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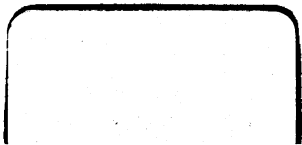
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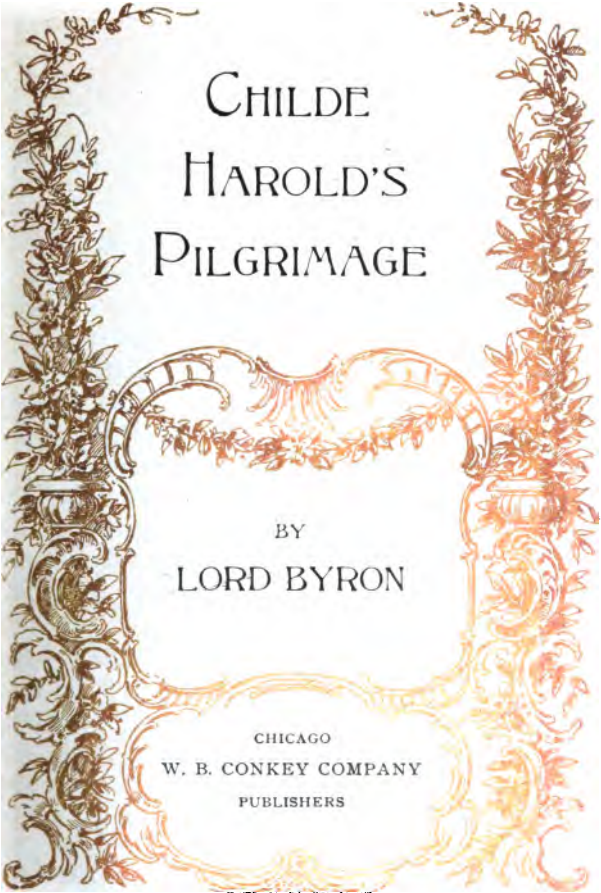


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CHILDE
HAROLD'S
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PREFACE TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.

The following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two Cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretensions to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having in-

tended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim. Harold is a child of imagination for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Walters," "Childe Childers," etc., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good-Night," in the beginning of the first Canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good-Night," in the "Border Minstrelsy," edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part which treats of the Peninsula; but it can only be casual, as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination,

and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humor strikes me: for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition." Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

LONDON, February, 1812.

ADDITION TO THE PREFACE.

I have now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill-become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind, they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to

the very indifferent character of the "vagrant Childe" (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I will maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated that, besides the anachronism, he is very unknighly, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honor, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when "l'amour du bon vieux temps, l'amour antique" flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Saint-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii., p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The "Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse," had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Saint-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage, Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter but a knight templar."* By the by, I fear that Sir Tristram and Sir Lancelot were no better than

* The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement.

they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights, "sans peur," though not "sans reproche." If the story of the institution of the "Garter" be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honor lances were shivered and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement: and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is. It had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less; but he never was intended as an example, further than to show that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature and

the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

LONDON, 1813.

“L’univers est une espece de livre, dont on n’a lu que la premiere page quand on n’a vu que son pays. J’en ai feuillete un assez grand nombre, que j’ai trouve egalement mauvaises. Cet examen ne m’a point ete infructueux. Je haissais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j’ai vecu m’ont reconcilie avec elle. Quand je n’aurais tire d’autre benefice de mes voyages que celui-la, je n’en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues.”—LE COSMOPOLITE.

TO IANTHE.*

Not in those climes where I have late been
straying,

Though Beauty long hath there been match-
less deem'd,

Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only
dream'd,

Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy
seem'd:

Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they
beam'd—

To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee, what language
could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbesem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears

* Lady Charlotte Harley, daughter of the Earl of Oxford,
afterwards Lady C. Bacon.

Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years.
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well for me
My years already doubly number thine;
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine:
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall
 bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mix'd with pangs to Love's even loveliest
 hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly
 sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear maid, accord: nor question
 why
To one so young my strain I would commend.

But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily
blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse en-
twined;

And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthe's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:
My days once number'd, should this homage
past

Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as thou
wast,

Such is the most my memory may desire;
Though more than Hope can claim, could
Friendship less require?

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

1812.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

Oh, thou in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth,
Muse, form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred
hill:

Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted rill;
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long-deserted
shrine,*

Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

*The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryssos, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock; "one," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cow-house. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery: some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain, probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie."

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne'er in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of
Night.

Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favour in his sight
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low
degree.

III.

Childe Harold was he hight;—but whence
his name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honey'd lines of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

IV.

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly,
Nor deem'd before his little day was done

One blast might chill him into misery.
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell;
 He felt the fulness of satiety:

Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,
 Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremite's
 sad cell.

v.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
 Had sigh'd to many, though he loved but
 one,

And that loved one, alas, could ne'er be his.
 Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose
 kiss

Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar
 bliss,

And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to
 taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at
 heart,

And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
 But pride congeal'd the drop within his e'e.

Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,
 And from his native land resolved to go,
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea:
 With pleasure drugg'd, he almost longed for
 woe,
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the
 shades below.

VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall:
 It was a vast and venerable pile;
 So old, it seemed only, not to fall,
 Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.
 Monastic dome! condemn'd to uses vile!
 Where Superstition once had made her den,
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and
 smile;
 And monks might deem their time was come
 agen,
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy
 men.

VIII.

Yet oftimes, in his maddest mirthful mood,
 Strange pangs would flash along Childe
 Harold's brow
 As if the memory of some deadly feud
 Or disappointed passion lurk'd below:
 But this none knew, nor haply care to know;

For his was not that open, artless soul
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow;
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole
 Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could
 not control.

IX.

And none did love him: though to hall and
 bower
 He gather'd revellers from far and near,
 He knew them flatterers of the festal hour;
 The heartless parasites of present cheer.
 Yea, none did love him—not his lemans
 dear—
 But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
 And where these are light Eros finds a feere;
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by
 glare,
 And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs
 might despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,
 Though parting from that mother he did
 shun;
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun:
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of
 steel;

Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope
to heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy
hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,
And long had fed his youthful appetite;
His goblets brimmed with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's
central line.

XII.

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds
blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam;
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did
come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and
wept,

And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning
kept.

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea,
He seized his harp, which he at times could
string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deem'd he no strange ear was listen-
ing
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And turned his farewell in the dim twilight,
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
Thus to the elements he pour'd his last "Good
Night."

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

A few short hours, and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,

But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,
My dog howls at the gate.

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

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

“My father bless'd me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again.”—

“Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.

“Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman,
 Or shiver at the gale?”—

“Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake;
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?”—

“Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.”

For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour?
 Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o'er.
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,

Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

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

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

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores described make every bosom gay;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their
way,

And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
 His fabled golden tribute bent to pay:
 And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
 And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few
 rustics reap.

xv.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious
 land!
 What fruits of fragrance blush on every
 tree!
 What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
 But man would mar them with an impious
 hand:
 And when the Almighty lifts His fiercest
 scourge
 'Gainst those who most transgress His high
 command,
 With treble vengeance will His hot shafts
 urge
 Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest
 foemen purge.

xvi.

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!
 Her image floating on that noble tide,
 Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
 But now whereon a thousand keels did ride

Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
 And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
 A nation swoll'n with ignorance and pride,
 Who lick, yet loathe, the hand that waves
 the sword

To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unspar-
 ing lord.

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
 That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
 Disconsolate will wander up and down,
 'Mid many things unsightly to strange e'e;
 For hut and palace show like filthily;
 The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;
 No personage of high or mean degree .

Doth care 'for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
 Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt,
 unwash'd, unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest
 scenes—

Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such
 men?

Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
 In variegated maze of mount and glen.
 Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
 To follow half on which the eye dilates

Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
 Than those whereof such things the bard
 relates,
 Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Ely-
 sium's gates?

XIX.

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

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
 And frequent turn to linger as you go,
 From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
 And rest ye at "Our Lady's House of Woe;" *

* The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Senora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.

Where frugal monks their little relics show,
 And sundry legends to the stranger tell:
 Here impious men have punish'd been;
 and lo,
 Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
 In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a
 Hell.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you
 spring,
 Mark many rude-carv'd crosses near the
 path;
 Yet deem not these devotion's offering—
 These are memorials frail of murderous
 wrath;
 For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
 Pour'd forth his blood beneath the assassin's
 knife,
 Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath;
 And grove and glen with thousand such are
 rife
 Throughout this purple land, where law se-
 cures not life! *

* It is a well-known fact, that in the year 1809 the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen, but that Englishmen were daily butchered; and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend. Had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt we should have "adorned a tale," instead of telling one.

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
 Are domes where whilom kings did make
 repair:

But now the wild flowers round them only
 breathe:

Yet ruined splendor still is lingering there,
 And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair;
 There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealth-
 iest son,

Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware
 When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds
 hath done,

Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont
 to shun.

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of
 pleasure plan,

Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous
 brow;

But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
 Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!

Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
 To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;

Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how

Vain are the pleasancess on earth supplied;
 Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle
 tide.

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened! *

Oh! dome displeasing unto British eye!
With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
There sits in parchment robe array'd,
and by
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
Where blazon'd glare names known to chivalry,
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with
all his soul.

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's dome:
Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
And turn'd a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's
plume,
And Policy regained what Arms had lost:
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels
bloom!

* The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.

Woe to the conquering, not the conquer'd
 host,
 Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's
 coast.

XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,
 Britannia sickens, Cintro, at thy name;
 And folks in office at the mention fret,
 And fain would blush, if blush they could,
 for shame.
 How will posterity the deed proclaim!
 Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
 To view these champions cheated of their
 fame,
 By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
 Where Scorn her finger points through many
 a coming year?

XXVII.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains
 he
 Did take his way in solitary guise:
 Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to
 flee,
 More restless than the swallow in the skies:
 Though here awhile he learned to moralize,
 For Meditation fix'd at times on him,
 And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise

His early youth misspent in maddest whim;
 But as he gazed on Truth, his aching eyes
 grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse! to horse! he quits, forever quits
 A scene of peace, though soothing to his
 soul:

Again he rouses from his moping fits,
 But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
 Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
 Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
 And o'er him many changing scenes must
 roll,

Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
 Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experi-
 ence sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
 Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless
 queen;

And church and court did mingle their array,
 And mass and revel were alternate seen;
 Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry, I ween!
 But here the Babylonian whore had built
 A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious
 sheen,

That men forget the blood which she hath
 spilt,

And bow the knee to pomp that loves to gar-
nish guilt.

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic
hills,

(Oh that such hills upheld a free-born race!)

Whereon to gaze the eye with joyance fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleas-
ant place,

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy
chair,

The toilsome way, and long, long league to
trace.

Oh, there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated Ease, can never hope to
share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bound plains succeed!

Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear, whereon her shep-
herds tend

Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader
knows—

Now must the pastor's arms his lambs defend:
 defend:

For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
 And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
 Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?

Or e'er the jealous queens of nations greet,
 Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?

Or dark sierras rise in craggy pride?

Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall?—

Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,

Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark land tall,

Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land
 from Gaul:

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
 And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
 Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides,

Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
 And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
 That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow:

For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference
know

'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the
low.*

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been
pass'd,

Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among,
Whilom upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendor
drest;

Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk
the strong;

The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts
oppress'd.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,

* As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has indeed done wonders; he has perhaps changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors.
—1812.

When Cava's* traitor-sire first call'd the band
 That dyed thy mountain-streams with Gothic
 gore?
 Where are those bloody banners which of
 yore
 Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
 And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
 Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the cres-
 cent pale,
 While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish
 matrons' wail.

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
 Ah! such, alas, the hero's amplest fate!
 When granite moulders and when records
 fail,
 A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
 Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine
 estate,
 See how the mighty shrink into a song!
 Can Volume, Pillar, Pile, preserve thee
 great?
 Or must thou trust Tradition's simple
 tongue,
 When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History
 does thee wrong?

* Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius pre-
 served his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias.

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advanced
 Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries,
 But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
 Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
 Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
 And speaks in thunder through yon engine's
 roar!

In every peal she calls—"Awake! arise!"
 Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
 When her war-song was heard on Anda-
 lusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful
 note?

Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
 Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
 Nor saved your brethren ere they sank be-
 neath

Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of
 death

The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to
 rock

Each volley tells that thousands cease to
 breathe:

Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
 Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel
 the shock.

XXXIX.

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

XL.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother
there)
Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!
What gallant war-hounds rouse them from
their lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the
prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share:
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their
array.

