

POEMS.

POEMS,

BY

ANNE BANNERMAN.

A NEW EDITION.



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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED,

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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LYRICAL PIECES.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

BE hush'd, ye angry winds! that sweep,
Resistless, o'er the polar coast;
Thou swell'st no more, tremendous deep!
I lock thee in eternal frost.
My will supreme, mine awful sway,
The earth, the air, the sea obey;
My glance pervades the realms of space;
Each hidden spring, this arm can trace;
O'er all the prostrate world my power extends,
Alike on Zembla's ice, on Zaara's burning sands.

Amid the lightning's forked flame,
While, driven on high, the billows roll;
'Tis mine to loose the struggling frame,
And mine to soothe the parting soul:
I come, on viewless winds reclin'd,
To cheer the wretch, whom fetters bind,
To crush the oppressor's giant crest,
To hurl destruction on his breast,
Amid the spoils his abject soul adores;
While trembling earth recoils along her utmost shores.

What form is that, half hid in air,
Round whose pale brow the torrents roar?
'Tis Freedom! mark her deep despair;
She points to Afric's bleeding shore.
Hark! what a groan!—with horror wild,
I see the mother clasp her child;

“ My son, my son !” she madly cries ;—

Spare, monsters, spare her agonies.—

Too late, for, rapid, to the vessel’s side

She flies, and, plunging, sinks beneath the billowy tide.

Proceed unmov’d, ye men of blood !

Your course along the waters urge ;

No winds shall vex the unruffled flood,

Nor toss on high the deaf’ning surge.

Now, for your happy homes prepare ;

But, curb your joy—I meet you there.

Then, as your friends, your infant race,

Rush wildly to your fond embrace,

Before your eyes a ghastly form shall stand,

And o’er her infant weep, and wave her beck’ning hand.

Fierce thro’ the desert’s frightful sand,

When Cancer rules the burning day,

The Arab leads his daring band,
Exulting on their perilous way.

“ Prepare,” he cries, “ prepare for war :

“ Mark yonder sandy cloud afar ;

“ We share the blood, we share the toil,

“ And we shall share the glorious spoil ;

“ Collect your courage now, the foe is nigh ;

“ Victorious, we return ;—subdued, revenge and die.”

But, vengeful, on the rushing wind,

I come to toss the sandy waves ;

To whelm the spoilers of their kind,

Inglorious, in untimely graves.

Yon livid flame, that flings on high

Its terrors thro' the redd'ning sky,

Glares on your van, in awful state,

The herald of impending fate ;

I speak—the suffocating blast descends
In clouds of fluid fire ; and Nature's conflict ends.

Where the wild ocean's heaving waves
Boil round Magellan's stormy coast ;
When long and loud the tempest raves,
I mark the straining vessel tost
By night along unfathom'd seas.
I see the living current freeze,
As horror grasps each fainting form,
High mid the fury of the storm ;
Till the tall masts in scatter'd fragments lie,
And, plung'd amid the surge, the sufferers sink, and die.

Soft be your bed, and sweet your rest,
Ye luckless tenants of the deep !
And, o'er each cold and shroudless breast,
May spirits of the waters weep !

And still, when awful midnight reigns,
My harp shall join in solemn strains ;
My voice shall echo to the waves,
That dash above your coral graves ;
Blest be the gloom, that wraps each sacred head,
And blest the unbroken sleep, and silence of the dead !

High on yon cloud's cerulean seat,
I ride sublime thro' ether blue,
To fling, while reigns the Power of heat,
On fainting earth the summer dew :
I bid the rose in crimson glow,
And spread the lily's robe of snow ;
I waft from heaven the balmy breeze,
That sighs along the sleeping seas ;
What time the spirit of the rock is nigh,
To pour upon the night his heav'n-taught melody.

But, far beyond the solar blaze,
 Again I wing my rapid flight ;
Again I cleave the liquid maze,
 Exulting in immortal might.
O'er me nor cold, nor heat, prevails,
Nor poison from malignant gales ;
I glide along the trackless coast,
That binds the magazines of frost ;
Encompass'd by the raging storm,
I smile at Danger's threat'ning form ;
I mock Destruction on his tow'ring seat,
And leave the roaring winds, contending at my feet.

THE FALL OF SWITZERLAND.

YE mountain-forests proudly wave,
Your shades have nurs'd the good, the brave,
And stretch'd o'er many a patriot grave
Its solitary canopy.

Ages have roll'd, and suns gone down,
Helvetia, o'er thy high renown,
Since Freedom spurn'd all other crown
Than Nature's hoary diadem.

Hide, Valour now, thy blighted fame!
When o'er thy cliffs the Spoiler came,
With banners red, and arms of flame,
And clarions shouting hollowly ;

Then o'er thy glacier-summits cold
 The trumpet-knell of Freedom toll'd!
 Where, Glory now, thy chiefs of old
 To stem the tide of slavery?

Victor so long—to arms! to arms!
 Hands that the pulse of Freedom warms!
 Again thro' carnage and alarms
 Unfurl the flag of victory.

Ye patriot legions charge—repel—
 Fall freemen as your fathers fell!
 Here shall your blood's impetuous swell
 Proclaim your glorious ancestry!

Victor no more!—yield, Valour, yield
 Thy sacred arms and shatter'd shield,
 And humbled on thy chosen field,
 Await the chains of tyranny.

Master of Fate!—thy laurels hide,
No glory beams where Freedom died:
Tear from thy Gallic standards wide
The insulted crest of Liberty.

Beneath that sign, in ages rude,
Hath many a band of freemen stood,
O'er hills of ice and fields of blood,
To charge the invading ravager!

They fought—they fell—ye sons of fame!
You blush not for your country's shame;
Could not your deeds and victor-name
Redeem her holy solitudes?

What echoing plain, what mountain hoar
Heard not your storm of battle roar?
That trump is hush'd—to sound no more
That led the free to victory!

Yet, Freedom, o'er thy lost abode,
Which many a godlike foot hath trode,
What heart shall trace thy trophied road,
Nor burn to 'venge thy destiny?

EXILE.

YE hills of my country, soft fading in blue,
The seats of my childhood, for ever adieu!
Yet not for a brighter, your skies I resign,
When my wand'ring footsteps revisit the Rhine:
But sacred to me is the roar of the wave,
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave;
Where the blasts of the trumpets for battle combine,
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguil'd
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild;
For Nature is nought to the eye of despair
But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air.

Again ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
Ye shall bloom to the morn, tho' ye bloom not for me ;
Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the stream,
Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
The bowers where the days of my happiness flew ;
Where my soul found her partner, and thought to bestow
The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe !
Too faithful recorders of times that are past,
The Eden of Love that was ever to last !
Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

To me ye are lost ! but your summits of green
Shall charm thro' the distance of many a scene ;
In woe, and in wandering, and deserts return,
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn !

Ye hills of my country ! farewel evermore,
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged shore,
And ask of the hovering gale if it come
From the oak-towering woods on the mountains of home.

TO PAIN.

HAIL ! fiercest herald of a Power,
Whose wide controul the earth obeys!
I call thee, at this fearful hour ;
To thee my feeble voice I raise.
Say, does compassion never glow
Within thy soul, and bid thee know
The pangs with which thou fir'st the breast ?
Or dost thou never, never mourn,
To plant so deep the hidden thorn,
Forbidding aid, and blasting rest?

Think'st thou my wavering fickle mind

Requires so much, to break her chain?

Alas! what earthly joys can bind

The wretch, who sees thy figure, Pain!

For ever fleet before his eyes;

For him, no glories gild the skies;

No beauties shine in Nature's bound;

In vain with verdure glows the spring,

If, from within, thy gnawing sting

Bid only demons scowl around.

Too sure, I feel, in every vein,

With thee soft Pity ne'er can dwell.

Shall pleasure never smile again,

Or health thro' ev'ry channel swell?

Yes! tho' thy hand hath crush'd the rose

Before its prime, another blows,

Whose blooms thy breath can ne'er destroy;

Say, can thy keen and cruel chains
Corrode, where bliss seraphic reigns,
Where all is peace, and all is joy.

Then, wherefore sighs my fearful heart,
And trembles thus my tottering frame?
Alas! I feel thy deadly dart;
More potent far than Fancy's flame:
I bend, grim tyrant! at thy throne;
But spare, ah! spare that sullen frown,
Relax the horrors of thy brow!
O! lead me, with a softer hand,
And lo! I come at thy command,
And, unrepining, follow through.

THE MERMAID.

“ When, at last, they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach, where finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and, telling those, who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away, with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of those lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars ; others imagine, Anningait was seized, in his passage, by the Genius of the Rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a *Mermaid*, and still continues to seek her lover, in the deserts of the sea.” —RAMBLER, N°. 187.

BLOW on, ye death-fraught whirlwinds! blow,

Around the rocks, and rifted caves;

Ye demons of the gulf below!

I hear you, in the troubled waves.

High on this cliff, which darkness shrouds

In night's impenetrable clouds,

My solitary watch I keep,
And listen, while the turbid deep
Groans to the raging tempests, as they roll
Their desolating force, to thunder at the pole.

Eternal world of waters, hail!

 Within thy caves my Lover lies ;
And day and night alike shall fail,
 Ere slumber lock my streaming eyes.
Along this wild untrodden coast,
Heap'd by the gelid hand of frost ;
Thro' this unbounded waste of seas,
 Where never sigh'd the vernal breeze ;
Mine was the choice, in this terrific form,
To brave the icy surge, to shiver in the storm.

Yes! I am chang'd.—My heart, my soul,
 Retain no more their former glow.

Hence, ere the black'ning tempests roll,
I watch the bark, in murmurs low,
(While darker low'rs the thick'ning gloom)
To lure the sailor to his doom;
Soft from some pile of frozen snow
I pour the syren-song of woe ;
Like the sad mariner's expiring cry,
As, faint and worn with toil, he lays him down to die.

Then, while the dark and angry deep
Hangs his huge billows high in air ;
And the wild wind with awful sweep,
Howls in each fitful swell—beware !
Firm on the rent and crashing mast,
I lend new fury to the blast ;
I mark each hardy cheek grow pale,
And the proud sons of courage fail ;

Till the torn vessel drinks the surging waves,
Yawns the disparted main, and opes its shelving graves.

When Vengeance bears along the wave
The spell, which heav'n and earth appals ;
Alone, by night, in darksome cave,
On me the gifted wizard calls.^a
Above the ocean's boiling flood
Thro' vapour glares the moon in blood :
Low sounds along the waters die,
And shrieks of anguish fill the sky ;
Convulsive powers the solid rocks divide,
While, o'er the heaving surge, the embodied spirits glide.

Thrice welcome to my weary sight,
Avenging ministers of wrath !
Ye heard, amid the realms of night,
The spell that wakes the sleep of death.

Where Hecla's flames the snows dissolve,
Or storms, the polar skies involve;
Where, o'er the tempest-beaten wreck,
The raging winds and billows break;
On the sad earth, and in the stormy sea,
All, all shall shudd'ring own your potent agency.

To aid your toils, to scatter death,
Swift, as the sheeted lightning's force,
When the keen north-wind's freezing breath
Spreads desolation in its course,
My soul within this icy sea,
Fulfils her fearful destiny.
Thro' Time's long ages I shall wait
To lead the victims to their fate;
With callous heart, to hidden rocks decoy,
And lure, in seraph-strains, unpitying, to destroy.

CHORUS OF DRYADS.

