To his friend D. Milroy
with the kind regards of the
Author W. Babington

PASSING THOUGHTS

IN

SONNET STANZAS.

WITH

OTHER POEMS,

Original and Translated.

by Benjamin Guy Babington. M.D.
F.R.S. – F.R.C.P. Phys.

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TO THAT

GREAT PATRON OF LIGHT LITERATURE,

THE DRAWING ROOM TABLE,

WHOSE SUPPORT,

SO ESSENTIAL TO HIS SUCCESS, HE HUMBLY HOPES TO OBTAIN,

THIS VOLUME

IS EARNESTLY RECOMMENDED

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

Every man, however busy, has some leisure at his command. That of the author is not abundant. Still there are odds and ends of time at his disposal, and some of these he has devoted to metrical composition—he is afraid to call it poetry, the word sounds so grand and implies so much. A few private friends have expressed a desire to read what he has written, and the readiest way of enabling them to do so, is to resort to the press. Besides satisfying their wish, he has another motive for printing. Each individual is a member of the body social, and exercises some influence over his fellow-men, whether for good or for evil. The productions to be found in the following pages, are the result of mental efforts,

however feeble; and they are offered as a small contribution to the common stock of literature, in the hope that they may afford some amusement, and prove of some utility.

The author has long thought, and in this volume endeavours to prove, that *the sonnet* is applicable to a more extended purpose than that to which it is usually restricted—the expression of some sentiment of love or other strong emotion. In the following pages he has made the experiment of employing it for description—for satire—for criticism; and with reference to subjects light as well as grave; in short for the general service of verse. How far he has succeeded, the reader must judge for himself.

The Sonnets will be found for the most part to follow strictly the laws of versification laid down for this species of composition: that is to say, the first eight lines are confined to two measures of four lines each, with only two rhymes in all, according to the following formula, A. B. B. A. A. B. B. A.

In the last six lines there are three rhymes, but

all admit that it is optional with the writer how these shall be arranged. The author is aware that the order which he has generally, but not always, followed, namely, a quatrain and a final couplet, thus, A. B. A. B. C. C., is by many not thought the best. He nevertheless prefers it; and believes that one reason why the Sonnet has never been popular is, that those who have not studied its structure—and they constitute a large majority of readers—do not feel conscious of its rythmical beauty.

With the law that governs the first eight lines there is no fault to be found; though many, to escape the difficulty of complying with it, make a third rhyme in the sixth and seventh lines, thus, A. B. B. A. A. C. C. A., which is admissible, perhaps, though not to be commended; but when, in the remaining six lines we follow such an order of rhyming as this—A. B. C. C. B. A., or such as this —A. B. C. B. C. A., the last line is so far from the first, that in the distance the rhyme is lost altogether to the ear of most readers.

The Sonnets headed "London," were intended to form part of a larger and more connected composition on that fertile subject; but the author changed his mind, and he will esteem himself fortunate if it be not considered that there are too many of these Sonnets already.

The Original Poems, not in the form of sonnets, and also the Translations, need no general remark. They either explain themselves without comment, or, where necessary, are explained by short notes.

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PASSING THOUGHTS

IN

SONNET STANZAS.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

PREFATORY SONNET.

There is a natural longing in us all
  To live. There is a natural fear of death;
  And though our great Creator breathed the breath
Of life in man, death came with Adam's fall.
Yet death itself is transient. What we call
  "Dying," is but to shuffle off the sheath,
  As snakes their slough—to bare the soul beneath,
And quit awhile the shell with which we crawl.

Hence we derive this yearning after Fame,
  Hence we desire to do some signal deed,
Through which, since all must die, to leave a name
  Behind, our mortal presence to succeed.
Such is my aim—a weakness, I confess,
In sending these poor numbers to the press.

II.

WELLINGTON.

He was a Tower of strength—a strong defence
  Which, falling, left irreparable breach
  In Britain's bulwarks. Mark his sapient speech,
His solid judgment, his unbending sense
Of duty. Mark his daring confidence,
  His wariness, which none could overreach—
  In short, his thousand traits of greatness, each
With each contending for pre-eminence.

What now remains? Nought but the brilliant light
  Of his example left to all mankind,
T' illuminate the narrow path of right,
  And indicate how men that path may find.
Let History, then, his glorious deeds proclaim,
And future warriors teach the way to Fame.

III.

ADVICE TO TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

Despotic Russian! Turkish Infidel!
  Both foes to freemen, who with barbarous host
  Would drench the World with blood whate'er the cost,
As the sad story of the past can tell,
Pause ere ye raise a storm ye cannot quell;
  For when your realms by wars are tempest-tost,
  Freedom shall win again her kingdoms lost,
And from her lands the tyrant shall expel.

Greece, Hungary, Poland, Italy, shall rise,
  And from their limbs their galling fetters shake,
While Britons with their wrongs shall sympathise,
  And common cause with liberty shall make.
This for your guidance, Turk and Muscovite,
Be wise, and count the cost before you fight.

IV.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

How long, O God! how long wilt thou allow
  Such fruit accurst to ripen on the tree
  Of liberty? How long permit the free,
In thine own image born, the neck to bow
To Slavery's yoke, and gather on his brow
  The sweat of labour forced—a tool to be
  Abject and spurned—without a will to see,
To hear, to think, to breathe the lover's vow?

Most foul rebellion this against thy scheme,
  All-wise Creator! that before thine eyes
Thy creature, in his insolence, should deem
  His brother—born his equal—lawful prize.
Deem him but thews and sinews won for toil
By hellish trade in Afric's human spoil.

V.

THE CHOLERA.

When stolen the steed, they shut the stable-door;
So when the pestilence has thousands slain,
Our rulers flush the sewer and cleanse the drain.
They never dreamt of doing so before,
And when 't is gone, will slumber as of yore.
Mercy will plead, Experience urge in vain,
Till the destroying angel smite again,
And we again our thousands shall deplore.

Prevention 's better, as we know, than cure,
A fortiori, better still than none;
For, sad to say, we have not hit on one,
And yet neglect prevention to secure.
"Free-trade in Death, and leave us to our fates,"
Sums up the wisdom of the three estates.

VI.

TOBACCO.

Avaunt, pernicious weed! Thou bringst more death
  And desolation on the working classes,
  Than all the host of deleterious gases
That noisome caves and pits exhale beneath,
Or graves above, the ground, to taint our breath.
  Thou sapp'st the nerve and vigour of the masses,
  Who waste their time, through thee, o'er cans and glasses,
Regardless of the price such folly pay'th.

Whether thy hapless victim smoke or chew,
His home he slights to join the tap-room crew;
Makes of his common sense a sacrifice,
Indulging in a low and filthy vice;
And all for what? *Cui bono?* Count the gain—
A ruined stomach and a reeling brain.

VII.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

This happy family 's a curiosity,
  Worthy of study and of imitation
  By every family throughout the nation.
See how they all have dropped their animosity,
And with a more than Christian scrupulosity,
  Have set a curb upon their inclination,
  Affording thus a striking illustration
Of concord where one thought to find ferocity.

Here owl and mouse, cat, rat, dove, hawk, and sparrow,
Though crammed together in a space so narrow,
Amalgamate, despite their contrariety—
A perfect "Agapemone" society.
Thus oil, egg, sugar, vinegar, and mustard,
Compose a salad-dressing smooth as custard.

VIII.

KOSSUTH.

Kossuth ! I find it rather ticklish ground
  To praise or to dispraise your late behaviour;
  For some contend that you 're a perfect saviour
Of your Hungarian cause—a man renowned
For glorious deeds—a patriot fit to found
  A constitution. Others say a knave you are,
  And anything but fit to be the paviour
Of a new state on a foundation sound.

I hold myself aloof in case so dubious,
  And say not whether you 're a knave or not.
It is not fair perhaps to judge of you by us,
  When you are wanting all that we have got.
But knave or patriot to me 's all one
If you disturb our peace—so pray be gone.

IX.

FREE-TRADE.

FREE-TRADE 's the thing no doubt, if trade *be* free
  To all—but there's the rub—we can't make all
  Do as ourselves; and we sing very small,
Freely to sell and taxed to buy, d' ye see.
One law for you, another law for me,
  (Besides that it will work our nation's fall)
  Whatever you may think, is what I call
Unjust and hurtful in the last degree.

Friend Jonathan, would think it sin to let
  Our goods compete with his on Yankee soil,
And France, with all her *entente cordiale,* yet
  Taxes our wares, who want her wine and oil.
This, like a bear-bait 's anything but fair,
For while we loose the dogs we chain the bear.

X.

A BLOOMER.

Say, what's a Bloomer? Why, a female man,
Who thinks by strength of mind to rule the roast,
And let her weak and hen-peck'd mate, at most,
Try to become her equal if he can.
She quite forgets he's taller by a span,
And power will have its way at any cost,
And that her mild and gentle sway is lost
By doffing bonnet, petticoat, and fan.

Woman should rule by art and not by force,
Her weakness is her strength—man wont contend,
For shame, with one who's sure to get the worse,
And so he yields, and woman gains her end.
But hat and "pettiloons" must always fail—
A blooming girl's a miserable male.

XI.

MODERN RELIGION.

STIFF Dr. Pusey, low-church Gorham, O
  Why will you so bewilder every one,
  Setting at loggerheads each mother's son,
For being what you call too high or low,
And therefore wrong whichever way they go.
  Into what strange absurdities you run!
  In teaching folks that they be all undone
Unless they reap whate'er you choose to sow.

I deem "too high" "too low" abomination,
And totally eschew such innovation.
Too gaudy Rome for me—Dissent too plain—
Too ceremonial that—this too profane—
I'm for old English faith, 'tis neutral ground,
Moral in discipline, in doctrine sound.

XII.

FRANCE IN 1793.

'T is wondrous that a people so refined
  In arts, so exquisite in taste, so keen
  In intellect, who were, and long had been,
Foremost on earth in all the gifts of mind,
Should prove the veriest demons of mankind.
  Their polished capital of deeds unclean,
  Of plots and massacres, the constant scene—
Their land to frightful anarchy consigned.

Know ye the cause? It is a tale twice told,
For theirs the sin of Israel's race of old.
  All faith was lost and all religion gone,
  Their trust was in the arm of flesh alone.
Hence were they scourged as with a scorpion rod,
And fell, as Satan's host, accurst of God.

XIII.

HAYNAU.

HAYNAU! thou wast a villain, as I 'm told:
  Perhaps thou only wast a villain's tool,
  Strictly obedient to thy master's rule;
And yet 't were better far that thou hadst sold
Out thy commission, than be thus enrolled
  In history as a tyrant or a fool.
  What flog a female! "Never!" E'en at school,
Workhouse, or prison—be she young or old.

Yet when this poor old villain touched our shores,
  And threw himself upon our hospitality,
  In spite of his tyrannical rascality,
This was no time for rubbing off old scores.
  No, Barclay, 't was a dastardly assault,
  To thrash a guest who came to taste your malt.

XIV.

JULLIEN'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Dreary November's come—but Jullien's come,
  November's antidote, and brings his band
  Of all the premières artistes of the land
Who on the Fiddle, Horn, or Double-drum,
Interpret all the laws of Tweedle-dum;
  With every instrument at their command,
  From Potter's Piccolo to Broadwood's Grand,
On which the most distinguished masters strum.

O what a treat it is to see King Mob
  So gently tickled into cultivation,
And Jullien at this real Orpheusian job,
  By Music's power to civilise the nation.
The man who thus "emollit mores feros,"
Deserves a place amongst our gods and heroes.

XV.

REFORM.

Reform! reform! thou art a sounding word.
  What is thy meaning? Dost thou mean more purity
  In our Electors? Dost thou mean security
That those elected thereby be deterred
From doing aught that's knavish or absurd?
  This subject's in a state of immaturity,
  And can be settled only by futurity,
When the whole question in the House is heard.

Meanwhile, excuse the question, I would ask,
  Shall we be better served when excavators,
Dustmen, and bricklayers' labourers share the task
  Of choosing who shall be our legislators?
Had I a voice they nought should choose for me
From a pin's head to that of an M. P.

XVI.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

The world ne'er saw before, and ne'er will see
  Again, a wonder like this Exhibition,
  Where, from all nations, there 's an exposition
Of ev'ry fruit that grows upon the tree
Of Knowledge—where our wildest wish may be
  Sated, whate'er we fix that wildest wish on,
  Without the smallest limit or condition,
So vast, so endless its variety.

And fitting casket for such jewels rare,
  This gay and glittering crystal palace stands,
Rearing its giant form aloft in air,
  As some enchantment fresh from fairy hands.
Sure ne'er did thought conceive or labour frame
A cunning work more suited to its aim.

XVII.

TO VISCOUNT P———.

1st. Feb., 1852.

My Lord, they say your palmy days are o'er,
  Tho' you 're the craftiest politician going.
  Well, never mind, Old Cock! you 'll yet be crowing
When your late captain's rule shall be no more.
Little Lord ———, it seems, is very sore,
  That while he steers the vessel you are rowing
  Just as you please, and independent growing
Of your commander—so you 're sent ashore.

But you 're a dangerous customer, I guess.
  I 'd rather have you for a friend than foe;
And though just now you 're rather No than Yes,
  Perhaps you 'll soon be rather Yes* than No:
For rumours are afloat, I know not whence,
That you 'll be Premier not a twelvemonth hence.

* "Piu Sì che No." Majocchi.—*Queen Caroline' Trial.*

XVIII.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

WELL done, brave Turk! It is our cue to say,
That you are right, and that the Czar is wrong;
And that because you 're weak and he is strong,
The blustering bully wants to have his way,
And lord it o'er you with despotic sway.
But never mind—you know the lane is long
That hath no turning. At him then ding dong;
Despite his myriads, you shall win the day.

Not that your race whose battles we must fight,
Shews up much better than the Muscovite—
Fanatic Mussulman—tyrannic bear—
There 's not a pin to choose between the pair.
A barrier 'twixt free backs and Russia's knout,
To say the truth, is all we care about.

XIX.

LONDON.

SURE ne'er was congregated such a mass
  Of motley shapes; and if the human race
  All sprang from Adam's loins, as was the case
No doubt—then I can only say, Alas!
For his degenerate children. Some may pass
  For samples of their daddy's form and face,
  But others I consider a disgrace
To all that 's human of whatever class.

Talk of the Negro—of the Mungol breed—
  The Bosjemen of the Cape—the Esquimeaux—
Although they seem to come from separate seed,
  For proof conclusive that it is not so,
Take but a morning stroll along the Strand,
And mark the varied produce of one land.

XX.

LONDON.

O WHAT an endless labyrinth of streets
  And countless dwellings, from the lowliest cot
  E'en to the royal palace. Not a spot
On earth where man such varied objects meets.
Here all the world with all the world competes,
  And whatsoe'er we wish may here be got.
  There is no trade, no art which thriveth not,
And Science here performs her proudest feats.

Some study Nature's works in rocks or flowers,
In Ocean's wonders some would scan her powers.
Profounder spirits deeper lore absorbs;
These spell the curves of the celestial orbs.
But give me mighty London! There I find
My chief delight—the study of Mankind.

XXI.

LONDON.

So as the spirit moves me I will write
  Something about this great metropolis,
  For on a more inviting theme than this,
Or one more suited to poetic flight,
I do maintain 't were difficult to light.
  In such an ample field one cannot miss
  Much worth remark, and 't is a Poet's bliss
To treat a topic neither bald nor trite.

We don't find banks or banquets every day
  So inexhaustible, that we may draw
Ad libitum, yet find there 's still to pay,
  Still food to fill the most rapacious maw.
Let us then duly value such a prize,
And turn to best account our ears and eyes.

XXII.

LONDON.

An *embarras des richesses* makes it hard
  To settle where 't is fittest to begin,
  For though 't is easy when your hand is in,
To write or ride away without regard
To plan or road, and never to retard
  Your Pegasus, but dash through thick and thin,
  Yet critics will esteem it mortal sin,
If you persist all order to discard.

The oldest type of order that I know,
  Is met with in the firmament above,
Where all the stars—the wise men tell us so—
  Whirling through space in ceaseless order move
From east to west, or seem to move at least,
Since the real motion 's ours from west to east.

XXIII.

LONDON.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

I.

SUPPOSE, then, we begin at the West end,
  And travel, like a Chelsea omnibus
  On Sundays, stopping at each turn, and thus
By slow degrees our Eastern journey wend.
If to the right an upward glance we send,
  The object that will first obtrude on us
  Is one whose merits all the world discuss,
Many condemn *in toto*—few commend.

'T is an equestrian statue. Stiff as starch
  There sits our iron duke portrayed in bronze,
Perch'd on the top of a triumphal arch,
  And weighing, more or less, some fifty tons.
The Duke 's promoted we must needs allow,
For of his Grace they 've made an Arch-Duke now.

XXIV.

LONDON.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S EQUESTRIAN STATUE AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

II.

VIEWING this statue as a work of art,
  Whether we criticise the man or horse,
  'T is hard to say with justice which is worse,
There 's such a poverty in every part.
The steed is only fit for dray or cart,
  So big his carcase and his limbs so coarse,
  Standing stock still with nought of life or force,
And warranted to neither kick nor start.

As for his Grace's portrait, it may be
  A striking likeness, only 't is so high
'T is out of sight, and so we can't decide.
The folds of a short cloak appear to hide
  The body from the shoulder to the thigh,
And thus an ugly outline 's all we see.

XXV.

LONDON.—THE QUEEN'S PALACE.

I.

WHAT structure's that which through the yellow fog
  Looms large and gloomy like a county jail,
  Confined by many a black and bristling rail
Down in the midst of a mephitic bog—
Fit residence for water-newt or frog?
  That is the Royal Palace—can you fail
  To praise its site in such a charming vale?
Praise it! 'T is only fit for old King Log.

And is it possible our gracious Queen
  Can be condemn'd to dwell in such a hole,
Where poisonous mists are felt as well as seen,
  And o'er the ground in aguish volumes roll?
It is a downright shame to let her do it,
God grant! her Majesty may never rue it.

XXVI.

LONDON.—THE QUEEN'S PALACE.

II.

To make the matter worse, not long ago
  This palace had three sides built round a square,
  While the fourth side was open to fresh air;
But, strange to say, they would not keep it so.
They dreaded lest too fresh a breeze should blow,
  And so the wise ones took especial care
  That not the slightest opening anywhere
Should leave a vent through which pure air might flow.

They blocked this fourth and only open side,
  As if they thought the place might be attacked
By winds on horseback, for they these defied
  By means which somewhat of strategics smacked;
Forming a hollow square; as our foot force
Did oft at Waterloo, when charged by horse.

XXVII.

LONDON.—THE QUEEN'S PALACE.

III.

I WISH the Queen well out of this dank dell,
  No wonder that she seldom comes to town,
  To have the mildew spoiling her best gown
As sure as if she kept it in a well.
How long her health will stand it who can tell?
  Fevers and agues knock the strongest down.
  Malaria cares no more for queen than clown,
If she be forced within its sphere to dwell.

