those
Whose wishes here are crost ;
But sadder yet and colder still
Is memory of the lost !

EPIGRAM.

AN exchange is no robbery, as I have heard say,
So exchanging our actors is surely fair play ;
America's land doth, I freely confess,
A growth most abundant of talent possess,
How the Yankees approve that of England we see,
Since a *Forrest* they send in exchange for a *Tree*.

AU BARON ALEXANDRE DE HUMBOLDT.

1835.

HUMBOLDT, grand homme ! dont la vaste génie
Vous emporte, heureux mortel ! au-dessus de l'envie,
Au point où les autres ne pouvant atteindre,
A force d'admirer, ont cessés de se plaindre !
Vous cherchez les causes en philosophe et sage,
Vous-même de la nature son plus bel ouvrage ;
Rien, auprès de vous, n'est trop grand ni trop petit,
Toutes choses de tout genre votre plume embellit :
Tout qui se trouve sur terre, en nain ou en géant,
Votre esprit merveilleux relève du néant.
Vous êtes de la science l'aurore boréale
Brillant sur la nuit de l'ame glaciale ;
Dieu a tout créé, vous faites tout connaître,
De l'art de bien peindre vous êtes le grand maître :
Vos pensées solides, votre jugement profond,
Ont bien éclaircis, ont étonnés le monde.
Oh ! vous, dont l'utile et la noble carrière
Répand partout des rayons de lumière,
D'une femme sensible acceptez l'hommage !
Qui, cherchant puiser d'Hélicon le breuvage,
Pour ennoblir l'ame, et faire naître la fleur
D'une nouvelle espérance qui ranime son cœur,
Ose chanter ce renom déjà universel
Qui vous a rendu à jamais immortel !

ON A PEN.

SLIGHT though in form, and mean to view,
With what a power endued !
Thou giv'st the thoughts a tongue, whate'er
Of fancy sways their mood.

In poet's hand, with magic spell,
Whene'er to nature true,
Each lovely scene thou dost portray
In every form and hue.

By sage philosopher employ'd,
Thou art in truth the key,
Unlocking science's rich store
However rare it be.

In lovers' hand what guileful arts,
By thee are oft display'd
Warm protestations, oaths and vows,
Broken as soon as made.

In various hands, with varied power,
Thou dost instruction blend
With charms that please, and to our grief
A respite kind extend.

But thou in woman's hand should raise
No blush, nor give a pain ;
Such on her brightest talents will
Impress a lasting stain.

Woman's pen should only glow
With truth, and feelings kind,
For though the pen the thoughts may trace,
The source is in the mind.

THE MEUSE.

SWEET Meuse! upon thy lovely banks
We meet with every charm;
And Nature's wonders there combined,
The sceptic's creed disarm.

Scarce hath the eye reposing scann'd,
Thy past'ral beauty rare;
When rock piled up on rock we view,
Like giants marshall'd there.

Low at the base the villagers
Their frowning shelter prize,
Where all that's fearful, all that's sweet,
In mingled beauty rise.

What painter can the lights portray,
Which on thy winding stream
In changeful tints for ever play,
Like hue of lover's dream!

The shadows deep that mark the scene
Impart a mystic gloom,
Spreading alike o'er forest glade,
And vales where flowerets bloom.

Thy green banks, rock-begirt, afford
The wild, the soft, the bold,
Enchantment all, a lovely type
Of Eden, blest of old!

The heart alone its power can tell,
Philosophy may teach,
Poets and painters both essay,
Thy excellence to reach.

Yet all in vain! what art can show
This scene diversified?
Where, 'neath the dread o'erhanging rocks,
Thy streams pellucid glide;

Their rugged forms are seen less stern,
View'd in thy waters calm,
As sorrow's sharpest pangs are sooth'd
By pity's gentle balm.

Sweet was the hour, and rich the glow
Of sunset on thy stream,
When first to my admiring sight
As 'twere a fairy dream,

Namur's proud citadel appear'd
"Bathed in that flood of light,"
The monument of Gallic boast
Humbled by William's might.*

* For a pompous description of the capture of Namur, and its citadel, by the French under Marshal Luxembourg, in 1692, see Boileau's "Ode;" and Racine "Sur la Prise de Namur."—In 1695, William III.,

And as the panoramic scene
Engaged my deepest thought,
In fancy I again retraced
The deeds his valour wrought.