XL I.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons on
 high;
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue
 skies:
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Vic-
 tory!
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
 Are met—as if at home they could not die—
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
 And fertilize the field that each pretends to
 gain.

XLII.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honor'd
 fools!
 Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their
 clay!
 Vain Sophistry! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their
 way
 With human hearts—to what?—a dream
 alone.
 Can despots compass aught that hails their
 sway?

Or call with truth one span of earth their
 own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone
 by bone?

XLIII.

O Albuera, glorious field of grief!
 As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his
 steed,
 Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
 A scene where mingling foes should boast
 and bleed?
 Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's
 meed
 And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
 Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping
 throng,
 And shine in worthless lays, the theme of
 transient song.

XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play
 Their game of lives, and barter breath for
 fame:
 Fame that will scarce reanimate their clay,
 Though thousands fall to deck some single
 name.

In sooth, 'twere sad to thwart their noble
 aim
 Who strike, blest hirelings! for their conuntry's
 good,
 And die, that living might have proved her
 shame;
 Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic feud,
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path
 pursued.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
 Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsubdued
 Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for
 prey!
 Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot in-
 trude,
 Blackening her lovely domes with traces
 rude.
 Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
 Where Desolation plants her famish'd brood
 Is vain, or Ilium, Tyre, might yet survive,
 And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to
 thrive.

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
 The feast, the song, the revel here abounds;

Strange modes of merriment the hours con-
 sume,
 Nor bleed these patriots with their country's
 wounds;
 Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck
 sounds;
 Here Folly still his votaries enthralls,
 And young-eyed Lewdness walks her mid-
 night rounds:
 Girt with the silent crimes of capitals,
 Still to the last kind Vice clings to the totter-
 ing walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic: with his trembling mate
 He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
 Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
 Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
 No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
 Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:
 Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth ye
 mar,
 Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;
 The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be
 happy yet.

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
 Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,

As whilome he was wont the leagues to
 cheer,
 His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
 No! as he speeds, he chants "Viva el Rey!"*
 And check his song to execrate Godoy,
 The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
 When first Spain's queen beheld the black-
 eyed boy,
 And gore-faced Treason sprung from her
 adulterate joy.

XLIX.

On yon long level plain, at distance crown'd
 With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets
 rest,
 Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the wounded
 ground;
 And, scathed by fire, the greensward's dark-
 en'd vest
 Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
 Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the
 host,

* "Viva el Rey Fernando!" Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Don Manuel Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards: till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, etc., etc. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

Here the brave peasant storm'd the dragon's
nest;

Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were
won and lost.

L.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,*
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to
greet:

Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true:
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poinards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the
cannon's smoke.

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflow'd,
The station'd bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,

* The red cockade, with "Fernando VII." in the center.

The holster'd steed beneath the shed of
 thatch,
 The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing
 match,

LII.

Portend the deeds to come:—but he whose
 nod
 Has tumbled feebler despots from their sway,
 A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
 A little moment deigneth to delay:
 Soon will his legions sweep through these
 their way:
 The West must own the Scourger of the
 world.
 Ah, Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-
 day,
 When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings
 unfurled,
 And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to
 Hades hurled.

LIII.

And must they fall—the young, the proud,
 the brave—
 To swell one bloated chief's unwholesome
 reign?
 No step between submission and a grave?
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?

And doth the power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate Valor acts in vain?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire and Man-
hood's heart of steel?

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of
war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bayonet
jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm
dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might
quake to tread.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coal-
black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,

Seen her long locks that foil the painter's
 power,
 Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's
 fearful chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-tim'd tear;
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base
 career;
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying host:
 Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope
 is lost?
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a battered
 wall?*

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
 But form'd for all the witching arts of love:
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,

* Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valor elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
 In softness as in firmness far above
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance
 as great.

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath im-
 pressed
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his
 touch:*

Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their
 nest,
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:
 Her glance, how wildly beautiful! how much
 Hath Phoebus woo'd in vain to spoil her
 cheek,
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous
 clutch!
 Who round the North for paler dames would
 seek?
 How poor their forms appear! how languid,
 wan, and weak!

* "*Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
 Vestigo demonstrant mollitudinem.*"—Aul. Gel.

LIX.

Match me, ye climes! which poets love to
laud;

Match me, ye harems of the land! where
now

I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
Beauties that even a cynic must avow!

Match me those houris, whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale lest Love should ride the
wind,

With Spain's dark-glancing daughters—
deign to know,

There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically
kind.

LX.

Oh thou, Parnassus! whom I now survey,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
But soaring snow-clad through thy native
sky,

In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!

What marvel if I thus essay to sing?

The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by

Would gladly woo thine echoes with his
string,

Though from thy heights no more one muse
will wave her wing.

LXI.

Oft have I dream'd of thee! whose glorious
name

Who knows not, knows not man's divinest
lore:

And now I view thee, 'tis, alas, with shame
That I in feeblest accents must adore:

When I recount thy worshippers of yore
I tremble, and can only bend the knee;

Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy

In silent joy to think at last I look on thee!

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have
been,

Whose fate to distant homes confined their
lot,

Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it
not?

Though here no more Apollo haunts his
grot,

And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their
grave,

Some gentle spirit till pervades the spot,

Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious
wave.

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter.—Even amidst my strain
 I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;
 Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
 Her fate, to every free born bosom dear;
 And hail'd thee, not perchance without a
 tear.

Now to my theme—but from thy holy haunt
 Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;
 Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless
 plant,
 Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an idle
 vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount, when
 Greece was young,
 See round thy giant base a brighter choir;
 Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
 The Pythian hymn with more than mortal
 fire,
 Behold a train more fitting to inspire
 The song of love than Andalusia's maids,
 Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:
 Ah! that to these were given such peaceful
 shades
 As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly
 her glades.

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient
 days,
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can
 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive
 shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by time—accursed Time!
The Queen who conquers all must yield to
 thee—
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a
 clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deign'd to
 flee,
And fix'd her shrine within these walls of
 white;
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand altars rise, forever blazing bright.

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled
 Morn
 Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,
 The song is heard, the rosy garland worn;
 Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
 Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu
 He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:
 Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
 Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
 And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by
 turns.

LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest;
 What hallows it upon this Christian shore?
 Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:
 Hark! heard you not the forest monarch's
 roar?
 Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting
 gore
 Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his
 horn:
 The throng'd arena shakes with shouts for
 more;
 Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly
 torn,
 Nor shrinks the female eye, nor even affects to
 mourn.

LXIX.

The seventh day this: the jubilee of man.
London! right well thou know'st the day of
prayer:

Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air:
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse
chair,

And humblest gig, through sundry suburbs
whirl;

To Hamstead, Brentford, Harrow, make
repair;

Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian
churl.

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly;

Some Richmond Hill ascend, some scud to
Ware,

And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Bœotian shades, the reason why?

'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,

In whose dread name both men and maids
are sworn,

And consecrate the oath with draught, and
dance till morn.

LXXI.

All have their fooleries; not alike are thine,
 Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark-blue sea!
 Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
 Thy saint adorers count the rosary:
 Much is the Virgin teased to shrive them free
 (Well do I ween the only virgin there)
 From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen
 be;
 Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:
 Young, old, high, low, at once the same diver-
 sion share.

LXXII.

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

LXXIII.

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

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.

One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled
corse;

Another, hideous sight! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame
he rears;

Staggering, but stemming all, his lord
unharm'd he bears.

LXXVIII.

Foil'd, bleeding, breathless, furious to the
last,

Full in the center stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances
brast,

And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready
brand:

Once more through all he bursts his thundering
way—

Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyng
 hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon
 the sand.

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
 The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish
 swain:
 Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
 In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
 What private feuds the troubled village stain!
 Though now one phalanx'd host should meet
 the foe,

Enough, alas, in humble homes remain,
 To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
 For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's
 warm stream must flow.

LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,
 His withered sentinel, Duenna sage!
 And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
 Which the stern dotard deem'd he could en-
 cage,
 Have pass'd to darkness with the vanish'd
 age.
 Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen
 (Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),
 With braided tresses bounding o'er the
 green,
 While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-
 loving Queen.

LXXXII.

Oh! many a time and oft had Harold loved,
 Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a
 dream;
 But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
 For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream:
 And lately had he learn'd with truth to deem
 Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:

How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he
 seem,
 Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling
 venom flings.

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
 Though now it moved him as it moves the
 wise;
 Not that Philosophy on such a mind
 E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful
 eyes;
 But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;
 And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous
 tomb,
 Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise:
 Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-abhorring
 gloom
 Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting
 doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the
 throng;
 But view'd them not with misanthropic hate;
 Fain would he now have join'd the dance,
 the song;

But who may smile that sinks beneath his
fate?
Naught that he saw his sadness could abate:
Yet once he struggled gainst the demon's
sway,
And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,
To charms as fair as those that soothed his
happier day.

TO INEZ.

Nay, smile not at my sullen brow;
Alas! I cannot smile again:
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.
And dost thou ask what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang even thou must fail to soothe?
It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honors lost
That bids me loathe my present state
And fly from all I prized the most:
It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet or hear or see:
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
 The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,
 That will not look beyond the tomb,
 But cannot hope for rest before.

What Exile from himself can flee?
 To zones, though more and more remote,
 Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
 The blight of life—the demon Thought.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
 And taste of all that I forsake:
 Oh! may they still of transport dream,
 And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
 With many a retrospection curst;
 And all my solace is to know,
 Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask—
 In pity from the search forbear:
 Smile on—nor venture to unmask
 Man's heart, and view the Hell that's
 there.

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
 Who may forget how well thy walls have
 stood?

When all were changing, thou alone wert
 true,
 First to be free, and last to be subdued.
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to
 dye,
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud: *
 Here all were noble, save nobility;
 None hugg'd a conqueror's chain save fallen
 Chivalry!

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her
 fate!
 They fight for freedom who were never free;
 A kingless people for a nerveless state,
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains
 flee,
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery;
 Fond of a land which gave them naught
 but life,
 Pride points the path that leads to liberty;
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
 War, war is still the cry, "War even to the
 knife!" †

* Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809.

† Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.



‘ Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries.’—Page 59.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards
 know,
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:
 Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign
 foe
 Can act, is acting there against man's life:
 From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
 War mouldeth there each weapon to his
 need—
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless
 deed!

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
 Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain:
 Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
 Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
 Then to the vulture let each corpse remain;
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw,
 Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's un-
 bleaching stain,
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
 Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes
 we saw!

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas, the dreadful work is done ;
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees :
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fallen nations gaze on Spain: if freed, she
frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd.
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's son sustain'd
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder
unrestrain'd.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
When shall her Olive-Branch be free from
blight?
When shall she breathe her from the blush-
ing toil?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his
spoil,
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of
the soil?

XC I.

And thou, my friend! since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the
strain—

Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to com-
plain:

But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done, to sink so peacefully to
rest?

XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the
most!

Dear to a heart where nought was left so
dear!

Though to my hopeless days forever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourned and mourner lie united in repose.

XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage.
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that rhymeth now may scribble mo'e.
Is this too much? Stern Critic, say not so:
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
In other lands, where he was doom'd to go:
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous
hands were quell'd.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but thou,
 alas,
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,*
And years, that bade thy worship to expire:
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages
 slow,
Is the drear sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd
 breasts bestow.

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in
 soul?

Gone—glimmering through the dream of
 things that were:

First in the race that led to Glory's goal,

* Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

They won, and passed away—is this the
whole?

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's
stole

Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering
tower,

Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the
shade of power.

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn!
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer
burn.

Even gods must yield—religions take their
turn:

'Twas Jove's—it's Mahomet's; and other
creeds

Will rise with other years, till man shall
learn

Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is
built on reeds.

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eyes to
heaven—

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

v.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps; *
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
 But now not one of saddening thousands
 weeps,
 Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
 Remove yon scull from out the scatter'd
 heaps:
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
 Why, even the worm at last disdains her
 shatter'd cell!

* It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax, in particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease; and he was indeed neglected who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honor of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, etc., and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the
Soul.

Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brook'd con-
trol:

Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot
shun?

Each hath its pang, but feeble sufferers
groan

With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what Chance or Fact proclaimeth
best;

Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated
guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome
rest.

VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labors
 light!

To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no
 more!

Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight.
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught
 the right!

IX.