I 'd treat Her Majesty as if she were
  My own—and does she not belong to all?
And so I 'd give her plenty of pure air,
  Not cut it off, like fire, by party wall.
Then let the Nation do the thing that 's right,
Build her a palace on a healthy site.

XXVIII.

LONDON.—PICCADILLY.

Enough of this: so now for Piccadilly,
  Where vast improvements have been made of late,
  Narrow made broad, rough smooth, and crooked straight,
And what *was* steep cut down to barely hilly.
'T is true some sticklers may have thought it silly
  To rob the Park; but I attach no weight
  To what such worthies may opine or state;
'T was needed, so we robb'd it willy nilly.

Parks, trees, and walks are useful we must own
  To nurses, children, idlers, artizans,
Serving as lungs in this our crowded town,
  To ventilate the Metropolitans.
Still, though for parks I feel some predilection,
We must have Piccadilly in perfection.

XXIX.

LONDON.—ITS APPROACHES.

For this to London far the best approach is.
  We should have *one* to shew our friends at need.
  Those from the South and East we 're all agreed
Are vile. The North, through Shoreditch, a reproach is;
For, if a donkey 's in the way, a coach is
  Unable to pass by, till it be freed
  By the removal of the tiny steed,
From the live barricade which thus encroaches.

My maxim is, to make a good impression
  At first; and so, were I to build a town,
I should be fain to lay the greatest stress on
  The beauty of its entrances, I own.
Not one in ten for who 's within will care,
Cram them in garrets, cellars, anywhere.

XXX.

LONDON.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Thou fine old Abbey, type of Gothic style,
  Which hast so long withstood the tooth of time,
  What holy dread, what sense of awe sublime
Steals o'er us as we thread thy fretted aisle,
And pierce the gloom within thy sacred pile!
  Fit themes thy sculptured monuments for rhyme
  Of more ambitious bard; I but begrime
Such works with praise, and, painting, but defile.

Here lie the honour'd relics of the great,
  Or those among them deem'd the good at least.
For Deans and Chapters are immaculate,
  And 't is not every dust will please a priest.
Some naughty bards are in the corner* put,
And one† 's expell'd, his muse was such a slut.

* Poet's Corner. † Byron.

XXXI.

LONDON.—THE QUEEN'S PALACE, WESTMINSTER.

Say what you will, it is a noble pile,
  (Though 't was a pull upon our ways and means),
  This people's palace, strangely called the Queen's,
Got up in so magnificent a style.
There 's nought on Neva, Tiber, Seine, or Nile,
  On your Lung-arnos, Chaias, Quais, or Steins,
  On river's bank or ocean's shore that leans,
So Gothic, or so long by half a mile.

Some folks may say—but mind, it is not true—
  " A plainer house would answer just as well,"
I say, while we 're about it, let 's set to
  And stump the world. 'T is but a *bagatelle*
Out of a nation's *bag*—so hang th' expense.
The power of splendid humbug* is immense.

* If Parliament were held in Blackman-street,
Half our M.P.s would never wish a seat.
Nay, there 's a Royal Mansion thereabout,
Where all the members wish that they were out.

XXXII.

LONDON.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Is this a Square? Why, bless me, who 'd have thought it!
  It puzzles all my notions mathematic,
  With only three odd sides, and then each attic
Of different height, as if the wind had caught it,
And in collision with its neighbour brought it,
  Heaving each roof in wavy style aquatic;
  While Nelson, perch'd on high, stands emblematic
Of Tar on Mast—vile work whoever wrought it.

Our hero from that odious gallery national,
  From those mud tanks and paltry fountains too,
Turns in disgust away, for 't were irrational
  To keep such samples of bad taste in view.
Equestrian Charles, amid this naval scene,
Of course must typify a horse marine.

XXXIII.

LONDON.—THE THAMES.

THIS noble stream, which ought to be as pure
As issues from Geneva's lake the Rhone,
But into which all sorts of garbage thrown
Makes it as filthy as a common sewer,
Admits of treatment by a simple cure.
For if they 'll only let the stream alone,
As all, except our rulers, long have known,
'T will be as clear as crystal, I 'll ensure.

There are men living now who recollect
When patient anglers sat in punts or boats
Between our bridges, and did oft expect
Roach, gudgeon, carp, or tench to bob their floats.
But what with sewage, paddle-wheels, and stench,
" Farewell, a long farewell," to carp and tench.

XXXIV.

LONDON.—PROSTITUTION.

THERE is a wide, uncovered, noisome, drain
  Of moral sewage flowing through our streets,
  Corrupting in its course whate'er it meets,
With minor streams down every court and lane.
'T is PROSTITUTION, rushing forth amain,
  Worse than the ditches of a thousand Fleets,*
  Breeding a pest which all our skill defeats,
And all our moral doctors treat in vain.

Is there no cure? And are there no commissioners
  To see this filthy torrent covered in?
If flow it must, then, let our sharp practitioners,
  The street Police, divert this stream of sin—
Guide it through channels darker, deeper, fewer—
Where only those who seek may find the sewer.

* The river *Fleet*, usually called *Fleet Ditch*, one of the greatest sewers of the metropolis.

XXXV.

LONDON.—ITS MORALS.

I.

The vice of Paris is a thing of note;
  Vienna too's remarkable for vice,
  Nor are Italian morals over nice,
Not to refer to places more remote.
Freedom with us is thought an antidote
  To crime; and sin the alarming sacrifice
  Which despots make for power at any price,
Who'll sail to Hades so *they* steer the boat.

We Britons are great boasters to be sure,
  And much too ready always to aver
Ourselves than other foreign folks more pure.
  But here, I think egregiously we err;
There's not a land more wicked than our own,
And not a spot so vicious as this town.

XXXVI.

LONDON.—ITS MORALS.

II.

Ask you the reason? Freedom has a twin—
Her name is License. Both are resident
With us, and each is on her mission sent;
The one t' inculcate virtue; t' other, sin.
But License best succeeds; for she can win
More converts than her sister cent. per cent.
Freedom is bold, but staid, and is content
With home; but License never stays within.

She walks audacious in the open streets,
And all her sister's best laid plans defeats.
She goes to taverns, plays, casinos, shows,
And every den of vice in London knows.
Hence, I repeat, there 's no metropolis
Can hold a candle as to vice with this.

XXXVII.

LONDON.—WATERLOO BRIDGE.

BEHOLD an object worth a nation's praise!
  The finest bridge the world has ever known,
  Across the finest stream in Britain thrown,
As every connaisseur of merit says.
The toll, it seems, but very poorly pays
  Those who the shares in this adventure own;
  Yet 't is a glorious work; and every stone
Tells of the skill and taste of modern days.

Here's no Rialto with its toilsome hill,
  Straining the nerves and thews of beast and man.
Level as plank across a tiny rill,
  These giant arcs are all of equal span.
It is a noble structure, that will stand
So long as Thames shall flow through British land

XXXVIII.

LONDON.—THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

And thou, Brunel, a fairy bridge hast flung
  Athwart Old Thames, suspended in mid air,
  Whose giant chains on lofty turrets bear,
While on their links the pendant road is slung.
The Babylonian gardens which were hung
  On terraces, were nothing to compare
  With this our hanging bridge, albeit they were
The seven great wonders of the world among.

Suspension bridges, railways, steamboats, gas,
  And photographs that fleeting portraits seize,
With telegraph electric that will pass
  An instant message to the Antipodes—
Grant all the myths of all the ancients true—
Are wonders greater far than e'er they knew.

XXXIX.

LONDON.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

HAIL! sacred edifice, so vast—so grand—
So beautiful—so fit to represent
And typify that pure religion, sent
To bless and sanctify our native land.
On that fair eminence thou dost command
The numerous fanes around, as thou wert meant,
Amid Jehovah's camp, the royal tent,
High in imperial dignity to stand.

My thoughts on Heaven, with solemn steps and slow,
I gain thy portal, hoping at the shrine
Within thy hallowed walls to breathe a prayer,
And vow to mend my sinful ways, but no!
Mammon takes toll of all who enter there,
The rich may pray—I cannot pay the fine.

XL.

LONDON.—CHEAPSIDE.

Among our many city thoroughfares,
  I like Cheapside decidedly the best:
  Here Commerce seems to jostle with most zest,
And Industry displays her choicest wares.
Few loiterers here: the stream of business bears
  Such waifs along its current of unrest.
By some strong motive all are onward prest,
  And every soul's intent on his affairs.

This is the secret of our country's might,
  We work away at what we've once begun,
And persevere—no matter wrong or right—
  Until the thing, whate'er it be, is done.
We Britons are unlike our Gallic neighbour,
We seldom think of pleasure, he of labour.

XLI.

LONDON.—BOW CHURCH.

But is there nothing else which on one side
  Of this *Cheapside* may challenge our attention?
  Yes; there 's Bow Church, of which to make no mention
Would be to wound a Cockney's honest pride;
For round the whole of London you may ride,
  And not behold another such invention
  Of architectural skill. Some think 't will trench on
St. Paul's itself in beauty. That 's denied.

Suffice it that this noble church and steeple
  Are worthy of Sir Christopher who planned 'em,
And have, since first erected, pleased all people
  Of any taste who have beheld and scanned 'em.
Throughout our land I know no church superior,
Both as regards its steeple and interior.

XLII.

LONDON.—CITY BUILDINGS.

THERE is a spot where public buildings meet
  As if in common council. First in rank
  Th' Exchange, because 't is royal; then the Bank,
Because 't is wealthy; then, across the street,
The Mansion-house—that lordly mayoral seat,
  For building which a shipwright we may thank;
  While our great Duke commands the central blank,
And makes this group of public works complete.

Each calls for comment or for commendation,
  And one or t' other shall be offered *statim*,
But not without mature deliberation,
  So we 'll proceed to view them *seriatim*,
Taking good care to state what 's undeniable
Lest to the law we make our stanzas liable.

XLIII.

LONDON.—THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The Exchange is striking, though it is not square;
  The ground was trapezoid beneath its base,
  And we must suit our building to our space,
Neither too large nor yet with aught to spare.
The structure as a whole is passing fair,
  Albeit the style is somewhat out of place;
  I've often thought a clock might better grace
The western front, and would be useful there.

But shame upon these cits—in wretched taste,
  Merely to gratify their thirst for gain,
And not permit an inch to go to waste—
  Along the basement of this gorgeous fane,
We find a set of shops, or rather holes,
Fit but for cobblers' stalls and sheds for coals.

XLIV.

LONDON.—THE BANK.

The Bank, like many a miser millionnaire,
  Makes no great show, and wears a shabby coat,
  You would not think its owner worth a groat,
And seek in vain for architecture there.
The building is so low, the walls so bare,
  There 's no similitude the most remote
  To any place we know of public note,
Unless it be the Kingsland cattle lair.

'T is strange! but on whichever side you go,
  You always think the front another way;
You pace it round to try if this be so;
  Then of each side in turn the same you say.
For what the place was built you can't divine,
Mews, horse bazaar, or powder magazine.

XLV.

LONDON.—THE MANSION HOUSE.

I.

WHAT a strange mansion this! 'T is like a ship
(Its windows are the port-holes, walls the sides),
Which, anchor'd in the Poultry, proudly rides
Ready at need her cable chain to slip,
And take, along the Strand, a trial trip.
Or, if unsuited to the winds and tides,
Liken it, if you will, to aught besides
That doth the modesty of art outstrip.

Bad as it is, 't is good enough no doubt
For those who are its usual occupants,
The thieves, and mendicants, and rabble rout,
Who here are summoned for their crimes or wants;
Add my Lord Mayor, his clerks, and the Police,
Lodged in this Mansion-house to keep the peace.

XLVI.

LONDON.—THE MANSION HOUSE.

II.

Again, this Mansion-house has other use;
  For here his Lordship entertains the cits,
  Who at his banquets exercise their wits,
While of the purple grape they quaff the juice.
E'en Ministers of State will here let loose
  Their eloquence whene'er occasion fits,
  And in their toasts make "ad captandum" hits,
In praise of those they wish were at the deuce.

Here, too, his Lordship gains his popularity,
  By public meetings, soirées, routs, and balls;
Displays his chain for humbug or for charity,
  Makes on his neighbours' pockets sundry calls,
And when perchance some worthy cause he pleads,
Despite his Cockney balderdash, succeeds.

XLVII.

LONDON.

LASTLY, we fain would say a passing word
About our Duke, who here is better drest,
And better mounted, too, than in the west;
Nor at a height so utterly absurd:
For, that a pedestal 's to be preferred
To a triumphal arch, must be confest.
Some statues groan,* some sing;† and so 'tis best,
To give their strains a chance of getting heard.

At all events, we want to see their features,
And do not like them in the clouds to hide 'em;
And, when our heroes ride, to see the creatures
On which they take their seats, and how they ride 'em.
The Duke 's too stiff—the charger 's full of spirit,
And looks as if the slightest touch would stir it.

* The Memnon. † The Commendatore's statue in "Don Juan."

XLVIII.

LONDON.—THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The members of the Stock Exchange require
  Some notice; for a noted band are they,
  Who jokes and bargains make the livelong day,
And speculate on air, earth, water, fire.
Such men of enterprise the world admire,
  And their excitement 's taking in its way,
  Though that this way is mine I cannot say,
For to be Bull or Bear I 've no desire.

These are their grand distinctions, as I 'm told:
  And, faith! that some wear horns is like enough.
This too, moreover, to declare I 'm bold,
  That some might pass for bears, they are so rough.
No doubt there are among them men worth knowing,
But, as a set, they are the rudest going.

XLIX.

LONDON.—CITY ABUSES.

Can my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, with Court
  Of Common Councilmen to boot, show cause
  Why in the City there are separate laws,
Customs, and penalties of every sort—
Taxes on carts, coals, cattle, and, in short,
  On all in reach of corporation claws?
  Is it to pay for turtle for their maws,
For swan-hopping, shows, balls, and such-like sport?

Can they show cause for blocking up the way
  With such a barricade as Temple Bar,
Obstructing every carriage, cab, and dray,
  No ornament in peace—no use in war?
If Emperor Nic. should catch our City napping,
Think you he 'd halt at Temple Bar for rapping?

L.

LONDON.—SMITHFIELD MARKET.

Hail to thee, Smithfield Market, now no more,
  Or rather now no less—for still thou 'rt there!
  And when thou wilt be moved away, or where
Be placed, is doubtful just as heretofore.
Meanwhile, as erst, thy goaded bullocks roar,
  And eke their savage drovers curse and swear,
  And goad them ten times worse; till, in despair
And madness, all they meet they toss and gore.

The meek and awe-struck sheep among the throng
  Are mercilessly worried—prodded—beaten;
The pigs, too, somehow always in the wrong,
  Run wild and squeak away till killed and eaten.
Thus cattle, cruelty, filth, stench, and danger,
Make up a scene that would astound a stranger.

LI.

LONDON.—THE INDIA HOUSE.

Dark palace of the twenty-four nabobs
  In street of Leadenhall—so dull a mass
  That for a leaden hall thyself might pass—
Thou (couldst thou speak) couldst tell of shameful jobs,
Of *quids pro quos* bestowed on worthless snobs,
  Fit for nought else but swigging bottled Bass,
  And sipping brandy-pawney, glass on glass,
Which of their precious lives the service robs.

These are the deeds that in thy dirty walls
  Are said to be transacted every day;
Yet none of thine immaculate rulers calls
  Such traffic "*patronage exchanged for pay.*"
"Take this cadetship—give my son a living,"
This is not selling—an it be not giving.

LII.

LONDON.—THE TOWER.

Thou frowning citadel of ancient date,
I leave thy thrilling past to Ainsworth's pen,
Whose charming history tells us where and when
Each deed was done, each traitor to the State
Where chained, and where each victim met his fate.
My memory of thee, Tower, but sees a den
Of royal beasts, and quaintly kirtled men,
With regal baubles shewn behind a grate.

It sees bright armour of gigantic kings,
And curious weapons used in by-gone times,
With instruments of torture—dreadful things—
That made the weak confess fictitious crimes.
But of all sights to me the most amazing,
Was to behold thy *great small*-armoury blazing.*

* In the conflagration which occurred in 1841.

LIII.

LONDON.—THE DOCKS.

Among the London wonders—and, indeed,
There are but few—the Docks are well worth seeing,
And cannot fail to strike a stranger, being
The finest in the world, as 't is agreed.
To estimate them fairly, you will need
A tasting order—that 's the thing for freeing
Your mind from prejudice, and for agreeing
With your digestion, if you 're off your feed.

For of all drinks port wine 's the safest tonic,
And, taken *quantum suf.*, the best concocter.
It screws the system into tune harmonic,
Far better than your physic and your doctor.
To buy the wine 's your plea; and so you try it,
Tasting each pipe—of course you never buy it.

LIV.

LONDON.—BILLINGSGATE.

Our good old Father Thames, along his shore,
  Besides his docks, his palaces, his quays,
  Which cannot fail our connaisseurs to please,
Has, worthy of remark, one object more—
'T is far-famed Billingsgate, with ample store
  Of fish, when home-bound smacks command a breeze
  To waft their cargoes up from distant seas,
With none, when these are wind-bound at the Nore.

At this same pisci-venditory mart,
  Is found of womankind a curious race—
  "Fish-fags" yclept—choice spirits of the place,
Who in the carrying trade perform their part.
The tongue 's their weapon often used in strife,
Coarse, sharp, and piercing as an oyster-knife.

LV.

A BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DAY.

HAIL, sweet Autumnal Day! How soft and bland
O Sun, thy radiance! Not with scorching blaze
Darting on all around thy fervid rays,
Which panting Nature hardly may withstand;
But changing all to gold as with a wand,
And shedding effluent light that mildly glows,
Tinting each blade and hillock as it flows,
And spreading tranquil joy throughout the land.

This is Thy work, O Lord! and grateful man,
Unworthy of such boon, should laud Thy name,
Sending thanksgivings heav'nward to Thy throne.
Weak though he be, and fallen, at least he can
With humble heart thy loving kindness own,
And bless the Source from whence such mercies came.

LVI.

TO A LADY WHO MADE A SHORT VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

In Granta's classic courts so haply met,
  Ah why, fair maid, thus transient is thy stay?
  Such rare delight so quickly snatched away
Leaves us a sad reverse in deep regret.
Think not our treasures are exhausted yet.
  The lordly mansion waving woods among,
The rural stroll along the enamelled mead,
  The lonely Philomel's melodious song—
The thousand charms by Heaven to Spring decreed,
All plead thy further stay—yet vainly plead.
  Must thou depart? O Rainbow's varied light,
  Scarce we admire, and lo! 'tis rapt from sight!
To Granta's world a comet's blaze appears,
We gaze—'tis gone—to shine on other spheres.

LVII.

CASSY.