May warlike tread no more disturb
Thy vales ! but peace diffuse
Her blessings on thy vine-clad hills,
My loved, my favourite Meuse !

of England, after a long and memorable siege, retook both town and citadel : the garrison being reduced during that siege from 15,000 men to 5,500 !

TO GENERAL MILLER.

MILLER ! fresh gather'd laurels now
Grace anew thy honour'd brow,
And Arequipa's plains attest,
On nobler one they scarce can rest.
Around thy head, 'neath foreign sky,
Waves the proud flag of victory;
And grateful plaudits deaf'ning roar
Re-echo from thy native shore.
Thou champion bold of liberty,
Go on, and set the captive free;
In retributive justice stand,
Firm, upon that blood-stain'd land;
Bid Nature's child no more despair,
Secure beneath thy fost'ring care;
No dastard tyrant let them fear,
While valour aids their hopes to cheer.
Vain is the boast of " mines of gold "
When men, like beasts, are bought and sold;
Vain is the boast of " sunny skies "
Seen dimly through their streaming eyes.
What boots how fair and fresh the bloom
Of flowers, that droop o'er slavery's tomb !
This Miller feels, and thousands more,
Upon the haughty Spaniard's shore,
And vie in manly struggle ever
The bonds of trembling slave to sever !

Humanity with bravery dwells
As British history often tells,
Nor wilt thou, Miller, here deny,
All soldier as thou art, the sigh,
And tribute of a Christian tear
O'er Salaberri's bloody bier !
No ! thou wilt mourn his dreadful end,
And in the rebel, weep the friend.

ON THE DEATH OF MALIBRAN.

1836.

How strangely varied is the awful doom
That leads us from the cradle to the tomb !
Some, ling'ring on through many a painful year,
Are prone to wish the death they dread were near ;
Some, drooping slowly, mourn their sinking fire ;
Some, flush'd with victory, in youth expire.
All suffer here below — and death's the seal
Imprest on all our fates, — in woe or weal.
Nor could sweet Malibran's surpassing grace
Divert the ruthless monarch from the chase :
Even while music floated on her breath
She vainly struggled in the arms of death !
The swan-like notes that echoed through the room
Bespoke her triumph, and prepared her tomb !
She, th' unrivall'd queen of scenic art,
Whose power dramatic reach'd the inmost heart,
From the high pinnacle of her just pride
Was hurl'd, — and in her very triumph died !
Sweet Malibran ! what thrilling tones were thine
When impious rapture swore thou wert " divine !"
Tones which ; — but hark ! what dreadful shrieks now
fall
On th' affrighted ear throughout the hall ?

M 3

Those shrieks proclaim thee " mortal," — none could
save, —

And hands prepared to crown thee make thy grave.
The garlands gay, now steep'd in briny tear,
Grace not thy lovely brow, but deck thy bier :
And those who framed the beauties there combined
Mark'd not the deadly cypress intertwined.
Poor victim of ambition's restless power,
How bright ! but, oh, how brief her glory's hour !
That voice's melody is lost to earth,
Call'd to the brighter skies that gave it birth,
To join with kindred spirits the blest throng,
And praise her God in renovated song.

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S CHARGER,
"COPENHAGEN,"

THAT BORE HIM ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

1836.

"It is a creature that I teach to fight,
"To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
"His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit."

ALAS ! who would not grieve for thee,
Thou gallant steed of chivalry !
Thy destined race at length is run,
In glory sank thy setting sun ;
And warriors mourn thee now, declaring
Nought could excel thy gallant bearing :
Such tribute from the bold and brave,
Copenhagen, deoks thy grave.
No Paynim chief didst thou convey
Through 'Templars' ranks in dread array :
Nor bore inglorious from the fight
A coward, or a conquer'd knight.
No robber chief of feudal time
Didst thou lead on to war or crime ;
No monarch, freedom to regain,
Urged thy fleet footstep o'er the plain.

M 4

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Thou England's champion proudly bore
Through fields of death, and fearful gore;
His anxious toil and danger sharing,
Seeming conscious thou wert bearing
All England's destiny in one —
Thy master, and our Wellington!
Thou, like Bucephalus as free, —
Another Alexander he : —
Thou, full of fire and courage still, —
He, bending thee to his high will,
And shouts of thousands rent the sky
As thou borest him to victory!
Patient beneath his guiding hand,
Dauntless thou met the deadly band
Of foes on Waterloo's red field,
Nor did thy untired spirit yield,
But proved thy mettle and thy strength
For sixteen hours' appalling length!
Thy noble chief thou didst sustain
Through all the peril and the pain
His soul endured, to save his land
From a rude despot's iron hand.
All his heart suffer'd that dark day
No earthly honours can repay,
And grateful England owns that yet
Posterity must pay the debt.
Thee will he mourn both deep and long,
And will not scorn the minstrel's song,
Recording thus thy worth and end, —
Thou gallant steed, thou faithful friend!

IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THE "PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE."

BULWER ! thy genius never took
A higher flight, than when
This tale of varied beauty flow'd
Fresh from thy witching pen.

The richest attributes that grace
The poet and the man,
In taste and feeling all refined,
Through every page we scan.

Say, why then such a talent waste
Like fragrance on the plain ?
Stooping to themes that only please
The idle and the vain !

Oh ! cherish with a jealous care
Thy mind's poetic fire,
Lest in a faulty recklessness
It should too soon expire.

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Deep is the source from whence is drawn

That tale's most magic power :

Ah ! let no taint the pure tide stain,

In any thoughtless hour !

On every future page thou'lt build

Imperishable fame,

Or, in the licence of thy pen,

Will sink the author's name.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. ROBERT GRAY.

1837.

ALL I e'er seek of poetry,
Is but to speak my feelings ;
Nought in my verse, alas ! is found,
But sorrowful revealings !

'T is as the mirror where I view,
The ravage sad of years,
And all that once shone out so bright,
In ruin now appears.

How many friends of those I loved,
The source of so much pleasure,
Who in the casket of my heart,
Composed my proudest treasure —

How many dear ones have I seen,
Like snow-wreaths in the sun,
Melt in my tearful gaze away,
So soon their course was run !

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And thou who latest left me ! where
Such friend shall I now meet ?
What eye with such unvarying love,
My tearful one will greet ?

Thy mind did as the crystal show,
From guile and passion free ;
Nor speck, nor shade of earthly taint,
Did mar its purity.

How many years thy counsel sage,
And converse sweet, combined
To cheer my hours, and shed their light
Upon my anxious mind !

And when thy speaking eye grew dim,
In death so nearly seal'd,
The firm kind pressure of the hand,
Thy faith, thy love reveal'd ;

Faith in the promise we had read,
In holy writ together,
Love, which assured thy weeping friend,
We did not part for ever !

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF
THE MEETING OF WELSH BARDS AT
ABERGAVENNY, 1837,

ON WHICH OCCASION A FESTIVAL WAS GIVEN AT LLANOVER
COURT, BY BENJAMIN HALL, ESQ. M. P.

DEDICATED TO "GWENYNEN GWENT" THE "BEE OF WALES."

COME, Sons of Song ! strike loud the triple string,
Souls of the Bards arise, awake, and sing !
Bend o'er thy harps, but let no "lone blast" raise
"Prophetic sounds" of coming ills ! thy lays,
The "light of memory" around must fling,
The deeds of other times to view must bring ;
Show how in feudal hall the harper stood,
Historian of the age ! while in the flood
Of harmony sublime, and wild, he sung
The praise of heroes ! and the high dome rung
With plaudits loud, which mocking echo there,
Gave back in sighs responsive from the fair,
Whose presence nerved the minstrel's arm with power,
Whose smiles threw radiance o'er the festive hour.
E'en now, as then, 'tis beauty fans the fire,
And woman wills the spark should ne'er expire
That warm'd the soul of bard with mystic flame,
Lighting each hero to immortal fame.

The "**Gwenynen Gwent**," of Llanover, the star
Of renovation, sheds its beams afar,
Rekindling in the patriot bardic race
The fire nor time nor tyrant could efface !
E'en Edward's self, the bard's most cruel foe,
Would scarcely now attempt the dastard blow,
Which he in coward policy once aim'd,
Against a race from earliest days so famed !
Strike then the harp ! Ye need no wizard's spell
Of Merlin here, to bid the chorus swell ;
The "**Queen Bee**" bids the guests, the feast is spread,
The bright o'erflowing cup with wine is red :
Then lend thine aid to this her patriot scheme,
And let her industry become thy theme ;
She bids ye sing of mighty warriors past,
Whose spirits ride upon the wintry blast !
From clouds of mist, and fearful storm they bend,
And to the sound a pleased attention lend ;
Sing, too, in praise of those who here this night
Revive the dawn of intellectual light,
And chiefly her, who, by her magic power,
Calls back to life the bards' most witching hour ;
She who if ask'd in other lands to dwell,
Like Lord of Moysten (as the legends tell),
Would nobly answer to the enticing crew,
"**I dwell among mine own,**" loved Wales, in you !
Strike loud the harp ! the brimming cup fill high,
And let each gallant heart and fair one cry,
Health to the "**Bee of Wales,**" and may she know
All the bright joys that heaven can bestow ;
Of earthly trials should she have her part,
She'll find a home in every Welshman's heart.