FROM THE ORFEO OF POLITIANO.*

HARK, hark! the soft winds low resound,

Our hopes are gone, our glory fled!

Mourn, mourn! ye rivers murmuring round,

Ye drink the tears that 'balm the dead!

Before thy shadows, Death, decline

The stars of heaven, and veil their beams;

And every flower of summer seems,

Eurydice! in faded bloom,

To feel the breath that blighted thine.

And Love, while drooping Nature dies,
 In deeper woe shall mingle sighs,
 Eurydice ! that thou wert lur'd
 By cruel Fate's avenging doom,
 From hope, from life, to darkness and the tomb.

Hark, hark ! &c.

Ah Fortune ! serpent, mining deep,
 In fear, in grief, in wrath reveal'd !
 Torn as a lily from the field,
 She wither'd like the rose of morn,
 Before the tempest's whelming sweep.—
 Pale is that face, and humbled low,
 That blush'd in beauty's living glow:
 Our joys are dust ! our sun decay'd !
 Those lucid eyes are quench'd in night,
 That shone to gladden earth, and minister delight.

Hark, hark ! &c.

And Thou, whose soul-entrancing breath
First wak'd the lyre to love and woe!
All silent now that magic flow,
That hush'd to peace the warring winds,
And charm'd the iron ear of Death!
Can Music soothe when thou art lost,
Exulting Nature's proudest boast?
Thou troubled ocean! murmur deep—
Let louder lamentations rise,
From desolated earth, and pierce the darken'd skies.

Hark, hark! the soft winds low resound,
Our hopes are gone, our glory fled!
Mourn, mourn! ye rivers murmuring round,
Ye drink the tears that 'balm the dead!

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM ROUSSEAU.

WHY, plaintive warbler! tell me why
For ever sighs thy troubled heart?
Cannot these groves, that glowing sky,
A solace to thy woes impart?
Shall Spring his blooming wreaths entwine,
To circle every brow, but thine?

See! Nature, at thy wish'd return,
Renews her robe of gayest green;

And can thy wayward bosom mourn,
 When Nature wakes the vernal scene!
When every Dryad lends her shade,
For thine and Contemplation's aid.

See! from thy haunts the stormy North
 His surly blasts leads far away;
Each blossom of the teeming earth,
 The glories of the op'ning day;
The promise of the coming year,
All, all, sweet bird, for thee appear.

For thee, Aurora steeps in dews
 The new-born flow'rets of the dale;
For thee, with lib'ral hand she strews
 Her fragrance on the western gale;
And rifles all the sweets of morn,
To deck her fav'rite's mossy thorn.

Hark! while thy sad strain seems to tell
Some mournful tale of luckless love,
On each soft note's ecstatic swell,
In silence hang the warbling grove;
And ev'n the fowler loves to spare
The Poet of the midnight air.

O! if a friend's untimely tomb
Bid all that tide of sorrow flow;
Alas! ev'n there, thy wretched doom
Is mercy to my weight of woe;
For pain now past, thy bosom sighs;
Mine, present always,—never flies.

Thee, bounteous Nature blooms to cheer,
And beauty smiles, thy woes to still;
To nature, love, and pity dear,
Well mayst thou yield thy load of ill,

To beings, as forlorn as I,^c
 Denied the freedom of a tear,
The rapture of a single sigh.^d

THE NEREID.

FROM GRESSET.

DEEP in thy ruby-colour'd cave,
Hear, Nereid of the sacred main !
And, from the Ocean's stormy wave,
To these fair fields return again.
Blows there among thy emerald bowers
A gale like this, that, fluttering still,
Attendant on the month of flowers,
Breathes on this green and sunny hill ?

What tho' along thy foamy verge
The Halcyon skims her downy breast ;
And, cradled on the murmuring surge
The west-wind rocks her sea-weed nest :

Thou hear'st not in thy crystal cell
The morning anthem of the year ;
The music of thy spiral shell,
The wild waves deafen, sobbing drear !

O to these bowers, the bowers of Spring,
The shades of Nature, holy gloom !
While Heaven's soft dews at twilight fling
On grass and flower their living bloom,
Climena, from thy pearly caves
Return, and hail the Sun of day,
Nor for the roar of tossing waves
Resign the music of the May.

THE CAR OF DEATH.

FROM ANTONIO ALLAMANNI.^e

ANGUISH, and tears, and penance dread,

For ever torture here ;

This livid band of wandering dead

Go crying, to the slumbering ear

Penitence, penitence!—Mortals hear!

Living once, as now thou art ;

Thou too, shalt be as we ;

Dead as thou seest we are, thy heart

As dead as ours shall be :

Unrepenting, woe to thee !

For thou shalt cry, in guilt and fear,
 Penitence, penitence!—none will hear.

Like thee at feast and carnival,
 We mock'd the speeding time;
 Adding, till the cup was full,
 Joy to joy, and crime to crime:
 Now we ring our warning chime
 O'er the earth, in funeral cry,
 Penitence, penitence!—ere thou die.

Blind, weak, and senseless, humbled kneel!
 All things shall pass away;
 Honours, and state, and glory feel
 An arm that none can stay:
 Unrepentant, who shall say
 In the grave we rest at last?
 Penitence, penitence!—all is past.

We bear a scythe whose gleaming blade
Mows down the nations at a blow ;
Vital still, and undecay'd,
On from life to life we go ;
But the life is bliss or woe ;
Vaunt not then of cloudless days,
Penitence, penitence !—kneel and praise.

Living, all shall sink to dust,
Dying, every soul shall live ;
Lord of lords ! the law is just,
All have sinn'd—forgive, forgive ?
Penitent, thou wilt save alive :
But ere dust to dust return,
Penitence, penitence !—read the urn.

He that shrinks from other's woe,
The worm shall gnaw that never dies ;

But blessed are the tears that flow
From mercy's heart when sorrow sighs;
Belov'd on earth, to glory rise!
Thou shalt not call in fear to heaven
Penitence, penitence! unforgiven.

WHEN many a tear bedims the sight,
And Fancy wings her airy flight
 To scenes that fairer hopes impart ;
Ah! can the Muse her strains prolong,
Or try to swell the choral song,
 When grief weighs heavy on the bursting heart?

Fain would I, hanging round thy tomb
The flowers of never-fading bloom,
 Thy name from dark oblivion save ;
Fain would I bid upon thy breast
Lightly the mould'ring greensward rest,
 And no rude hand disturb thy grave.

Alas! another hand than mine
Must o'er thy dust the cypress twine,
 Lamented brother of my soul!
Another tongue thy virtues swell,
And pensive strike the plaintive shell,
 To bid the tear of pity roll.

Bid Spring, with humid hand, entwine
His earliest flowers, to deck the shrine,
 Where rests thy cold insensate clay;
There bid the visionary mind
Hear, in the pauses of the wind,
 Some mournful cadence die away.

Fond hope and vain! no dewy spring
His early offerings there shall bring,
 No finer feelings swell!

Wild o'er that rude and parched strand
The tropic lion prints the sand,
And fiery tigers yell!

Yet, to that spot where Afric pours
The ocean round his eastern shores,
Full many a soul with mine may turn,
In Memory's anguish, trace again
The staggering wreck—the raging main,—
And bathe with tears the funeral urn!

TO A FRIEND.

WAS thine the command, with the rigours of truth,
To blend the fair visions of Fancy and youth?
By these shall that spirit be charm'd to repose,
Whose morn of existence is dark as the close?
For Life is all past when the gales of the spring
Return from the hills, and no happiness bring;
When the music of Nature is nought to the ear,
But the murmurings of Time for the lost and the dear!

A tempest, more rude than the winds of the sky,
Must beat on the heart ere it wither and die!
O'er mine it has breath'd, and its fervors are past,
And Hope, ev'n thine, that forsook it the last!—

For Hope cannot stand by the mouldering tomb,
And summon the dead from that fathomless gloom;
They have pass'd into darkness, in silence repos'd,
Their race is accomplish'd—their warfaring clos'd.—

Then deem it not strange, when all desolate cast,
Like a beacon to warn where the shipwreck has past,
This footstep should falter ;—this spirit decline,
Which cannot forget, and which may not repine :
For the hopes that have beam'd on my life in its prime,
With the peace I have lost in the tempests of Time,
Round thee may they brighten, (and Fate will be just,)
And thy heart wake to rapture—when mine shall be dust.

SONNETS FROM WERTER.⁶⁷

I.

WHEN the first beams of morn illumine the sky,

“ To-day I see her,” and I hail the sun ;

“ To-day I see her,” and the moments run,

And Life, and Time, and all unheeded fly.

O how I grasp delusions! form again

The frantic hopes, my firmer mind denies!

I see but her, in earth, in air and skies ;

I feel but her in all my burning brain.

Then, as I think upon the woes to come,

Bereav'd of comfort, how I hate the day!

Tears, from a heart of anguish, force their way,

And oft I wish to make the grave my home ;

To drink the bitter cup, while yet I may,

Before my strength is gone, and all my powers decay.

II.

Is this sad heart, so cold and vacant, mine?

Enchanting scenes! I know you now no more!

The soft stream winds beneath th' o'erhanging pine;

Ye shine in summer pride—but mine is o'er.

O could I place my woes in low'ring skies,

In dismal seasons, or capricious care,

In the wild whirl Ambition's strife supplies,

My tighten'd heart might breathe in freer air.

Wretch that I am! this bosom, once so blest,

Contains the poison, which consumes its peace;

In vain I stretch my arms, and seek for rest;

Dark clouds surround, forbidding all release.

Yes! I must fill the measure of my woes,

And then I find the road that leads me to repose.

III.

WHERE is that sentiment which warm'd my breast,
Which pour'd around me torrents of delight,
Which brought all paradise before my sight,
And wrapt my soul in visions of the blest !
How often has the wand'ring sea-bird's flight
Across the vast immeasurable deep,
Borne my free spirit in its rapid sweep,
Thro' living waters, and immortal light,
To taste beatitude where raptures flow !
Oh ! how this heart is chang'd !—For blissful dreams
Of life eternal, dim before me gleams
The deep and fathomless abyss of woe,
Where, hurried headlong thro' the black'ning wave,
Or dash'd upon the rocks, I soon must find my grave.

IV.

AH! not on me she turn'd her wand'ring eyes!
On me who saw but her, but her alone;
Yet still I thought! Alas! my soul relies
On airy phantoms, when its peace is gone.
Yes! I would go! could this devoted breast
Give back her image?—but in vain I rave:
For ever present, on my brain impress'd,
Her eye's dark lustre lights me to the grave!
Thus the dread loadstone, on the torrid steep,
Rocks the tall vessel on her straining keel,
Draws from the oozing seams the central steel;
The masts' torn fragments drifting on the deep:
Yes! one must perish! Charlotte! be it mine
To give my life, and purchase peace to thine!

V.

HOWLS the sad wind, amid the torrents drear,
That pour impetuous from the mountain's brow,
And thro' incumbent clouds the moon's wan sphere
Illumes, with scatter'd light, th' abyss below.
O how the terrors of this fearful night
Bear kindred horrors to my fiery soul!
Should aught but desolation meet *my* sight?
No! As I mark the flaming tempests roll,
Methinks, to toss the foaming surge on high,
And join the tumult of the warring skies,
Commingled with the wind, my soul could fly,
And soar sublime, beyond her agonies!
And cannot I?—It is not yet my time:
All, all my wishes now are in another clime.

VI.