How shall I paint the loveliest of her sex,
  The fairest form that e'er was shrined in clay ;
  What force of eloquence can ere portray
Each varied grace her every feature decks?
To other beauteous maidens men annex
  Some term detractive—" Were she thus," they say,
  " She were perfection's self" ; but here we may
Gaze on a second sun and find no specks.

Nor shall her outward form alone be praised—
  That witching smile or those madonna lids,
Which veil the sweetest eyes that e'er were raised
  To Heaven, or fell on man. No, Cassy bids
For fame on loftier claims. In her we find,
Pure as her sylphid frame, a spotless mind.

LVIII.

THE ADORED.

Who sees thee must adore: thy beauteous face
  Reflects thy bright intelligence of mind;
While in thy faultless form, that thralling grace
  Makes love my fate, and willing choice combined.
  Yes! I do love thee, sweetest of thy kind!
Deep and indelible the sudden stroke
  Effaces all that love had graved before,
And makes me feel, alas! how true I spoke
  Those fatal words—"Who sees thee must adore"!
  Yet why should I my destiny deplore?
'T is ecstasy to love thee, though despair
  Hang o'er the future like a moonless night,
O'ershading all that hopeful fancy there,
  In gilded visions summon'd into light.

LIX.

THE BANISHED LOVER.

'T is sweet in memory's visions to review
  Past hours of bliss—to think how oft I 've prest
  Thy pressing hand—sighed to thy heaving breast,
And from thy half-closed lids and orbits blue
Thine inmost thoughts and tenderest feelings drew.
  To think how much of thee I then possest,
  And how my ardent passion hoped the rest.
Sweet is the vision; yet 't is bitter too.

For when my wandering thoughts obtrusive turn
  From dreams of moments fled to the sad truth,
    Pondering the miseries of mine exiled state,
I languish at the change. O let me learn
  With joy-inspiring hope my woes to soothe,
    And augur from the past my future fate.

LX.

UNITED LOVE.

Come to my arms, consoler of my grief,
  For you can comfort me when most distrest;
  When I am weary you can bring me rest;
When I am sick your presence brings relief—
Of all my ties to earth yourself the chief.
  You shared my Spring of life—'t was doubly blest;
  In Summer fann'd me—I was less opprest;
Then smooth my Autumn's sere and wrinkled leaf.

Thus down the hill of life, as Burns hath sung,
We 'll glide when agèd as we rose when young;
And since at last Death's summons must arrive,
May neither heart its kindred heart survive,
But still unsevered meet their common doom,
And dwell together in a single tomb.

LXI.

FIRST LOVE.

Who once hath loved, and lost, can love no more!
  Withdraw the fuel, and the fire must die;
Its flame o'er smouldering ashes cannot soar,
  But, borne on thought, to other worlds will fly.
Shall base Desire usurp Love's sacred throne,
  And plead his warmth to prove the doubtful claim?
In vain! 'T is in the furnace glow alone
  That dross and molten gold may seem the same.

Allay the furious heat, and you detect
A means the gold to find—the dross reject.
No more of love to me, since she is gone
Who first and last inspired it, and alone;
And with her borne to happier realms than this
Our undivided store of pure connubial bliss.

LXII.

TO AN INVALID.

Go, Lady, go; and in your native home
  Ramble abroad mid Autumn's golden wealth,
  And from her perfumed zephyrs gather health,
As bees their honey, for the time to come.
And if your thoughts should wander as you roam,
  Think on a kindred spirit far away,
  Whose fond delight 't would be with you to stray
A-field 'neath azure Heaven's expanded dome.

But since he cannot gratify this want,
  Or hold sweet converse with you face to face,
His mental shall his visual eye supplant,
  And thus, despite immensity of space,
Make you his guide and guardian from afar,
As seamen steer them by their Northern star.

LXIII.

TO A COMPLIMENTARY POETESS.

Sweet Poetess, who metest my desert
  By thine own measure liberal, full and kind;
  Too happy, fair one, had I been to find
That truth would warrant what thou dost assert.
'T is ever thus that gen'rous souls, expert
  In all that can adorn the heart and mind,
  Think all their own good qualities combined
In those for whom their goodness they exert.

Well! I am grateful, maiden; for I trust
Thy praise at least is genuine if not just:
  And as I gain it, though deserve it not,
  I fain would strive to merit what I 've got,
And thus would justify myself and thee,
By growing that thou deemst me now to be.

LXIV.

MAN.

O WHAT a strange unsolved enigma's Man!
  Of all created things, himself alone
  Opposing laws eternal with his own
Rebellious spirit. Striving all he can
To rule supreme, and mar the Almighty's plan.
  Wherefore, vile worm, hast thou so impious grown
  To vainly dare usurp Jehovah's throne,
Or e'en attempt his secret ways to scan?

Seest thou not, wretch, "whatever is is right,"
  Thyself alone excepted—thou the blot—
The one dark spot where all beside is light—
  The one false string which harmoniseth not—
The single broken thread in Nature's loom;
Then, sinful Man, repent, nor tempt thy doom.

LXV.

WOMAN.

Who shall affirm that "Man is lord of all,"
  When lovely Woman, with persuasive rule,
  Makes of this mighty one an humble tool—
A willing slave obedient at her call,
To work her purpose and to wear her thrall?
  For such the potent magic of her sway,
  That, all subdued, he dare not disobey,
Howe'er her gyves his lordly pride may gall.

Yes, gentle arbiters of human fate,
  In Vice or Virtue's path our steps you guide,
  And bale or bliss is ours as you decide.
Then be ye merciful as ye be strong,
And, since for you we follow right or wrong,
O lend your power for all that 's good and great.

LXVI.

THE OCEAN.

When all is placid o'er thy tranquil plain,
  And trembling moon-beams glitter on thy crest,
  While, monarch as thou art, thy rule is blest
With calm repose throughout thy wide domain,
And thy soft bosom heaves and falls again,
  As heaves and falls the sigh in maiden's breast;
  Then fitting emblem thou of human rest,
Unmoved by passion and unwrung by pain.

But hark! the winds arise, the tempest roars,
  And seething billows fill thy dark abyss,
While foaming surges lash thy sounding shores
  And thunders roll, and headlong torrents hiss,
Earth, Ocean, Heaven, confounding. Emblem now
Of man's worst passions all unbridled thou.

LXVII.

THE SICK BED.

A SEASON of unmitigated woe
  Some deem the time spent on the fevered bed,
  As fraught with bodily pain, with mental dread,
And all that can torment us here below.
Egregious error theirs who think it so!
  In me, at least, pain and remorse have led
  To thoughts most blissful, though in terror bred,
Dwelling on Him from whom all mercies flow.

I know that all, before the judgment-seat
  Of Christ our Lord are worthless, should their deeds
Be strictly weighed, and their demerits meet
  Their just reward. I know there's none but needs
An intercessor; yet if HE give ear,
Moved by repentant prayer, away with fear!

LXVIII.

ON LEAVING LONDON.

Sing me, my sportive muse, in grateful strain,
  Though to such task unequal, the delight
  Which, after many a fevered day, and night
Of anxious fear and agonising pain,
I feel that life begins to flow again.
  Thank Heaven! And now I take my willing flight
  From noisy cities, and exchange the sight
Of smoky town for that of boundless main.

There will I wander on the breezy strand,
  At every breath inhaling health and strength,
Watch the white sail on Ocean's breast expand,
  Or on the thyme-bank stretch my listless length,
Scanning from lofty cliffs His works below,
To whom such countless benefits I owe.

LXIX.

TO MY FRIEND AND PHYSICIAN.

Some in the senate strive their name to raise,
  Some thirst for glory in the tented field,
  Some holier weapons in the pulpit wield,
Some grace their temples with immortal bays.
That man of wisdom who devotes his days
  To cure those thousand ills in flesh revealed,
  To none of this ambitious crew shall yield,
Howe'er secluded he from vulgar praise.

And thee, my kind adviser, still the same
  Good friend and guide in sickness or in health,
    (Ensample of the Good Physician thou),
    How shall I ever thank enough, or how
  Requite? Accept this prayer—May peace and wealth
Be thine on earth—hereafter bliss and fame.

LXX.

SUNDAY.

WELCOME! thou sacred day, when worldly cares,
So fruitless at the last, are laid apart,
And heavenly aspirations fill the heart
With holy thoughts and purifying prayers.
Ye Sabbath-breakers, pause; for now the snares
Of sin are spread, and diabolic art
Pursues mankind with pleasure's poisoned dart,
Nor age, nor sex, nor rank, nor station spares.

Come, for your own, and for example's sake,
Seek calm repose and renovating rest.
Ye know not what ye lose, who never take
A moment's breath, with worldly cares oppress;
And O ye know not what your gain would be,
Toiling six days, to set the Sabbath free.

LXXI.

RELIGIOUS CONSOLATION.

Reckless Transgressor, stay thy headlong course!
  Say not thy case is hopeless. 'T is the lot
  Of all to sin—save one who sinnèd not—
Our blest Redeemer—Him the only source
Of pardon—faith in Him the only force
  Sufficient to efface that primal blot
  On Adam's race affixed by Satan's plot,
To cause of man from God such dire divorce.

Away, then, gloomy doubt and dark despair;
Call on the Lord in penitential prayer.
Make thou thy firm resolve this very day,
This very hour, on bended knees to pray.
Yea, call on Him who bore the sins of all—
Even thy sins—and He will hear thy call.

LXXII.

OMNIPOTENCE.

How shall our groveling thoughts conceive Thy might,
  Eternal Godhead! Who art all in all,
  With Whom is nothing great, is nothing small;
Both equidistant from an Infinite.
Say, shall we mete Thee with irradiant light,
  And scan Thy grandeur through the ethereal wall
  Of countless worlds, which firmament we call?
In vain! for Thou dost compass day and night.

  Creation bounds Thee not—all increate
Is likewise Thine, and though Thou *all* hast made,
  Still canst Thou take from whence Thou erst hast ta'en
  Another *all*, as perfect and as great,
In that the same Omnipotent voice that bade
  Creation start, can bid it start again.

LXXIII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, hallowed be Thy name!
  Thy kingdom come, Thy will may all obey
  On earth, e'en as in Heaven. Give us this day
Our daily bread, and grant our sins the same
Forgiveness we for those who wrong us frame.
  Into temptation lead us not astray,
  But ever guard us from each evil way,
That leads to sin and death with quenchless flame.

For Thou alone, Almighty King of kings,
Dost rule supreme o'er all created things;
  Divine—eternal—boundless is Thy right,
  And irresistible Thy will and might.
To Thee, great Lord of all, be glory then,
And praise to all eternity—Amen.

LXXIV.

FAREWELL SONNET.

When to dry furze he claps a burning taper
  No man can tell what acres he may light.
  No man can tell what mischief he may write,
Who once in verse commits his thoughts to paper.
Hence we should treat a poet like a leper—
  Keep him in some safe corner out of sight,
  Where he may ramble in poetic flight
Without infecting every listening gaper.

So with the inveterate bard; but for my rhymes
  They won't inflame or burn where'er you set 'em.
You read 'em like a leader in the "Times,"
  And when you've done—what then—why you forget 'em.
There is no fear, whate'er be my desire,
That I shall ever set the Thames on fire.

FUGITIVE PIECES, SONGS,

ETC.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THE ROSE.

Come to my breast, thou fragrant blooming rose—
The sweetest flower that blows.
Come let me shrine thee near my throbbing heart,
All beauteous as thou art;
And let the magic of thy rich perfume
Its wonted power assume,
Through one sole sense to fascinate the whole,
And thrall my captive soul.
The Roman maid, they say, that quaffs thy breath,
Inhales delicious death.
To kill with pain were common, but 't is thine
To kill with bliss divine.
But not thy scent alone proclaims thy power,
Thou most enchanting flower.

On thy voluptuous form I love to gaze,
Where every beauty plays.
Where swelling petals steeped in blushes rise
To charm my ravished eyes.
Not ranged in formal rows as warrior troop,
But like a rustic group
Who weave the mazy dance upon the green
Around their village queen;
And in their whirling mirth perplex our view,
Yet seem in order too.
And who shall paint the varied light and shade
Amid thy folds displayed?
Here deeper than the purple juice that falls
From cups at Bacchanals;
There lighter than the roseate tint that 's worn
On skirt of orient morn.
The very leaves that veil thy modest face
Impart a further grace,
Proving that thou in simplest garb attired
Art but the more admired.
And see! thy bursting buds, half hidden, swell
Within their mossy cell,

And seem to say—"When balmy showers descend,
"These verdant gyves we'll rend,
"And charm, like Juno's bird, th' admiring world
"With beauties all unfurled."
Come, let me clasp thee, rose, in fond embrace,
And kiss thy faultless face;
And fix thy blooming form and graceful stem
Upon my garment's hem.
There shalt thou blossom, flourish, and decay,
There sigh thy soul away;
Teaching, of all that 's lovely upon earth,
The transient worth.

HELENA'S DREAM.

I.

THE beautiful Helena dreamed a dream,
A vision of horror and guilt;
For, strange though it seem,
'T was a murder the theme,
And by Helen the blood that was spilt.

II.

And she washed, and she washed, this murder to hide,
But her washing was all in vain;
For her hands were dyed
By the purple tide,
With a deep and indelible stain.

III.

And she shuddered with indescribable dread
At the sight of that damnable spot,

And wherever she fled
Saw phantoms that bled,
And the gallows-tree for her lot.

IV.

They taxed her at length with the barbarous deed,
And dragged her away to a cell,
And the scaffold decreed,
For she 'd nothing to plead,
Her offence was so foul and so fell.

V.

And then came the grim-visaged doer of death
With a cord poor Helena to choke;
She was hanged on a heath,
She was at her last breath,
When —— Well! and what then? She awoke.

VI.

In the morning the delicate damsel I saw,
"O wherefore so pallid?" said I.
"In a dream, by the law
"For a dreadful *faux-pas*,
"I was doomed," said the maiden, "to die."

VII.

"With my crime and its due I was sorely distrest,
"And abandoned to vengeance condign,
"Lost my life—or, at best,
"I lost my night's rest,
"So please you my vision divine."

VIII.

"That you dream," I replied, "can never surprise,
"Of the murders you often commit,
"With the lightning that flies
"From your homicide eyes,
"And the truculent shafts of your wit.

IX.

"And as for the hangman's tether, I wot,
"It be Hymen's tragical noose.
"'T is an awful lot
"To be tied by a knot,
"Which nothing but Death can loose."

ODE TO THE MODERN GREEKS.

Recitative.

Whence that black revolving cloud,
  Those lurid flames from yonder trees?
Whence those thunders deep and loud,
  That groan along the evening breeze?
Greeks, arouse! our country bleeds,
These are the cruel Moslem's deeds.
  Our homes are fired, our lands despoiled,
  Our youth enslaved, our maids defiled;
Our altars bear the crimson stain
Of holy blood—our Patriarch 's slain!

Song.

I.

Helenian, raise thy cowering crest—
  Arm thy red right hand—
Bury the steel in the tyrant's breast—
Crush thine oppressor, race opprest,
  Strike for a fettered land.

II.

Stain with gore, from the foe's heart's core
  Thy sabre's very hilt,
    Nor cease the strife
    For freedom and life,
    Till all the wrongs of the murderer's knife
  Be atoned by the blood that is spilt.

III.

Sons of the ancient brave!
  Remember the deeds of old,
Remember, how their land to save,
Your fathers sought a glorious grave;
  Remember and be bold.

IV.

Think on that chief so great,
  Who fought in the portal pass :
Who smiled when he thought of his noble fate,
And death preferred to a crown of state—
  Think on Leonidas!

V.

Think on his chosen band,
  Who sold their lives so dear ;
Who cheerfully shed their best life-blood,
And stubbornly died for their country's good,
  Strangers to fear.

VI.

Heroes! 't was nobly done,
  Ye have not died in vain,
Your sons shall emulate your worth,
A cause as sacred calls us forth,
  And we 'll block the pass again.

VII.

In sea-girt isles we dwell,
  Still walls of wood our power,
And ocean shall prove to the infidel,
But the yawning gulph of a watery hell
  Expanding to devour.

VIII.

We have but a life to lose,
  'T is but a parting breath,
A land of freedom to gain—we chuse
(Can Greeks the glorious choice refuse),
  Freedom or death.

IX.

Then down with the infidel, drive him forth
  Beyond the abode of men;
Scare him away from the fertile earth,
Mid thirsty wilds and regions of dearth,
  To share with the lion his den.

x.

There in the desert let him roam,
  Like the herd of the wild gazelle,
A fitting place for the robber's home;
But never again let the Moslem come
  Where civilised nations dwell.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is an ecstasy above
The rich delight of Woman's love;
A feeling free from passion's dross,
Enhanced in value by the loss,
Which sainted hermit's heart might fill,
And yet the saint be holy still.
'T is Woman's friendship—constant—kind,
And sensitive as Woman's mind.
It is a flame more inly pure,
More mild than love, and 't will endure.

Love's fuel soon may be consumed,
Beauty will fade when youth hath bloomed;
But Woman's friendship ever green,
In age's winter best is seen.

Then shall its verdure far excel,
The brightest hues in Paphian dell.
Man seldom knows it. Avarice—Fame—
Ambition—Pride—assume its name,
And ape its actions; but the cheat
Is soon perceived when interests meet;
If they but clash, his friendship flies,
And cold reserve its place supplies.
Yet men there are, though they be few,
Who know its charms, and feel them too;
Who are not villains though they smile,
Who know the world, yet shun its guile.

Believe me, Clara, one of those,
And thine the friendly heart I chose,
And still shall cherish near mine own,
Till into one the two be grown—
One in affection and in hate,
One through the smiles and frowns of fate.

THE FALLEN ONE.

Stay, frail, enchanting Mary, stay,
  Arrest thy sacrifice;
Nor reckless fling thy soul away
  On revelry and vice.

Thou art not of that vulgar mould
  Which sensual men admire;
Sunk to a value, bought with gold,
  To sate a fiend's desire.

Thy beauteous face, thy faultless form,
  Are but thy baser charms;
Though these a hermit's heart might warm,
  And tempt him to thine arms.

Talent and wit to thee are lent,
  Genius and taste are thine;
If Mary were but innocent,
  She were indeed divine.

And yet thou hast not crime preferred,
  Or sympathised with lust;
Thou err'st because thou once hast erred,
  And sinn'st because thou must.

A wretch, to win thy simple heart,
  A faithless promise made;
And thou, the victim of his art,
  Wert ruined and betrayed.

Poor broken reed! whose graceful form
  Bowed to a rueful gust,
And now, sad remnant of the storm,
  Art trampled in the dust.

Alas! when honour's bound is past,
  How hard to be retraced,
The hapless victim's doom is cast,
  She is for aye disgraced.

She cannot turn to virtue's path,
  Cast forth and scorned by all,
And the sad, only course she hath,
  Is still to sin and fall.

I know thou art unhappy, fair,
  E'en in thy merriest mood;
I know the sense of blank despair,
  That haunts thy solitude.