TO PROFESSOR SCHNYDER,

ON RECEIVING SOME ENGLISH VERSES RHYMING IN
 "ATION." 1837.

YOUR talent for our English rhyme
 Exhibited in this short time
 Proves your "Cassandra" truth foretold
 When, like that prophetess of old,
 All unbelieved, she promised you
 This progress, to your genius due.
 I joy to find you are so zealous,
 And yet my muse is somewhat jealous ;
 So I must try my — *compilation*
 To match your muse in — *iteration*,
 And rival you in — *combination*,
 All for the honour of my — *nation* ;
 Although I hold a lowly — *station*
 In the fair nine's — *hallucination*,
 And shall deceive your — *expectation*
 In this my rhyming — *imitation*.
 My wits are in a — *fermentation*,
 All lost in quick — *evaporation*,
 Ere I can tell, in due — *rotation*,
 Of the late storm's — *tergiversation*,
 Which ought to bring deep — *hum'liation*,
 And gratitude for — *preservation*.

But where I fail in — *explanation*,
From my too great — *precipitation*,
I leave for ——'s — *recreation*
To speak of signs of — *vegetation*
That now console our — *agitation*,
And give us hopes of — *celebration*
Of our proposed — *perambulation*,
When we shall give you — *molestation*
By visiting your wondrous — *nation*.

ON
READING THE "CONQUEST OF GRANADA,"

BY MR. WASHINGTON IRVING.

1837.

CITIES, like men, have their appointed hour,
To yield to conquest, or, to rise to power;
Humble in infancy, matured in pride,
Both their respective destinies abide.

Like shadowy dream the noblest pass away,
Brief is the triumph of their proudest day;
In splendour those the richest, the most rare,
As dust lie scatter'd on the desert air.

Where is Palmyra's glory? queen confest
Of the great plain, now oft by foot imprest
Of weary traveller, who seeks the place
Where all her fallen columns he may trace.

Where now is Venice — ocean's lovely bride,
Her charms reflecting lovelier in the tide?
Where her pre-eminence, her nobles proud,
Her Doge's state, her pleasure-loving crowd?

N

She stands a monument as pale as fair,
Beacon to pride and rising greatness, there;
Silence usurps the place where rose the song,
As the swift gondola light skimm'd along.

Where too is Rome? the seat of papal pride —
Rome! where the Cæsars once the world defied;
Where iron despotism, on her foes,
And trembling monarchs, did its chains impose?

Humbled in dust she sits! a foreign crowd,
Irreverently tread where kings have bow'd;
In curious wonder contemplate her fate,
Think on her Cæsars and her former state!

Alas for conquest, power, ambition, pride!
None are exempted from the onward tide
Of Time, who flows as from his earliest birth,
The ruthless tyrant of a guilty earth.

Of faded greatness most I mourn thy doom,
Peerless Granada! in thy land of bloom
Unfading! where magnificent display
Of countless beauties courts the sunny ray.

Land of the aloe, fig, and blushing vine,
Of beauty, in whose form all charms combine;
Land of rich garden, sparkling fount, and grove,
Where youths with Moorish maids were wont to rove:

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Who would not mourn thee, and thy dark-eyed race!
 Whose very memory bigots would efface —
 Whose taste and industry thy wonders wrought,
 And gave thee all those charms with which thou'rt
 fraught.

The Moor in exile his bright home recalls! *
 The Christian now inhabits his fair halls;
 As from his sight thy once loved beauties fade,
 He mourns that Moor was there by Moor betray'd.

The victors e'en compassionate the band,
 Exiled from such a soul-delighting land! †
 Chief from Granada! the Moors' paradise,
 His pearl of rich, inestimable price.

The Moor capitulates, the Christian swore
 That persecution should endure no more; ‡
 All treaties violated, faith betray'd,
 The Moor confiding was by treach'ry paid!