WHY will she look, as if her soul were mine?
Mine? Power Eternal! how my plastic brain
Gives form to shadows, while I seek in vain
For love, where only tears of pity shine.
Alas! she knows not, that her soften'd eyes
Shed deadly poison thro' my blighted breast.
Oft, while I gaze, and think myself at rest,
As in the morn, that saw my hopes arise;
Ah! then conviction, like the lightning's flash,
Gleams on the gulf, where all my hopes shall cease;
Dark terror scatters every beam of peace;
And then I fly, to hear the thunder's crash
On some wild rock:—'Tis music to my ears,
And lends my swelling heart the luxury of tears.

VII.

PIERC'D by the rugged thorn, I burst my way
Thro' tangled thickets, which oppose in vain ;
Would that my streaming blood might now allay
My soul's deep agony and fever'd brain !
Oft, when the shudd'ring damps my frame benumb,
Shines on my blasted head th' unclouded moon ;
Till, faint with anguish, and with thirst o'ercome,
Amid the silence of the night's pale noon,
I sink exhausted till the dawn of morn !
O God ! the darkest dungeon which entombs
The living victim, or the racking steel
By the last tears of groaning Nature worn,
Were ease to what my ebbing life consumes,
Were bliss and luxury to what I feel !

VIII.

YES! it is well:—Avenging Heav'n! 'tis well.

This night—this awful night has strung my soul.

A few short hours, and I shall reach the goal,
And still the storm, I cannot now repel.

O! should stern Virtue's happier sons deny

To mix their ashes, in a grave with mine;

In some lone valley let my relics lie,

Unfollow'd, Charlotte! with a tear—but thine.

And, if a wanderer should chance to stray,

Where deep forgetfulness around me reigns,

And, sadly seated by my bed of clay,

Call down a blessing on my spurn'd remains,

I ask no more.—Let none profane the tomb;

Mysterious silence rest for ever on my doom.

IX.

I FEEL, I feel, that all is over now.

My eyes shall never more behold the sun.

Thick fogs involve, and Nature veils her brow,

At the last conflict of a wretch undone.

Like some torn wreck, along the waters driv'n,

And, unresisting, tost from shore to shore ;

When midnight darkness shrouds the light of Heav'n,

And angry winds, and raging billows roar,

I rush insensate to the brink of death :

I plunge uncall'd, amid unfathom'd seas.

Thine anguish, Charlotte !—with my latest breath,

I call on Heav'n, to lull thy soul to peace.

And, now be calm,—we meet—we meet again :

And to secure thy peace, I shall not die in vain.

X.

'Tis midnight now,—all silent as the tomb.

Thou sleep'st, my Charlotte! while thy lover dies.

O that one tear would bathe my burning eyes,

And soothe my sullen soul's tremendous gloom!

Once more, fair star! I hail thy favourite beam;

Thou shin'st, unsullied, on a world of woe.

When gleam the hills, in thy revolving glow,

My soul, reviving from a troubled dream,

Shall soar, unfetter'd, thro' the waste of day.

O thou, for whom I liv'd, for whom I die,

Farewel!—farewel!—the awful hour is nigh,

That sees this active heart a clod of clay.

The knell is rung.—Ah, Charlotte! be at peace

And lose my error, in my blest release.

**VERSES ON AN ILLUMINATION FOR
A NAVAL VICTORY.**

VERSES ON AN ILLUMINATION.

HARK! 'tis the note of joy—the trumpet's voice
Swells in the wind, and bids the world rejoice;
From street to street, in artificial light,
The blaze of torches glitters on the night;
Loud peals of triumph rend the startled sky:
Rejoice! it is the shout of victory;
Yes! tho' enthron'd upon a thousand graves,
Rejoice! for Conquest rides the crimson'd waves.
Is this a time for triumph and applause,
When shrinking Nature mourns her broken laws?
Wide o'er the bloody scene, while Glory flies
To heap the pile of human sacrifice;

Hid in some dark retreat, the widow weeps
Her heart's best treasure bury'd in the deeps;
The frantic mother's cries of Heaven implore
Some youthful warrior—she shall meet no more:
From the first beam, that wakes the golden day,
To ling'ring twilight's melancholy ray,
No respite comes, their breaking hearts to cheer,
Or, from the fount of misery, steal a tear!

Rough as the storm that rends the icy seas,
Th' uncultur'd savage spurns the arts of peace;
Impell'd by hatred, and revenge his guide,
He leaves his native mountain's shelt'ring side,
Thro' trackless deserts holds his bloody way,
With toil unwearied, thro' the tedious day;
At night, reposing on the blasted heath,
In dreams, his fancy points the stroke of death,
Exults horrific o'er his prostrate foe,
And aims anew the visionary blow.

Starting he wakes—afar he sees a form,
Half-viewless, stalking thro' the misty storm ;
Nearer he comes—his frantic eye-balls glare,
And yells inhuman ring along the air :
They meet, engage—affrighted Nature flies ;
A fearful darkness dims the low'ring skies ;
Revenge beside them points th' envenom'd stings,
And Murder shrouds them with his gory wings !

“ Accurs'd the deed !” the Sons of Europe cry,
While the tear starting, trembles in their eye ;
Yes ! ye may boast, from feeling's source sublime,
That milder mercy gilds your favour'd clime ;
With eager joy, you bid oppression cease,
And lull the jarring universe to peace !
Alas ! Humanity would shroud the sight,
And wrap Destruction in his native night ;
With breasts begirt with steel, in dread array,
The glitt'ring legions flash upon the day ;

Brothers in Science, at the trumpet's sound,
Like demons meet, and scatter death around.
Unmov'd they stand, and view the living tide
Pour, with a torrent's force, on every side.
On Andes' cliffs, untutor'd Murder low'rs,
But all his keener, deadlier arts—are ours.

O! could some Spirit, from the fields of day,
To this fair planet wing his vent'rous way,
Inhale the freshness of the vernal breeze,
And mark the sun, reflected in the seas,
View where, abundant, on a thousand shores,
The waving harvests yield their golden stores ;
Gay Beauty smiling in the sweets of morn,
The op'ning violet, and the flow'ring thorn,
Th' expanding fields of every varied hue,
And the clear concave of unclouded blue !

Then let Him stand, where hostile armies join
By the red waters of the rushing Rhine,

Amid thick darkness, hear the trumpets blow,
And the last shriek of Nature quiver low ;
Mark the full tide of Desolation spread,
And count, at eve, the dying and the dead :
How would he pause ! How seek, in vain, to find
Some trace, in Man, of an immortal mind ;
Man, who can glory in a scene like this,
Yet look to brighter worlds for endless bliss !

O ! for a lodge,ⁱ where Peace might love to dwell,
In some sequester'd, solitary dell !
Some fairy isle, beyond the Southern wave,
Where War ne'er led his victims to the grave ;
Where, mid the tufted groves, when twilight pale
Peoples with shadowy forms the dewy dale,
The lone Enthusiast, wrapt in trance sublime,
Might soar, unfetter'd by the bounds of time ;
Might bask in Fancy's reign, where scenes appear
Of blooms perpetual, thro' the vernal year ;

Where heav'nly odours scent the zephyr's wing,
And fruits and flow'rs, in wild luxuriance spring!

Such were the dreams, that sooth'd the pensive breast,
And lull'd the soul to visionary rest ;
Such were the scenes, the poet's fancy drew,
While Rapture hail'd the moments, as they flew ;
Till mad Ambition bade the battle rage,
And Man with Man eternal warfare wage.

Ah! did our years thro' circling ages flow,
Or Fate secure the heart from private woe ;
Did strength for ever in the arm reside,
Or the firm frame retain its youthful pride ;
The eye that saw th' embattled hosts extend,
Might also hope to see their discord end ;
The heart, which Sorrow never taught to feel,
Might point, with surer aim, th' avenging steel :
Ah! when a few short years have roll'd away,
The foes shall rest, unjarring, in the clay.

The Tartar-Chief, expiring on the plain,
 Amid the multitudes his arm has slain,
 Yields his fierce soul, ere half his years are run,
 And ends his fiery course, when scarce begun.
 The polish'd youth, whom Europe rears to arms,
 And Glory flatters, with deceitful charms,
 Chills each fine impulse of the glowing soul,
 And, pressing onward to the laurel'd goal,
 Forgets that feeling ever warm'd his breast,
 Or pity pleaded for the heart oppress.

All hail, ye joys! to genuine feeling dear,
 The heart's warm transport, and the gushing tear!
 Welcome the sigh, from Pity's altar stole,
 Ye calm the tumult of the troubled soul.
 O! on whatever shore, by fortune cast,
 My shatter'd bosom finds a home at last;
 Whatever ills, in Sorrow's ample reign,
 May wring my heart, with aggravated pain;

Still, at those hours, when, hush'd in deep repose,
The happy lose their joys, the sad their woes,
May fancy lead me to the desert steep,
Stupendous frowning o'er the sullen deep ;
To hear the shipwreck'd mariner deplore
His doom relentless, on the rocky shore !
Even when the winds their awful fury urge,
And, heap'd like mountains, raves the foaming surge,
Less dread the terrors of the turbid main,
Than Carnage, stalking o'er th' ensanguin'd plain !
 And ye, who, bending o'er the untimely urn,
Will see nor joy nor happiness return ;
Thro' your chang'd homes, who wildly seek in vain
For those who slumber in the stormy main ;
May piercing Anguish spare his arrows keen,
And Pity soothe you, as ye weep unseen !
May peace pervade, where faithful sorrow reigns,
And charm the grief, that not an eye profanes !

Ah! think, tho' ling'ring years unblest decay,
To troubled night succeeds untroubled day!
Time's feeble barrier bounds the painful course,
But joy shall reign, eternal as its Source.

SONNETS FROM PETRARCH, &c.

I.

WHEN welcome slumber locks my torpid frame,
I see thy spirit in the midnight dream ;
Thine eyes, that still in living lustre beam,
In all, but frail mortality, the same.
Ah! then, from earth and all its sorrows free,
Methinks I meet thee, in each former scene,
Once the sweet shelter of a heart serene,
Now vocal only, while I weep for thee.
For thee? ah no! from human ills secure,
Thy hallow'd soul exults in endless day.
'Tis I, who linger on the toilsome way ;
No balm relieves the anguish I endure,
Save the fond, feeble hope, that thou art near,
To soothe my sufferings with an angel's tear.

II.

MOV'D by the summer wind, when all is still,
The light leaves quiver on the yielding spray ;
Sighs from its flow'ry banks the lucid rill,
While the birds answer in their sweetest lay.
Vain to this sick'ning heart these scenes appear ;
No form but hers can meet my tearful eyes ;
In every passing gale her voice I hear ;
It seems to tell me " I have heard thy sighs."
" But why," she cries, " in Manhood's tow'ring prime,
In Grief's dark mist thy days, inglorious, hide ?
Ah! dost thou murmur, that my span of Time
Has join'd Eternity's unchanging tide ?
Yes! tho' I seem'd to shut mine eyes in night,
They only clos'd to wake, in everlasting light."

III.

WHERE now the beauty of that heav'nly face?

In vain I seek what I shall meet no more!

Fled the pure soul, that wak'd to life before

Each tender smile, and animated grace:

For never now shall thy bewitching tongue

Revive my weary spirit, woe deprest;

Or lull again to transitory rest

This heart, so many agonies have wrung.