Remembrance, spite of thee, will roam
  To thoughts of former years,
To childless parents left at home,
  And all that home endears.

'T is past; no home—no friends remain,
  Thou 'rt desolate in woe;
No sympathy divides thy pain,
  Thy tears alone must flow.

Alone—for thou must seem to smile,
  And in thy saddest hour,
With bleeding heart must please the while
  Some heartless paramour.

Yet thou may'st turn: there still is one
  Thy friend and not thy slave,
Who fondly seeks thy good alone,
  And wooes thee but to save.

He fain would snatch thee from the bane
  Of infamy and shame;
He fain would lead thee back again
  To honour and to fame.

Then be not, fairest girl, dismayed,
  Thou art not wholly lost;
The lamb that from the shepherd strayed
  When found was valued most.

The anguish of repentant hearts
  Averts eternal ire,
And greater joy to Heaven imparts
  Than e'en the good inspire.

Take, then, the gifts I fain would bear,
  Parental pardon, love;
And, through sincere repentance here,
  Forgiveness from above.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF S. B.

A BROTHER.

Is it a dream, or is he really ta'en—
Alas! too true*—too true that we remain.
Hence our affliction, hence the bitter tear,
Not that he 's gone, but that we still are here.
Still earth-bound, of our dearest friend bereft,
Doomed to deplore the blank that he has left.
Of all who dwell within the tomb, how few
Of whom the tablet tells a tale that 's true.
'T is oft a flattering sketch which sorrow draws,
Making perfections and concealing flaws.
But in this narrow mansion rests a youth,
Whom much to praise, were most to follow truth.
And yet so meek, of modesty so chaste,
The lightest praise would violate his taste.

* He was accidentally killed.

He dwelt with us to indicate a worth
Fit but for heaven, too pure for sordid earth.
To those blest mansions is his spirit flown,
Where bliss eternal shall his virtues crown;
Where one sweet grief alone his soul shall know,
The loss of those whom he has left below.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A. B.

A BROTHER.

SUMMONED ere yet the May of Life was spent,
A youth I mourn, whom all who knew lament—
Strong in affection, good without pretence—
Who merely aimed at humble innocence.
He cared not to be rich or worldly wise,
No wish had he above his peers to rise.
With artless grace and unaffected ease,
He shunned applause, and only sought to please.
Of unobtrusive manners—gentle mind,
Scarce was he framed to move amid mankind.
His lowly virtue chose a holier* part,
With wisdom from above to mend the heart.
But gracious Heaven beheld him well prepared,
Smote him in youth and further trials spared—

* He was about to take holy orders.

Spared him the cares which riper years engage,
The frowns of fortune and the chill of age.
He was a tender plant, whose rapid rise
Required more strength than vernal life supplies.
Nature, exhausted with her work, gave way:
Growth premature brought premature decay.*
His was the ruby lip, the rosy cheek,
Which outwardly the bloom of youth bespeak;
Within, a subtle fire which spread by stealth,
Consuming day by day his wasting health.
All, save himself, perceived his sinking state;
All, save himself, deplored his early fate.
But he was placid; and his sparkling eye
Spoke strongest hope of life as death drew nigh.
How shall a sister's bursting bosom feign?
What force a parent's anguish shall restrain?
Hard task in grief the cheerful face to wear,
And with a smile to hide the falling tear.
And yet 't were cruel to divulge their grief,
And blight a hope so solacing—so brief.

* He outgrew his strength, and died consumptive.

Moments of woe thus poignant could not last,
Heaven's will at length was done—the bourn was past.
Long had we looked for this event alone,
And yet we gaze in wonder when he 's gone;
And while we feel that our belief is vain,
Almost do we believe him back again.
O brief deceit, too soon, alas! we know
The fatal truth, and feel convinced of woe.
With scalding tears a lifeless corse we lave,
And yield him with reluctance to the grave.
A fairer form ne'er mouldered into dust,
A purer soul ne'er joined in heaven the just.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF D. B.

A BROTHER.

Say, art thou prosperous—youthful—comely—gay?
So was the object of this mournful lay.
Prompt to perform, as prudent to foresee,
Art kind in heart and manner? So was he.
His, every attribute which men admire;
His, the best hopes ambition could inspire.
But mark the change! To-day in vigour hale,
To-morrow parched with fever—languid—pale.
Ten days in torture on the sleepless bed,
And then—behold him numbered with the dead!*
That tongue which flowed with music now is mute;
Those fingers cold which touched the warbling flute;
Sunk are those features which pourtrayed the soul,
And dim those eyes which lighted up the whole.

* He fell a victim to fever.

But call not this poor lifeless mass thy friend,
Think not that thus a reasoning soul shall end.
Here lies the mouldering tenement alone—
A ruined mansion, for its lord is gone.
If this alone of all he was be left,
Then, weeping friend, thou art indeed bereft;
O loss irreparable! cureless grief!
A like destruction were thy sole relief.
But no—as heaven from earth—as night from day—
That soul is severed from this mortal clay;
But still it lives, and shall eternal live,
To share those gifts Omnipotence can give,
Through purest feelings heaven-sprung joys to know,
Alive to bliss and only dead to woe.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

Though richly gifted, modest, firm, though meek,
She shunned that general praise which others seek.
She loved but one: in him her spirit dwelt,
Shared all his joys, and all his sorrows felt.
Living—this pleasure all her soul possessed,
And pleasing him she valued not the rest.
Dying—one pang she felt and only one,
That he should mourn her loss when she was gone.
So pure a spirit in so frail a form,
Was fit to soar above, not brave life's storm.
She sunk—then rose effulgent as the day,
And through the yielding ether won her way,
Mid effluent light th' Eternal Source to see,
And blend her rays with His, absorbed in Deity.

THE LOVER TO A CONDOLING FRIEND.

Though kind thy heart which at my sorrow bleeds,
No balm of thine my wounded spirit needs.
True, 't was a heavy—'t was a fatal blow,
Which left a lasting, overwhelming woe.
But think'st thou to my grief I weakly bend,
Or court the comfort of a pitying friend?
Thou dost mistake me—sympathy I scorn,
And I will bear alone what must be borne.
I spurn the unmanly lover poets paint,
Who whines his sorrows forth in recreant plaint;
Obtruding on the world his cureless want,
And craving solace like a mendicant.
Be mine the strong th' indissoluble tie,
That loves without a tear—without a sigh.

That watches out the sun's unceasing round,
Still firm in hoping, though no hope be found;
Unmoved by sickness and unworn by care,
In absence strong, and strongest in despair.
Such love alone can match my Chlora's worth,
Such worth alone so strong a love call forth.
The gods may doom this moment as my last,
But not the gods can rob me of the past.
I *have* beheld her and her radiant form,
Shot like a sunbeam through a wintry storm,
Calmed the rough billows of a troubled breast,
And lulled the ocean of my soul to rest.
For who could gaze upon that calm blue eye,
Nor feel its soothing softer than a sigh?
Or who could dwell upon that ruby lip,
Nor long for nectar though he dare not sip?
Or hear that silver tongue's melodious sound,
Nor own the discord of each voice around.
What heart, an 't were not stone itself, withstand
The downy pressure of that snow-white hand?
But vain to trace each part—the perfect whole
Usurped at once the empire of my soul;

O'erruling all within, alone to reign
Despotic mistress in her own domain.
Is she not mine? Am I not still possest
Of her dear form; let fancy paint the rest.
She may be lost; yet is her image there;
Me from myself no mortal power can tear.
True! I am wretched, yet I bow not low.
With pride I boast the dignity of woe.
No tender sapling is my steadfast mind,
Waving its supple form to every wind.
No—'t is the stubborn oak which, rooted fast,
Stands forth in bold defiance to the blast;
Nor tame submission to the storm shall lend,
Which may be overthrown, but ne'er will bend.

A TROPICAL SQUALL.

A REAL EVENT.

I.

The evening breeze was cool and strong,
And smoothly sped our bark along,
While, in the blue concave,
The twinkling stars shone clear and bright,
And silver Luna's trembling light
Danced on the sparkling wave.

II.

But gathering in the Northern skies,
Behold yon murky clouds arise,
And in the horizon lower.
Now swift they thwart bright Luna's face,
Now scarce a glittering star you trace
Where sparkling all before.

III.

Affrighted Zephyr shuns the gloom;
The listless sails and creaking boom
No longer catch his breath.
This sultry calm the storm presages,
'T is the dread pause ere battle rages,
The harbinger of Death.

IV.

But seize the moment ere 't is past,
Furl every sail, strike every mast,
And every yard secure.
Yon pall that blackens o'er the North,
Shall hurl a mighty tempest forth,
Thy bark may scarce endure.

V.

See, see afar the foaming spray;
At length 't is come; bear, bear away,
Keep her before the wind.
Heavens! What a blast! Nay, steer not wide,
There 's instant death on either side.
Steady! The compass mind!

VI.

Whence this confusion? Why that shout?
The light, the compass light is out,
And yawning Death is near!
One lingering spark still rests behind—
No more—'t is gone! and we 're consigned
To darkness and despair.

VII.

Another light!—or all is lost!
'T is Chaos now—our bark is tost
At random on the wave.
Another light!—or yield to Fate!
Haste! haste! ere yet it be too late
Our reeling bark to save.

VIII.

A light is found! Our vessel wears;
Before the wind again she bears,
And silenced are our fears.
But from the time we lost the flame
Until another haply came
It seemed a thousand years.

IX.

The storm abates, and drenching rain
Succeeds, till all is fair again
And favouring blows the breeze.
Thanks be to HIM of boundless power,
Who moves His hand the waters o'er,
And calms the mountain seas!

AN ORIENTAL FABLE.

Once from a passing cloud there fell
  A shower of brilliant rain,
O'er stormy Ocean's azure swell,
  And hissed along the main.
When thus a weeping rain-drop pined,
  Wailing his luckless fall:—
"Mid mighty waters thus confined,
  "Alas, poor I! How small!
"Myriads of globules blindly tossed
  "By fortune wander here,
"And in the wild confusion lost
  "Ignobly disappear;
"And such my cruel fate, no doubt,"
  He said; nor ceased to weep,

When lo! an oyster rose from out
  The bosom of the deep.
With bearded mouth extended wide,
  He bent his watery way;
The crystal drop he quickly spied,
  And quaffed the glittering prey.
To precious pearl it now was turned,
  And by the divers ta'en,
Its praise was rung through all the world,
  A prize for kings to gain.
Vast treasure China's Emperor paid
  To buy this costly gem;
Which, with consummate art displayed,
  Adorned his diadem.

Let then the tale this moral bear,
  That in our changeful state,
'T is ne'er too early ills to fear,
  'T is ne'er to hope too late.

ON MISS ——.

Her glossy hair is black as night,
Her snowy brow like morning light;
The blushes that her cheeks invest,
Are roseate hues of evening's west;
And O, her eye's illumined ray
Is sunniest beam at noon of day.
But 't is not eye, or cheek, or hair,
That thralls me in the chains I wear.
O no; 't is that Promethean flame
Which animates her sylphid frame;
'T is poetry by genius wrought;
'T is music as from Orpheus caught;
'T is Attic wit of keenest sense,
Controlled by sweet benevolence;

Virtue that would her merits hide,
And dignity without its pride.
Yes, these are the perfections rare
That thrall me in the chains I wear.

[The following Prologue, Songs, and Epilogue to the popular little burlesque, "Bombastes Furioso," were written for an especial occasion; but as that burlesque is frequently played in private, it is thought that these additions may serve again, as they have already once served, to impart an air of novelty to a somewhat hackneyed though still favourite piece.]

PROLOGUE TO "BOMBASTES FURIOSO,"

AS PLAYED AT MRS. ——'S, AT THE CHARTERHOUSE.

Our bard says "All the world 's a stage." If so,
Where is the audience, I should like to know?
For, judging by your numbers, I should say,
That *all the world* is come to see our play.
But how can this be so? For it is clear
If all the world is *there** it can't be *here*;†
Yet we, who sock and buskin wear to night,
Are bound to think our dear old Shakespeare right.
Surely he knew *the world* as well as most;
'T was his peculiar praise—our country's boast.
Well! here 's a puzzle, but there 's one way out of it,
And that 's the way he meant, there 's not a doubt of it.

* Pointing to the audience. † Pointing to the stage.

'T is this—his system (Newton stole the notion
For Heaven) makes many worlds on earth in motion,
Which whirl to music fit for mortal ears,
Not quite so sweet as music of the spheres.
First, there 's a world of fashion, world of fun,
A world of wisdom, and a world of none.
The former world a satellite so small,
Needs Ross's glass to be descried at all.
The latter is so large that you may spy
Its vast rotundity with half an eye.
Then there 's your sporting world, and world political,
Your literary world so learned and critical,
Your charitable world—a milky way,
Your world poetical—a nebula,
Your world of wonders—suiting age infantile,
Your military world, and world mercantile,
Your moral world—O such a tiny spot,
Your wicked world—the biggest we have got;
Excuse me if I lastly make allusion
To *Domus*—so we style our world Carthusian—

Where, at much cost, which Sutton's bounty pays,
Youth lives and learns while peevish* age decays.
In short, each world may here find many a brother;
And so, if we 're a world, why you 're another.
Now as our world theatrical to night
Will do its best to give you all delight,
Kindly, O listening world, your part discharge,
Nor judge us harshly like the world at large.
If you 're dissatisfied we 're all undone;
If you are pleased our only object 's won.

* The *fortunati senes* (vide Virg. Eclog. 1) who are here supported by the bounty of Thomas Sutton, and who, though the *rura* do not remain to them, yet have *magna satis* for their reasonable requirements, are (with many exceptions however) full of grievances, and, unlike the grateful Tityrus, quarrel woefully with their bread and butter

SONGS WRITTEN FOR "BOMBASTES FURIOSO."

ARTAXOMENOUS' SONG.

Air—"The Saucy Little Ploughboy."

I.

I 've seen a maiden lady,
A stunning beauty reckoned;
One wife I have already,
But now I want a second.
My passion carries double—
A fig for the marriage oath, sir;
I 'll take no end of trouble,
That I may marry both, sir.

II.

I feel such strong temptation
To gratify my passion,

I 'll get a dispensation
  In good King Harry's fashion.
His Holiness the Pope will
  Do anything for tin, sir;
And so I humbly hope will
  Forgive this little sin, sir.
But should this Roman priest
  Forbid me two to wed, sir,
The wife I love the least,
  I 'll shorten by a head, sir.

DISTAFFINA'S SONG.

Tune—"Sally, in our Alley."

I.

Of all the swells that e'er were seen,
There 's none like Artaxomy;
With his new court suit and his kingly mien,
He cuts out blustering Bommy;
And though learn'd Fusbos sport 's so great,
My Artaxomy 's greater;
He is the captain of the state,
And is my captivator.

II.

Bommy 's the boy for a foot-pad's job,
At robbing none is braver—
But there 's a thing he shall not rob;
'T is Distaffina's favour.

'Twixt king and cut-throat who would pause?
  Of course I choose the grander;
And one who makes — not breaks — the laws
  Shall be my sole commander.

III.

And since I 've set my cap at him,
  And he his heart on me too,
I 'll coax him while he 's in the whim,
  And every wish agree to;
But when I 've made him all my own,
  And share his throne and riches,
He 'll find, although he wears the crown,
  That I shall wear the breeches.

FUSBOS' SONG.

Tune—"The Lass of Richmond Hill."

I.

My Liege's Grace,
This is a case
Too delicate to handle;
For you I feel,
But to the De'il
I dare not hold a candle.

Chorus.

Yet you shall find
That I am blind
As any mole or bat, sir;
Feel quite at ease,
Do what you please,
I shall not smell a rat, sir.

II.

When monarchs gay
Will go astray,
And shew the girls attention,
Their servants wise
Will shut their eyes—
"O no we never mention."
Chorus—So you shall, etc.

III.

For when between
A king and queen,
A courtier interferes, sir,
For all his pains,
This boon he gains,
That both will box his ears, sir.
Chorus—So you shall, etc.

BOMBASTES' SONG.

Tune—"The White Cockade."

I.

At length I 'm come
With laurels home,
  My Distaffina to please again;
Turned gun and blade
To plough and spade,
  Her lily white hand to squeeze again.
For I vow and swear,
To me she 's fair,
  Whate'er she be in other eyes;
By all that 's good,
I 'll have the blood
  Of him who says she 's otherwise.

II.

Could I suppose
That friends or foes
  Would dare to lay a hand on her,
Smack through I 'd run
Each mother's son,
  Before I would abandon her.
    Chorus—For I vow, etc.

III.

But did I find
My love unkind,
  And she no longer heeded me;
Revenge is sweet,
I 'd kill and eat
  The rascal that succeeded me.
    Chorus—For I vow, etc.

EPILOGUE TO "BOMBASTES FURIOSO,"

Our play is o'er, and we 've performed our parts—
For what? Of course to mend your heads and hearts;
For do n't suppose we should have taken half
This trouble only just to make you laugh—
Your risible propensities to tickle for ye,
No; we 've a moral—that 's the rod in pickle for ye.
Not that I take upon me to declare
That you are worse than other people are;
O no! I beg you 'll not believe me personal;
I take no single aim, but fire my verse on all;
And should it, as it flies, some folly hit,
You know the proverb about "caps that fit."
Now Artaxomenous we 'll trounce him first,
For as his rank is highest his conduct 's worst.

This *fast young man* having, observe, already
Espoused an unobjectionable lady,
And well aware a single wife alone
Is quite enough, perhaps too much, for one,
Must needs, it seems, his lawful passion smother,
And own a guilty hankering for another.
Fie on you, naughty Artaxomenous!
To bring such sad disgrace upon your house;
For know, that as your power and wealth are ample,
You 're bound the more to set a good example.
Our play has taught us how you were mistaken,
And how at last you could not save your bacon.
A lesson this, my married friends, for you—
Mind your own wives, that 's what you 've got to do.
Poor Griskinissa! She remains unseen,
Shut up no doubt; not like our gracious Queen,
Who, that her people she may know and bless,
Is always moving like a queen at chess,
But rather like an Ottoman sultana
Caged in her palace-prison, the Zenana.

Else, where her nails? Her rows of ivories, where?
What wife thus treated would not bite and tear?
'T is clear she could not guess what he was doing,
And dreamt not of his billing and his cooing.
Advisedly the monster kept her in
Moping at home while he indulged in sin.
I would have told her what he was about,
And let his mother know that he was out.
True, 't would have grieved them much to tell them of it,
But there 's relief in wailing—women love it.
We might suppose, as some excuse for him,
Queen Griskinissa's manners starched and prim;
We might suppose her prudish or coquettish,
Or e'en perhaps a little tart and pettish;
But as the lady does not show her face,
We've no right to suppose any such case.
Proof there is none, in reason or in law;
And mere supposing is not worth a straw.
Meanwhile, ye wives, I proffer you this plan,
To make your homes as happy as you can—

And o'er again the lover's part to play,
As if you ne'er had said the word "Obey";
Thus will your lords feel less desire to rove,
Twice bound to you by duty and by love.
Now for a word or two about Bombastes,
Who conquered all, except himself, with vast ease;
Yet, though so brave to cut a purse or throat,
Himself was conquered by a petticoat.
Another lesson! Bachelors take warning,
Or you 'll be jilted also some fine morning.
Handsome or ugly, old, young, little, big,
Have but the coin, it matters not a fig.
Pin not your faith upon a woman's sleeve,
For, when you think she 's yours, she takes French leave.
Another comes with longer purse than yours,
Away she goes, and all your prospects floors.
The orange flowers—the ring—the veil—the church—
The wedding cake—all, all are left i' th' lurch;
And you remain, poor dove, without a mate,
In single blessedness to curse your fate!