There, thou!—whose love and life together
 fled,

Have left me here to love and live in vain—
 Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee
 dead,

When busy memory flashes on my brain?
 Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
 If aught of young Remembrance then re-
 main,

Be as it may Futurity's behest,
 For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy
 spirit blest!

x.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
 The marble column's yet unshaken base!
 Here, son of Saturn, was thy favorite
 throne!*

Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
 The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
 It may not be; nor even can Fancy's eye
 Restore what time hath labor'd to deface.

Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh;
 Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek
 carols by.

xi.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
 On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to flee,
 The latest relic of her ancient reign—
 The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was
 he?

Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could be!
 England! I joy no child he was of thine:
 Thy free-born men should spare what once
 was free;

Yet they could violate each saddening
 shrine,

* The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive: originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

And bear these altars o'er the long reluctant
brine.

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time
hath spared:
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand
prepared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains:
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to
guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains,
And never knew, till then, the weight of Des-
pot's chains.

XIII.

What! shall it e'er be said by British tongue
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom
wrung,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears;
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears
The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
Yes, she, whose generous aid her name en-
dears,

Tore down those remnants with a harpy's
hand,
Which envious Eld forbore, and Tyrants left
to stand.

xiv.

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas, that appall'd
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?*

Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain en-
thrall'd,
His shade from Hades upon that dread day
Bursting to light in terrible array!
What! could not Pluto spare the chief once
more,
To scarce a second robber from his prey?
Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to
shield before.

xv.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece, that looks on
thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines
removed
By British hands, which it had best behaved

* According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See Chandler.

To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
 Curst be the hour when from their isle they
 roved,
 And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
 And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern
 climes abhorr'd!

XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
 To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?
 Little reck'd he of all that men regret;
 No loved one now in feign'd lament could
 rave;
 No friend the parting hand extended gave,
 Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other climes.
 Hard is his heart whom charms may not en-
 slave;
 But Harold felt not as in other times,
 And left without a sigh the land of war and
 crimes.

XVII.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea,
 Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
 When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze
 may be,
 The white sails set, the gallant frigate tight,
 Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the
 right,

The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
 The convoy spread like wild swans in their
 flight,
 The dullest sailor wearing bravely now,
 So gaily curl the waves before each dashing
 prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
 The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,*
 The hoarse command, the busy humming
 din,
 When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on
 high:
 Hark to the Boatswain's call the cheering
 cry,
 While through the seaman's hand the tackle
 glides;
 Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
 Strains his shrill pipe, as good or ill betides,
 And well the docile crew that skillful urchin
 guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
 Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant
 walks:

* To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during
 action.

Look on that part which sacred doth remain
 For the lone Chieftain, who majestic stalks,
 Silent and fear'd by all: not oft he talks
 With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
 That strict restraint, which broken, ever
 baulks
 Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely
 swerve
 From law, however stern, which tends their
 strength to nerve.

xx.

Blow, swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling
 gale,
 Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening
 ray;
 Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
 That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
 Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
 To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest
 breeze!
 What leagues are lost before the dawn of
 day,
 Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
 The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs
 like these!

XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love:
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free
to rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;
Europe and Afric, on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor,
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
 We once have loved, though love is at an
 end:

The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a
 friend,

Who with the weight of years would wish to
 bend,

When Youth itself survives young Love and
 Joy?

Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
 Death hath but little left him to destroy!

Ah, happy years! once more who would not
 be a boy?

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and
 Pride,

And flies unconscious o'er each backward
 year.

None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
 A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart
 divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion
 dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean:
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
 stores unroll'd.

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly Eremite,
 Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,
 Watching at eve upon the giant height,
 Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so
 serene,
 That he who there at such an hour hath
 been,
 Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot;
 Then slowly tear him from the witching
 scene,
 Sigh forth one wish that such had been his
 lot,
 Then turn to hate a world he had almost for-
 got.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the
 track
 Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
 Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the
 tack,
 And each well-known caprice of wave and
 wind;
 Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
 Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel;
 The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
 As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,

Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,*
 The sister tenants of the middle deep;
 There for the weary still a haven smiles,
 Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
 And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
 For him who dared prefer a mortal bride;
 Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful leap
 Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide;
 While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen
 doubly sigh'd.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
 But trust not this: too easy youth, beware!
 A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
 And thou may'st find a new Calypso there.
 Sweet Florence! could another ever share
 This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
 But check'd by every tie, I may not dare
 To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,

* Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for
mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's eye
He look'd, and met its beam without a
thought,
Save Admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deem'd the little god his ancient sway
was o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some
amaze,
One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all he
saw,
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hail'd with real or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment,
their law:
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen
claims:
And much she marvel'd that a youth so raw

Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told
flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet
rarely anger dames.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
Now mask'd by silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,
And spread its snares licentious far and wide;
Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd aside,
As long as naught was worthy to pursue:
But Harold on such arts no more relied;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lover's whining
crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's
breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by
sighs:
What careth she for hearts when once pos-
sessed?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes,
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving
tropes;
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise:

Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes;
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion
 crowns thy hopes.

XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson: Time approves it true,
 And those who know it best deplore it most;
 When all is won that all desire to woo,
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honor lost,
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion!
 these!

If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
 Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to
 please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
 For we have many a mountain path to tread,
 And many a varied shore to sail along,
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led—
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
 Or e'er in new Utopias were read,
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be
 taught.

XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still;
Though always changing, in her aspect mild:
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, though not her favor'd
child.

Oh! she is fairest in her features wild
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute her
path:

To me by day or night she ever smil'd,
Though I have marked her when none other
hath,

And sought her more and more, and loved
her best in wrath.

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose;
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise:
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each
city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the barren
spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave,*
And onward view'd the mount, not yet
forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only Heaven to which Earth's children
may aspire.

XL.

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve,
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar; †
A spot he long'd to see, nor cared to leave:
Oft did he mark the senses of vanish'd war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar: ‡
Mark them unmoved, for he would not
delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,

*Ithaca.

†Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

‡Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable but less known, was fought in the gulf of Patras. Here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.

But loath'd the bravo's trade, and laugh'd at
martial wight.'

XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common glow:
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his
pallid front.

XLII.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's
hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy rills,
Array'd in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer;
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his
beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the
closing year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
 And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu:
 Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
 Which all admire, but many dread to view:
 His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his wants
 were few:
 Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to
 meet:
 The scene was savage, but the scene was
 new;
 This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
 Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed
 summer's heat.

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is
 here,
 Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,
 Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood
 dear;
 Churchman and votary alike despised.
 Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
 Who from true worship's gold can separate
 thy dross?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian king*
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring:
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies
 rose,†
 Now, like the hands than rear'd them, with-
 ering;
 Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!
 God! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win
 and lose?

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
 E'en to the centre of Illyria's vales,
 Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount
 sublime,
 Through lands scarce noticed in historic
 tales:
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales:
 Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
 A charm they know not: loved Parnassus
 fails,

*It is said that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.

† Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.

Through classic ground, and consecrated
 most,
To match some spots that lurk within this
 lowering coast.

XLVII.

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,*
 And left the primal city of the land,
 And onward did his further journey take
 To greet Albania's chief, whose dread com-
 mand †
 Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold:
 Yet here and there some daring mountain-
 band
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky
 hold
 Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to
 gold. ‡

*According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina: but Pouqueville is always out.

† The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.

and Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle
 thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years:
 was taken by bribery. In this contest there were
 deemed not unworthy of the better days of

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza! from thy shady brow,*
 Thou small, but favor'd spot of holy ground!
 Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are
 found!

Rock, river, forest, mountain all abound,
 And bluest skies that harmonize the whole
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet
 please the soul.

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted
 hill,
 Which, were it not for many a mountain
 nigh
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
 Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,
 The convent's white walls glisten fair on
 high;

*The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the pachalic. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and not far from Zitza forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Raphti, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add, the approach to Constantinople; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

Here dwells the caloyer,* nor rude is he,
 Nor niggard of his cheer: the passer-by
 Is welcomed still; nor heedless will he flee.
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen
 to see.

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his
 breast,
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:
 The plain is far beneath—oh! let him seize
 Pure pleasure while he can; the scorching ray
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease:
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the
 eve away.

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
 Nature's volcanic amphitheater,†
 Chimera's alps extend from left to right:
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the
 mountain fir
 Nodding above; behold black Acheron!‡

* The Greek monks are so called.

† The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

‡ Now called Kalamas.

Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall
seek for none.

LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view;
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
Veil'd by the screen of hills: here men are
few,
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot;
But, peering down each precipice, the goat
Browseth: and, pensive o'er his scattered
flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote*
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived
shock.

LIII.

Oh! where, Dodona, is thine aged grove,
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine?
What valley echoed the response of Jove?
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's
shrine?
All, all forgotten—and shall man repine
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke?

*Albanese cloak.

Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well be
thine:

Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak,
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink
beneath the stroke?

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;
Tired of upgazing still, the wearied eye
Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye:
Even on a plain no humble beauties lie,
Where some bold river breaks the long ex-
panse,
And woods along the bank are waving high,
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's
solemn trance.

LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,*
The Laos wide and fierce came roaring by;†
The shades of wonted night were gathering
yet,

* Anciently Mount Tomarus.

† The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster—at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveler. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

When, down the steep banks winding wearily
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and draw-
 ing nigh,

He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
 Swelling the breeze that sighed along the
 lengthening glen.

LVI.

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent tower,
 And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
 Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of power,
 Where all around proclaim'd his high estate.
 Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
 While busy preparation shook the court;
 Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and san-
 tons wait;
 Within, a palace, and without a fort,
 Here men of every clime appear to make
 resort.

LVII.

Richly caparison'd, a ready row
 Of armed horse, and many a war-like store,
 Circled the wide-extending court below;
 Above, strange groups adorned the corri-
 dore;
 And ofttimes through the area's echoing
 door,

Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his steed
 away;
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the
 Moor,
 Here mingled in their many-hued array,
 While the deep war-drum's sound announced
 the close of day.

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
 And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to see:
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
 The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
 And crooked glaive; the lively, supple
 Greek;

And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son,
 The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to
 speak,
 Master of all around, too potent to be meek,

LIX.

Are mix'd conspicuous; some recline in
 groups,
 Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
 There some grave Moslem to devotion
 stoops,
 And some that smoke, and some that play
 are found;

Here the Albanian proudly treads the
 ground;
 Half-whispering there the Greek is heard to
 prate;
 Hark! from the mosque the nightly solemn
 sound,
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
 "There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo!
 God is great!"

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast
 Through the long day its penance did main-
 tain.
 But when the lingering twilight hour was
 past,
 Revel and feast assumed the rule again:
 Now all was bustle and the menial train
 Prepared and spread the plenteous board
 within;
 The vacant gallery now seem'd made in
 vain,
 But from the chambers came the mingling
 din,
 As page and slave anon were passing out and
 in.

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard: apart
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd, to
 move,
 She yields to one her person and her heart,
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove;
 For, not unhappy in her master's love,
 And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
 Blest cares! all other feelings far above!
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she
 bears,
 Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion
 shares.

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
 Of living water from the center rose,
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
 And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
 Ali reclined, a man of war and woes:
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,
 While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
 Along that aged venerable face,
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him
 with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth:

Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath averr'd,
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth—
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of
 ruth,

Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
 In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's
 tooth:

Blood follows blood, and through their mor-
 tal span,

In bloodier acts conclude those who with
 blood began.

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye,
 The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
 And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
 Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
 Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice re-
 treat

Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:

And were it humbler, it in sooth were sweet;
 But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,

And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of
 both destroys.

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
 Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
 Where is the foe that ever saw their back?

Who can so well the toil of war endure?
 Their native fastnesses not more secure
 Than they in doubtful time of troublous
 need:

Their wrath how deadly! but their friend-
 ship sure.

When Gratitude or Valor bids them bleed,
 Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief
 may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's
 tower,

Thronging to war in splendor and success;
 And after view'd them, when, within their
 power,

Himself awhile the victim of distress:

That saddening hour when bad men hotlier
 press:

But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
 When less barbarians would have cheer'd
 him less,

And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof*—
 In aught that tries the heart how few with-
 stand the proof!

* Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove
 his bark
 Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
 When all around was desolate and dark;
 To land was perilous, to sojourn more;
 Yet for awhile the mariners forbore,
 Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk;
 At length they ventured forth, though doubt-
 ing sore
 That those who loathe alike the Frank and
 Turk
 Might once again renew their ancient butcher-
 work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the welcome
 hand,
 Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous
 swamp.
 Kinder than polish'd slaves, though not so
 bland,
 And piled the hearth, and wrung their gar-
 ments damp,
 And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the cheer-
 ful lamp,
 And spread their fare, though homely, all
 they had:

Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare
stamp—

To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least
the bad.