O! as the ling'ring years of life decay

Beneath keen Sorrow's unrelenting pow'r,

No peace I find, save when, in Fancy's hour,

With thee I wander thro' cerulean day,

And taste fond pleasure as I see thee shine,

And as I think thee, tho' immortal, mine.

IV.

Y^ES! mid the blissful band, in yonder skies,
I see her lovely, as in former days:
Soft pity trembles in her humid eyes,
And veils the lustre of the seraph's blaze.
“Here too,” she cries, “when life's rude blast is o'er,
If virtue shrink not at the syren's voice,
Here shalt thou rest with me to part no more,
And in unsullied happiness rejoice!
Rejoice? And can the soul immers'd in clay,
Conceive the raptures, that inspire the blest!
For thee I wait.—Ah! tho' I fled away,
Let heav'nly hope illumine thy darken'd breast.”
Why was she silent, when my soaring soul
Already touch'd th' anticipated goal!

V.

AT THE SEPULCHRE OF PETRARCH.

FROM LAZZARINI DI MORRO.

WHAT lingering years have fled, since first I hung
With youthful rapture o'er thy hallow'd urn !
Yet still I wander where that lyre was strung,
Yet still in hoary age to thee I turn.
Even in this time-chill'd heart where no return
Of new-born life shall rouse the expiring flame ;
Warm in its pristine youth, nor faint, nor worn
Glow the first transport which awak'd thy name.
That soul sublime, whose ever-living fires
Shed on my early days their fairy bloom ;
Now, on my tottering age, when Hope retires,
Lends its sweet lustre to beguile the gloom :
O that my spirit, which to thine aspires,
Like thine could live, and triumph o'er the tomb.

VI.

FROM OSSIAN.

SHOOK in the whistling wind, that sweeps by night,
Waves the dark thorn upon the twilight hill ;
Hark ! thro' the murmuring leaves that shiver still,
Some spirit rustles, in its airy flight.

For oft, in wintry storms, the eddying blast
Bears, on its viewless wings, the shadowy dead ;
When the faint moon conceals her pallid head,
Amid the darkness of th' unfathom'd vast.

O ! hear me, voices of the days of old !
I hear not you, departed sons of song !
Say, do ye sweep the lyre, the clouds among ?
Or, in the morning mist aerial roll'd,
Glide the green ocean's foamy breast along,
When gleam the sun-beat waves in liquid gold ?

THE NUN.

THE NUN.

YES! it is done; the frightful conflict's o'er;
And peace is fled,—to visit me no more.
Immur'd for ever in this living tomb,
How my soul sickens at her hated doom!
—Ye darksome caverns, Misery's black abode,
Where tears of anguish praise th' insulted God;
Ye waving pines, that brave the midnight air,
To you I breathe the accents of despair,
On your deaf ear the tale of sorrow pour,
Till death shall bring to all my woes—a cure.
Eternal Friendship! dare I turn mine eyes
To thy pure shrine, yet mourn the sacrifice?
O! Sister of my soul! I seek you here;
In vain I seek you, thro' the caverns drear;

Falsely I triumph'd, when I bade adieu
To social life, to happiness,—to you.
Tho' on my face delusive pleasure shone,
And Peace sat, smiling, on a falling throne,
While not a pang betray'd internal smart,
The scorpion anguish stung me to the heart.

Ne'er shall the hour, with keenest horror fraught,
By time be banish'd from my aching thought,
When clos'd the massy gates, with hollow sound,
And lock'd me, shuddering, in their dreary bound.
“ These walls,” I cried, “ I never pass again :”
And nature shiver'd thro' each chilly vein.
Grim as the grave, before my troubled eyes
I saw the giant form of terror rise ;
Breathless I listen'd for some cheering sound ;
And the wind howl'd the vaulted caves around.

Ye frowning cliffs, whose hoary tops sublime
For ever mock the ravages of time !

When the wild tempest sweeps each awful height,
And warring elements convulse the night,
In all the tearless horror of despair,
I turn, to witness desolation there :
Sullen, I trace the lightnings, as they fly,
And hail the thunder's stroke, that rends the sky ;
I hear the Var re-bellow to his source,
And bless the heaving storm's tyrannic force.

The groaning Exile, mid Siberian snows,
Feels distant freedom cheer surrounding woes ;
Weary and faint, at eve, his shivering form
Sustains the fury of the polar storm ;
To guide him on his way, no glimmering light,
With ray benignant, breaks the gloom of night ;
No faithful partner, breathless with her fears,
Welcomes the wand'rer, with a flood of tears ;
To lull his sick'ning spirit to repose,
Around, horrific, howl his shaggy foes.

Still Fancy dreams, for Hope assists her flight,
 Of scenes far distant, of renew'd delight ;
 Again, with rapture's swelling tide oppress'd,
 He clasps his children to his burning breast,
 Again he rushes to a friend's embrace,
 And feels the big tears bathe his grief-worn face :
 —The pathless desert, lock'd in endless frost,
 The long long prospect of the shipless coast,
 Forgotten all ; fair freedom's magic power
 Can lull his sorrows, in their fiercest hour ;
 A few short months to drag the iron chain,
 And triumph leads him to the world again.
 But me, no hope shall soothe, no time release,
 No promis'd freedom give me back my peace.
 Should these dim walls, these galling fetters bind,
 In endless slav'ry, the reluctant mind?
 No ! Heaven's immortal light shall shine on those,
 Whose lips ne'er utter what their hearts oppose ;

For them shall Piety, on seraph wings,
 Waft bliss unmingled, from Elysian springs ;
 Hush'd at the midnight hour to balmy rest,
 Their guiltless souls commingle with the blest ;
 By rapture borne, they pierce incumbent night,
 And lave in yielding seas of liquid light.

To yonder distant wood of shadowy pine,
 When peace, and health, and liberty, were mine,
 Oft have I wander'd, pensive, to behold
 The sun departing tinge the clouds with gold :
 Wrapt in the music of the sighing wind,
 All joys alike, and sorrows left behind,
 My soul, unconscious of her earthly frame,
 Has kindled rapture at devotion's flame :
 Or, in the mimic woes which fancy drew,
 I heard affection sigh the last adieu ;
 I trac'd the spirit to her native skies ;
 And tears of mix'd emotion dimm'd mine eyes.—

Thro' the dark grating of my casement low,
I mark the sinking sun's impurpled glow ;
Immortal verdure crowns the waving woods,
And, clear as crystal, gush the mountain floods ;
Celestial balm from every flower exhales,
And Heaven's own breath perfumes the summer gales :
Afar the ocean's whit'ning billows shine,
They charm no more,—but, ah ! the change is mine.
And thou, for whom my faithful love resign'd
Each happier vision of a youthful mind ;
To save whose peace, I gave my own away,
And chas'd from life each pleasurable ray !
Could thy fond eye this midnight cell explore,
These walls re-echoing to the torrent's roar,
How wouldst thou mourn, that, yielding to my pray'r,
Thou gav'st thy Sister to eternal care !
—Methinks I hear thee at my fate rejoice,
And bless the quiet of my hallow'd choice.

O! spare me, Heaven! my fainting frame sustain ;
 The pray'r of misery can ne'er be vain :
 Why will thy ministers, with cruel art,
 Tear its last shelter from a broken heart ?
 Pure was the awful sacrifice it made ;
 Hard fate impos'd the task, and Friendship paid.
 Ah! had it falter'd, less severely firm,
 And, trembling, shudder'd at the first alarm,
 To selfish joy confin'd its fervent glow,
 What guilt had spar'd its peace, what lasting woe !
 Proud that I was ! I bade my soul aspire,
 And catch from heav'n the animating fire,
 In virtue's race th' eternal path pursue,
 Nor saw I follow'd, but as *Feeling* drew.
 Thine is this cheek, where grief's untimely tears
 Have worn the furrows of autumnal years :
 Thine is this ceaseless storm, that rends my soul,
 And drives sick reason to distraction's goal :

O! mid the varied woes, that heap thy shrine,
May none e'er pay an offering like mine!
May none e'er covet thy bewitching joys!
Hard is the purchase, and unwise the choice.
One blissful tear thro' rapture's channel flows,
And thousands stream o'er wounds which never close.

Alas! while all around, in freedom gay,
Exult, unfetter'd, in the face of day,
In this dim sepulchre I hide my head;
The gloom, but not the quiet of the dead:
And view, for thousands share *my* lot severe,
How mad the aims of human kind appear!
Ah! could they think, while Commerce crowds their shores,
With ev'ry diff'rent clime's exhaustless stores,
While all the arts their varied powers combine,
To lavish gifts on cultivation's shrine,
That He, whose mercy gave this earthly ball,
With plenty stor'd, impartially, to all,

Will weigh, in equal balance, ev'ry soul,
 From Afric's deserts to the freezing pole :
 One tear of anguish wip'd from misery's eye,
 One heave, responsive to the sufferer's sigh,
 Will raise their owner's unobtrusive name
 Above the proudest boast of mortal fame.

But what have I to do, intomb'd below,
 And drinking to the dregs the cup of woe,
 To paint *their* bliss, to whom the hand of heav'n,
 The glorious power of doing good has giv'n !
 Once I had hop'd,—this bosom then was warm,
 And life had many a tie, and many a charm ;
 Once I had wish'd,—gay Hope his pinions spread ;
 I turn'd to grasp ;—the heavenly vision fled.

What tho' the soul, indignant, spurn her chain,
 And fly uncurb'd thro' Fancy's wide domain ;
 To real life, at last, her flight must come,
 And flutter round the happy scene of home.

Yes! ye dank cells, o'ergrown with hoary mould,
 The only home I ever shall behold!
 To you I come, from skies of cloudless light,
 From scenes of pure and ever-gay delight.
 —Here, as I sit and weep, unheard, unknown,
 Save while the echoes give me back my moan,
 My weary spirit seeks another scene,
 Nor bars, nor chains, can interpose between.

Far o'er the bosom of th' Atlantic waves,
 Where fierce, thro' trackless wilds, the tempest raves,
 Unpolish'd Nature holds her throne sublime,
 And rears the children of her fav'rite clime;
 Wild as the desolate, uncultur'd soil,
 She strings each nerve, to vigour and to toil;
 Fearless, amid the unfathom'd gulfs, they play,
 Or, thro' the swampy fens, explore their way,
 Trace the fierce cataract to its foaming source,
 Nor ask a partner, in their dang'rous course;

Alone the savage stands:—His giant soul,
Indignant, mocks the shadow of controul;
Each softer glow his bosom scorns to own;
He rests enjoyment on himself alone.

To hearts less callous, souls of softer form,
Within the circle of the Arctic storm,
I turn, to Iceland's melancholy shore,
And sigh, that liberty is mine no more.
Pale from his wintry cave, the native braves
The rattling tumult of the crashing waves,
Unwearied, till the light's departing ray
Flings her long shadows on the wat'ry way;
Swift thro' the icy heaps, with daring keel,
He drives his boat against the diving seal.
Or when, outstretch'd upon the frozen deep,
He marks the shaggy bear, in awful sleep,
Shudd'ring, he winds along the ice-pil'd rock,
And whelms his cruel foe, with mortal stroke.

At night, returning to his shelt'ring cave,
Affection hails him, weary from the wave.
Within, contentment cheers the happy scene,
Prompts the sweet smile, and smooths the brow serene,
Hard and laborious tho' his lot may be,
Still, still, his heart can tell him—he is free!