A minister should be the king's adviser,
And, if the king's a fool, should be the wiser.
But, Fusbos, where's the proof that you are wise,
If you, with all your wisdom, "can't advise."
You might have saved your master these fracas,
Had you but told his wife of his *faux-pas*,
And that 't would best a decent king become,
To mind his own affairs and stay at home.
But, courtier-like, you needs must shift and trim,
And try to serve yourself instead of him.
It is a perfect mystery to me,
How you were suffered to escape scot-free;
Had I been author you 'd have gone below,
Where all such sneaking rascals ought to go.
Of Distaffina little shall be said;
In her case great allowance should be made.
She was a flirt, 't is true, and much to blame,
But, spinsters, would you not have done the same?
Think what temptation to a poor young thing,
To win such marked attention from a king.

What damsel would not every effort ply
To be saluted as " Your Majesty"?
To be the finest lady in the land,
And have a royal court at her command;
To ride about with dukes and lords for grooms,
And hold her levées and her drawing-rooms.
She was in fault, I own, but dont be hard on her;
Suppose her case your own and then you 'll pardon her.
Kings are but scarce—I know not where you 'd catch one,
But try a lord—some lords would almost match one.
Now put the case, that you were going to marry
A parson, lawyer, or apothecary,
And all at once some marquis should discover
Your charms, and set up opposition lover,
What would you do? Come frankly tell us what.
How? Silent all! Well, well, you 'd better not.
They say the least that 's said the soonest 's mended.
So, mum 's the word—but be not, girls, offended.
I know to broach such doctrines is heretical,
But then the case was only hypothetical.

And so I can have done no mischief, since
You 'll say with Shakspeare, "Let the galled jade wince,
"It moves not us." Well said—you 're very right,
And so—and so—I wish you all good night.

THE CARBONARO CAUSE.

A SONG.

I.

She stood upon the silent shore,
And watched a glittering star,
And envied it for shining o'er
Her Beppo's head afar.

II.

For he was in the distant West,
Bereft of house and home;
And by tyrannic power opprest,
In exile doomed to roam.

III.

His country's freedom he had sought,
Her patriot sons had led,
And in her sacred cause had fought,
And for her weal had bled.

IV.

But right is weak and might is strong,
  In this our world of pain;
While conquest oft rewards the wrong,
  And patriots bleed in vain.

V.

'T was thus Italian life-blood ran,
  Shed by an Austrian host;
And thus the cause of free-born man
  In Italy was lost.

SONG.

I.

PEERLESS maid, with golden tresses,
  Who shall paint thy varied charms?
Who shall win thy soft caresses,
  Locked within those snowy arms?

II.

Few are worthy to adore thee,
  Perfect as thou art, fair maid;
Common beauty fades before thee,
  Thine, dear girl, shall never fade.

III.

Why? Because an endless pleasure
  In thine innocence we find;
And a rich exhaustless treasure
  In the beauties of thy mind.

TO AN ALBUM.

Hail to thee, votive altar, placed
  In friendship's sacred fane,
With many a valued offering graced,
  Of poet's fertile brain.
Or by the skilful pencil wrought
  Of limner's art divine,
With elegance and beauty fraught
  In every tint and line.
E'en harmony her gifts hath sent
  To friendship's altar here,
Whose mellow tones are sweetly blent
  To charm the ravished ear.
Thus music, painting, poetry,
  Their triple power combine;
And art with art doth nobly vie
  To deck thee, hallowed shrine!

WHO IS YOUR LOVE?

SONG.

My love's a bright and rosy spirit,
  And radiant as the glittering dew,
All joy and brilliancy and merit;
  But 't is not you, fair maid, nor you.

And yet in praise of my beloved
  You 'll join my laudatory strain,
When I acquaint you that 't is moved
  In favour of —— my pink champagne.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

TREMBLING, panting, bashful love
Rules your heart, as I shall prove;
Bear the trial if you can,
Here behold the Talisman.

TREMBLING.

In your hand this Album take,
Grasp it firmly; should it shake
The little urchin is to blame,
'T is he that agitates your frame.
The case is clear, the secret 's out,
You are in love beyond a doubt.

PANTING.

Press this Album to your breast,
Throbs it quick when thus 't is prest?

Beats your heart with pit-a-pat?
Sign there 's none more sure than that.
The case is clear, the secret 's out,
You are in love beyond a doubt.

BASHFUL.

Twixt this Album and your face
Now a burning taper place;
O'er your cheeks if blushes rise,
Bite you your lips or wink your eyes;
Or if you cough or sneeze the while,
Or if you frown, or if you smile,
The case is clear, the secret 's out,
You are in love beyond a doubt.

RESIGNATION.

I.

When bright with joy, with ardour warm,
  Thine animated features beam,
What change could add a single charm,
  Couldst thou more sweet, more lovely seem?

II.

Yes, more bewitching was thy smile,
  When anguish dimmed thy half-closed eye,
While thou so all-resigned the while,
  Seem'dst almost charmed with agony.

III.

Let others smile devoid of care,
  And fire with joy where pleasures reign,
'T is thy peculiar sweetness, fair,
  To feel content when racked with pain.

THE POWER OF INSIGNIFICANCE.

WRITTEN ON A SWARM OF MIDGES.

TINY unimportant things,
How I envy you your wings.
Light as down and free as air,
You can enter everywhere.
Not a door is closed from you,
Not a screen impedes your view;
Nobody disputes your will,
No one cares to do you ill.
Misery's pittance you can share,
Sharpest want to you can spare.
Uninvited you can go
Mid the mighty as the low.
You can feast in halls of state,
Tasting sweets from monarch's plate.

You can perch on beauty's lip,
Breathe her sighs—her kisses sip.
Whence have ye such freedom got,
When the mightiest have it not?

ANSWER.

Unheeded creatures, one and all,
For care or notice far too small,
All the power that we possess,
Centres in our nothingness.

Then would that I could nothing be,
The great are slaves—the lowly free.

THE MISERICORDIA AT FLORENCE.*

I.

These mourners with mistaken zeal,
Feel but for those who cannot feel,
And pity but the dead.
Meanwhile a wife and children left,
Are of their sole support bereft,
And die for want of bread.

II.

Rome, art thou there? O then I know
Why these masked mummers sorrow so
For a departed soul.
The requiem sung, the priesthood paid,
Where is their honoured brother laid?
Cast into yonder hole.

* Written on seeing the brotherhood of the Misericordia in masks conducting a funeral. The body, after the ceremonies, is stript and sent in a cart out of the city to be thrown down a pit.

"O MARY, DEAR MARY."

A SONG.

I.

O Mary, dear Mary, I love thee! How well,
No mortal can know and no language can tell.
Without thee in all the wide world I 'm alone,
And with thee that world is all centred in one.
Then talk not of age, of station, of pelf,
Of time—let to-morrow take care of itself.
Away with all scruples, and happen what may,
At least let us strive to be happy to-day.

II.

Our life is too fleeting the present to miss,
That present 's our own, and 't is teeming with bliss.
E'en hope is but cruel when hope is deferred,
Then, Mary, be mine, love; O say the dear word.

We 'll double the joys kind fortune intends,
By sharing together whatever she sends.
And O should our portion be sorrow below,
We 'll halve it by sharing together our woe.

LINES

ON A JEW WHO BROKE HIS PROMISE TO RELIEVE A LADY IN DISTRESS.

I.

R*****L, a rich but stingy Jew,
Promised a generous act to do,
And aid a worthy creature.
Alas! he only *said* he would,
But all who knew him understood
It was not in his nature.

II.

Out on the faithless Hebrew-born!
Such conduct should but meet the scorn
And hate of all who view it.
Perish! the sordid wretch, who can
Aid at a wish his fellow-man,
Yet has not heart to do it.

LINES ON A NOBLEMAN,

WHO WENT YACHTING TO AVOID HIS CREDITORS.

Most folks a yachting go with double plea,
Desirous to be seen as well as see;*
Quite the reverse is — —'s case, I ween,
Who goes to *sea* that he may *not* be seen.

* "Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ."—*Ovid.*

ROUND.

True friendship no exclusive nurture needs,
But gives to all the food on which it feeds;
No jealous rivalry its bliss destroys
With others sharing what itself enjoys.

A DROP TOO MUCH.

I.

From far-famed Billingsgate an oyster wench,
Whose failing, if she had a fault, was gin,
Fell from the crazy chair beside her bench,
And, as ill luck would have it, broke her shin.

II.

Straight to the Doctor's shop the dame conveyed,
And questioned by an Æsculapian there,
"I only dropped from off my seat," she said,
Said he, "You had a drop too much, I fear."

THE DUBIOUS ONE.

When I behold your charms, sweet youth, I vow,
Strange though it seem, I feel I know not how.
I 'm quite bewildered when I think of you,
You are so very like I know not who—
A somebody I met with here or there—
Somewhere or other—but I know not where.
Had I my will, with you I 'd share my lot,
And live contented on I know not what.
O happy fate with you to live and die,
At least I think so, though I know not why.
So say you 'll have me, and I 'll say "Amen,"
And yet I 'm so confused I know not when.

SONG.

TO A SONGSTRESS.

Lady, all our joys and pains
Find an echo in thy strains;
In thy gay and bounding measure
Memory finds some parted pleasure.
In thy mellow, minor tone,
She recalls some sorrow flown.
In thy meek and plaintive sounds
She deplores affection's wounds.
In thy deep and threat'ning bass
Swelling anger she can trace.
Lady, all our joys and pains
Find an echo in thy strains.

"BARRING THE BEEF."

AN IRISH STORY.

A WORTHY countryman of mine,
Proud as he 's poor, dropped in to dine,
Just in a plain domestic way,
With an old College chum one day.
A sirloin at the top was placed,
Potatoes hot the bottom graced.
Such a repast he had not seen
Since last he had invited been.
Mine hostess, as polite as comely,
Apologised for cheer so homely.
"Och! Ma'am," says Pat, "be aisy there,
"You could not give me daintier fare,
"'T is just the very meal I crave;
"So much, that, by my troth, I have
"(For out the naked truth shall come)
"Six days in seven the same at home,"
The lady stares—'Tis past belief,
"Barring," he softly adds, "the beef."

THE CRICKETER'S SONG.

I.

I SING of a cricketer active and jolly
As e'er stood to wicket with bat in a field.
From your swift 'un, your round 'un, your tempter, your *volée*,
He's able and willing that wicket to shield.
He cuts with *éclat*, and he drives with renown;
He ne'er gives a miss or a chance of a catch.
His bales he keeps up, and his balls he keeps down,
And he glories, he glories in winning a match.

II.

Nor think that in batting alone lies his strength,
You'll find he can bowl a bit, too, I can tell ye.
Can shoot it, or twist it—can pitch a good length,
And batter your knees and your knuckles to jelly.

You think you can judge it, but there you may fail,
'T is delivered as swift and as straight as a dart,
See, see how it works, it will take your leg-bale,
Unless, Mr. M——, you 're uncommonly smart.

III.

He fags like a good 'un—point, cover-point, slip,
Long field, middle wicket, and leg he can take.
At catching a stinger, or handing a tip,
He 'll always be found at his post wide awake.
Long-stop 's his delight, keeping wicket 's his *forte*,
You must stay in your ground, he 's a "*Box*" of a stumper.
Here 's to him my hearties, and here 's to the sport;
Let us drink, let us drink to them both in a bumper.

TO BROOK HALL, CHARTERHOUSE,

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE MASTER.

I.

ACCEPT, dear Hall,*
This gift; though small
'T is precious, for 't is sent
For the good of all,
Upon your wall
To hang as an ornament.

II.

At once you 'll trace
The form and face
Of one we all admire.
Long may he grace
The foremost place
Beside your cheerful fire.

* Brook Hall is the dining-room of the officers of the Charterhouse.

CHANSON DE GIESBACH.—No. I.

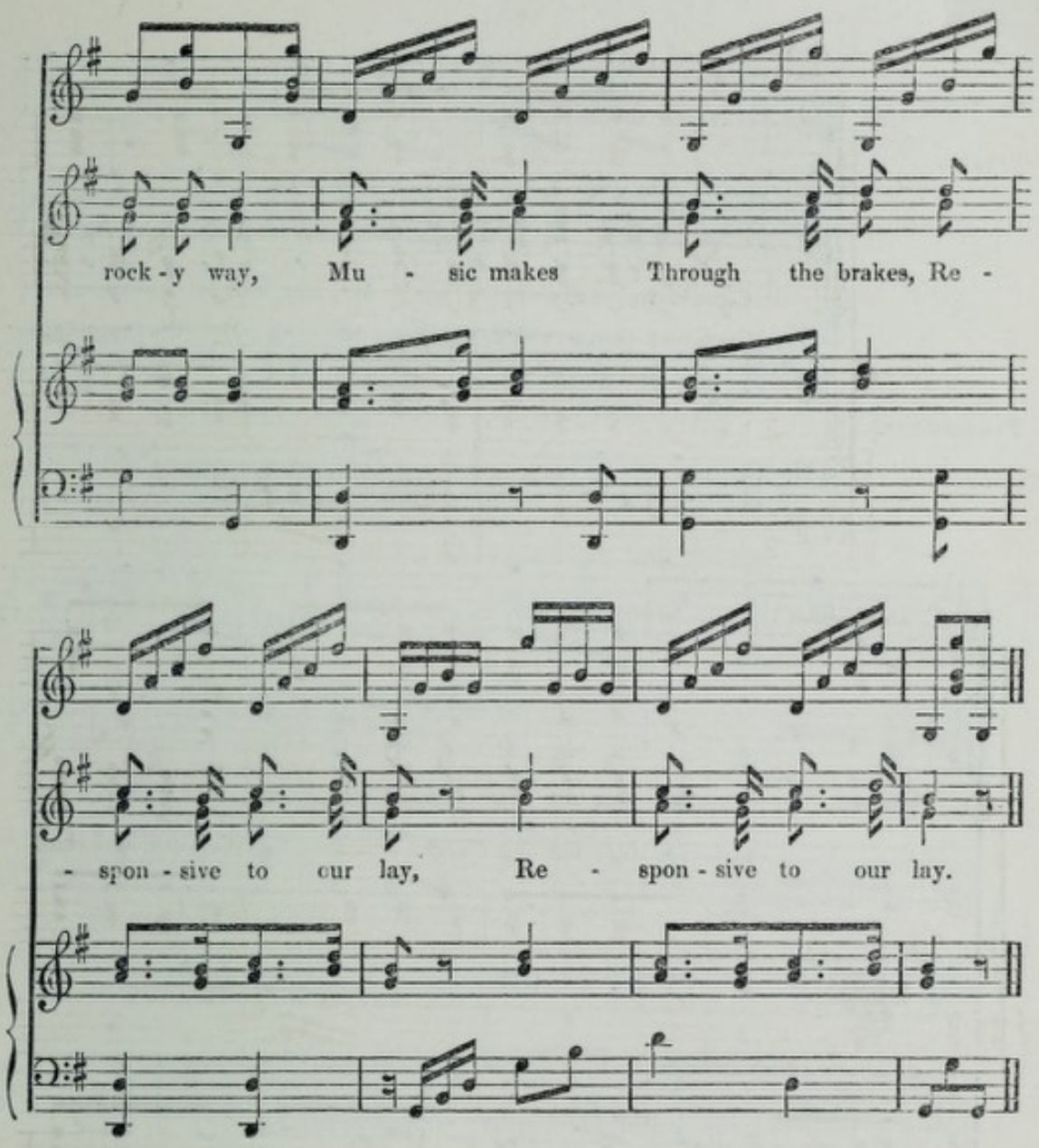
Allegro. ♩ = 112.

GUITARE.

When o'er the crys-tal wa - ter By the moun-tain side, Hel-ve-tia's fair-est daugh - ter Well our bark shall guide: The Gies-bach fall with sil-ver spray, While rush-ing down his

PIANOFORTE.

A SWISS BOAT SONG.



SECOND STANZA.

Gay courts have ne'er afforded,
  Pleasures pure as these,
Not countless riches hoarded
  Can buy the mountain breeze;
No! not the might a despot wields
Commands the joy which Nature yields,
  Hills among,
  Streams along,
Or through the flowery fields.

CHANSON DE GIESBACH.—No. II.

Allegretto. ♩. = 72.

GUITARE.

PIANOFORTE.

Come hasten we down to the bor - der, Our boat is a-wait-ing us

there; The sing-ers are seat-ed in or - - der, And

here is the belle bate-li - ère, And here is the belle bate-li - ère.

SECOND STANZA.

How gaily our course we are holding,
While rowed by a damsel so fair,
Who would not be charmed on beholding
The lovely—the belle batelière.
The lovely, etc.

THIRD STANZA.

Our voices in harmony raising,
Attuned to some national air,
We 'll join our fair songsters in praising
The lovely—the belle batelière.
The lovely, etc.

FIRST LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

The mutual glance exchanged, her maiden lids
Fell, as the closing of a winter's eve;
While, mantling o'er her cheeks, a crimson blush
Arose—the dawn of love's first vernal day.
The lively converse, heedless of its aim,
Now ceased; and silence, full of tender thought,
And more expressive far than warmest words,
Succeeded. 'T was the language of the soul—
Too soft for utterance, only breathed in sighs.
He felt its eloquence, and half abashed,
Yet thrilling with the auspicious moment, pressed
Her downy hand; then raised it to his lips,
And kissing it with fervour, seemed to implore
Forgiveness for an unintended wrong—
With looks implored—for he was silent too.

LOGOGRYPHS AND CHARADES.

LOGOGRYPHS AND CHARADES.

LOGOGRYPHS.

SINK.

INK. SIN.

Cut off my head, an ebon current flows
Through plains as white as Ida's drifted snows.
Cut off my tail, and then behold what all
Have deemed detestable since Adam's fall.
Add both—a low recipient you display,
Prompt to receive whate'er you cast away.

BOWL.

OWL. BOW.

Courted by jovial friends, my ample whole
Promotes the reign of mirth—the flow of soul.
Cut off my head, and by this strange device,
You give me wings and wisdom in a trice.
Cut off my tail—an emblem now you shew
Of peace in Heaven, and yet of war below.

FEEL.

FEE. EEL.