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain
land,
Combined marauders half-way barr'd egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and
brand;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well season'd, and with labors tann'd,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his farther bank Ætolia's wolds
espied.

LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
How brown the foliage of the green hill's
grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's
breast,
As winds come whispering lightly from the
west,

Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene;
 Here Harold was received a welcome guest;
 Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
 For many a joy could he from night's soft
 presence glean.

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly
 blazed,
 The feast was done, the red wine circling
 fast,*
 And he that unawares had there ygzazed
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast;
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was
 past,
 The native revels of the troop began;
 Each Palikar † his sabre from him cast,
 And bounding hand in hand, man link'd to
 man,
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long danced the
 kirtled clan.

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood,
 And view'd, but not displeas'd, the revelrie,
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude:

* The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others.

† Palikar, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese who speak Romaic; it means, properly, "a lad."

In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent,
 glee:

And as the flames along their faces gleam'd,
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing
 free,

The long wild locks that to their girdles
 stream'd,

While thus in concert they this lay half-sang,
 half-screamed:

Tambourgi! Tambourgi!* thy larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of
 war;

All the sons of the mountains arise at the
 note,

Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!†

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
 In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote?
 To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild
 flock,

And descends to the plain like the stream
 from the rock.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
 The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?

* Drummer.

† These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian.

Let those guns so unerring such vengeance
forego?

What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;
For a time they abandon the cave and the
chase:

But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder,
before

The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the
waves,

And teach the pale Franks what it is to be
slaves,

Shall leave on the beach the long galley and
oar,

And track to his covert the captive on shore.

I ask not the pleasure that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must
buy;

Shall win the young bride with her long
flowing hair,

And many a maid from her mother shall
tear.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth;
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall
soothe:

Let her bring from her chamber the many-
toned lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,*
'The shrieks of the conquer'd, the conquer-
ors' yell:

The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we
shared,
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we
spared.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;
He neither must know who would serve the
Vizier:

Since the days of our prophet the crescent
ne'er saw

A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-haired † Giaours view his horse-
tail with dread;
When his Delhis ‡ come dashing in blood o'er
the banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite
ranks!

* It was taken by storm from the French.

† Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians. Giaour: In-
fidel. Horsetail: the insignia of a Pasha.

‡ Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

Selictar! * unsheath then our chief's scimitar;
 Tambourgi! thy larum gives promise of war.
 Ye mountains that see us descend to the shore,
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more!

LXXIII.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
 Immortal, though no more; though fallen,
 great!
 Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children
 forth,
 And long accustom'd bondage uncreate?
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
 In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
 Oh, who that gallant spirit shall resume,
 Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from
 the tomb?

LXXIV.

Spirit of Freedom! when on Phyle's brow †
 Thou satst with Thrasybulus and his train,
 Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which
 now
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain?
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,

* "Selictar," swordbearer.

† Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains. It was seized by Thrasybulus previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

But every carle can lord it o'er thy land
 Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
 Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish
 hand,
 From birth till death enslaved; in word, in
 deed, unmann'd.

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and
 who
 That marks the fire still sparkling in each
 eye,
 Who would but deem their bosom burn'd
 anew
 With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
 And many dream withal the hour is nigh
 That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
 For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
 Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
 Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's
 mournful page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
 Who would be free themselves must strike
 the blow?
 By their right arms the conquest must be
 wrought!
 Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!

True, they may lay your proud despoilers
low,

But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe:
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still
the same;

Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years of
shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may
wrest;

And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest; *
Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared divest
The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil, †
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of
endless toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from man his weight of mortal
sin,

* When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.

† Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

By daily abstinence and nightly prayer;
 But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
 Some days of joyance are decreed to all,
 To take of pleasance each his secret share,
 In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
 And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than
 thine,
 O Stamboul! once the empress of their
 reign?
 Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
 And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:
 (Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
 Gay were her minstrels once, for free her
 throng,
 All felt the common joy they now must feign;
 Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such
 song,
 As woo'd the eye and thrill'd the Bosphorus
 along.

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore;
 Oft Music changed, but never ceased her
 tone,
 And timely echo'd back the measured oar,
 And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:

The Queen of tides on high consenting shone ;
 And when a transient breeze swept o'er the
 wave,
 'Twas as if, darting from her heavenly
 throne,
 A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
 Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the banks
 they lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caique along the foam,
 Danced on the shore the daughters of the
 land,
 No thought had man or maid of rest or home,
 While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
 Exchanged the look few bosoms may with-
 stand,
 Or gently prest, return'd the pressure still :
 Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy
 band,
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
 These hours, and only these, redeem'd Life's
 years of ill!

LXXXII.

But, 'midst the throng in merry masquerade,
 Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret
 pain,

Even through the closest searment half-be-
tray'd?

To such the gentle murmurs of the main
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern dis-
dain:

How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
And long to change the robe of revel for the
shroud!

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of
Greece,

If Greece one true-born patriot can still
boast:

Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he
lost,

Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:
Ah, Greece! they love thee least who owe
thee most—

Their birth, their blood, and that sublime
record
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate
horde!

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts
 endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to
 men,
 Then may'st thou be restored; but not till
 then.
 A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
 An hour may lay it in the dust: and when
 Can man its shatter'd splendor renovate,
 Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and
 Fate?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
 Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!
 Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,*
 Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now;
 Thy fanes, thy temples to the surface bow
 Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
 Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
 So perish monuments of mortal birth,
 So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth;

* On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
 Above its prostrate brethren of the cave; *
 Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
 Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave; †
 Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave
 Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,

* Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave formed by the quarries still remains, and will till the end of time.

† In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveler will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "isles that crown the Ægian deep;" but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten, in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:

"Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
 The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side by land was more striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards by one of their prisoners, subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians; conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Araouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates: there

"The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,
 And makes degraded nature picturesque."—
 (See Hodgson's "Lady Jane Gray," etc.)

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist, and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes by the arrival of his performances.

While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering, like me, perchance, to gaze, and
sigh "Alas!"

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild :
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy
fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus
yields ;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress
builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain air ;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is
fair.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy
ground ;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads
around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt
upon :

Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and
 wold,
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples
 gone:
 Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray
 Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the
 same,
 Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
 Preserves alike its bounds and boundless
 fame;
 The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
 First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas'
 sword,
 As on the morn to distant Glory dear,
 When Marathon became a magic word; *
 Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
 The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's
 career.

* "Siste Viator—heroa calcas!" was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci;—what, then, must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel: few or no relics, as vases, etc., were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—"Expense—quot *libras* in duce summo—in-venies!"—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by weight.

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain
 below;
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
 Such was the scene—what now remaineth
 here?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd
 ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger!
 spurns around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied,
 throng;
 Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian
 blast,
 Hail the bright chime of battle and of song;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a
 shore:
 Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
 Which sages venerate and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome
 hearth;
 He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;
 But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred
 side,
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and
 Persian died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
 And pass in peace along the magic waste;
 But spare its relics—let no busy hand
 Deface the scenes, already how defaced!
 Not for such purpose were these altars
 placed.
 Revere the remnants nations once revered:
 So may our country's name be undisgraced,
 So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was
 rear'd,
 By every honest joy of love and life endear'd!

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
 Hath soothed thine idlesse with inglorious
 lays,
 Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
 Of louder minstrels in these later days:
 To such resign the strife for fading bays—
 Ill may such contest now the spirit move
 Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial
 praise,
 Since cold each kinder heart that might
 approve,
 And none are left to please where none are
 left to love.

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely
 one!
 Whom youth and youth's affections bound
 to me;
 Who did for me what none beside have done,
 Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
 What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
 Nor stay'd to welcome here thy wanderer
 home,
 Who mourns o'er hours which we no more
 shall see—

Would they had never been, or were to
come!
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh
cause to roam!

xcvi.

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far
removed!
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me
last.
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death,
thou hast:
The parent, friend, and now the more than
friend;
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet
to lend.

xcvii.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly
loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak!

Still o'er the features, which perforce they
 cheer,
 To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;
 Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
 Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled
 sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
 To view each loved one blotted from life's
 page
 And be alone on earth, as I am now.
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
 O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:
 Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
 Since time hath 'reft whate'er my soul
 enjoy'd,
 And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years
 alloy'd.

CANTO THE THIRD.

1816.

“Afin que cette application vous forcat de penseraautre chose; il n’y a enverite de remede que celui la et le temps.”—Lettre du Roi de Prusse a D’Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother’s, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes, they
 smiled,
And then we parted,—not as now we part,
But with a hope.—

 Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour’s gone by,
When Albion’s lessening shores could grieve
 or glad mine eye.

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their
 roar!

Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
 Though the strain'd mast should quiver as
 a reed,
 And the rent canvas fluttering strew the
 gale,
 Still must I on: for I am as a weed,
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to
 sail
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
 breath prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
 The wandering outlaw of his own dark
 mind;
 Again I seize the theme, but begun,
 And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
 Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
 The furrows of long thought, and dried-up
 tears,
 Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
 O'er which all heavily the journeying years
 Plod the last sands of life—where not a flower
 appears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or
 pain,

Perchance my heart and harp have lost a
 string,
 And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
 I would essay as I have sung to sing.
 Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling,
 So that it wean me from the weary dream
 Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
 Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
 To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful
 theme.

v.

He who, grown aged in this world of woe,
 In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of
 life,
 So that no wonder waits him; nor below
 Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
 Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
 Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
 Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet
 rife
 With airy images, and shapes which dwell
 Still unimpair'd, though old, in the soul's
 haunted cell.

vi.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
 A being more intense, that we endow
 With form our fancy, gaining as we give

The life we image, even as I do now.
 What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
 Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse
 earth,
 Invisible but gazing, as I glow
 Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy
 birth,
 And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feel-
 ings' dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly: I have thought
 Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
 In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
 A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
 And thus, untaught in youth my heart to
 tame,
 My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too
 late!
 Yet am I changed; though still enough the
 same
 In strength to bear what time can not abate,
 And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this: but now 'tis
 past,
 And the spell closes with its silent seal.
 Long-absent Harold reappears at last;

He of the breast which fain no more would
 feel,
 Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but
 ne'er heal;
 Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
 In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
 Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb:
 And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
 brim.

IX.

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he
 found
 The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd
 again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in
 vain!
 Still round him clung invisibly a chain
 Which gall'd for ever, fettering though
 unseen,
 And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with
 pain,
 Which pined although it spoke not, and
 grew keen,
 Entering with every step he took through
 many a scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
 Again in fancied safety with his kind,
 And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
 And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
 That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
 And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
 Unheeded, searching through the crowd to
 find

Fit speculation; such as in strange land
 He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's
 hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
 To wear it? who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's
 cheek,

Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?
 Who can contemplate Fame through clouds
 unfold

The star which rises o'er her steep, nor
 climb?

Harold, once more within the vortex roll'd
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond
 prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
 Of men to herd with man; with whom he
 held
 Little in common; untaught to submit
 His thoughts to others, though his soul was
 quell'd,
 In youth by his own thoughts; still uncom-
 pell'd,
 He would not yield dominion of his mind
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
 Proud though in desolation; which could find
 A life within itself, to breathe without man-
 kind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him
 were friends;
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his
 home,
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime,
 extends,
 He had the passion and the power to roam;
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
 Were unto him companionship; they spake
 A mutual language, clearer than the tone
 Of his land's tongue, which he would oft
 forsake

For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the
lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the
stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-
born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight,
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us
to its brink.

XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home;
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom
eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
 With naught of hope left, but with less of
 gloom;
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
 That all was over on this side the tomb,
 Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
 Which, though 'twere wild—as on the plun-
 der'd wreck
 When mariners would madly meet their
 doom
 With draughts intemperate on the sinking
 deck—
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to
 check.

XVII.

Stop! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest
 grow!
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making
 Victory?

XVIII.

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!
 How in an hour the power which gave, annuls
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
 In "pride of place"* here last the eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations
 through;
 Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
 He wears the shatter'd links of the world's
 broken chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit,
 And foam in fetters, but is Earth more free?
 Did nations combat to make One submit;
 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
 What! shall reviving thralldom again be
 The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall
 we
 Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
 And servile knees to thrones? No, prove
 before ye praise!

* "In pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See Macbeth, etc.

"An eagle towering in his pride of place," etc.

xx.

If not, e'er one fallen despot boast no more!
 In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot
 tears

For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
 The trampler of her vineyards, in vain years
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
 Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
 Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant
 lord.*

xxi.