On Europe's plains, I rest my wearied eyes;
Yes! light celestial gilds the favour'd skies.
Each finer feeling of the ennobled mind,
Each thought, by science and by taste refin'd,
Each purer enterprise, to virtue dear,
And all the arts of polish'd life, are here.
Here too, religion rears the mimic tomb,
And shrouds the suff'rer in a dungeon's gloom;
Enwrapt in superstition's iron chains,
How the blood rushes thro' my shivering veins!
The sick'ning spirit wears the powers away,
Which Genius kindled with his brightest ray.

Mistrust and guile, in every frightful cell,
 Usurp the place, where piety should dwell ;
 The heart affection sooth'd with many a tear,
 By harshness broken, ends its sorrows here.

O Power Eternal! while, thine arm sustains
 This ample world, and yonder starry plains ;
 Shall man, with impious hand, thy mercy bind,
 And rule at pleasure o'er an equal mind ;
 Throughout the bleeding earth extend his fame,
 And shield his crimes beneath thine awful Name?
 'Twas here, in former times, religion pour'd
 The blood of thousands on th' insatiate sword :
 And now, ev'n now, upon a sister shore,
 How long, humanity! shalt thou deplore
 That dread Tribunal, horror's darkest cave,
 Where ruthless murder heaps the midnight grave?
 But here must Nature pause ;—the arm of Time
 May root these terrors from the groaning clime ;

May tear from Superstition's torturing hand,
 The bloody ensigns of her black command;
 Call the pale victims to the light of day,
 To peace, to Mercy's tolerating sway.

Meantime, like some sad wreck, by tempests blown,
 Forlorn and desolate, I stand alone.—
 O'er the wild deep, the heaving vessel rides,
 Around, destruction heaps the adverse tides;
 Till the sunk rock receives the fated prey,
 And ruin stalks upon the wat'ry way.

The dream is o'er!—within my troubled breast,
 The grasp of pain unlocks the gates of rest.
 I feel, while Nature stems the burning tide,
 Thro' ev'ry vein the deadly poison glide.
 O Death! what dark and melancholy muse
 Has hung thine altar with unhallow'd yews?
 Bring every flow'r, that scents the southern skies,
 Or glows in beauty of unnumber'd dyes,

With deathless amaranth the wreath entwine ;
 These grateful hands shall deck th' unheeded shrine.

How oft, when ling'ring twilight's welcome ray
 Has clos'd the circle of a tedious day ;
 To-morrow's sun, my swelling spirit cries,
 May wing thee, happy, to unclouded skies,
 May see thee shelter'd from the storms of time,
 And sooth'd to lasting peace, in bliss sublime.

Thus, in those mansions of relentless toils,
 Whence Nature, shudd'ring at the sight, recoils ;
 The wretched miner hails the swift decay,
 That, inly working, steals his life away.—
 Hark! the loud voice of tyranny appals,
 And his faint frame to endless labour calls ;
 As slow he moves, the rifted rocks below,
 Where pestilential gales for ever blow,
 Sudden, before his dim and less'ning sight,
 Descend the thick'ning shades of deepest night ;

O'er his pale front, the vapour's mortal breath
Spreads the last hectic, and the dews of death:
He sinks.—The quiv'ring spirit tow'rs away,
And meets the splendour of eternal day.

ORIGINAL SONNETS.

I.

THE WATCHMAN.

FROM some rude rock, that o'erhangs the deep,
When the low winds proclaim the autumnal storm,
And murm'ring sounds along the waters sweep,
Where the lone lighthouse lifts its spiral form;
I mark, between the blast's infuriate fits,
The gleaming taper's solitary ray,
And fancy wanders where the Watchman sits,
With fearful heart, to view the lightning's play
Upon the surface of the gloomy waves;
As burst the thunders on his rocking tower,
And at its foot the mining ocean raves;
Appall'd, he listens thro' the midnight hour,
And calls on Heav'n:—The billows urge their way,
Upheave the rooted base, and all is swept away.

II.

THE SOLDIER.

WITH swelling heart, I hear thy stifled sigh,
Poor time-worn vet'ran! on thy hoary head
Beats the keen fury of the winter's sky,
And slow thou mov'st, "to beg thy bitter bread,"
While heaves impetuous thine indignant breast;
O! when the vessel cut the Atlantic foam,
And bore thee, sick, and wounded, and opprest,
Then rush'd thy fancy on the scene of home;
On all its guiltless pleasures;—her, who chas'd
With looks of anxious tenderness, thy woes.
Eternal Heav'n, that home—a dreary waste!
And the cold grave, where thy fond hopes repose,
Were all that met thee on thy native soil,
And all thy country gave, for years of blood and toil.

III.

THE NORWEGIAN.

WHEN doubtful twilight dims the polar noon,
And rays, reflected from the mountains, glow,
Against the rising of the winter moon,
The cold Norwegian from involving snow
Clears his frail bark :—and, when the first faint ray
Shines on the billow's ice-encumber'd foam,
Fearless he launches on his trackless way,
And on the stormy ocean hails his home.
When o'er his head, upon the misty height,
The harsh sea-eagle rears her airy nest,
And cheers, with clamours rude, the boreal night ;
No thrilling raptures swell his simple breast,
From all the glories rushing on his eye,
The awful sweep of waves, and star-encircled sky.

IV.

TO THE OWL.

HERALD of night and storm! save thine alone
No other accents wake this sullen gloom,
As from thy nest, within the sculptur'd tomb,
Thou pour'st to midnight thy portentous moan.
Amid the howlings of the northern blast,
Thou lov'st to mingle thy discordant scream,
Which to the visionary mind may seem
To call the sufferer to eternal rest.
And sometimes, with the Spirit of the deep,
Thou swell'st the roarings of the stormy waves ;
While, rising shroudless from their wat'ry graves,
Aerial forms along the billows sweep.
Hark! loud, and louder still, the tempest raves;—
And still I hear thee from the dizzy steep.

V.

TO THE OCEAN.

HUSH'D are thy stormy waves, tempestuous main!

Light o'er thy surface sports the genial air!

Ah! who would think, that danger lurks within,

That ev'n thy murmurings seem to say—beware.

To my corroded mind, destructive deep!

Thy smiling aspect only brings despair,

Reminds me, when the angry whirlwinds sweep

Along thy bosom, now so calm, so fair;

Reminds me, when, unpitying and untrue,

On the sunk rock thou driv'st the fated bark,

Whelm'st in thy wat'ry breast the luckless crew,

And smil'st delighted in a scene so dark.

Such are thy dreadful trophies, ruthless main!

What are thy triumphs—but another's pain!

VI.

Is there a spot, in Nature's wide domain,
Where Peace delights her fair abode to rear?
Where the sad heart shall never sigh again,
Nor the dimm'd eye be sullied with a tear?
Yes! to the sick'ning soul, by woes oppress'd,
And doom'd the pride of ignorance to bear,
Ev'n in this world there is one place of rest,
One sure asylum from corroding care.
Keen blows the wint'ry wind, and beats the rain,
And o'er its grassy roof the thunders rave;—
But warring elements essay in vain,
To wake the slumb'ring tenant of the grave;
And tempests keener than the troubled air
Alike are powerless and unheeded there!

VII.

SOFT thro' the woodland sighs the summer gale,
With many a hue the verdant landscape glows,
And, breathing sweets along the cultur'd vale,
Steals the fresh fragrance of the blushing rose.
The roaring billows of the stormy deep,
Hush'd to repose, their hostile rage forbear ;
And the low winds on the calm surface sleep,
Cooling the ardour of the noontide air.
No summer scenes, alas ! no vermilion bloom
Soothe the sick soul, by ev'ry ill oppress'd ;
To wander, cheerless, thro' the midnight gloom,
To brave the terrors of the wintry blast,
Whose swelling gusts ideal woes impart,
Are scenes more fitted—to a suffering heart.

VIII.

TO THE CYPRESS.

THRO' the long grass, that shrouds the lonely grave,
When bleak at eve the gusts of winter blow,
I love to mark thy gloomy branches wave,
And bend, lamenting, o'er the dust below.
Hush'd every accent, save the tempest's moan,
That waves the tall weeds on the mould'ring sod:
Thou, faithful partner of the tomb! alone
Wilt own thy master, in his last abode.
Blest be thy shade, in endless verdure blest,
And hallow'd every foot, that lingers near!
Ah! when the turf shall on my bosom rest,
Still mayst thou murmur, 'mid the silence drear,
To soothe, when ev'n affection shall decay,
And leave the slumberer, to his kindred clay!

IX.

IN some deep solitude's romantic breast,
 Beneath the azure of unchanging skies,
O that the weary soul could sink to rest,
 And lose for ever all her miseries!

Yes! I have found the tale of Hope untrue,
 And youth's depictur'd happiness a dream.
Alas! while fancy as the vision flew,
 Threw on the passing pomp the transient beam;
Had some prophetic accents reach'd mine ear,
 “ Beware, fond fool! it dazzles, to betray!
Soon shall the heart-wrung sigh, and gushing tear,
 Chase the fair promise of thy life away :”
My soul had stifled her expanding glow,
Nor, sought for rapture, to encounter woe.

X.

GOOD FRIDAY.

ALL, all is finish'd! From that cross of pain
His last expiring gaze in mercy gleams:—
Rent is the mystic veil of power in twain,
 And light in thickest darkness shrouds his beams.
Then bow'd thy sacred head, thou sent of God!
 Ev'n in its last disgrace, our form to share;
Hallowing for evermore that dread abode
 Whence Nature shrunk in doubt—or in despair.
Shall mortal homage now, the **M**ight that bow'd
 From highest heaven to earth, with tears bewail?
Rather let deep Hosannas shout aloud,—
 Rather let pealing adorations hail
The kingly Victor, who descended here
That trembling penitence no more might fear.

XI.

EASTER.

HIS kingdom comes ! Reveal'd as now, from high
 Shall Earth again behold her Judge return ;
 When Faith shall worship, with adoring eye,
 The blest effulgence of celestial morn.
 Bursting the grave, He comes—the First that rose—
 Pledge of immortal life to them that sleep !
 Pledge of dominion o'er the last of foes,
 “ That they who sow in tears in joy shall reap.”
 Yes! they shall reap in joy, ev'n now who bear
 Life's fitful storm, or wait the king of fears!
 When *That* transcendant glory stoop'd to wear
 Death's icy fetters, whose eternal years
 Had seen the advent of created Time ;
 Shall man reluctant bow, to purchase bliss sublime?

TO ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

WITH A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

LAUNCH'D on that gulfy sea, whose restless tide,
The myriad voices of Opinion guide;
Amid the warring waves and tempest's roar,
With eye reverting to the parted shore,
This one faint tribute to *that Mind* I pay,
Whose friendship smooth'd the perils of the way;
To youth's unsteady breast decision brought,
Calm'd the rude fear, and nerv'd the timid thought:
Nor will *thine* eye, which trac'd the halo'd blaze
Around the altars of departed days!
Mark'd the first beams of genius quiver bright
Through the long mist of ages and of night!

Turn from the page, where no attendant Power
Breath'd inspiration in his tranced hour.

Yet tho' no light from heav'n hath wak'd to day
The immortal shell, impervious to decay ;
If one faint murmur of the trembling strings
Arrest fair Poesy's receding wings ;
Round the weak chords attract the transient flame ;
'Tis all I hop'd to gain—and all I claim.