If to your patient's pulse my whole you do,
Cut off my tail, he 'll do the rest to you;
And if you 're fond of fish, and wish me dressed,
Cut off my head and dine upon the rest.

FOX.

OX. FO. O.

My whole is an animal cunning and clever,
But if you will venture his head to dissever,
His horns they will sprout,
His carcase spread out,
And the fellow grows fifty times bigger than ever.

Poor creature, you cannot yet let him alone,
So cut off his tail, which is frequently done
With cruelty shocking;
You 've made, by the docking,
A god, or a sage whom they worship as one.

Without head or tail, his *body's* but small,
Yet since you're determined this fellow to maul,
Why! make the dissection,
You'll find on inspection,
'T is as round as a hoop and worth nothing at all.

CHARADES.

I.

COCK-SWAIN.

My first with cheerful voice, ere dawn appears,
Invites my second to his daily cares.
A mariner my whole, expert and brave,
Guides the gay pinnace o'er the yielding wave.

II.

BAR-GAIN.

My first an obstacle where'er it be,
Iron or wood on land, and sand at sea.
Within its boundaries oft we may behold
A buxom damsel turning gin to gold.
Behind it stuff-clad wights their fate deplore,
While fortune's favourites shine in silk before.
If carefully and oft my whole we drive,
My second we shall earn, and haply thrive.

III.

MARS-HAL.

Of my fierce first illustrious Wellington
Shone the chief champion and the ablest son.
A prince of royal lineage is my next,
As I can quickly prove from Shakspeare's text.
My whole 's a rank, and of such high degree,
That, search our empire through, we have but three.

IV.

FIRE-LOCK.

So small my first it as a spark occurs,
So vast, it may destroy the universe;
Now in the heavens it takes its instant birth,
And now eternal rages in the earth.
My second guards whate'er is rich and rare,
Or adds a beauty to the charming fair.
My whole—a fell companion in the fight—
Assists the warrior to defend the right.
Yet that 't is timid we may well suppose,
For call my first and *instant* off it goes.

V.

HONEY-MOON.

Mid rocks or groves in narrow cells
My first in close confinement dwells,
Unless perchance 't is brought to light,
To glut the spoiler's appetite.
My next, a fickle beauteous dame,
Though changing oft is yet the same.
My joyous whole too soon will speed,
Thrice blest if equal joy succeed.

VI.

FIELD-FARE.

In Nature's luxury my first is seen,
Now decked with gold now clothed in modest green;
Oft for my next we dearly pay the host,
Yet ever find it best where nought the cost.
My whole excites the farmer's anxious fear,
Who scares the robber from the bursting ear.

VII.

BLACK-LEGS.

The prince of darkness is my first,
My next are his support;
My whole, beware,
His friends they are,
And of the craftiest sort.

VIII.

CAR-MINE.

Let gods and heroes guide my first,
My next belong to me;
And on my soul,
I trust my whole
May ne'er be used by thee.

IX.

COWS-LIP.

No living mortal to my first denies
The praise of many useful qualities;
Yet in this point whole nations disagree,
Whether they rank as beast or deity.*
To passions has my second no pretence,
Yet none more moved by powers of eloquence;
At joy exalted, and depressed with pain,
Quivering with rage, and pouting with disdain.
My fragrant whole is decked in colours gay,
And blooms amid the fragrant wealth of May;
Nor will it e'en in death its worth resign,
For its best blood flows forth in generous wine.

X.

STAR-LING.

My shining first in Heaven is found;
My second in the ocean swims.
My whole or struts along the ground,
Or through the liquid ether skims.

* The Hindoos are well known to consider them as the latter.

XI.

WHOLE-SOME.

My first is never less than all,
Never so much my second;
The nicest food
I call not good
Unless my whole 't is reckoned.

XII.

E-STATE.

Without my first fierce rage and strife
Would never have an end;
And short and incomplete is life
Unless its aid it lend.
As fortune may have smiled or frowned,
My second's good or bad;
With health and happiness now crowned,
And now in sickness sad.
Could I my whole, though small, obtain
In some sequestered spot,
My hopes fulfilled, I should remain
Contented with my lot.

XIII.

OTHER-WISE.

My first, though long you puzzle at,
Whate'er you guess it is not that;
My second if you truly are,
I will confess you somewhat rare.
My whole, whate'er you may devise
Or think, you 'll find it otherwise.

XIV.

MAN-SION.

Father of Riddles may my first be named;
And the first riddle on my first was framed.
My next which was on earth will be in heaven;
Christian and Jew to this belief are given.
My whole is found wherever mortals live,
And few without it save the fugitive.

TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS.

SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM A SPANISH VERSION OF THE ESTELLE OF FLORIAN.

I.

TELL me, ye shepherds, have you seen
A youth of bold yet tender mien,
Whom to behold fond love inspires,
And whom to know augments its fires?
'T is my beloved—the youth resign,
For I am his and he is mine.

II.

If with his voice your woods resound,
And Echo, charmed, repeat the sound;
If, listening with attentive ear,
His tuneful reed your damsels hear,
'T is doubtless he—the youth resign,
For I am his and he is mine.

III.

If with the tale his eyes proclaim,
Your nymphs enamoured feel a flame;
If modesty and sportive ease
Combined in him unite to please,
'T is my beloved—the youth resign,
For I am his and he is mine.

IV.

Attracted by his fleecy store,
Should some poor soul a lamb implore,
And to the calls of pity true,
He with the lamb should give the ewe,—
O then 't is he—the youth resign,
For I am his and he is mine.

SONG.

I.

PHILLIS, who, covetous of gain,
  Contemned the sweets of amorous bliss,
One day exacted from her swain,
  Thirty fat lambkins for a kiss.

II.

The morrow in this Paphian trade,
  The youth a better bargain gained,
Since for one lamb he gave the maid,
  Thirty sweet kisses he obtained.

III.

Next day, the Nymph still kinder grown,
  Dreading such dear delight to miss,
Was but too happy to pay down,
  Thirty fat lambkins for a kiss.

IV.

Poor foolish Phillis, on the morrow,
With flocks and dogs would fain have bought
One kiss, th' inconstant, to her sorrow,
Bestowed on Chloe's lips for nought.

SCENE FROM METASTASIO.

ALMOST LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

RECITATIVE.

FORGIVE me, Chlora; this thy ruthless ire
I comprehend not. What dost thou allege?
Wherein my error? Sayst thou I adore,
And that I call thee LOVE? Doth this appear
A crime so heinous? If to doat on thee
Make mortals criminal,—who ne'er beheld
Thy heavenly form alone is innocent.

AIR.

Find one amid the sylvan corps
Who can converse with thee nor sigh;
Who can behold thee, nor adore;
And then to rage thy slave consign.

But why, of all the sinful throng,
Why with but me in anger fly?
Ah! cruel fair, if thou art young
And beauteous, 't is no fault of mine.

RECITATIVE.

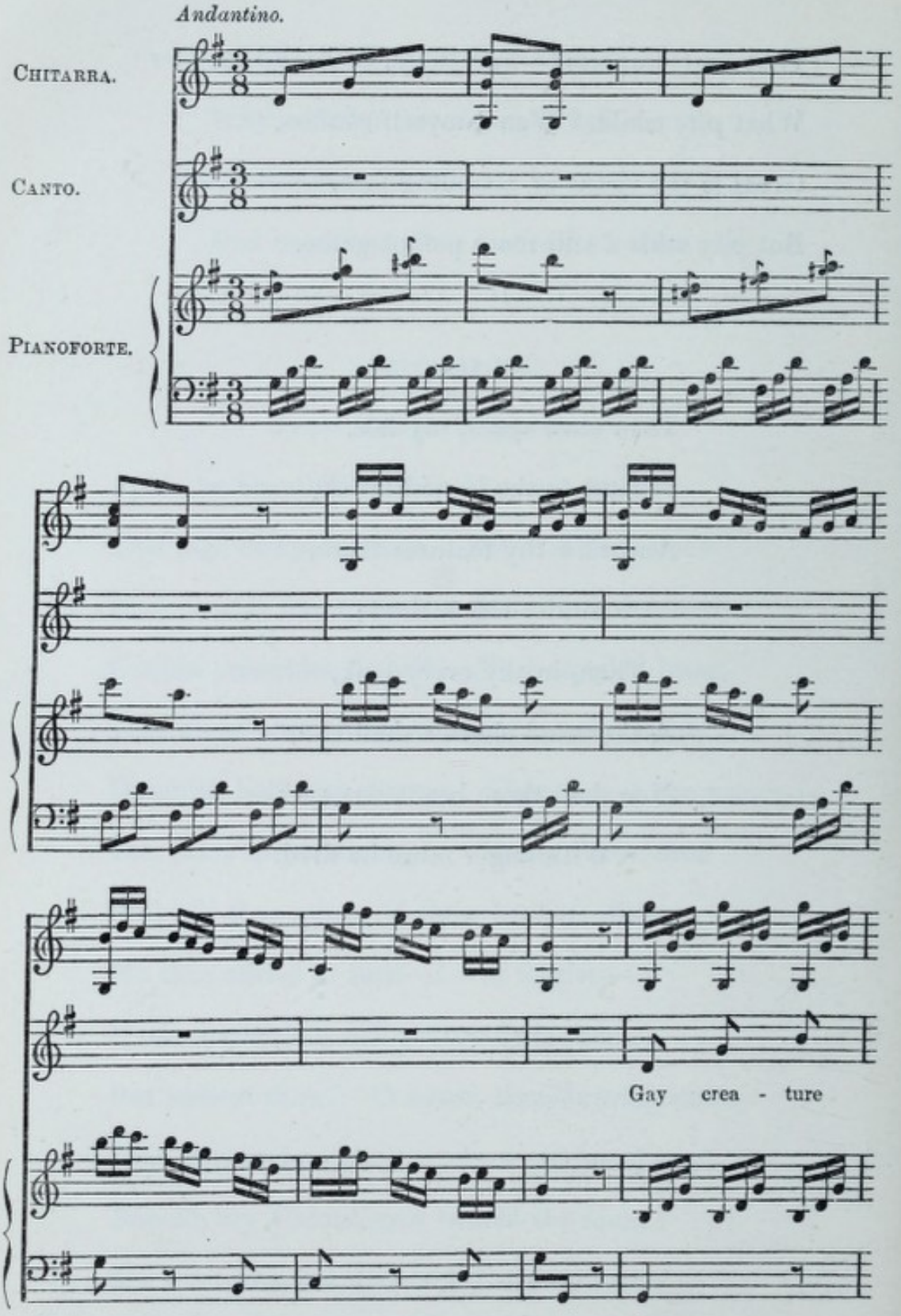
Sweet nymph be pacified;—
Again be beautiful. Thou knowest not how
This rage disfigures thee. Believ'st thou not?
Look in this fount,—is 't true? Do I deceive?
Couldst recognise thyself? That clouded brow,
That air of scorn, and, O that frowning front,
Diminish half thy charms. There are to vengeance—
Yes, there are other ways. To say I love thee
And call thee mine: if these be dire offences,
Me thus offend in turn—I will forgive—
I, too, contented, will endure from thee . . . . .
But smilest thou? O sweet, transforming smile,
That like enchantment works a sudden change.
Behold, my Chlora, now behold the fount!
See what new beauties to thy countenance

That *smile* imparts! Fair maid, bethink thee now
What *pity* could. E'en I myself confess,
Great is the virtue of a smiling face,—
But pity adds a still more potent grace.

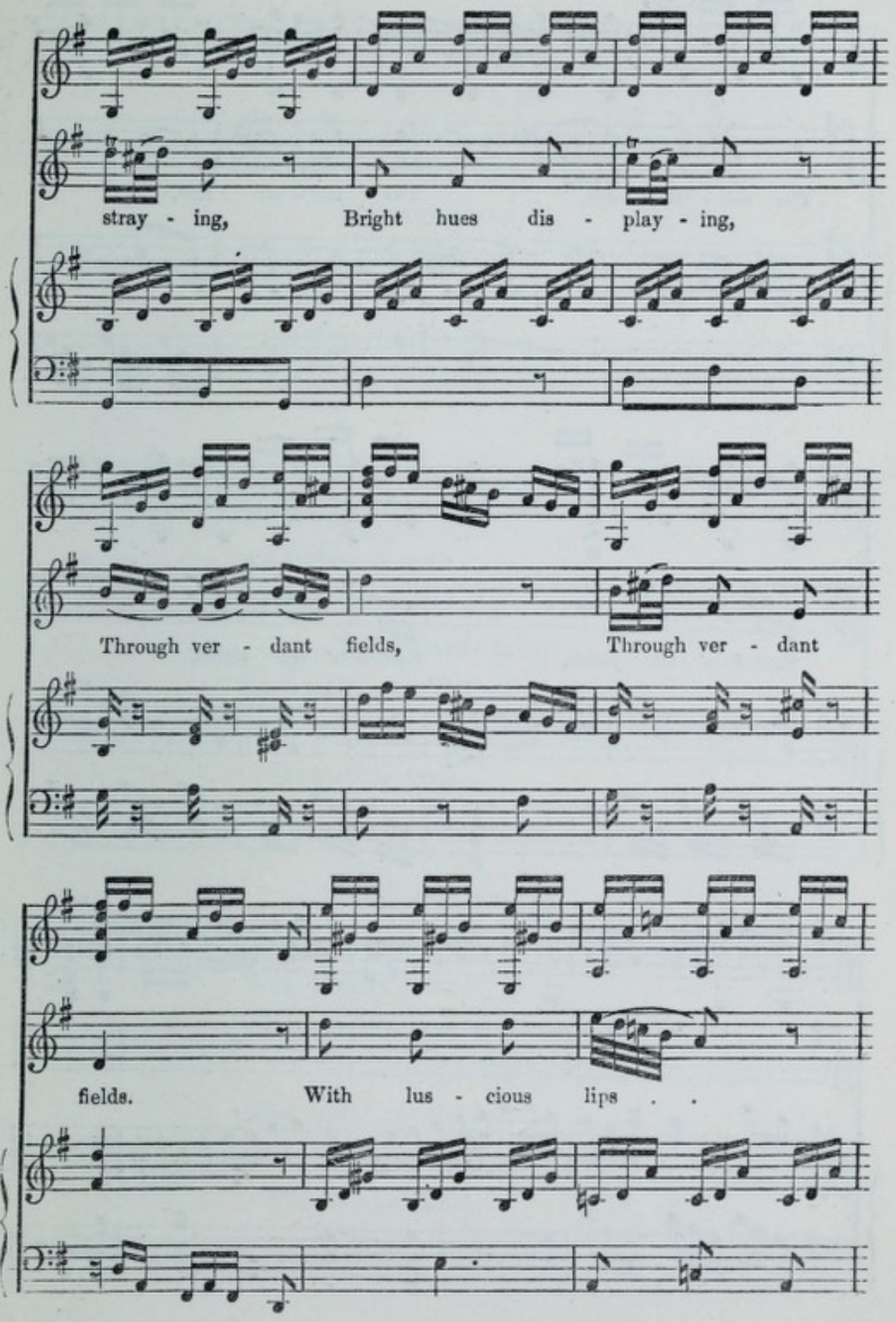
AIR.

Then once again, my fair,
Turn to the limpid brook,
And view thy features there,
In pity soft attired;
Then, in thy every look,
A thousand charms shall rise,
Nor shall those beauteous eyes
With anger more be fired.

THE BUTTERFLY.



A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE ITALIAN.



The nec - tar sips, . The nec - tar sips, .

Each flow' - ret yields, Each flow' - ret yields.

SECOND STANZA.

But coming night,
The trifler's flight
  For ever stays.
    For ever stays.
Bright flame destroys
His fickle joys,
  And ends his days.
    And ends his days.

THIRD STANZA.

Ye maids who flirt,
And then desert
  Your lovers true;
    Your lovers true;
At length you 'll find
They 'll change their mind,
  Deserting you.
    Deserting you.

FOURTH STANZA.

And ye proud fair,
Who boldly dare
  Love's charms to spurn;
    Love's charms to spurn;
May well expect
His vengeance wreakt
  On you in turn.
    On you in turn.

OMNIA VANITAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. BONNIAS.

A WIZARD, old and yet benignant too—
For we should give (you all know whom) his due—
As o'er the cradle of a babe he hung,
His numbers thus prophetically sung.
" How calmly, babe, thy fleeting moments glide
" Oblivious, by thy tender mother's side.
" Prolong—prolong thine innocent repose,
" Ere fruitful time shall bear thee cares and woes.
" Yet no! For ne'er did sunnier prospects shine
" O'er happy mortal's brow than beam on thine.
" Yes, noble parents, grateful thanks ye owe
" To that pure fount whence gifts so precious flow.
" Love shall be his, with mutual love entwined—
" Honour and wealth with princes' smiles combined.

" Here dubious fears in fortune's flood be drowned,
" Ambition's proud aspirings there be crowned.
" Yet curb your transports, moderate your joys,
" Fruition ever palls as honey cloys.
" A weary length of days I 've journeyed through;
" Much lore I 've learned, bought much experience, too —
" Have all the gifts of smiling fortune proved,
" Have rolled in wealth—been honoured, courted, loved.
" And I have known, as he at length will know,
" That all our joys and wishes here below,
" Although possessed in full as soon as sought,
" Are, sum them all, not worth a single thought."

"KENNST DU DAS LAND?"

MIGNON'S SONG,

FROM WILHELM MEISTER'S "LEHRJAHRE," BY GÖETHE.

I.

KNOW'ST thou the land where perfumed citrons blow,
And orange groves with golden fruitage glow;
Where balmy breezes fan the azure sky,
And myrtles sweet with lofty laurels vie?
Know'st thou that land?
Away! away!
Come, kind protector, thither let us stray.

II.

Know'st thou that mansion with its gorgeous halls,
Its columned roof, and decorated walls?

Where marble statues seem to gaze on me,
And say, "Poor child, how have they injured thee"?
Know'st thou that house?
Without delay,
Thither, my loved one, let us haste away.

III.

Mantled in clouds, know'st thou that mountain back
O'er which the mule pursues his misty track?
Where caves conceal the Dragon's ancient brood,
Falls the rent rock, and, following, roars the flood?
Know'st thou that pass?
Without delay,
Thither, O father, let us haste away.

SONNET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

TEUTONIC genius here a work hath wrought,
At which my awe-struck soul submissive cowers,
Sunk in amaze at those transcendant powers,
Which such immortal guerdon thus have bought.
The smallest atom here with fame is fraught,
For every portion is a master-piece,
And thought on thought begets without surcease;
Unrivall'd, noble, setting time at nought.

Should I these countless forms proclaim in song,
Which art from shapeless blocks hath brought to light,
For many a live-long year I needs must sing.
To Paradise my heavenward way must wing,
And far Olymp, and then with rapid flight,
Through realms of art and nature waft my muse along.