(There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
 men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake
 again,

And all went merry as a marriage bell; †

* See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in Bland's Anthology, by Mr. (now Lord Chief-Justice) Denman:

"With myrtle my sword will I wreath," etc.

† On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell!

XXII.

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

XXIII.

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did
hear
That sound, the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic
ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it
near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too
well

Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could
 quell;
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fight-
 ing, fell.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the
 steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering
 car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror
 dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe!
 They come! they come!")

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gather-
 ing" rose,
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's
 hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
 foes:
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath
 which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each
 clansman's ears!*

* Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle
 Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of
 strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
 rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,

* The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's Orlando, and immortal in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. It is also celebrated in Tacitus, as being the spot of successful defense by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and
 pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red
 burial blent!

XXIX.

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than
 mine;
 Yet one I would select from that proud
 throng,
 Partly because they blend me with his line,
 And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
 And partly that bright names will hallow
 song;
 And his was of the bravest, and when
 shower'd
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files
 along,
 Even where the thickest of war's tempest
 lower'd,
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine,
 young, gallant Howard!

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts
 for thee,
 And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
 But when I stood beneath the fresh green
 tree,

Which living waves where thou didst cease
to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the
Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those she
could not bring.*

XXXI.

(I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;

* My guide from Mont St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third, cut down, or shivered, in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, "Here Major Howard lay: I was near him when wounded." I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon, and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except perhaps the last mentioned.

The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must
 awake
 Those whom they thirst for; though the
 sound of Fame
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
 The fever of vain longing, and the name
 So honor'd, but assumes a stronger, bitterer
 claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smil-
 ing, mourn:
 The tree will wither long before it fall;
 The hull drives on, though mast and sail be
 torn;
 The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
 In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
 Stands when its wind-worn battlements are
 gone;
 The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
 The day drags through though storms keep
 out the sun;
 And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly
 live on:

XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies; and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,

The same, and still the more, the more it
 breaks;
 And thus the heart will do which not for-
 sakes,
 Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow
 aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are
 untold.)

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison,—a quick root
 Which feeds these deadly branches: for it
 were
 As nothing did we die; but life will suit
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,*
 All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
 Existence by enjoyment and count o'er
 Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say, would
 he name threescore?

XXXV.

The Psalmist number'd out the years of
 man;

* The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltés were said to be fair without, and within ashes. Vide Tacitus, *Histor. lib. v. 7.*

They are enough; and if thy tale be true,
 Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleet-
 ing span,
 More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
 Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
 Their children's lips shall echo them, and
 say,
 "Here, where the sword united nations drew,
 Our countrymen were warring on that day!"
 And this is much, and all which will not pass
 away.

xxxvi.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of
 men,
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt;
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been be-
 twixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never
 been;
 For daring made thy rise as fall: thou
 seek'st
 Even now to reassume the imperial mien,
 And shake again the world, the Thunderer of
 the scene!



"There was a sound of revelry by night."—Page 135.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Digitized by Google

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the
loftiest star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning
tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy,
When the whole host of hatred stood hard
by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou
hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favorite
child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him
piled.

XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn, which could con-
temn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel,
not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow:

'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who
 choose.

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the
 shock;
 But men's thoughts were the steps which
 paved thy throne,
 Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
 (Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a
 den.*

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
 And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire
 And motion of the soul, which will not dwell
 In its own narrow being, but aspire

* The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them: perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favor from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.

Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;
 And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
 Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men
 mad
 By their contagion ! Conquerors and Kings,
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
 Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet
 things
 Which stir too strongly the soul's secret
 springs,
 And are themselves the fools to those they
 fool ;
 Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings
 Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a
 school
 Which would unteach mankind the lust to
 shine or rule.

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
 A storm whereon they ride to sink at last,
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
 That should their days, surviving perils past,
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast

With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
 Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and
 snow;
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below,
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head,
 And thus reward the toils which to those sum-
 mits led.

XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will
 be
 Within its own creation, or in thine,
 Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
 There Harold gazes on a work divine,
 A blending of all beauties; streams and
 dells,
 Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, moun-
 tain, vine,

And chiefless castles breathing stern fare-
wells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly
dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and
proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust
ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future
blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath those battlements, within those
walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud
state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

What want these outlaw conquerors should
have *

But History's purchased page to call them
great?

A wider space, an ornamented grave?

Their hopes were not less warm, their souls
were full as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their
shields,

With emblems well devised by amorous
pride,

Through all the mail of iron hearts would
glide;

But still their flame was fierceness, and drew
on.

Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief
won,

Saw the discolor'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But Thou, exalting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow

* What wants that knave that a king should have?" was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.

Through banks whose beauty would endure
forever

Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to
see

Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such
to me

Even now what wants thy stream?—that it
should Lethe be.

LI.

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd
away,

And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering
ranks:

Their very graves are gone, and what are
they?

Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yester-
day,

And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny
ray;

But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting
dream

Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as
they seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
 Yet not insensible to all which here
 Awoke the jocund birds to early song
 In glens which might have made even exile
 dear:
 Though on his brow were graven lines
 austere,
 And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the
 place
 Of feelings fiercer far but less severe.
 Joy was not always absent from his face,
 But o'er it in such scenes would steal with
 transient trace.

LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his
 days
 Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
 It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
 On such as smile upon us; the heart must
 Leap kindly back to kindness, though dis-
 gust
 Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he
 felt,
 For there was soft remembrance, and sweet
 trust

In one fond breast, to which his own would
 melt,
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom
 dwelt.

LIV.

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not
 why,
 For this in such as him seems strange of
 mood,—
 The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
 Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,
 To change like this, a mind so far imbued
 With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
 But thus it was; and though in solitude
 Small power the nipp'd affections have to
 grow,
 In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased
 to glow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been
 said,
 Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
 Than the church links withal; and, though
 unwed,
 That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
 Had stood the test of mortal enmities
 Still undivided, and cemented more

By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
 But this was firm, and from a foreign shore;
 Well to that heart might his these absent greet-
 ings pour!

The castled crag of Drachenfels *
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scatter'd cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
 With double joy were thou with me!
 And peasant girls, with deep-blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of
 gray,
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,

* The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of "The Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular traditions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river. On this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers;
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

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

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

LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
 There is a small and simple pyramid,

Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
 Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
 Our enemy's,—but let not that forbid
 Honor to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
 Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough sol-
 dier's lid,
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled to
 resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young
 career,—
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends
 and foes;
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
 For he was Freedom's champion, one of
 those,
 The few in number, who had not o'erstept
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er
 him wept.*

* The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen on the last day of the fourth year of the French Republic) still remains as described. The inscription on his monument are rather too long, and not required—his name was enough. France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein, * with her shatter'd
 wall
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
 Yet shows of what she was, when shell and
 ball
 Rebounding idly on her strength did light;
 A tower of victory! from whence the flight
 Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
 But Peace destroy'd what War could never
 blight,
 And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's
 rain—
 On which the iron shower for years had poured
 in vain.

every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, he had not the good fortune to die there; his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's and the inscription more simple and pleasing: "The Army of the Sambre and Mense to its Commander-in-Chief, Hoche." This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Bonaparte monopolized her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

* Ehrenbreitstein, i. e., "the broad stone of honor," one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It has been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time; and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing, observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long, de-
lighted,

The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to
prey

On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

LX.

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is colored by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely
Rhine!

'Tis with the thankful glance of parting
praise;

More mighty spots may rise—more glaring
shine,

But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft;—the glories of old
days.

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
 Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
 The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
 The forest's growth, and Gothic walls
 between,
 The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets
 been
 In mockery of man's art; and these withal
 A race of faces happy as the scene,
 Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
 Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires
 near them fall.

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned Eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather round these summits, as to show
 How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave
 vain man below.

LXIII.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to
 scan,

There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—
 Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where
 man

May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
 Nor blush for those who conquered on that
 plain;

Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless
 host,

A bony heap, through ages to remain,
 Themselves their monument;—the Stygian
 coast

Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each
 wandering ghost.*

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
 Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
 They were true Glory's stainless victories,
 Won by the unambitious heart and hand
 Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,

*The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France, who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postillions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles,—a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request.

Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

All unbought champions in no princely cause
 Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land
 Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
 Making king's rights divine, by some Draconic
 clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
 A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,
 'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
 And looks as with the wild bewilder'd gaze
 Of one to stone converted by amaze,
 Yet still with consciousness; and there it
 stands,
 Making a marvel that it not decays,
 When the coeval pride of human hands,
 Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject
 lands.*

LXVI.

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the
 name!—
 Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
 Her youth to Heaven, her heart, beneath a
 claim
 Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's
 grave.

*Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would
 crave

The life she lived in, but the judge was just,
 And then she died on him she could not save.

Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
 And held within their urn one mind, one heart,
 one dust.*

LXVII.

But there are deeds which should not pass
 away,

And names that must not wither, though the
 earth

Forgets her empires with a just decay.

The enslavers and the enslaved, their death
 and birth;

The high, the mountain-majesty of worth,
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
 And from its immortality look forth

*Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavor to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago. It is thus: "Julia Alpinula: Hic jaceo. Infelicis patris infelix proles. Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fatis ille erat. Vixi annos XXIII." I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,*
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII.

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains
view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and
hue:
There is too much of man here, to look
through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of
old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in
their fold.

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind;
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In one hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long

*This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 8, 1816,) which even at this distance dazzles mine. (July 20.)—I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentiere in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat. The distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
 In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
 'Midst a contentious world, striving where
 none are strong.

LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our
 years
 In fatal penitence, and in the blight
 Of our own soul, turn all our blood to tears,
 And color things to come with hues of
 Night;
 The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
 To those that walk in darkness: on the sea,
 The boldest steer but where their ports
 invite,
 But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
 Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd
 ne'er shall be.

LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
 And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
 By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,*
 Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
 Which feeds it as a mother who doth make

*The color of the Rhone at Geneva is blue to a depth of tint which I have never seen equaled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

A fair but froward infant her own care,
 Kissing its cries away as these awake;—
 Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
 Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict
 or bear?

LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become
 Portion of that around me; and to me,
 High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
 Of human cities torture: I can see
 Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
 A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
 Class'd among creatures, when the soul can
 flee,
 And with the sky, the peak, the heaving
 plain
 Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:
 I look upon the peopled desert past,
 As on a place of agony and strife,
 Where, for some sin, to Sorrow I was cast,
 To act and suffer, but remount at last
 With a fresh pinion; which I felt to spring,
 Though young, yet waxing vigorous as the
 blast
 Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,

Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our
being cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all
free

From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each
spot?

Of which, even now, I share at times the
immortal lot?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a
part

Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly
phlegm

Of those whose eyes are only turned below,

Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which
dare not glow?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One whose dust was once all
fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while—a passing guest,
Where he became a being,—whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep he sacrificed all
rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rous-
seau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet
he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly
hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they
past

The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly
and fast.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamor'd, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of Ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd though
it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, this
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss*
Which every morn his fever'd lip would
greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his
would meet

* This refers to the account in his Confessions of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words; which, after all, must be felt from their very force to be inadequate to the delineation. A painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean

But to that gentle touch, through brain and
breast

Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring
heat;

In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest,
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek
possest.

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought
foes,

Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange
and blind,

But he was frenzied,—wherefore, who may
know?

Since cause might be which skill could never
find;

But he was frenzied by disease or woe
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a rea-
soning show.

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him
came,

As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,

Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no
more :

Did he not this for France, which lay before
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?

Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows
o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which
grew,

Breathed from the birth of time; the veil
they rent,

And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.

But good with ill they also overthrew,

Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild

Upon the same foundation, and renew

Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour
refill'd,

As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!

Mankind have felt their strength, and made
it felt.

They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigor, sternly have they dealt

On one another; pity ceased to melt
 With her once natural charities. But they,
 Who in oppression's darkness caved had
 dwelt,
 They were not eagles, nourish'd with the
 day;
 What marvel then, at times, if they mistook
 their prey?

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a
 scar?
 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to
 wear
 That which disfigures it; and they who war
 With their own hopes, and have been van-
 quish'd, bear
 Silence, but not submission; in his lair
 Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour
 Which shall atone for years; none need
 despair:
 It came, it cometh, and will come,—the
 power
 To punish or forgive—in one we shall be
 slower.

LXXXV.

Clear, placid, Leman! thy contrasted lake,
 With the wide world I dwelt in, is a thing

Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
 To waft me from distraction; once I loved
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reprov'd,
 That I with stern delights should e'er have
 been so moved.