TO MISS BAILLIE,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HER FIRST VOLUME OF PLAYS
ON THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Genius, bursting from the depth of night,
Unfurl'd his wings, and rear'd his giant height,
Dispell'd the gloom that hid the solar ray,
And call'd the Muses from their seats of day,
One mighty demi-god his spirit rais'd,
And wondering Britain on her Shakespeare gaz'd!—
Hark! the deep shell—on every concord rings
The war of nations, and the fate of kings;
Or slow vibrations wake the softer tones,
And tranced Love the pausing cadence owns.

Here hast *thou* stood to watch, with terror pale,
The unbodied shadow in the armed mail!

To view, while horror thrill'd each freezing vein,
 The sleeping murd'ress wipe the crimson stain.
 There in the charmed isle thy musing feet
 Have cross'd the Spirit in his green retreat,
 To catch the tale ecstatic Love reveals,
 When the clear moon-beam on the ocean steals.

Warm from these visions of eternal hue
 Thy daring hand the soul of Monfort drew!
 That fearful pause amid the deepening wood,
 When still as death the dread assassin stood;
 When chilly Silence trod the wild alone,
 And Nature hid her face—till all was done.

Or in that lonely cave where frantic Woe
 And blasted Honour aim'd the mortal blow,
 Thine arm from heaven the hues of Passion stole,
 To tinge the conflict of the lover's soul!

O as the tear of youth, of Love bedews
 Thine altar, priestess of the tragic muse!

Think, tho' no living blooms are offer'd here,
 No brighter gift can flow than Nature's tear!
 What is the praise that language can impart
 To the low murmurs of the swelling heart?
 Yes! tho' these lines the feeble effort own,
 The soul that stamps them bears another tone!
 Thro' realms of beauty, and thro' darkest night,
 That soul hath trac'd thee in thy towering flight,
 Trac'd the fair forms thy plastic hand combin'd
 With all the fervour of impulsive mind!

Amid those scenes where busy tumult reigns,
 If ere thy fancy seek thy native plains,
 Recal their pleasures, while Remembrance sighs
 Beneath the azure arch of southern skies;
 Then may these accents for their country claim
 The pride, the honour, of thy native name;
 And with the voice of Fame delighted join
 To hail the triumph of the sex—in thine.

THE GENII.

ARGUMENT.

ADDRESS to the Genii—Their existence before the formation of the world—Their power over the elements—Their palaces in the centre of the earth, in the mines of Potosi—Their operation in earthquakes—Earthquake at Lima—Malignant influence of the Genii on domestic happiness—Address to the beneficent spirits of the air—Excursions of the Genii to the frigid and torrid zones—Power of the Genii over water—Presence of the Genii at the Deluge—Whirlpool of Maelstrom—Dead sea off Cape Verde—Abodes of the Genii in the Pacific Ocean—Negro-diving—Power of the Genii in air—In fire—Their Burning Island—Mount Hecla—Final destruction of the Genii by fire.

THE GENII.

Y_{ES}! 'twas your thunder—Awful Genii, hail!
Who, thron'd in terrors, ride the Siroc gale,
Whose fires in Ætna's sulph'rous bosom glow,
Whose cold, on Arctic rocks, congeals the snow;
By your dread talismans of fearful force,
Thro' earth and air, you wing your vent'rous course;
Mov'd by their touch, the portals of the skies
Reveal their glories to your wond'ring eyes;
In every sea, dispart the foaming waves,
And yield their treasures, from their deepest caves;
The gloomy demons of the mines obey,
And Ocean's spirits own your sov'reign sway.

Ere sprung the world from Chaos' dreary bound,
And the bright planets wheel'd their placid round,
Gigantic masters of the realms of night !
No fair proportions met your sullen sight ;
In frightful state, the dark abyss you trod,
And held, in chasm'd cells, your drear abode ;
Till the green earth, in lavish beauty gay,
Spread her sweet verdure to the new-born day ;
When shone the hills, beneath the solar beam,
And the moon trembled in the twilight stream ;
You first beheld the earliest flow'rets blow,
And purple tinges on the concave glow,
Heard the faint flutter of the summer breeze,
When first it sported on the curling seas.
Firm on its central base, when Nature stood,
And Power Omniscient found that all was good,
In this fair region, you possess'd the throne,
And o'er its varied climates reign'd alone.

Short was your triumph. When the Son of Heaven,
The earth's wide shores to his dominion giv'n,
In godlike innocence, in Eden's bower,
Assum'd the ensigns of imperial power,
Scowling, you fled:—the swelling ocean gave
Her cells to shroud, and op'd the clifted cave.—
But, when that awful hour of terror came,
Which stain'd the honours of a heav'nly name,
When Man retreated from his Maker's eye,
To hide in deepest gloom his head—and die:—
Well pleas'd you heard Earth's solid centre reel,
When the bright angel grasp'd the flaming steel;
Your spells regaining their primeval sway,
Again you saw the elements obey;
Again you thunder'd with triumphant ire,
And shook the mass with subterraneous fire;
Firm in unconquer'd strength, your hands uptore
The rooted rocks, and rent the farthest shore.

Yes, fateful Powers! your awful years display
 No feeble pageant of the passing day:
 The lapse of ages has beheld you tower
 Above the monuments of human power;
 Alike in land, and sea, and air, and fire,
 To rule supreme, your daring souls aspire;
 As fancy wills, you rear the pillar'd dome,
 In earth's deep caverns, or in ocean's foam,
 Hang your transparent temples high in air,
 Or to the realms of flame, your glory bear.

Hark! to the music of the echoing lyre,
 The mighty pillars of the earth retire;
 The long extending palaces unfold
 Their glitt'ring thrones, and canopies of gold.
 Incluster'd diamonds, on the loaded spray,
 In changing colours, meet the orient ray;
 The burning ruby gives his blushing power,
 To deck the gorgeous wreath and silver bower.

All powerful Genii! ye, who, rulers here,
May spurn the riches of another sphere,
From mounts of gold you lead, thro' many a soil,
And many a winding road the shining spoil;
From cumb'ring clay the precious ore refine,
To form the treasures of the dreary mine.

Ere Spain's tremendous and unpitying host
Led death and slaughter to the western coast,
Ere the vaults echoed to the miner's moan,
You fill'd Potosi's silver-beaten throne:
From their dark channels, in refulgent pride,
Unfading light the blazing gems supplied;
Pure were the balmy gales, like those that play
Around the footsteps of the vernal day.
Then slept your vengeance; every breath was still;
No earthquakes thunder'd your relentless will;
Till thirst of gain allur'd the spoiler's feet,
To stain the lustre of your favourite seat.

Hark! on the fretted roof, at every stroke
That yields the axe, the massy bars unlock,
Unwearied crowds the lofty pillars rend;
A passage form'd, they enter, and descend.
Unmov'd you stand, while terror-working spells
Bring hideous spectres from their yawning cells,
To brew the blast, whose pestilential breath
May sweep for ever thro' the caves of death;
That the same rock, whose rifted channels gave
The envied ore, might also yield a grave.

Imperious kings! when darkness shrouds the skies,
And the hush'd city sunk in slumber lies,
Beneath the earth your massy engines play,
And tremulous motions scatter cold dismay;
The affrighted victims, rous'd from soft repose,
By the dim twilight, see the earth disclose,
With sound of thunders, her unfathom'd caves,
And the rent ocean toss his furious waves.—

Lo! where the frantic mother, clasping wild
To her quick-heaving heart her sleeping child,
On some torn fragment of the shatter'd wall,
Awaits the shock, so soon to level all.

Such was the dreadful scene, when fell the blow
That laid the glitt'ring pride of Lima low!
When He, who, terror-struck upon the tower,
The sea receding with convulsive power,
Heard the loud crash, that told th' impending doom,
When the earth open'd, for a general tomb,
And saw the mountain-wave's returning force
Whelm spires and temples, in its sweeping course.
As wild he gaz'd, where Callao's¹ turrets rear'd
Their shining glories, and no trace appear'd,
Death's sullen spectre scowling by his side,
Lo! driven infuriate o'er the goomy tide,
A boat appears; his frozen pulses beat,
When the wild billow throws it at his feet;

The love of life all thrilling in his breast,
 He springs to reach it, and he sinks opprest ;
 And scarce can bless, while riding on the wave,
 The hand benign, that snatch'd him from the grave.

Tremendous Genii! not alone you reign
 O'er the wild elements, and stormy main,
 Pervade the subtile air's mysterious frame,
 Or scatter horror from volcanic flame ;
 But, in an humbler range, your hands destroy
 The blissful image of domestic joy.

Say, pow'rful rulers! your unchanging days
 Exist uninjur'd, while the earth decays,—
 Has ever Pity view'd your starting tear,
 Where faithful friendship wept on Virtue's bier?
 Where Love's fond eye, ere yet the spirit flew,
 Beam'd every blessing in the last adieu?—
 Heav'd not your hearts, as wild on Tunis' plain,
 The grateful Hamet tore^m the captive's chain,

And madly strain'd, to agony oppress'd,
 His youthful saviour to his swelling breast!
 Ah no!—Mark yon pale mourner sit to cheer,
 While every smile of anguish hides the tear,
 The hapless maniac, thro' the ling'ring day;
 No heart-wrung sighs her agonies betray:
 Oft, as her faded eyes begin to trace
 Each alter'd feature of that long-lov'd face,
 Those eyes, where smiles of joy no longer glow,
 That heart serene 'mid agonizing woe,
 Ah! then her stifled feelings spurn controul,
 And tears of keenest pain unbidden roll.

Ye softer Spirits, who from yonder sky
 On Earth's dread warfare bend a brother's eye,
 Who, calm at eve on silver clouds reclin'd,
 Inhale the fragrance of the summer wind,
 Descend!—Your angel smiles will chase away
 The storms that shake the tenements of clay.

O! let your aid the sinking spirit raise
To higher objects, and sublimer days!
In midnight slumbers, to the fancy bring
Elysian bowers, and an eternal spring,
With love congenial to the mind display
What golden glories wake the heavenly day,
What rapt'rous joys the hallow'd soul impress
With full enjoyment, and unmingled bliss!
Say, tho' the boast of human pride be o'er,
And hope extinguish'd, to revive no more,
That life eternal shall repair the woe,
And soothe the memory of the scenes below;
Say, that, invested with a purer frame,
The soul unchang'd shall ever be the same,
Shall turn to every friend, with guardian care,
And soothe, and soften, when their hearts despair.

O ye dark Genii! can your magic charms,
In Stygian darkness form'd, and drear alarms;

Can all the pomp of universal sway
One throb of rapture to your hearts convey?
No! while the powers of desolation wait
Upon your footsteps, ministers of fate,
Beneath those skies, where Boreal tempests roll
O'er the long twilight of the desert pole:
Unseen and fearless, you delight to go,
O'er hills of frozen earth, and wreaths of snow;
To mark the sheeted ice, by whirlwinds tost,
Descend, in splinter'd heaps, upon the coast;
Or, far at sea, when floating masses urge
Their gelid mountains o'er the troubled surge,
You give command—the stormy billows roar,
And dash the mighty mounds upon the shore.
Swell'd by the flakes of ever-falling snows,
Their icy bulk no dissolution knows;
Still their high tops the same cold terrors wear,
And chill, thro' many a mile, the ambient air.