And these were Christians! by high churchmen led, §
 Who, aiding perjury, destruction spread;
 The Moor revolted, valour strove in vain,
 The wretched victims died th' ensanguined plain.

When Philip's voice their final fate declared,
 And banish'd those the conqueror's sword had spared;

* See Note (B).

† See Note (D).

‡ See Note (C).

§ See Note (E).

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When he expell'd two million souls from home,
On Afric's burning sands in grief to roam,

Spain also sunk beneath that vengeful tread,
For with the Moor her wonted splendour fled ! *
The arts no more diffuse their golden light,
But all neglected lie, and lost to sight.

Hapless Granada ! o'er thy bleeding host,
Was that a triumph of the cross to boast ?
Could such a creed with him acceptance find,
Who peace, good-will, proclaim'd to all mankind ?

The traitor, the betray'd, together sleep !
The Moor's descendants still in exile weep !
The Christian's offspring, so th' Almighty wills,
Drink of the cup of vengeance Justice fills !

Peace, affrighted, now hath fled that soil,
Sad devastation mocks the labourer's toil ;
The Sun illumes that clime with richest glow,
But gives no warmth to hearts replete with woe.

Mark how the power of retribution's hand,
Lies heavy now on that ill-fated land ;
Behold the hearths their treach'ry did betray,
By feuds embitter'd to this present day.

* See Note (F).

THE "IDEAL," OR MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

1838.

—— "th' attempt forsake,
 " And not my chariot but my counsel take,
 " While yet securely on the earth you stand,
 " Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand." ADDISON.

IN glowing visions of their high-wrought dream
 How exquisitely fair doth nature seem!
 These souls in deep philosophy imbued,
 With powers of sweet expression all endued!
 Boundless their range through the wide space of
 thought! —

What seeming truths from the "Ideal" caught!
 Beauty ineffable, which fills the soul
 With strange wild imagery beyond control,
 Giving existence to the frenzied hour, —
 Raising a shrine unhallow'd to their power!
 Making an idol of all-erring man,
 Who in his pride presumes his "God to scan;"
 That pride our senses holds in dang'rous thrall,
 Enveiling them in mists around that fall,
 Uprising from the rainbow-tinted stream,
 'The troubled source, of philosophic dream.

Fair Science now in modern type is seen:
 Oh, how unlike to that which once hath been!

As when from eastern climes its wondrous light
Broke on the darken'd mind's chaotic night ;
That orient beam diffusing arts refined
From lands, to darkness now anew consign'd !
Where scourging despots e'en the thoughts enchain,
While sense and feeling wither in their train,
All sunk again into that silence dread
Of ignorance, by coward tyrants spread !
Epicurean doctrine tells in vain
That from its dissolution now again,
Like to the natural world, 't will be restored,
And all its first perfection then afford !
Not so, alas ! — its former steady ray
Is lost in wild *philosophy's* display,
That will in all its own consuming fire,
Like Phoenix, 'mid the richest sweets expire !
But not like her to rise : its ashes must
Mix with the air, or with some humbler dust.

That mind which on itself alone relies,
Like Phaëton, may soar above the skies ;
But must alike his awful fate abide,
And perish also in its reckless pride.
The God who clothes the mind in beauty's light
Can, at his pleasure, veil it in the night
Of dark oblivion ; and by his power,
Create, and crush it, in the self-same hour !
Yet doth it never die : whene'er betray'd
It is to some more genial soil convey'd : —
Thus when a nation, self-polluted, falls,
His grace abused in anger he recalls ;
And (others rising brighter at his will)
In its destruction marks that power still.

Prophetic Sybils note the coming hour
When intellectual darkness shall o'erpower
The blazing light the false "Ideal" gives
Which in its pride of self-existence lives, —
Whose votaries pen the line with beauty stored,
And deem its birth from their "creating" word!
Themselves the authors, in their impious thought,
Of glories which alone in God are sought.
In their bold search in Science's deep mine
Forget to teach the Author is divine;
And while harmoniously they sing the theme,
Forget the source in vanity's weak dream,
Thinking the endless beauties which they find
In nature, are "creations" of their mind!
Their wings outspreading to some fancied shore,
Acknowledging the "Primal Cause" no more.
Short-lived will be their triumph over sense, —
Vain, at the final reckoning, the pretence
That genius high their "very life had grown,
"A part, a power, a being of their own!"
The "Ideal," then, no "Heaven of heavens" shall
boast,
But with the "Fates" in dread eternity be lost;
Heaven's bright glory dim their fainter ray,
And God Omnipotent himself display!