LXXXVI.

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

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes

Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her
 hues.

LXXXVIII.

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

LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still—though not
 in sleep,
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling
 most;
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too
 deep:—

All heaven and earth are still: From the
 high host
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-
 coast,
 All is concenter'd in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

xc.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
 In solitude, where we are least alone;
 A truth, which, through our being then doth
 melt,
 And purifies from self: it is a tone,
 The soul and source of music, which makes
 known
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
 Binding all things with beauty;—'twould
 disarm
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power
 to harm.

xci.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
 His altar the high places and the peak
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek

The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,
 Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
 With nature's realms of worship, earth and
 air,
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy
 prayer!

XCII.

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

XCIII.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious
 night!
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be

A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-
 mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
 birth.

XCIV.

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

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft
 his way,

The mightiest of the storm hath ta'en his
stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their
play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to
hand,
Flashing and cast around; of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath
fork'd
His lightnings, as if he did understand
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever
therein lurk'd.

xcvi.

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

XCVII.

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

XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dew morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all
 bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with playful
 scorn,
 And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
 And glowing into day: we may resume
 The march of our existence: and thus I,
 Still on thy shores, fair Lemn! may find
 room

And food for meditation, nor pass by
 Much, that may give us pause, if pondered
 fittingly.

XCIX.

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

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are
 trod,—
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
 To which the steps are mountains; where
 the god
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone

In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath
 blown,
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender
 power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most
 desolate hour.

CI.

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

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
 And fairy-form'd and many color'd things,

Who worship him with notes more sweet than
 words,
 And innocently open their glad wings,
 Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
 And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
 Of stirring branches, and the bud which
 brings
 The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
 Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty
 end.

CIII.

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

CIV.

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
 Peopling it with affections; but he found

It was the scene which passion must allot
 To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the
 ground

Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
 And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
 And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
 And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the
 Rhone

Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have
 rear'd a throne.

cv.

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the
 abodes

Of names which unto you bequeath'd a
 name;*

Mortals, who sought and found, by dan-
 gerous roads,

A path to perpetuity of fame:

They were gigantic minds, and their steep
 aim

Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
 Thoughts which should call down thunder,
 and the flame

Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the
 while

On man and man's research could deign do
 more than smile.

* Voltaire and Gibbon.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child
 Most mutable in wishes, but in mind
 A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or
 wild,—

Historian, bard, philosopher combined:
 He multiplied himself among mankind,
 The Proteus of their talents: But his own
 Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the
 wind,

Blew where it listed, laying all things
 prone.—

Now to overthrow a fool, and now to shake a
 throne.

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting
 thought,

And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
 In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
 And shaped his weapon with an edge se-
 vere,

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
 The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
 Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew
 from fear,

And doom'd him to the zealot's ready hell,
 Which answers to all doubts so eloquently
 well.

CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
 If merited, the penalty is paid;
 It is not ours to judge, far less condemn;
 The hour must come when such things shall
 be made
 Known unto all,—or hope and dread allay'd
 By slumber on one pillow, in the dust,
 Which, thus much we are sure, must lie
 decay'd;
 And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
 'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read
 His Maker's spread around me, and suspend
 This page, which from my reveries I feed,
 Until it seems prolonging without end.
 The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
 And I must pierce them, and survey
 whate'er
 May be permitted, as my steps I bend
 To their most great and growing region,
 where
 The earth to her embrace compels the powers
 of air.

CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee
 Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
 Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won
 thee?
 To the last halo of the chiefs and sages,
 Who glorify thy consecrated pages,
 Thou wert the throne and grave of empires;
 still,
 The fount at which the panting mind as-
 suages
 Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her
 fill,
 Flows from the eternal source of Rome's im-
 perial hill.

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
 Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel
 We are not what we have been, and to deem
 We are not what we should be, and to steel
 The heart against itself; and to conceal,
 With a proud caution, love, or hate, or
 aught,—
 Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal,—
 Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
 Is a stern task of soul.—No matter,—it is
 taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
 It may be that they are a harmless wile,—
 The coloring of the scenes which fleet along,
 Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
 My breast, or that of others, for a while.
 Fame is the thirst of youth,—but I am not
 So young as to regard men's frown or smile
 As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
 I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or for-
 got.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world
 me;
 I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor
 bow'd
 To its idolatries a patient knee,—
 Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried
 aloud
 In worship of an echo; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such; I
 stood
 Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts,
 and still could,
 Had I not filed * my mind, which thus itself
 subdued.

*—"If it be thus,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind."—Macbeth.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world
me,—

But let us part fair foes: I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there
may be

Words which are things,—hopes which will
not deceive,

And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er other's griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they
seem,—

That goodness is no name, and happiness no
dream.

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song be-
gun—

My daughter! with thy name thus much
shall end—

I see thee not, I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart, when mine is
cold,—

A token and a tone, even from thy father's
mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development,—to watch
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth,—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects, wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's
kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserved for
me;
Yet this was in my nature:—As it is,
I know not what is there, but something like
to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be
taught,
I know that thou wilt love me: though my
name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still
fought
With desolation, and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us,—'twere
the same,
I know that thou wilt love me; though to
drain

My blood from out thy being were an aim,
 And an attainment,—all would be in vain,—
 Still thou wouldst love me, still that more than
 life retain.

CXVIII.

The child of love,—though born in bitterness
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
 These were the elements, and thine no less.
 As yet such are around thee; but thy fire
 Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope far
 higher.

Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the
 sea,

And from the mountains where I now respire,
 Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou mightst have
 been to me!

CANTO THE FOURTH.

1818.

TO JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A. M., F. R. S., ETC.

VENICE, January 2, 1818.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE:—After an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favor reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth, and in dedicating to you, in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and compre-

hensive of my compositions, I wish to do honor to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honor. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,* but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompa-

*His Marriage.

nied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive; like the Chinese in Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject, are now a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself and not

on the writer; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary as well as political party appears to run, or to have run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—“*Mi pare che in un passe tutto, poetico, che vanta la lingua la piu nobile ed insieme la piu dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha*

perduto l'antico valore, in tutte essa doverbbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still: Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honorable place in most of the departments of art, science, and belles lettres: and in some the very highest. Europe—the World—has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce piu robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition—a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbors—that man must be willfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their capabilities, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched "longing after immortality"—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the laborers' chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma non e piu come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this mel-

ancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,—

"Non movero mai corda
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda."

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the south, "verily they will have their reward, and at no very distant period."

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever, your obliged and affectionate friend.

BYRON.

I.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her
 hundred isles!

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers;
 And such she was; her daughters had their
 dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless
 East
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling
 showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity
 increased.

III.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear:
 Those days are gone—but Beauty still is
 here.

States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not
 die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms des-
 pond
 Above the Dogeless city's vanish'd sway,
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch! though all were
 o'er,
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence; that which
 Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
 Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate;

Watering the heart whose early flowers have
 died,
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the
 void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
 The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy;
 And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
 And, may be, that which grows beneath mine
 eye:
 Yet there are things whose strong reality
 Outshines our fairy-land, in shape and hues
 More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
 And the strange constellations which the
 Muse
 O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

VII.

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them go—
 They came like truth, and disappear'd like
 dreams;
 And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so;
 I could replace them if I would: still teems
 My mind with many a form which aptly
 seems
 Such as I sought for, and at moments found;
 Let these too go—for waking reason deems
 Such overweening phantasies unsound

And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes
 Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
 Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
 Nor is it harsh to make nor hard to find
 A country with—ay, or without mankind;
 Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
 Not without cause; and should I leave behind
 The inviolate island of the sage and free,
 And seek me out a home by a remoter sea.

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I lay
 My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
 My spirit shall resume it—if we may
 Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
 My hopes of being remember'd in my line
 With my land's language; if too fond and far
 These aspirations in their scope incline,—
 If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
 Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion
 bar

X.

My name from out the temple where the
 dead

Are honor'd by the nations—let it be—
 And light the laurels on a loftier head!
 And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
 "Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."*
 Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
 The thorns which I have reap'd are of the
 tree
 I planted,—they have torn me, and I bleed:
 I should have known what fruit would spring
 from such a seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord;
 And, annual marriage now no more renew'd,
 The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
 Neglected garment of her widowhood!
 St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
 Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd power,
 Over the proud Place where an Emperor
 sued,
 And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
 When Venice was a queen with an unequal'd
 dower.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian
 reigns—

* The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

An Emperor tramples where an Emperor
 knelt;
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and
 chains
 Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt
 From power's high pinnacle, when they have
 felt
 The sunshine for a while, and downward go
 Like lauwine loosened from the mountain's
 belt:
 Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquer-
 ing foe.

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of
 brass,
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
 Are they not bridled?—Venice, lost and won,
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
 Better be whelm'd beneath the waves, and
 shun,
 Even in Destruction's depth, her foreign
 foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous
 repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,—
 Her very byword sprung from victory,
 The "Planter of the Lion,"* which through
 fire
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and
 sea;
 Though making many slaves, herself still
 free,
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite:
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
 Immoral waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can
 blight.

XV.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous
 pile
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as
 must

Too oft remind her who and what enthral,

* That is the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice's
lovely walls.

XVI.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war.
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse.*
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hand—the idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's
chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and
his strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were
thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy coral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee; the Ocean Queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery
wall.

* The story is told in Plutarch's *Life of Nicias*.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood: she to me
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's
 art,*
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
 Although I found her thus, we did not part,
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a
 show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past—and of
 The present there is still for eye and thought,
 And meditation chasten'd down, enough;
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
 And of the happiest moments which were
 wrought
 Within the web of my existence, some
 From thee, fair Venice! have their colors
 caught:
 There are some feelings Time can not be-
 numb,
 Nor torture shake, or mine would now be cold
 and dumb.

* Venice Preserved: Mysteries of Udolpho: The Ghost-Seer,
 or Armenian: The Merchant of Venice. Othello.

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow*
 Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd rocks,
 Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine
 shocks
 Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk,
 and mocks
 The howling tempest, till its height and
 frame
 Are worthy of the mountains from whose
 blocks
 Of bleak, gray granite, into life it came,
 And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow
 the same.

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
 Of life and sufferance makes its firm abode
 In bare and desolate bosoms: mute
 The camel labors with the heaviest load,
 And the wolf dies in silence. Not bestow'd
 In vain should such examples be; if they,
 Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
 Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
 May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

* Tannea is the plural of tanne, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
 Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,
 Ends:—Some, with hope replenish'd and
 rebuoy'd,
 Return to whence they came—with like
 intent,
 And weave their web again; some, bow'd
 and bent,
 Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their
 time,
 And perish with the reed on which they
 leant;
 Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
 According as their souls were form'd to sink
 or climb.

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
 There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,
 Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness im-
 bued:
 And slight withal may be the things which
 bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would
 fling
 Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
 A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—

A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall
wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are
darkly bound:

XXIV.

And how and why we know not, nor can
trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves
behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead
—anew,
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too many!—
yet how few!

XXV.

But my soul wanders: I demand it back
To meditate amongst decay, and stand
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track
Fallen states and buried greatness, o'er a
land
Which was the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest, and must ever be



“My bark did skim the bright blue waters.”—Page 217.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Digitized by Google

The master-mould of Nature's heavenly
hand,

Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth
and sea.

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of
Rome!

And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be
defaced.

XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains: Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be—
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest

Floats through the azure air—an island of the
blest!

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,
 Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
 The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's
 name
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to
 fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died;
 The mountain-village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their
 pride—
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise.
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain,
 Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
 Is one of that complexion which seems made
 For those who their mortality have felt,

And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
 Which shows a distant prospect far away
 Of busy cities, now in vain display'd.
 For they can lure no further; and the ray
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and
 flowers,
 And shining in the brawling brook, whereby,
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering
 hours
 With a calm languor, which, though to the
 eye
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
 If from society we learn to live,
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
 It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
 No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must
 starve;

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair
 The strength of better thoughts, and seek
 their prey
 In melancholy bosoms, such as were
 Of moody texture from their earliest day,
 And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,

Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
 Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
 Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb:
 The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier
 gloom.

XXXV.

Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown
 streets,
 Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
 There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
 Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
 Of Este, which for many an age made good
 Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
 Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
 Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
 The wreath which Dante's brow alone had
 worn before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
 Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!
 And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,
 And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell.
 The miserable despot could not quell
 The insulted mind he sought to quench, and
 blend
 With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
 Where he had plunged it. Glory without end

Scatter'd the clouds away—and on that name
attend.