All hail, terrific kings! whose giant throne,
From the bleak pole, extends thro' every zone!
Beneath the burning line, your feet have trac'd
The unknown horrors of the Lybian waste:
Expanding shores have met your piercing sight,
That long have slept, in undiscover'd night;
Involving woods, impervious to the day,
Where the keen tyger shuns the noon-tide ray;
Whence, proudly spurning his paternal den,
The noble Lion seeks the haunts of men,
Pursues his way thro' solitary lands,
Where Gambia revels on his golden sands,
Drinks the sweet freshness of the cooling wave,
And digs his dwelling in the deepest cave.
Scarce has his dreadful voice, along the coast,
Defy'd the proudest of th' embattled host,
When a wild troop his lonely den surround,
With shining javelins, pointed to the ground.

Sullen he comes, and, to their gleaming arms,
Shakes his long mane, unconscious of alarms ;
With frightful roarings, and indignant ire,
While his eyes sparkle, like consuming fire ;
On the proud leader of the band he flies,
And, in his mighty grasp, the victim dies !
With frantic fury now he turns around,
His fierce front sever'd with the frequent wound ;
The motion giv'n, the intrepid phalanx meet,
And lay the kingly tyrant at their feet,
His monst'rous fangs, unclench'd in death, survey,
And boast the terrors of the perilous day ;
With shouts victorious bear their glory home,
And wave th' impurpl'd spear, o'er conquests yet to come.

Ye powerful Genii ! while your glance surveys
The polar night alike, and tropic blaze,
You guide the World of Waters as you will,
Expend the billows, or the channels fill ;

Smooth the dead surface, or the whirlwind urge,
To toss, above the cliff, the mountain surge.

Mysterious witnesses of ages past!

When darkness veil'd the illimitable vast,
You saw the expanding firmament divide
The waste of waters from the ocean's tide;
And, when the voice of heav'n, on ev'ry shore,
Bade the wide vengeance of the Deluge pour,
When heav'd the billows from their lowest bed,
And hills tumultuous from their places fled,
Far, far below, you heard the waters rise,
With sounds, like rushing torrents, to the skies:
Deep, while Omnipotence in thunder spoke,
And ev'ry mountain trembled at the shock;
Not unappall'd, you felt the rocks divide,
And, their deep channels rending by your side,
With sinking hearts, you turn'd to ev'ry sound,
When the loud thunderbolt upheav'd the ground;

The tow'ring cliffs in thousand fragments spread,
Till spoke the Eternal, and the waters fled.
You saw the earth emerge, the hills return,
Like life reviving from the recent urn ;
The swelling seas regain their distant shores,
And baffled Plenty renovate her stores ;
You stood secure, and triumph'd at the sight,
And bless'd again the sun, and hail'd the light.

Now in the coral caves, where ocean keeps
The long unrifled treasures of the deeps,
On thrones of burning gems, you rule below,
And hear above th' undreaded tempests blow ;
The waves submitted to your proud controul,
In pomp sublime, you rest, while ages roll.
But, when dark fury sways, with lightning spell
You drag the tempest from its channel'd cell,
With souls unmov'd survey, and gloomy joy,
Its fateful progress, rapid to destroy.

Thus, where dark Maelstrom's furious torrents boil,
Round the rough margeⁿ of Moskoe's fearful isle,
When ebbs the flood, the turning current forms
Its rapid vortex, and avenging storms.

Deep from beneath, you thunder at the source,
And lend the whirlpool its destructive force ;
The black'ning waves in circling eddies wheel,
And the dark caverns to their centre reel.

Meantime, uprising from his giant cave,
His huge bulk lashing the resounding wave,
The mighty monarch of the northern sea,
Caught by the current, struggles to be free ;
With frightful cries,^o and frantic with despair,
He flings his monstrous water-spouts in air ;
In the dread circle of the gulf of death,
Yet, yet he rallies his decaying breath ;
The raging surge his firmest effort mocks,
And the wild whirlwind drives him on the rocks ;

Like the loud cataract, the billows roar ;
 Awhile he struggles—and is seen no more.

In that dead sea, which not a breath deforms,
 No sweeping whirlwinds, or internal storms,
 You rule, terrific masters of the deep !
 And the hush'd waves in sullen silence keep.
 What horror thrills the mariner, to feel
 A death-like calm arrest his stiffen'd keel ;
 In vain he watches for th' accustom'd gale,
 To move the bark, or fill the flagging sail ;
 In vain he hopes, while gloom obscures the day,
 The coming blast will drive him on his way ;
 The clouds distend ; and, rapid from the skies,
 Descend the rains, but not a zephyr flies :
 Above, the lightning's sheeted flames illumine
 The darken'd skies, and pierce the thick'ning gloom.

O ye soft spirits of the fluid air !
 From heav'n's high arch, the fav'ring breezes bear,

In the lock'd surges move the secret springs,
And o'er the ocean wave your dewy wings.
Your power prevails ; the grateful pilot hails
The wind's first breath, and spreads the swelling sails ;
Swift to his breast the flame of hope returns ;
Again he guides the helm, the vessel turns.

Malignant tyrants ! with vindictive ire,
The ocean heaving as your steps retire,
You trace the bark along the yielding main,
And smile, indignant—where your power was vain.
Hence, like the lightning's flash, you rapid sweep
O'er the wild waters of the Atlantic deep,
Thro' the long course of Orellana run,
To climes illumin'd by their parent sun ;
Where, o'er Pacific seas, the tempests blow,
You rear your coral palaces below ;
On crystal pedestals the emeralds raise,
And bid the sapphires on their summits blaze.

Your wat'ry reign no wanderer annoys,
Nor seeks your deep retreats, or gloomy joys,
Save the poor Negro,^p on his perilous way,
Thro' the deep caverns of Panama's bay,
While the black billows thro' their fissures swell,
From fractur'd rocks to wrest the pearly shell.
As o'er the cliffs he holds his slippery road,
To drag the treasures from their dark abode,
Your jealous eyes, tremendous rulers! spy
The fated victim you have doom'd to die.
Thus, when, all fainting with the tedious toil,
His weak frame loaded with the sever'd spoil,
He springs on high the surface to regain,
Repair his sinking strength, and breathe again ;
From some wild gulf, that pours the sweeping storm,
The furious shark uprears his scaly form,
In awful hunger, rolls his flaming eyes ;
The luckless sufferer turns, and shrieks, and dies.

Swift as the wind, impetuous Powers! you fly
Thro' all the regions of the vaulted sky
Thro' keenest air, and clouds of frozen hail,
Beneath the burning sun, and scorching gale ;
Thro' the wide course of many a circling sphere,
No power opposing your sublime career,
Regents of space! you range thro' worlds unknown,
Where Saturn, freezing with his pallid zone,
While his dim moons in feeble lustre gleam,
Turns his huge surface to the distant beam.
What is the lonely gloom of nights like ours,
When on the polar shores the winter low'rs?—
What is the darkness of our darkest caves,
Or the blast dashing on Norwegian waves?
What are the dreams, that prompt our midnight fears,
To the long horrors of a night of years?

Ye sullen rulers! while your eyes behold
Suns ever burning, on their thrones of gold,

Unnumber'd spheres their blissful seats disclose,
And worlds where spirits of the just repose ;
How must the knowledge of your meaner joy
Heave your hard hearts, and all your hours annoy,
Correct your triumph, as you proudly tower,
In space unlimited, supreme in power !

Dread kings! when earth, and air, and ocean tire,
Your spells can penetrate the realms of fire.
Amid th' Antarctic wind's eternal toil,
You hide the summits of your burning isle ;
Far, far around, the affrighted waves retire
Before your torrents of dissolving fire ;
The glowing stream beneath the billow plays,
And the green ocean glitters in the blaze.

Or to that coast, where wilder tempests sweep,
In the cold breast of Iceland's snowy deep,
When freezing winter bids the sun disown
The skies, to revel on his tropic throne ;

You ride, undaunted, on the whirlwind's wings,
 And Hecla opens to receive his kings.—

What lakes sulphureous, at her centre, frame

The eternal deluges of liquid flame!

What giant wheels the sounding engines turn!

What gleaming furnaces for ever burn!—

Thro' mines, unknown, and dreary gulfs you glide,

Where boiling Geyser throws his fiery tide,

In spouting torrents, from unnumber'd springs,

While deep below the frequent earthquake rings.

Or to the confines of the Nile you bear,

On wings of death, the suffocating air;

With clouds of moving sand, impetuous driv'n,

Involve the azure canopy of heav'n:

All life arresting with its scorching breath,

You lend the gale your magazines of death.

Imperious rulers! dare you still aspire

To wield the sceptre of the realms of fire?

That ardent element, you conquer now,
Whose meaner deities before you bow,
Shall, for your ruin, all its force combine,
To sweep from Nature's face your dreadful line.
Thro' rolling ages, and the tide of time,
In strength uninjur'd, piercing, and sublime,
Your eyes shall stretch along the track of day,
And scan its glories,—till they all decay.
But, when the skies shall glow, in living fire,
Your powers, your terrors, and your spells expire;
Your reign is finish'd, when, from shore to shore,
The Seraph's trump reveals, that Time shall be no more.

TALES OF SUPERSTITION AND CHIVALRY.

PROLOGUE.

*T*URN from the path; if search of gay delight
Lead thy vain footsteps back to ages past!
Frail are the blighted flowers, and thinly cast
O'er the dim regions of monastic night.

*Yet, in their cavern'd dark recesses, dwells
The long-lost Spirit of forgotten times,
Whose voice prophetic reach'd to distant climes,
And rul'd the nations from his witch'd cells;*

*That voice is hush'd!—But still, in Fancy's ear,
Its first unmeasur'd melodies resound!
Blending with terrors wild, and legions drear,
The charmed minstrelsy of mystic sound,
That rous'd, embodied, to the eye of Fear,
Th' unearthly habitants of fairy ground.*

THE DARK LADIE.

THE knights return'd from Holy Land,
Sir Guyon led the armed train;
And to his castle, on the sea,
He welcom'd them again.

He welcom'd them with soldier glee,
And sought to charm away their toil;
But none, on Guyon's clouded face,
Had ever seen a smile!

And, as the hour of eve drew on,
That clouded face more dark became,
No burst of mirth could overpow'r
The shiverings of his frame;

And often to the banner'd door,
His straining eyes, unbidden, turn'd;
Above, around, they glanced wild,
But ever there return'd.

At every pause, all breathless then,
And pale as death, he bent his ear,
Tho' not a sound the silence broke,
He seemed still to hear!

And when the feast was spread, and all
The guests, assembled, were at meat,
There pass'd them by, with measur'd step,
And took the upper seat,
A Ladie, clad in ghastly white,
And veiled to the feet:

She spoke not when she enter'd there;
She spoke not when the feast was done;

And every knight in chill amaze,
Survey'd her one by one:

For thro' the foldings of her veil,
Her long black veil that swept the ground,
A light was seen to dart from eyes
That mortal never own'd.

And then the knights on Guyon turn'd
Their fixed gaze, and shudder'd now;
For smother'd fury seem'd to bring
The dew-drops on his brow.

But, from the Ladie in the veil,
Their eyes they could not long withdraw,
And when they tried to speak, that glare
Still kept them mute with awe!

Each wish'd to rouse his failing heart,
Yet look'd and trembled all, the while;

All, till the midnight clock had toll'd
Its summons from the southern aisle.

And when the last dull stroke had rung
And left behind its deep'ning knell,
The Ladie rose, and fill'd with wine,
Fill'd to the brim, the sparkling shell.

And to the alarmed guests she turn'd,
No breath was heard, no voice, no sound,
And in a tone, so deadly deep,
She pledg'd them all around,
That in their hearts, and thro' their limbs,
No pulses could be found.