NOTE.—"Lübeck possesses no public collections of works of art; but private collections and some edifices can boast of many valuable

articles. Among these, we must particularly mention a room in the house (No. 194) in the Schüsselbuden, which possesses a very rare collection of carvings in wood, which, together with some pieces of sculpture in stone, were made for a wealthy citizen by an unknown artist, in the years 1573 to 1583. No stranger should neglect to obtain a sight of them; he will be astonished at the extraordinary industry, the talent and the rich variety of designs here executed, though in some instances strange and fantastic; and certainly will not quit without feeling much satisfaction at this very singular monument of ancient German genius. Fanny Tadnow very well describes the impression it made upon her in a sonnet of which the above is a translation."—*The German Tourist*, p. 31. London. D. Nutt, 158, Fleet-street. 1837.

THE WHITE ROSE.*

Of the chapter of Lübeck's cathedral 't is read,
In a manuscript written in times long fled,
That none of that body e'er yielded his breath,
Without being warned by the Angel of Death.
A Canon, whose days were approaching their close,
Was summoned away by a pure white rose
Which a viewless hand in the choir let fall
On the downy seat of the churchman's stall.
Thenceforth each priest of the pious corps,
Considered his earthly pilgrimage o'er,
When he found in his stall the phantom flower;
And not to be hurried away unawares,
Encumbered with earthly sorrows and cares,
Prepared to confess for his final hour.

* Among the other curiosities in the Cathedral at Lübeck, is the monument of the Canon Rabundus, of whom there is related the following legend. — *The German Tourist*, p. 23. London. D. Nutt, 1837.

And thus it had been from time out of mind,
That whoe'er in his seat the rose did find,
Received it at once as a certain token,
That the thread of his life would soon be broken.
Now a Canon there was, as the legend declares,
So throughly contented with mundane affairs,
That his life he esteemed as a much valued treasure,
And he thought of his death with the utmost displeasure.
Rabundus, for such was the name of the wight
Who felt such distaste for celestial delight,
One morning perceived the white rose in his chair,
And, horror-struck, swore a great oath in despair—
Such a terrible oath, that in hell 't was re-muttered,
And the angels in heaven were all shocked when 't was uttered.
Then seizing the rose, the grim monarch to cheat,
He shifted it on to his next neighbour's seat.
The scheme seemed to answer. The day disappeared,
And the Canon seemed freed from the fate that he feared.
Night came, and he laid himself down to repose,
But, long e'er in slumber his eyes he could close,

Grim Death stood before him in terrible shape,
Saying, " Shift as thou wilt, but thou shalt not escape:
" Attempt not to shorten the days of thy friend,
" 'T is thou that art summoned, and thou shalt attend:
" Unprepared as thou art, I chose not to wait,
" Thy death shall be quick, but its pain shall be great."
Then, instead of assuming that placider mood
In which he is wont to appear to the good,
He aimed at Rabundus a death-dealing stroke,
With a club which he brandished aloft as he spoke.
(Hence, when any one dies on a sudden, they say,
That a stroke has destroyed him, to this very day.)
Before his Creator Rabundus appeared;
But forth from His presence was quickly cashiered.
" Thou fain," said the Lord, " wouldst escape from thy doom,
" And therefore no peace shalt thou find in the tomb.
" Dire punishment follows the works of the bad,
" The summons thy brethren have hitherto had;
" By the sign I have placed in their stalls, of the rose,
" Shall be marked, as thou liest in thy grave, by thy blows."

And thus when the rose, as before it had been,
In the next Canon's stall was again to be seen,
Three strokes in his coffin Rabundus gave,
Which echoed all over the church from his grave;
Nor erst for this sinner was rest to be found,
Till the last of the chapter was laid in the ground.
That these strange events in Lübeck occurred,
On the face of the tombstone is truly averred;
Where Rabundus himself with the weapon appears,
Which the angel employed when he shortened his years.

Christian, think of the rose, I pray,
Life is waning every day;
Oft too quickly comes its close,
When 't will leave us no one knows.

THE WAISEN GRÜN;*

OR, ORPHAN'S FÊTE, IN HAMBURGH.

A FRAGMENT,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF C. A. G. EVERHARD.

From our Asylum's widening door,
In early June, the orphan poor
Come sallying forth, a numerous crew,
Of boys and maidens, two and two;

* The Waisen Grün, or Orphan's Fête, a solemn procession of the children through the city once a year, generally the first Thursday after the visitation, is a general holiday at Hamburgh. That very pleasing poet, C. A. G. Everhard, who once witnessed it, was so delighted with the scene, that he made it the subject of a poem, in which he has described it in such a faithful and animated manner, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting some passages.

The poet then relates how, after the procession is ended, a feast is prepared for the children under tents in a meadow, out of the gates; after which they spend the remainder of the day in amusing themselves with various pastimes . . . . . Every one who has witnessed this affecting fête, will certainly join, with all his heart, in the concluding words of the poet, in which he expresses his ardent wishes for the prosperity of this useful institution, and of the city of which it is one of the noblest ornaments.—*The German Tourist*, p. 61. London. D. Nutt. 1837.

Clothed in their best, all spick and span.
Their little captain in the van,
With wand of honour in his hand—
Reward of merit—leads the band.
And next four monitors appear,
Known by the flowery wreaths they wear,
And here and there a teacher too;
Thus to fulfil their founders' view,
That, e'en amid their pastime free,
There still may peace and order be.
The festive train, so blithe and gay,
Thus trimly marshalled, wends its way
The labyrinth of streets along,
All joining in a sacred song,
Which more affects the feeling heart,
Than many sung with greater art.
And now their closer ranks they leave,
That pious gifts they may receive:
But yet the gleaners are but few,
Who by express appointment sue,

And right and left their box present;
With all that 's offered still content.
The rest with meekness bear their lot,
Whether they gain a boon or not;
And in their pockets thrust amain,
With grateful hearts, whate'er they gain.

* * * * *

When this procession passes by,
Crowds upon crowds to view it fly;
From every house in haste they pour,
Aged and young to every door;
And on the steps in numbers stand,
Where best the show they may command.
E'en wealthy merchants there appear,
Men well respected far and near;
Who for the time, at least, have laid
Their books aside and thoughts of trade:
Resolved to-day by liberal grant,
To mitigate the orphans' want.
Kind dames look down upon the scene,
And ladies decked in silken sheen,

Who exercise the Christian graces
With bounteous hands and smiling faces.
Taught to relieve the orphans' need,
Boys too and lasses thither speed;
And what they have, delight to spare,
Their money, and the flowers they wear.
The aged widow bowed with woes,
With feeble hand her mite bestows—
An annual tribute she has paid
Since her own babes were orphans made.
And many a wife with transport wild,
Clasps to her heart her darling child;
Thanks God above, whose gracious will
Preserves for it a father still;
And teaching it how great and small,
Should give their portion each and all,
(The precept best by practice shewn),
Pays through its infant hand, her own.
Among the throng, there's many a one
Who thinks of times long past and gone,

When as an orphan, poor and young,
With this same train he marched along.
Thinks of his father's early fate,
His widowed mother's friendless state,—
His first new suit and joy unfeigned,
At the first penny he obtained.
However narrow be the road,
He presses onward through the crowd,
Moves slowly forward with the train,
And joins in thought their sacred strain
Which word for word he knows by rote.
Then if his former self he note
In some poor orphan pale and weak,
The big tear trickles down his cheek.
With sympathy his feelings melt—
He feels again as once he felt;
Then gives and gives, till all is flown
Into their pockets from his own.
Their stores increasing as they go,
The orphans' hearts with joy o'erflow.

They feel that every donor's hand
Connects them with their Father-land;
As if his heart addressed them thus,
"You all belong to all of us."
Of parents, friends, and home bereft,
Poor, naked, hungry, they were left—
They find themselves no longer so.
As through a countless host they go,
Of parents and of friends once more,
They feel that all their woes are o'er.

DER TRAUM VON DER FLASCHE.

Aus dem Keller zu Heidelberg,
Trat ich in die duftende Laube;
Vor mir der nussgrünende Berg,
Ueber mir schwellend und blauend die Traube!
Und ich hatte getrunken, ich glaube.
Wisset, Ihr Lieben: dieses Ereigniss
Gründete sich auf den gründlichsten Grund,
Denn nach aller vernünftigen Zeugniss
Oeffnete Gott nicht umsonst uns den Mund.
Ich lobte den Herren, mich kränzend mit Ranken,
Ich dachte, dacht' und entschlief in Gedanken.

THE DREAM OF THE BOTTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

From the cellar at Heidelberg forth I sped
And sought in a balmy bower repose.
Before me a hazel-clad mountain arose,
And clusters of grapes blushed over my head.
I had quaffed, I suppose, of the juice that they shed;
And this supposition, observe ye, I found
On what I consider most logical ground,
For of proof it admits undeniably plain,
That Heaven ne'er opens our mouths in vain.
So I lauded the Lord, and, with vine-wreaths crowned,
Lay musing till sleep shedding poppies around,
My reverie drowned in a slumber profound.

Tolles Zeug in der grauen Tasche,
Schwirrte, Mohntriefend, herzu der Traum,
Und da sass ich in gläserner Flasche,
Eingesperrt in dem dämmernden Raum
Voll Blume, voll Firne, voll dunstendem Schaum!
Es war kein Schoppen, es war kein Ort,
Es war kein Nössel, es war kein Mässchen,
War keine Halbe, glaubet dem Wort,
Auch keine Ganze zu dreizehn Gläschen.
Mit dieser Flasche war es eigen bestellt,
War grade so gross wie die ganze Welt.

O weh' mir! rief ich, eingepfropft
Bin ich, weil ich gelebt was munter.
Da merkt' ich, die Flasche sei vollgestopft
Bis zum Rand, bis zum Kork, von Gesellschaft, bunter,
Das schwirrt, hüpft, trappelt hinauf und hinunter!
Fremde sah ich, bekannte Gesichter,
Den Armen, den Reichen, den Herrscher, den Knecht,
Liebende, Diebende, Richter, Gelichter,
Klug, dumm, grob, fein, redlich und schlecht.

Then a dream, full of follies fantastic, appeared.
Strange visions I saw—strange noises I heard;
Methought that within a glass bottle immured,
Corked into my prison and tightly secured,
I sat in a region of twilight darkling,
Spirit and foam around me sparkling.
It was not a pint, and it was not a quart,
Nor a measure of any describable sort;
'T was none of your bottles of thirteen glasses,
Its wonderful size all conception surpasses.
But yet of this bottle to give you some notion,
'T was as big as the world, and would hold the whole ocean.

Alas! cried I, too surely I feel, I
Am bottled for living a little too freely.
And now I perceived that the bottle throughout
Was crammed to the cork with a motley crew,
All whirling, and tossing, and leaping about.
Some faces were strange, but many I knew.
High and low, rich and poor, the gay and the sad,
The culprit, the justice, the wise, and the mad,
The lover, the fool, rude, refined, good and bad.

Sie hatten des Wesens gar viel zu beschicken,
Ich duckte mich nieder, ich meinte zu sticken.

Habt ihr früh in den Bergen geschauet,
Wenn die Sonn' aus blut'gen Streifen sich hob,
Wie der Felsenkessel das Wetter brauet',
Um die Klippen der Nebel Gespinste wob,
Hier haftete, flockte, dort zog und schnob?
So, kommend und schwindend, zerstört im Entstehn,
Ein körperlos-luftiges Wehen und Scheinen,
Waren die Mitgefangnen zu sehn,
In Schelten und Loben, in Lachen und Greinen.
Ich lugte von der Flasche Boden empor,
Zu erkennen sucht' ich den schwärmenden Chor.

Hier schmatzten sie sich, und bissen dabei,
Dort kratzten die Weiber die zärtlichsten Männer;
Zwei Blinde schwatzten was Farbe sei,
Drei Taube nannten sich Tönekenner,
Fünf Lahme riefen: wir sind die Renner!

Each and all seemed to follow some weighty affair.
I sunk to the bottom half stifled for air.

Have ye ne'er in the morning the mountains viewed,
When the sun is tinting the blood-streaked skies,
And a storm in the cauldron of rocks is brewed,
And phantom clouds o'er the cliffs arise
Forming and fleeting before your eyes.
My captive fellows I thus beheld
Rising here and vanishing there,
Incorporeal creatures of air.
Some blamed, some praised, some laughed, some yelled:
I raised me up from the bottle's base,
For a nearer view of this bodiless race.

Here they were fondling, there they were biting,
Wives with the kindest husbands were wrangling.
Two blind men about colours were fighting,
Three that were deaf about music were jangling;
And, foremost in folly to finish the fun,
Five crooked cripples cried out, "Let us run!"

Seitwärts sass ein Kerl, dem die tragische Raupe
Den hohlen Schädel statt des Hirns erfüllt',
Sah grimmig aus, wie ein Hund mit der Staupe,
Und erdolcht' einen ledernen Handschuh wild,
Und nach des ledernen Handschuh Ermorden
War ein Trauerspiel fix und fertig geworden.

Ich sah' Jemanden klappaernd frieren,
Doch ging er im Hemd, als sei ihm zu heiss;
Eine prüde Schönheit wollte sich zieren,
Und zeigte darüber, o Jammer! den Steiss.
'S bliess Einer viel Seifenblasen mit Fleiss,
Er keucht' geknöpfet auf den Rock:
"Seht, wie ich für Grosses zu Schand mich schwitze!"
Ein moralischer Ritter, hoch zu Bock,
Stiess wüthend danach mit der Lanzenspitze,
Kam nicht von der Stelle, der Bock war steif,
Indessen zersprangen die Blasen von Seif'.

Mir gefiel ein stiller, ems'ger Mann,
Der scheuert' an einem alten Fasse

Apart sat a poet, whose vapouring skull
With tragedy-maggots, for brains, was full;
He seemed to be foaming with phrenzy, and drove
A dagger he clutched through an old leather glove.
This murder accomplished appeased was his rage,
And his last tragic scene was prepared for the stage.

One came who, though shivering and shaking with cold,
Had nought but his shirt on as if he were stewing;
And then a sly beauty, affectedly bold,
Far more of her shape than her modesty shewing.
Soap-bubbles another with zeal was inflating,
And panting for breath with an unbuttoned coat,
"For greatness," said he, "see how basely I 'm sweating."
A moral knight-errant bestriding a goat,
At the bubbles incensed made a lounge with his spear;
But the goat would not budge, though he kicked and he smote,
And the bubbles ascending exploded in air.

With a diligent dog I was dearly amused,
Who was busily brushing a leaky old butt;

Mit stumpfem Besen, was er kann,
Am Fass, das durchliess alles Nasse;
Er schien mir von einer beharrlichen Raçe.
Sang von guten einst'gen Zeiten,
Die Tonne sei von Olim zwar,
Doch müsse man d'rin das Lager bereiten
Für den frischesten Wein von diesem Jahr.
Wie der Mann so handthiert, so singet und leyert,
Hat er den Besen, sich selbst und das Fass weggescheuert.

Aber zwei Küchlein, zwei Liberale,
Waren eben gekrochen aus,
Sassen in mürber Eierschale,
Die däucht ihnen ein rechtes Freiheits-Haus;
Sie gaben einander den Liebesschmaus.
Das war ein Schönethun, Wenden und Drehn!
Piepten nothdürftiglich, trieben viel Faxen,
Hätt' es in der Eile gleich wollen gehn,
Wären sie gern ein wenig gewachsen.—
Die Brut war nackend noch, feucht und flau,
Hatten doch schon Gesichter, ganz ältlich und grau.

A broken old broom was the besom he used,
And he sweltered while sweeping it sweet as a nut.
He toiled to the time of a tune of old time,
" Poor piteous patched puncheon thou 'rt past thy prime,
" And yet for new wine thy bottom I clear,
" Of the finest fresh fruit of the forthcoming year."
While thus he was sweeping, and chanting his lay,
Cask, broom, and himself he swept away.

A pair of young chickens, liberals small,
Who from their eggs had just been hatched,
Sat in the egg-shell equally matched,
And seemed to consider it liberty-hall.
They nestled together, and frolicked, and scratched,
Exhibiting various tricks of their own;
And had they been bigger they would have flown.
All featherless, naked, and callow they lay,
And yet they had visages aged and grey.

Das Gewinsel, Gepinsel rings um mich!
Fast hätt' ich's nicht länger ausgehalten.
Da trösteten meine Augen sich
An Rosenentsprossnen, beschwingten Gestalten,
So über dem Wirrsal morgenklar wallten.
Ein Paar Küsse, die noch nicht verdorben
Im Keller der politischen Zeit!
Ein Paar Scherze, die noch nicht gestorben
An contagiöser Ernsthaftigkeit!
Ein Paar Buben, die bebändert zum Tanze noch gehen,
Ein Paar Mädchen, die noch lieblich zu äugeln verstehen!

Der Tross von unten, niederträchtig,
Gischt, drängt in den Flaschenhals sich und sie,
Und von oben, von aussen zerret mächtig
Am Pfropfen eine höllische Compagnie;
Einen grössern Schrecken erlitt ich nie.
"Weh' uns! Wir sind verloren All',
"Wenn der Stöpfel springt, wenn der Hals wird offen!
"Gesindel, Gesindel, bedenke den Fall,
"Da draussen ist nichts zu geniessen, zu hoffen!"

I scarce could endure the hubbub and din
That were raging around me the bottle within;
When, lo! for my comfort, my vision reposes
On forms with wings which issue from roses,
And hovering soar o'er the riot and roar.
And these were pure kisses that yet had remained
In the cell of political times unstained;
And some glittering sallies of humour and joy
Which pestilent gravity failed to destroy.
Some riband-decked youths smart and ready for dancing
With maidens whose eyes were bewitchingly glancing.

The press from below now pushing about,
Squeezed all in the neck of the bottle tight;
Whilst a band of devils were hauling without,
And drawing the cork with all their might;
I never was in such a terrible fright.
"Alas! alas! for lost we are all
"If the cork should fly out, and the bottle should ope.
"Ye turbulent vagabonds, think of your fall!
"For without there is nought to enjoy or to hope."

Vergebens! Es drängt, hebt, zieht mit der Macht,
Mich ergreift ein Ensetzen, da—bin ich erwacht.

Doch wie ich meine Wimpern mir
Seitdem mit dem Finger kräftig gerieben:
Ich sitz' in der Flasche für und für,
Und der trunkene Traum ist mir wachend geblieben,
Nur mit einem sehr nüchternen Trost, o ihr Lieben!
Es hingen sich nämlich ein Schuster, ein Schneider
An der Kork, zu dem edelsten Bunde gesellt,
Und durch die Bürde, die würdige Beider
Ward das Gleichgewicht dauerhaft sicher gestellt.
So viel die Andern des Zieh'ns auch versuchten,
Uns schützen vom Schneider, vom Schuster, die Wuchten.

Beschirme den Schuster und seine Geschwister,
Den Schneider und seine Gesellen auf's Best',
O Herr!—Es halten allein die Philister
Auf der grossen Flasche den Stöpfel fest,
Und die wüsten, die lockern Vögel im Nest!
Denn stark ist die Gährung und gross der Rumor.
Die schlechten Poeten, die falschen Propheten,

'T was in vain! the cork started, and rose as I spoke.
I shuddered with horror—and lo! I awoke.