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time, while thine
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted
line
Is shaken into nothing; but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn—
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to
mourn.

XXXVIII.

Thou! form'd to eat, and be despised, and
die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough, and wider sty;
He! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now
In face of all his foes the Cruscan quire.
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow
No strain which shamed his country's creak-
ing lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in
wire!

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 'twas his
 In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
 Aim'd with her poison'd arrows—but to miss.
 Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!
 Each year brings forth its millions; but how
 long
 The tide of generations shall roll on,
 And not the whole combined and countless
 throng
 Compose a mind like thine? Though all in
 one
 Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not
 form a sun.

XL.

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,
 Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
 The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose
 The Tuscan father's comedy divine,
 Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
 The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd
 forth
 A new creation with his magic line,
 And, like the Ariosto of the North,
 Sang lady-love and war, romance and knightly
 worth.

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
 The iron crown of laurel's mimck'd leaves;
 Nor was the ominous element unjust,
 For the true laurel-wreath which Glory
 weaves
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
 And the false semblance but disgraced his
 brow:
 Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
 Know that the lightning sanctifies below
 Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred
 now.

XLII.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by
 shame,
 And annals graved in characters of flame.
 O God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
 Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst
 claim
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who
 press
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy
 distress;

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

Wandering in youth I traced the path of
 him,
 The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal
 mind,
 The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
 The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
 Came Megara before me, and behind
 Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
 And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
 Along the prow, and saw all these unite
 In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight;

XLV.

For time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
 Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,
 Which only make more mourn'd and more
 endear'd

The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,
 And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd
 might.

The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pil-
 grimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
 His country's ruin added to the mass
 Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their
 decline,

And I in desolation; all that was
 Of then destruction is; and now, alas!
 Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the
 storm,

In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
 The skeleton of her Titanic form,
 Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are
 warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy! through every other land
 Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side
 to side;
 Mother of Arts! as once of Arms; thy hand
 Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
 Parent of our Religion! whom the wide
 Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
 Europe, repentant of her parricide,
 Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward
 driven,
 Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
 Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
 To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
 Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
 And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new
 morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and
 fills
 The air around with beauty; we inhale

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

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty till the heart
 Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
 Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.
 Away!—there need no words, nor terms
 precise,
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:
 Blood, pulse, and breast, confirm the Dardan
 Shepherd's prize.

LI.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
 Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of
 War?

And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips
are

With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as
from an urn!

LII.

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

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable;
I would not their vile breath should crisp the
stream

Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
 The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
 That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
 Ashes which make it holier, dust, which is
 Even in itself an immortality,
 Though there were nothing save the past,
 and this
 The particle of those sublimities
 Which have relapsed to chaos:—here repose
 Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
 The starry Galileo, with his woes;
 Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it
 rose.

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the ele-
 ments,
 Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!
 Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten
 thousand rents
 Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
 And hath denied, to every other sky,
 Spirits which soar from ruin:—they decay
 Is still impregnate with divinity,
 Which gilds it with revivifying ray;
 Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
 Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than
 they,
 The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
 Of the Hundred Tales of love—where did
 they lay
 Their bones, distinguish'd from our common
 clay
 In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
 And have their country's marbles nought to
 say?
 Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust?
 Did they not to her breast their filial earth
 entrust?

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
 Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
 Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
 Their children's children would in vain adore
 With the remorse of ages; and the crown
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely
 wore,
 Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—not
 thine own.

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed
 His dust,—and lies it not her Great among,
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem
 breathed

O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren
 tongue?

That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
 The poetry of speech? No:—even his tomb,
 Uptorn, must bear the hyaena bigots' wrong,
 No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for
 whom!

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust;
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
 The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
 Did but of Rome's best son remind her
 more:

Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,
 Fortress of falling empire! honor'd sleeps
 The immortal exile:—Arqua, too, her store
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
 While Florence vainly begs her banish'd dead,
 and weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones?
 Of prphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
 Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones
 Of merchant-dukes? the momentary dew
 Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
 Freshness in the green turf that wraps the
 dead,
 Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
 Are gently prest with far more reverent
 tread
 Than ever paced the slab which paves the
 princely head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and
 eyes
 In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
 Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister
 vies;
 There be more marvels yet—but not for
 mine;
 For I have been accustom'd to entwine
 My thoughts with nature rather in the fields,
 Than Art in galleries: though a work divine
 Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
 Less than it feels, because the weapon which it
 wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
 By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
 Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
 The host between the mountains and the
 shore,
 Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
 And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their
 gore,
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions
 scatter'd o'er.

LXIII.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds;
 And such the storm of battle on this day,
 And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
 Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet:
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring
 nations meet!

LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
 Which bore them to Eternity; they saw

The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
 The motions of their vessel: Nature's law,
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and
 the birds
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and with-
 draw
 From their down-toppling nests; and bel-
 lowing herds
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread
 hath no words.

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
 Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath
 ta'en—
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine
 rain;
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
 Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling
 waters red.

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er

The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou
 dost rear
 Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white
 steer
 Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear:
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by
 slaughters,
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest
 daughters!

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 Its memory of thee: beneath it sweeps
 Thy current's calmness: oft from out it leaps
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,
 Who dwells and revels in the glassy deeps;
 While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its
 bubbling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genios of the place!
 If through the air a zephyr more serene
 Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace
 Along his margin a more eloquent green,

If on the heart the freshness of the scene
 Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
 Of weary life a moment lave it clean
 With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye must
 Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX.

The roar of waters!—from the headlong
 height
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
 The fall of waters! rapid as the light
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
 The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of
 jet
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror
 set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence
 again
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which
 round,
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
 Is an eternal April to the ground,
 Making it all one emerald. How profound
 The gulf! and how the giant element

From rock to rock leaps with delirious
 bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn
 and rent
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a
 fearful vent

LXXI.

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

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering
 morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a deathbed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn

By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams un-
 shorn!

Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
 The infant Alps, which—had I not before
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the
 pine

Sits on more shaggy summits, and where
 roar

The thundering lawine—might be wor-
 ship'd more;

But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
 Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
 Glaciers of bleak Mont Black both far and
 near,

And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear.

LXXIV.

The Acroceraunian mountains of old name;
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
 Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,
 For still they soar'd unutterably high:
 I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
 Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
 These hills seem things of lesser dignity,

All, save the lone Soracte's height display'd,
 Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Ro-
 man's aid

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the
 plain
 Heaves like a long-swept wave about to
 break,
 And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
 May he who will his recollections rake,
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake
 The hills with Latin echoes; I abhorr'd
 Too much to conquer for the poet's sake,
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by
 word
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to
 record

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which
 turn'd
 My sickening memory; and, though Time
 hath taught
 My mind to meditate what then it learn'd,
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought
 By the impatience of my early thought,
 That, with the freshness wearing out before

My mind could relish what it might have
 sought,
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore
 Its health; but what it then detested, still
 abhor

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace: whom I hated so,
 Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
 To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
 To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
 Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
 Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
 Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
 Awakening without wounding the touch'd
 heart.
 Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we
 part.

LXXVIII.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come
 and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,
 Ye!

Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood,
and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride:
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride.
Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far and
wide
Temple and tower went down, not left a
site;—
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly
night?

LXXXI.

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

LXXXII.

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

* Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius, and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

LXXXIII.

O thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's
 wheel,
 Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue
 Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to
 feel
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the
 due
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
 O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy
 frown
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly
 crown—

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
 To what would one day dwindle that which
 made

Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be
 laid?

She who was named Eternal, and array'd
 Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and dis-
 play'd,

Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,

Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Al-
mighty hail'd!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own,
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell!—he
Too swept off senates while he hew'd the
throne

Down to a block—immortal rebel! See
What crimes it costs to be a moment free
And famous through all ages! But beneath
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
His day of double victory and death
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier,
yield his breath.

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former
course
Had all but crown'd him, on the self-same
day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the earth's preceding
clay.
And show'd not Fortune thus how fame and
sway,
And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous
way,

Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
 Were they but so in man's, how different
 were his doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
 The austerest form of naked majesty,
 Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
 At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
 Folding his robe in dying dignity,
 An offering to thine altar from the queen
 Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
 And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
 Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a
 scene?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of
 Rome!
 She-wolf! whose brazen-imag'd dugs impart
 The milk of conquest yet within the dome
 Where, as a monument of antique art,
 Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty heart,
 Which the great founder suck'd from thy
 wild teat,
 Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
 And thy limbs black'd with lightning—dost
 thou yet

Guard thine immortal cuds, nor thy fond
charge forget?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost;—but all thy foster-babes are
dead—

The men of iron; and the world hath rear'd
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled
In imitation of the things they fear'd,
And fought and conquer'd, and the same
course steer'd,

At apish distance; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have near'd,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own slaves
a slave,

XC.

The fool of false dominion—and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal: for the Roman's mind
Was model'd in a less terrestrial mould,
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeem'd
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd
At Cleopatra's feet, and now himself he
beam'd,

XCI.

And came, and saw, and conquer'd. But the
 man
 Who would have tamed his eagles down to
 flee,
 Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,
 Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
 With a deaf heart which never seemed to be
 A listener to itself, was strangely framed;
 With but one weakest weakness—vanity:
 Coquettish in ambition, still he aim'd—
 At what? Can he avouch, or answer what he
 claim'd?

XCII.

And would be all or nothing—nor could wait
 For the sure grave to level him; few years
 Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,
 On whom we tread: For this the conqueror
 rears
 The arch of triumph! and for this the tears
 And blood of earth flow on as they have
 flow'd,
 An universal deluge, which appears
 Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
 And ebbs but to reflow!—Renew thy rainbow,
 God!

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap?
 Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
 Life short, and truth a gem which loves the
 deep,
 And all things weigh'd in custom's falsest
 scale;
 Opinion on omnipotence, whose veil
 Mantles the earth with darkness, until right
 And wrong are accidents, and men grow
 pale
 Lest their own judgments should become
 too bright,
 And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth
 have too much light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
 Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
 Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
 Bequeathing their hereditary rage
 To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
 War for their chains, and rather than be free,
 Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
 Within the same arena where they see
 Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the
 same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest
between

Man and his Maker—but of things allow'd,
Averr'd, and known,—and daily, hourly
seen—

The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,
And the intent of tyranny avow'd,
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the
proud,

And shook them from their slumbers on the
throne;

Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had
done.

XCVI.

(Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefil'd?
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no
such shore?)

XCVII.

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

XCVIII.

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

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,
 Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
 Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
 Standing with half its battlements alone,
 And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
 The garland of eternity, where wave
 The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown:
 What was this tower of strength? within its
 cave

What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A
 woman's grave.*

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
 Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
 Worthy a king's—or more—a Roman's bed?
 What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
 What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
 How lived—how loved—how died she? Was
 she not

So honor'd—and conspicuously there,
 Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
 Placed to commemorate a more than mortal
 lot?

* The tomb of Cecilia Metella.

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or
they

Who love the lords of others? such have been
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say,
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien.

Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy; or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean

To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such the
affections are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be,
bow'd

With woes far heavier than the ponderous
tomb

That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favorites—early death;
yet shed

A sunset charm around her, and illumed
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like
red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,
 Charms, kindred, children—with the silver
 gray

On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
 It may be, still a something of the day
 When they were braided, and her proud array
 And lovely form were envied, praised, and
 eyed

By Rome—But whither would Conjecture
 stray?

Thus much alone we know—Metella died,
 The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love
 or pride!

CIV.

I know not why—but standing thus by thee
 It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
 Thou Tomb! and other days come back on
 me

With recollected music, though the tone
 Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
 Of dying thunder on the distant wind;
 Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
 Till I had bodied forth the heated mind,
 Forms from the floating wreck which ruin
 leaves behind;

CV.

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er the
rocks,

Built me a little bark of hope, once more
To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore

Where all lies founder'd that was ever dear:
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I
steer?

There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save
what is here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answer each other on the Palatine,
With their large eyes, all glistening gray and
bright,

And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?—let me not number
mine.

CVII.

Cypréss and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd,
 column strown
 In fragments, chocked-up vaults, and frescoes
 steep'd
 In subterranean damp, where the owl
 peep'd,
 Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths, or
 halls?
 Pronounce who can; for all that learning
 reap'd
 From her research hath been, that these are
 walls—
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the
 mighty falls.

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales;
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that
 fails
 Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last.
 And History, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but one page—'tis better written here,
 Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amass'd
 All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,

Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away
with words! draw near,

CIX.

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep—for
here

There is such matter for all feeling:—Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
Till the sun's rays with added flame were
fill'd!

Where are its golden roofs? where those who
dared to build?