TO MY READERS.

1838.

GRANT that I breathe too warm regret,
Glancing on by-gone days,
And to those sun-lit moments yield
A too luxuriant praise !
Still the loved ties then form'd were those
Of youth's sweet orient morn ;
And, though on ruin'd shrine now placed,
They were my heart's first-born !
E'en though, with crushing footstep, time
Hath trodden down their flowers,
The fragrance of their bloom is shed
On these my present hours !
The chords of sympathy unite
My thoughts to pleasures flown,
And in the light of memory
They're once again my own.
A flower *, a stream, the moonlight, all —
All on those chords renew
The sweetness, tone, and melody,
Which my glad soul once knew.
My heart was like the placid lake,
The summer sky reflecting ;

* See Note (G).

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My home was one of happiness,
With parents kind protecting !
I own the past had joys for me
The future ne'er can give,
And all their brightest rainbow tints
In memory only live.
Yet deem me not insensible,
As friends around me press,
And with a kindness ne'er surpass'd
These present moments bless !
The source is in that heaven above,
Where sits enthroned the Power
Who, breaking not the "bruised reed,"
Hath granted this proud hour !

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NOTES TO THE POEMS.

NOTE (A). — Page 152.

In the course of the Rhine, from Cologne to Mayence, upwards of 125 miles, the combination of the grandeur, with the pastoral beauty, of Nature, developed in its scenery, contrasted with the dilapidated castles, and the utter wretchedness of the appearance of the villages and hamlets as we approached them, gave an impression to my mind as much of pain as of admiration; and I felt all the force of the following observation made by Rousseau: — “All from the hands of Nature is perfect: it is only from the “touch of Man that such perfection degenerates.”

NOTE (B). — Page 179.

An Arabian writer relates, that, in the time of the Moors' supremacy in Spain, there were 80 cities (whose remains now speak the genius of their architects), 300 of the second order, and on the banks of the Guadalquivir alone no less than 1200 villages. — *Hist. of Spain.*

NOTE (C). — Page 179.

When the Moors were at last confined within the boundaries of Granada, they displayed their martial spirit unimpaired; near eight centuries elapsed from the commencement of their contentions, and 3700 battles were fought before this last of the Moors' kingdoms in Spain yielded to the Christian arms. — *Hist. of Spain.*

NOTE (D). — Page 179.

Every article of capitulation was eluded, or openly violated, by the Christians, and the Moors in course of time reduced to the alternative of embracing Christianity or abandoning their country. — TURQUET, book xxiii.

NOTE (E). — Page 179.

The Archbishops of Granada and Toledo were amongst the most zealous of the persecutors of the Moors. — *Span. Hist.*

NOTE (F). — Page 180.

In 1613, the zeal of Philip III. for the Roman Catholic religion inflicted a severe wound on the prosperity of Spain by the banishment of the Moors, in which expulsion all the arts for which they were so highly celebrated were lost. — CLARKE'S *View of Spain*.

NOTE (G). — Page 184.

Rousseau, in one of his botanical excursions, meeting with the periwinkle, fell upon his knees, crying out, — “*Ah ! voilà de la pervenche !*” It was because he had thirty years before brought home the same flower with him, in one of his rambles with Madame de Warens, near Chambéry. It struck him as the same identical little blue flower that he remembered, and thirty years of sorrow and bitter regret were effaced from his memory! — HAZLITT on the *English Poets*.

THE END.

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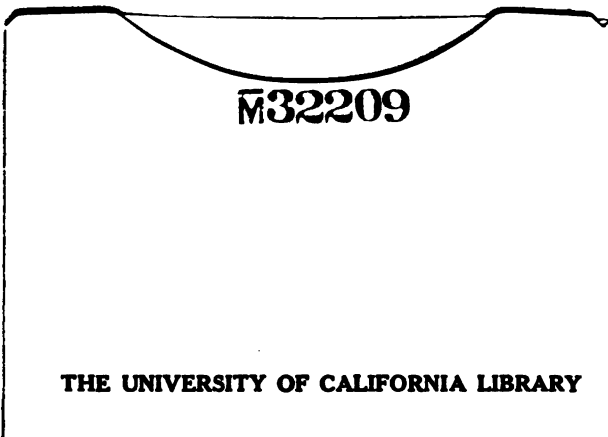
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