My eyelids I rubbed, and I rubbed them again,
And seemed in the bottle still keeping my station,
And my strange drunken visions appeared to remain;
But, my friends, you must know, I had one consolation—
For a cobbler and tailor, both setting to work,
In the noblest of causes together united,
Kept down, with the weight of their bodies, the cork,
And in spite of the devils the balance they righted.

The tailor and cobbler who stick to their stations,
Good luck to them both, and to all their relations;
For the knight of the thimble and knight of the last,
'T is they who the cork in the bottle keep fast,
'T is they who imprison these liberty boys,
For strong is the ferment and great is the noise.

Die Alten, die Neuen, der Weise, der Thor
Die Frechen, die lästern, die Frommen, die beten,
Ohne Schneider ohne Schuster, sie wären gefahr'n
Aus der Flasche zum Teufel schon vor etlichen Jahr'n!

Bad poets, false prophets, the old and the new,
The wise and the foolish, the wicked ones too;
The daring who curse, and the pious who pray,
But for cobbler and tailor who force them to stay,
Long since to the devil had all flown away.

LEONORA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.

I.

Poor Leonora's dreams were dread,
As she woke at break of day,
"Art thou, my William, false or dead,
"How long wilt thou delay?"
William had Frederick's army sought,
And at the field of Prague had fought;
But or alive or slain
She strove to learn in vain.

* If Sir Walter Scott thought it necessary to apologise for publishing another translation of "Bürger's Lenore," a reason must needs be given for putting forth a new version. The metre of the original, which neither Sir Walter nor his predecessor, Taylor of Norwich, adhered to, the present translator deems essential to the preservation of its character; and he ventures to hope, that the circumstance of his having adopted it, will compensate for the inferiority of his attempt in other respects, and that the English reader will thus form a more accurate notion of this remarkable poem, than even the great masters named above have, without this help, been able to convey.

II.

The king and empress weary grown
  Of such a tedious feud,
Their hostile arms at length laid down,
  And peace again renewed.
In either army songs were sung,
Rattled the drums, the trumpets rung;
  And homeward each returned,
  With olive crowns adorned.

III.

And here and there and every where
  Forth sallied old and young,
Whose shouts of gladness rent the air,
  To greet the coming throng.
"Thank Heaven," their wives and children cried;
"Welcome!" said many a joyful bride.
  For Leonore alone
  Fond greeting there was none.

IV.

Of each returning troop she sought
  That homeward bent their way;
But there was none who tidings brought,
  That might her fears allay.
And when the crowd was out of view,
She tore her locks of raven hue;
  And sunk upon the ground,
  Absorbed in grief profound.

V.

Her mother ran to her relief,
  "Lord! comfort the distrest;
"What ails thee, dearest? Whence thy grief?"
  And strained her to her breast.
"O, mother, mother, all is gone,
"The faithless world and I have done;
  "On wretched me, alas!
  "The Lord no pity has."

VI.

" Help ! Jesu ! help my suffering one ;
" Child ! pray to God above ;
" Whate'er He doth is rightly done,
" The Lord His own shall love."
" Peace, mother ! 't is an idle plea,
" God hath not rightly done by me,
" Of what availed my prayer—
" Nought ! nought ! 't was empty air."

VII.

" Lord, shield us ! whom the Father sent,
" He shall uphold His own,
" My child ! the holy sacrament
" Shall for your griefs atone."
" Ah, mother, that for which I grieve
" No sacrament can e'er retrieve ;
" No sacrament restore
" To life, when life is o'er."

VIII.

" But what if he should perjured prove,
" And all forsaking you
" Should find abroad some other love,
" And plight his troth anew ?
" O were it thus—then let him go,
" The false one ne'er shall prosper so.
" When soul and body sever,
" The wretch shall burn for ever."

IX.

" O, mother, mother, all is gone,
" And I forlorn ! forlorn !
" Death is my portion, death alone,
" Would I had ne'er been born.
" Out! out! for ever out my light,
" Come horrid fate, and endless night ;
" On wretched me, alas !
" The Lord no pity has."

X.

" Save, Lord! nor into judgment go
" With thine afflicted maid,
" What spake the tongue she doth not know,
" Record not what she said.
" Come, child, forget the woes you feel,
" Think, think on your eternal weal;
" And thus beyond the grave
" A bridegroom you shall have."

XI.

" O mother, what to me is weal,
" Or what to me is woe?
" Yes, with my William, Heaven I feel,
" Without him, hell below.
" Out! out! for ever out my light,
" Come, horrid death and endless night;
" Not Heaven itself to me,
" Without him, Heaven can be."

XII.

Despair thus maddening every sense,
  Pervaded all her frame,
And on her Maker's Providence
  She dared to cast the blame.
She wrung her hands, and beat her breast,
Until the sun had gone to rest,
  And in the vault serene
  The golden stars were seen.

XIII.

And hark! without, the stamp, stamp, stamp
  Of a courser's clattering feet;
And hark! at the balcon steps, the tramp
  Of a rider, who sprang from his seat.
And hark! again, 't was the tinkling twang
Of the portal bell that lightly rang;
  And ere the rider appeared,
  These words were plainly heard.

XIV.

" Holla! holla! my child arouse,
" Awake art thou or sleeping?
" Remember'st thou thy plighted vows?
" Art happy, love, or weeping?"
" So late, my William, is it you?
" Awake am I and weeping too,
" A life of woe I've led.
" Whence have you hither sped?"

XV.

" At midnight hour alone we ride,
" From far Bohemia we,
" And I am late, so rouse, my bride,
" And mount along with me."
" Hark! through the hawthorn howls the wind,
" Come in, my love, and you shall find
" Shelter and warmth and rest,
" Strained to my eager breast."

XVI.

" No—through the hawthorn let the blast
" Howl on so sad and drear,
" My courser chafes, my spurs are fast,
" I dare not house me here.
" Come quickly, dearest, wrap thee round,
" And on my steed behind me bound;
" A hundred leagues be sped
" Ere reached our bridal bed."

XVII.

" Ah! would'st thou bear me off to-night
" To my bridal bed so fast?
" No time remains for so rapid a flight,
" The midnight hour is past."
" The moon shines brightly o'er the lea,
" So swiftly ride the dead and we,
" I'll wager we yet shall alight
" At our bridal bed to-night."

XVIII.

"But tell me where thy bridal hall,
"And where thy bridal bed?"
"Far—far from hence, still, cool, and small,
"A fathom from foot to head."
"Hast room for me?" "For me and thee.
"Come gird thee and mount along with me,
"The guests await the bride,
"The chamber's yawning wide."

XIX.

The maiden arose, and sprang with a bound
Behind the rider's seat;
And round him her delicate arms she wound,
As she sat on the courser fleet.
Then swift as an arrow from Tartar bow
In a whirlwind gallop away they go,
Till rider and steed were spent,
And the flint sparks flashed as they went.

XX.

Now on the left and on the right
  The moving landscape flies;
Heath, field, and bridge in rapid flight
  Soon vanish from their eyes.
"Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright.
"Hurra! the dead ride fast to-night.
  "Ah! dearest, calm thy dread,
  "Nor shudder at the dead."

XXI.

And whence those tones, that solemn knell?
  Why flapped that raven's wing?
Tolls for the dead that parting bell,
  And a burial dirge they sing.
A funeral train now came in view,
Now hearse and coffin nearer drew,
  And howled as wintry gale
  That choir of woe and wail.

XXII.

"Bury the corse ere morning come
"With knell, and dirge, and woe;
"My youthful bride I 'm bearing home,
"To our bridal bed we go.
"Come, Sexton, with your choir along,
"And howl me forth a bridal song.
"Come, Priest, the nuptials bless,
"Ere bridal couch we press."

XXIII.

The wailing ceased—vanished the bier.
Now following in his track,
Sweeping along the choir appear,
Close at the courser's back.
Further and further on they ride
In a furious gallop both knight and bride,
Till rider and steed were spent,
And the hoofs flashed fire as they went.

XXIV.

Vales, mountains, trees, and hedges flew,
  Both on the left and right;
Towns, hamlets, cots scarce came in view
  Ere they were out of sight.
" Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright.
" Hurra! the dead ride fast to-night.
  " Ah, dearest, calm thy dread,
  " Nor shudder at the dead."

XXV.

By moon-beams pale obscurely lit,
  See! see! yon goblin rout,
Around a gallows tree they flit,
  In a breezy dance about.
" Holla! yon rabble, hither prance,
" And weave for us a bridal dance;
  " Come! follow in our train,
  " Till bridal bed we gain."

XXVI.

And so the goblins rush, rush, rush,
  Came sweeping on behind,
As through the leaves of withered bush,
  Rustles the wintry wind.
Further and further on they ride,
In a furious gallop both knight and bride,
  Till rider and steed were spent,
  And the hoofs flashed fire as they went.

XXVII.

The darkling landscape's flying shades
  Were now in distance lost,
And the Welkin fled above their heads,
  And all the starry host.
" Dost fear, my love? the moon shines bright,
" Hurra! the dead ride fast to-night;
  " Ah, dearest, calm thy dread
  " Nor shudder at the dead."

XXVIII.

" Hark! hark! the crow of Chanticleer,
" Our sand is well nigh run.
" Methinks I scent the morning air;
" My courser, hie thee on.
" 'T is o'er! our speedy journey 's sped,
" And gaping wide the bridal bed;
" The dead ride wondrous fast.
" We 've gained the goal at last."

XXIX.

And all at once in a gallop they came
To an iron portal—a knock
With a slender wand on its grated frame,
Burst open both bolt and lock.
The creaking valves flew open wide,
And over yawning graves they hied,
And tombstones glimmered around
In the moon-lit burial-ground.

XXX.

And now when all their labours cease,
  With horror she perceives
The horseman's armour piece by piece
  Fall off like autumn leaves.
A skull with neither hair nor beard,
A naked skull his head appeared,
  On a skeleton beneath,
  With scythe and glass of Death.

XXXI.

The restless courser pawed the ground,
  And snorted fire and flame,
When lo! on a sudden the maiden found
  He had vanished from under her frame.
Then in the air was heard a moan,
And the graves sent forth a dismal groan;
  And the maid 'twixt death and life,
  Struggled in mortal strife.

XXXII.

While spectres danced by the moon-light pale
  Around in a mazy ring,
And as they moved with howl and wail,
  They thus were heard to sing:—
"Though crushed thy heart, thy misery bear,
"Nor ere to curse thy Maker dare;
  "Thy life hath reached its goal,
  "God help thy sinking soul!"

DAS ALTE GEISSLERLIED.*

NACH MASSMANN'S AUSGABE VON HERRN PROFESSOR LACHMANN MIT DER HANDSCHRIFT VERGLICHEN.

Sve siner sele wille pleghen
De sal gelden unde weder geuen
So wert siner sele raed
Des help uns leue herre goed
5 Nu tredet here we botsen wille
Vle wi io de hetsen helle
Lucifer is en bose geselle

* The Flagellants were an association of penitents who arose in Germany at the time when the pestilence known as "The Black Death" desolated many countries in the fourteenth century. They were accustomed to march in formal processions through various cities, with leaders and singers, having their heads covered as far as their eyes, their looks fixed on the ground, and exhibited every

THE ANCIENT SONG OF THE FLAGELLANTS.

ACCORDING TO MASSMAN'S EDITION COMPARED WITH THE MS. BY PROFESSOR LACHMANN.

(Translation.)

WHOE'ER to save his soul is fain,
Must pay and render back again.
His safety so shall he consult:
Help us, good Lord, to this result.
5 Ye that repent your crimes, draw nigh.
From the burning hell we fly,
From Satan's wicked company.

---

token of the deepest contrition and mourning. They each carried a whip of leathern thongs, with which they scourged themselves, amid sighs and tears, with such violence that the blood flowed from the stripes. They uttered meanwhile loud cries, and sang penitential hymns, one of which is preserved in the language of the period, and is here reprinted, with a translation.

Sven her hauet
Mit peke he en lauet
10 Datz vle wi ef wir hauen sin
Des help uns maria koninghin
Das wir dines kindes hulde win
Jesus crist de wart ge vanghen
An en cruce wart he ge hanghen
15 Dat cruce wart des blodes rod
Wer klaghen sin marter unde sin dod
Sunder war mide wilt tu mi lonen
Dre negele unde en dornet crone
Das cruce vrone en sper en stich
20 Sunder datz leyd ich dor dich
Was wltu nu liden dor mich
So rope wir herre mit luden done
Unsen denst den nem to lone
Be hode uns vor der helle nod
25 Des bidde wi dich dor dinen dod
Dor god vor gete wi unse blot
Dat is uns tho den suden guot

Whom he leads
With pitch he feeds.
10 If we be wise we this shall flee.
Maria! Queen! we trust in thee,
To move thy Son to sympathy.
Jesus Christ was captive led,
And to the cross was rivetted.
15 The cross was reddened with his gore,
And we his martyrdom deplore.
"Sinner, canst thou to me atone.
"Three pointed nails, a thorny crown,
"The holy cross, a spear, a wound,
20 "These are the cruel pangs I found.
"What wilt thou, sinner, bear for me?"
Lord, with loud voice we answer thee,
Accept our service in return,
And save us lest in hell we burn.
25 We, through thy death, to thee have sued.
For God in heaven we shed our blood:
This for our sins will work to good.

Maria moter koninginghe
Dor dines leuen kindes minne
30 Al unse nod si dir ghe klaghet
Des help uns moter maghet reyne
De erde beuet och kleuen de steyne
Lebe hertze du salt weyne
Wir wenen trene mit den oghen
35 Unde hebben des so guden louen
Mit unsen sinnen unde mit hertzen
Dor uns leyd crist vel manighen smertzen
Nu slaed w sere
Dor cristus ere
40 Dor god nu latet de sunde mere
Dor god nu latet de sunde varen
Se wil sich god ouer uns en barmen
Maria stund in grotzen noden
Do se ire leue kint sa doden
45 En svert dor ire sele snet
Sunder dat la di wesen led
In korter vrist
God tornich ist

Blessed Maria! Mother! Queen!
Through thy loved Son's redeeming mean
30 Be all our wants to thee pourtrayed.
Aid us, Mother! spotless maid!
Trembles the earth, the rocks are rent,
Fond heart of mine, thou must relent.
Tears from our sorrowing eyes we weep;
35 Therefore so firm our faith we keep
With all our hearts—with all our senses.
Christ bore his pangs for our offences.
Ply well the scourge for Jesus' sake,
And God through Christ your sins shall take.
40 For love of God abandon sin,
To mend your vicious lives begin,
So shall we his mercy win.
Direful was Maria's pain
When she beheld her dear One slain.
45 Pierced was her soul as with a dart:
Sinner, let this affect thy heart.
The time draws near
When God in anger shall appear.

Jesus wart gelauet mid gallen
50 Des sole wi an en cruce vallen
Er heuet uch mit uwen armen
Dat sic god ouer uns en barme
Jesus dorch dine namen dry
Nu make uns hir van sunde vry
55 Jesus dor dine wnden rod
Be hod uns vor den gehen dod
Dat he sende sinen geist
Und uns dat kortelike leist
De vrowe unde man ir e tobreken
60 Dat wil god selven an en wreken
Sveuel pik und och de galle
Dat gutet de duuel in se alle
Vor war sint se des duuels spot
Dor vor behode uns herre god
65 De e de ist en reyne leuen
De had uns god selven gheuen
Ich rade uch vrowen unde mannen
Dor god gy solen houard annen

Jesus was refreshed with gall:
50 Prostrate crosswise let us fall,
Then with uplifted arms arise,
That God with us may sympathise.
Jesus, by thy titles three,*
From our bondage set us free.
55 Jesus, by thy precious blood,
Save us from the fiery flood.
Lord, our helplessness defend,
And to our aid thy Spirit send.
If man and wife their vows should break
60 God will on such his vengeance wreak.
Brimstone and pitch, and mingled gall,
Satan pours on such sinners all.
Truly, the devil's scorn are they:
Therefore, O Lord, thine aid we pray.
65 Wedlock's an honourable tie
Which God himself doth sanctify.
By this warning, man, abide,
God shall surely punish pride.

* For the sake of thy Trinity.

Des biddet uch de arme sele
70 Dorch god nu latet houard mere
Dor god nu latet houard varen
So wil sich god ouer uns en barmen
Cristus rep in hemelrike
Sinen engelen al gelike
75 De cristenheit wil mi ent wichen
Des wil lan och se vor gaen
Marie bat ire kint so sere
Leue kint la se di boten
Dat wil ich sceppen dat se moten
80 Bekeren sich
Des bidde ich dich
Gi logenere
Gy meynen ed sverer
Gi bichten reyne und lan de sunde uch ruwen
85 So wil sich god in uch vor nuwen
Owe du arme wokerere
Du bringest en lod up en punt
Dat senket din an der helle grunt

Let your precious soul entreat you,
70 Lay down pride lest vengeance meet you.
I do beseech ye, pride forsake,
So God on us shall pity take.
Christ in heaven, where he commands,
Thus addressed his angel bands :—
75 " Christendom dishonours me,
" Therefore her ruin I decree."
Then Mary thus implored her Son :—
" Penance to thee, loved Child, be done ;
" That she repent be mine the care ;
80 " Stay then thy wrath, and hear my prayer."
Ye liars !
Ye that break your sacrament,
Shrive ye throughly and repent.
Your heinous sins sincerely rue,
85 So shall the Lord your hearts renew.
Woe ! usurer, though thy wealth abound,
For every ounce thou mak'st a pound,
Shall sink thee to the hell profound.

Ir morder und ir straten rouere
90 Ir sint dem leuen gode un mere
Ir ne wilt uch ouer nemende barmen
Des syn gy eweliken vor loren
Were dusse bote nicht ge worden
De cristenheit wer gar vorsunden
95 De leyde duuel had se ge bunden
Maria had lost unsen bant
Sunder ich sage di leue mere
Sunte Peter is portenere
Wende dich an en he letset dich in
100 He bringhet dich vor de koninghin
Leue herre sunt Michahel
Du bist en plegher aller sel
Be hode uns vor der helle nod
Dat do dor dines sceppers dod.

Ye murd'rers, and ye robbers all,
90 The wrath of God on you shall fall,
Mercy ye ne'er to others shew,
None shall ye find; but endless woe.
Had it not been for our contrition,
All Christendom had met perdition.
95 Satan had bound her in his chain;
Mary hath loosed her bonds again.
Glad news I bring thee, sinful mortal,
In heaven Saint Peter keeps the portal,
Apply to him with suppliant mien,
100 He bringeth thee before thy Queen.
Benignant Michael, blessed saint,
Guardian of souls, receive our plaint.
Through thy Almighty Maker's death,
Preserve us from the hell beneath.

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