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried
base!

What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus or Trajan's? No: 'tis that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace,
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb

To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept
sublime,*

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars; they had contain'd
A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth
reign'd,
The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd
But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and unstain'd
With household blood and wine, serenely
wore
His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name
adore.

CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where
the steep
Tarpeian—fittest goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition? Did the Conquerors
heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field
below,

*The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul.

A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
 The Forum where the immortal accents
 glow,
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns
 with Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and
 blood:
 Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
 From the first hour of empire in the bud
 To that when further worlds to conquer
 fail'd;
 But long before had Freedom's face been
 veil'd,
 And Anarchy assumed her attributes;
 Till every lawless soldier who assail'd
 Trod on the trembling Senate's slavish
 mutes,
 Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to our latest tribune's name,
 From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
 Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
 The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
 Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree
 Of Freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a
 leaf,

Even for thy tomb a garland let it be
 The forum's champion, and the people's
 chief—
 Her new-born Numa thou, with reign, alas!
 too brief. |

CXV.

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

CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
 With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years
 unwrink'd,
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
 Whose green wild margin now no more erase
 Art's works; nor must the delicate waters
 sleep,
 Prison'd in marble, bubbling from the base
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap

The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers,
and ivy creep,

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the
grass

The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the hills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass:
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass:

The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems color'd
by its skies.

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted
cover,

Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic
meeting

With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?

This cave was surely shaped out for the
greeting

Of an enamor'd Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his reply-
 ing,
 Blend a celestial with a human heart;
 And Love, which dies as it was born, in
 sighing,
 Share with immortal transports? could thine
 art
 Make them indeed immortal, and impart
 The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
 Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
 The dull satiety which all destroys—
 And root from out the soul the deadly weed
 which cloy?

CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
 Or water but the desert; whence arise
 But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste
 Rank at the core, though tempting to the
 eyes,
 Flowers whose wild odors breathe but
 agonies,
 And trees whose gums are poison; such the
 plants
 Which spring beneath her steps as Passion
 flies

O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly
 pants
 For some celestial fruit forbidden to our
 wants.

CXXI.

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

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
 And fevers into false creation:—where,
 Where are the forms the sculptor's hand
 hath seized?
 In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
 Where are the charms and virtues which we
 dare
 Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
 The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,

Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom
again?

CXXIII.

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

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away—
Sick—sick; unfound the boon, unslacked the
thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at
first—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the
same—

Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst—
 For all are meteors with a different name,
 And death the sable smoke where vanishes
 the flame.

CXXV.

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

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature—'tis not in
 The harmony of things,—this hard decree,
 This uneradicable taint of sin,
 This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
 Whose root is earth, whose leaves and
 branches be
 The skies which rain their plagues on men
 like dew—

Disease, death, bondage, all the woes we
 see—
 And worse, the woes we see not—which
 throb through
 The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever
 new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base
 Abandonment of reason to resign
 Our right of thought—our last and only place
 Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:
 Though from our birth the faculty divine
 Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd, cribb'd,
 confined,
 And bred in darkness, lest the truth should
 shine
 Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
 The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch
 the blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 Would build up all her triumphs in one
 dome,
 Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine

Should be the light which streams here, to
 illumine
 This long explored but still exhaustless mine
 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies
 assume.

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of
 heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monu-
 ment,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath
 bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a
 power
 And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its
 dower.

CXXX.

O Time! the beautifier of the dead,
 Adorner of the ruin, comforter
 And only healer when the heart hath bled—
 Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
 The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,

For all beside are sophists from thy thrift,
 Which never loses though it doth defer—
 Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
 My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of
 thee a gift:

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a
 shrine
 And temple more divinely desolate,
 Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
 Ruins of years—though few, yet full of fate
 If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
 Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
 Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
 Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have
 worn
 This iron in my soul in vain—shall they not
 mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
 Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis!
 Here where the ancient paid thee homage
 long—
 Thou, who didst call the Furies from the
 abyss,
 And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
 For that unnatural retribution—just,

Had it but been from hands less near—in
this

Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust!
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake! thou
shalt, and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurr'd
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I bleed withal, and had it been conferr'd
With a just weapon, it had flow'd unbound.
But now my blood shall not sink in the
ground;

To thee I do devote it—thou shalt take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought,
and found,

Which if I have not taken for the sake—
But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet
awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that
now

I shrink from what is suffer'd: let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;
But in this page a record will I seek.

Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes: a far hour shall wreak

The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my
 curse!

CXXXV.

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

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
 Have I not seen what human things could
 do?
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few
 And subtler venow of the reptile crew,
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
 Learning to lie with silence, would seem
 true,

And without utterance, save the shrug or
 sigh,
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless
 obloquy.

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
 And my frame perish even in conquering
 pain,
 But there is that within me which shall tire
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I ex-
 pire:
 Something unearthly, which they deem not
 of,
 Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,
 Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread
 power!

Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear:
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls
 rear

Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear

That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but
because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors
rot.

CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing
slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd
the wretch who won.

CXXI.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he, their
 sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
 All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he
 expire,
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut
 your ire.

CXXII.

But here, where murder breathed her bloody
 stream;
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the
 ways,
 And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain-
 stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or
 praise
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars,
 faint rays
 On the arena void—seats crush'd, walls
 bow'd,

And galleries, where my steps seem echoes
strangely loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have
appear'd.

Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd;
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all, years, man,
have reft away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of
time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the
air,
The garland-forest, which the gray walls
wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene, but doth not
glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:

Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust
ye tread.

CXLV.

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall
stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World.” From
our own land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty
wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are
still
On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or
what ye will.

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—
Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by
time;
Looking tranquillity while falls or nods
Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and
man plods
His way through thorns to ashes—glorious
dome;

Shalt thou not last?—Time's scythe and
 tyrants' rods
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
 Of art and piety—Pantheon:—pride of Rome!

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
 Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
 A holiness appealing to all hearts—
 To art a model; and to him who treads
 Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
 Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
 And they who feel for genius may repose
 Their eyes on honor'd forms, whose busts
 around them close.

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
 What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
 Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my
 sight—
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
 It is not so: I see them full and plain—
 An old man, and a female young and fair,
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
 The blood is nectar:—but what doth she
 there,

With her unmantled neck, and bosom white
and bare?

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young
life,

Where on the heart and from the heart we
took

Our first and sweetest nurture, when the
wife,

Blest into mother, in the innocent look,

Or even the piping cry of lips that brook

No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives

Man knows not, when from out its cradled
nook

She sees her little bud put forth its leaves—

What may the fruit be yet?—I know not—Cain
was Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,

The milk of his own gift:—it is her sire

To whom she renders back the debt of blood

Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire

While in those warm and lovely veins the fire

Of health and holy feeling can provide

Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises

higher

Than Egypt's river:—from that gentle side

Drink, drink and live, old man! heaven's realm
holds no such tide.

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this
Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant world:—Oh, holiest
nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall
miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian rear'd on
high,*
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travel'd phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doom'd the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunken ashes, raise this dome: How
smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,

* The Castle of St. Angelo.

To view the huge design which sprung from
such a birth!

CLIII.

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous
dome,
To which Diana's marvel was a cell*—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's
tomb!

I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have
survey'd;
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem
pray'd;

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true,
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook His former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in His honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,

* St. Peter's.

Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are
 aisled
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blessed by His
 brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest—but increasing with the
 advance,
 Like climbing some great Alp, which still
 doth rise.
 Deceived by its gigantic elegance.—
 Vastness which grows—but grows to har-
 monize—
 All musical in its immensities;
 Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines
 where flame
 The lamps of gold—and haughty dome which
 vies

In air with Earth's chief structures, though
 their frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds
 must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must
 break,
 To separate contemplation, the great whole;
 And as the ocean many bays will make,
 That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by
 heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not
 dart.

CLVIII.

Not by its fault—but thine: Our outward
 sense
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness.
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then paused and be enlighten'd; there is
 more
 In such a survey than the sating gaze
 Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
 The worship of the place, or the mere praise
 Of art and its great masters, who could raise
 What former time, nor skill, nor thought
 could plan;
 The fountain of sublimity displays
 Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of
 man
 Its golden sands, and learn what great con-
 ceptions can.

CLX.

Or turning to the Vatican, go see
 Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
 A father's love and mortal's agony
 With an immortal's patience blending:—
 Vain
 The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's
 grasp,
 The old man's clench; the long envenom'd
 chain
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and strifes gasp on
 gasp.

CLXI.

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

CLXII.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose
 breast
 Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
 And madden'd in that vision—are express
 All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
 The mind within its most unearthly mood,
 When each conception was a heavenly
 guest—
 A ray of immortality—and stood,
 Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a god!

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from heaven
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid

By him to whom the energy was given
 Which this poetic marble hath array'd
 With an eternal glory—which, if made
 By human hands, is not of human thought;
 And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor laid
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with
 which 'twas wrought.

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
 The being who upheld it through the past?
 Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
 He is no more—these breathings are his last:
 His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
 And he himself as nothing:—if he was
 Aught but a phantasy, and could be class'd
 With forms which live and suffer—let that
 pass—
 His shadow fades away into Destruction's
 mass.

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow substance, life, and
 all
 That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
 And spread the dim and universal pall
 Through which all things grow phantoms;
 and the cloud

Between us sinks and all which ever glow'd,
 Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
 A melancholy halo scarce allow'd
 To hover on the verge of darkness; rays
 Sadder than saddest night, for they distract
 the gaze.

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
 To gather what we shall be when the frame
 Shall be resolved to something less than this
 Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
 And wipe the dust from off the idle name
 We never more shall hear,—but never more,
 Oh, happier thought! can we be made the
 same:

It is enough, in sooth, that once we bore
 These fardels of the heart—the heart whose
 sweat was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
 A long, low distant murmur of dread sound,
 Such as arises when a nation bleeds
 With some deep and immedicable wound;
 Through storm and darkness yawns the
 rending ground,
 The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the
 chief

Seems royal, still, though with her head dis-
 crown'd,
 And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
 She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields
 no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art
 thou?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head?
 In the sad midnight, while thy heart still
 bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hush'd that pang for ever: with thee
 fled
 The present happiness and promised joy
 Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd
 to cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
 O thou that wert so happy, so adored!
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep for
 thee,
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to
 hoard,
 Her many griefs for One; for she had pour'd

Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
 The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment
 made;
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes; in the dust
 The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is laid,
 The love of millions! How we did entrust
 Futurity to her! and, though it must
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
 Our children should obey her child, and
 bless'd
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise
 seem'd
 Like star to shepherds' eyes; 'twas but a meteor
 beam'd.

CLXXI.

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

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

CLXXII.

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

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills
 So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
 The oak from his foundation, and which spills

*Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louise XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and Napoleon died a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
 Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
 The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;
 And, calm as cherish'd hate, its surface wears
 A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
 All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps the
 snake.

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
 Shine from a sister valley;—and afar
 The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
 The Latian coast where sprung the Epic war,
 "Arms and the Man," whose reascending
 star
 Rose o'er an empire;—but beneath thy right
 Tully reposed from Rome; and where yon
 bar
 Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight,
 The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's
 delight.

CLXXV.

But I forget,—My Pilgrim's shrine is won.
 And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
 His task and mine alike are nearly done;
 Yet once more let us look upon the sea:
 The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
 And from the Alban Mount we now behold

Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when
 we
 Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
 Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Eux-
 ine roll'd

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—
 Long, though not very many—since have
 done
 Their work on both; some suffering and
 some tears
 Have left us nearly where we had begun:
 Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
 We have had our reward—and it is here;
 That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
 And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
 As if there were no man to trouble what is
 clear.

CLXXVII.

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair Spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her!
 Ye Elements! in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted—can ye not
 Accord me such a being? Do I err
 In dreaming such inhabit many a spot?

Though with them to converse can rarely be
our lot.

CLXXVIII.

(There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all con-
ceal.)

CLXXIX.

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

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength
 he wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful
 spray

And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let
 him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
 walls

Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
 mar

Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Traf-
 algar.

CLXXXII.

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

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
 form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or
 storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and
 sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each
 zone

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane as I do here.)

CLXXXV.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my
theme
Has died into an echo: it is fit
The spell should break of this protracted
dream.
The torch shall be extinguished which hath
lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is
writ—
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint,
and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath
been—

A sound which makes us linger;—yet, fare-
well!

Ye, who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain

He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell;

Farewell! with him alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with you, the moral of his
strain.

THE END.