And, when their senses back return'd,
They gaz'd upon the steps of stone
On which the Dark Ladie had stood,
They gaz'd—but she was gone!—

Then Guyon rose,—and ah! to rest,
When every weary knight was led,
After what they had seen and heard,
What wonder, slumber fled!

For, often as they turn'd to rest,
And sleep press'd down each heavy eye,
Before them, in her black veil wrapt,
They saw the Dark Ladie.

And then the voice, the tone that stopt
Thro' all their limbs the rushing blood;
The cup which she had fill'd with wine
The steps on which she stood.

The sound, the tone,—no human voice
Could ever reach that echo deep;
And, ever as they turn'd to rest,
It roused them from sleep!—

The morning dawns—the knights are met,
And seated in the arched hall,
And some were loud, and some spoke low,
But Huart none at all!

“ Dost not remember, well, (cries one),
When wide the sacred banners flew,
And when, beneath the blessed Cross,
The infidels we slew.

“ This same Sir Guyon, erst so brave,
In fight, who ever led the van,
Soon as the Sepulchre he saw,
Grew pale and trembled then?

“ And as the kneeling knights ador'd,
And wept around the holy place,
O God! I've seen the big drops burst
For hours upon his face!

“ And when I nam’d the blessed name,
His face became as livid clay,
And, on his foamy lips, the sounds,
Unutter’d, died away!”

“ But O! that Ladie! (Huart cries),—
That Ladie, with the long black veil,
This morn I heard!—I hear it still,
The lamentable tale!

“ I hear the hoary-headed man,
I kept him till the morning dawn,
For five unbroken hours he talk’d,
With me they were as one!

“ He told me he had lived long
Within this castle, on the sea;
But peace, O Heaven! he never had,
Since he saw the Dark Ladie!

“ 'Twas chill, he said, a hazy night,
Just as the light began to fail,
Sir Guyon came, and brought with him
The Ladie in the veil:

“ Yes! to this castle on the sea,
The wild surge dashing on its base,
He brought her in that frightful veil
That ever hides her face.

“ And many a time, he said, he tried
That ne'er-uncover'd face to see:
At eve and morn, at noon and night;
But still it could not be!

“ Till once! but O! that glaring eye,
It dried the life-blood, working here!
And when he turn'd to look again,
The Ladie was not near!

“ But, sometimes, thro’ her curtain’d tower,
A strange uncolour’d light was seen,
And something, of unearthly hue,
Still passed on between :

“ And then aloof its clasped hands
Were wrung, and tossed to and fro !
And sounds came forth, dull, deep, and wild,
And O ! how deadly slow !

“ He told me that, at last, he heard
Some story, how this poor Ladie
Had left, alas ! her husband’s home
With this dread knight to flee :

“ And how her sinking heart recoil’d,
And how her throbbing bosom beat,
And how sensation almost left
Her cold convulsed feet :

“ And how she clasp'd her little son,
Before she tore herself away ;
And how she turn'd again to bless
The cradle where he lay.

“ But where Sir Guyon took her then,
Ah none could ever hear or know,
Or, why, beneath that long black veil,
Her wild eyes sparkle so.

“ Or whence those deep unearthly tones,
That human bosom never own'd ;
Or why, it cannot be remov'd,
That folded veil that sweeps the ground ?”

BASIL.

THE sobbings of the ocean waves
Were all the notes that Basil knew ;
He lov'd them since his ear could dwell
With gladness on their first low swell,
When the soft south-wind blew :

Like a wild flow'r of the wilderness,
He grew, amid the mountain air ;
The rock had been his cradle-bed,
And never were his slumbers made
The holier for a mother's pray'r !

The skies, the woods, the winding shore,
Were imag'd on his desert breast ;
His deep dark eye was stern and keen,
It was the fire of soul unseen,
Unknown, untutor'd, unrepres'd ;

The rude sea-boy was all the name
That every tongue to Basil gave ;
The rude sea wind had marr'd his face,
But his heart !—'twas Pity's resting place ;
And he sung dirges for the dead,
In music like the mournful wave.

Young Basil wrought the fishers' nets,
And plied the heavy oar ;
A lonely home he had ! but oh !
That aught, that bore the human form,
Should bear the night, and nightly storm,
In that hut, on the wild sea-shore !

Yet there were hearts that beat and heav'd,
With flutt'ring love and tender joy,
To hear th' unprison'd tempest rise,
When all were safe from wind and skies,
And winter's keen inclemency!

But there was none whose eye pursu'd
This youth's unfollow'd footsteps home;
And he had steel'd his heart to bear,
Till the pulse, that should have quiver'd there,
Was feelingless and numb!

The tones, that sooth'd this lonely heart
Came not from human kind!
He watch'd the breeze that sigh'd along,
To him it was the even-song
Of some hallow'd seraph-mind;

And then the sun would leave behind
Such lovely tints on cloud and tree ;
O ! how unlike this jarring world
That silentness of place and hour !
As if a breath would overpower
The murmur of the sea :

And from the stars of Heaven he drew
His picture of a place of rest !
Their sacred light was so serene,
It settled on his soul like love,
When he number'd every orb above
As the brothers of his breast.

But one drear night the stars withdrew
As Basil reach'd his shed ;
The drifting torrent rattled rude
On the creaking rafts of shatter'd wood,
That stretch'd above his head.

Basil had heard the mountain storm
And the winter tempest beat ;
Night after night he had slept, when shut,
Alone, within that rocking hut,
With the snow-wreaths at his feet ;

But the awe, the dread that o'er him came,
This fateful night he quak'd to feel !
It was not fear of tide or wind ;
'Twas that low breathlessness of mind,
When the heart-veins congeal.

Whether it was the billow's sob,
Or the wild sea-eagle's cry,
He heard a moan that seem'd to come
From some lost wretch that made his home
Of the desert and the sky !

It nearer came, till it sunk at once
Close to his unfasten'd door ;
The stifled groan was a voice in death ;
And he could count the ebbing breath,
Till his own would note no more !

Then he heard footsteps rattling run
Across the frozen hill ;
Their least, last sound, his stunned ear
Would measure, as if coming near,
They rung around him still !

But the weight that fell without, the corse,
As he had heard it die,
Thro' the spaces of his window-bars,
By the dawn-light he just could trace,
Where it lay along upon its face,
As life did never lie !^a

Poor Basil wrench'd the feeble bar
To leave that dreary shed,
'Twas all too narrow for his flight,
And it robb'd his starting eyes of sight,
That he must cross the dead.

With frantic arm he burst the door,
That shiver'd to his blow ;
One step,—but oh! that one to take,
He wish'd that life had been the stake,
That he might have given it now :

And on that long, dread night, he thought,
Till it settled on his brain ;
And his heart grew bold,—for, at break of morn,
He had reach'd a rock, where a cave was worn
By the surges of the main.

The hours went on till fall of eve,
And the stars arose again!
Basil must make the rock his bed,
For his mountain-home is tenanted
By the spirit of the slain.

He wanders on the desert beach,
Like some long ghost of air,
Scarce human like,—but then, his eye
Retains the keen and fiery dye
That wont to kindle there!

His dreams! the hopes that o'er his soul
Had wander'd of a brighter scene!
They sometimes come to soothe him still,
Such as he imag'd them at even,
When his joy was in the light of Heaven,
Where all was so serene.

But wilder fits and drearier dreams
Will oft upon him come ;
And, when his brain is most perturb'd,
He drags his worn and naked feet
Across the crag, whose chasms meet,
To gaze on his forsaken home !

The harsh sea-birds inhabit it
With the spirit of the slain !
And close beside, a heap of stones,
Is laid above these hollow bones,
That the mariner can see afar,
As a beacon, on the main.

THE PENITENT'S CONFESSION.

FROM Saint Peter's tower the bell had toll'd,
For the Carmelite monks to pray,
And the holy priest by the altar kneel'd
On the eve of Saint Peter's day!

The sacred lights on the altar burn'd,
Where the blessed symbol lay;
The mass for the dead, and the rites were said
For a soul that had pass'd away.

When the priest came down the altar steps,
He has pass'd thro' the abbey aisle;
He has mounted, alone, the stair of stone,
To the high Confessional!

In that holy place, for five years' space,
Had never soul confess'd,
Till that hallow'd eve of Saint Peter's Cross,
And the sign was on his breast.

But the deep, deep groans of that kneeling wretch,
That low at his footstool lay,
His groanings deep, ah! nought could still,
And the priest arose to pray.

And thrice he cross'd his forehead bare,
And thrice he cross'd his breast,
And the Penitent's groans, so deep and dread,
Were softened into rest!

“ No soul shall know from whence, or where,
I came with Ellinor!
That cry, I heard at deep midnight,
I hear for evermore!

“ At the dead of night the deed was done
And I saw her laid upon the bier;
But that stiff’ning hand and straining eye
Are ever, ever near!

“ Three nights I watch’d by that livid corse,
They are stamp’d upon my brain!
My heart’s best blood I would have given
To have roused life again.

“ I follow’d the hearse to the convent aisle,
But the prayers I dar’d not hear:
’Twas nearly dusk when the rites were done;
I knew not what to fear!

“ I stood without till all was past,
And the funeral train was gone;
The gathering mist it roll’d like smoke,
I journey’d all alone.

“ I heard the bell of the convent tower,
It toll'd for the newly dead,
I had reach'd the wood as the sound began,
I dar'd not turn my head.

“ Thro' the trees' thick tops, all tufted high,
I could hear the night-wind swell;
I burst the briars—I pierc'd the brake—
I did not hear the bell!

“ By midnight then, I clear'd the wood,
And I kept by the river's edge;
'Twas all I could, thro' the mist, descry
The watch-light on the bridge.

“ On the middle arch—I did not dream!
'Twas close by the broken ridge:
On the midmost arch, just then, I saw
A figure on the bridge.

“ Its stiff, white arms were stretched wide,
I could not pass it then ;
I tried to cross on either side,
But it was all in vain.

“ And still I saw the outstretch'd arms
Between, and the misty sky !
No power could urge me on, to pass
That waving figure by.

“ The form! the height!—I stood and gaz'd!
The robes were white it wore!
One thought of horror struck my heart,
That it was Ellinor!

“ It could not be! her grave had clos'd,
And it covered was for aye.
I had seen the body on the bier,
And it was stiffen'd clay :

“ How long I stood I know not now,
Or how it gained near;
But I heard the flapping of the robe,
O holy Father! hear!

“ Three paces brought us side by side,
I had turn'd to the pale watch light,
When it lean'd, O Heav'n! upon my arm,
Its dull and deadly weight!

“ On my face I felt its streaming hair,
All wet with the rain and mist;
I spoke not, for the blood fled back,
And center'd in my breast!

“ I moved on,—but that weight of death
Will never leave my brain!
I thought I never might uncling
That ghastly arm again!

“ And on, and on, till day-light shone,
All to the beach of the sandy sea,
The figure dragg’d me by the arm,
And there it quitted me.

“ Twice twenty years have come and gone
Since I wander’d on that fated eve ;
May’st think thee that a dream of night
My senses did deceive ?

“ See, holy priest ! and he bar’d his arm,
Was never to mortal shown !”
And there, O Heav’n ! for living flesh,
Was a dry and wither’d bone.

The father rose, and bow’d his head
On the blessed cross he wore !
For he quak’d to think that arm had met
The touch of Ellinor.

He has drawn aside a velvet shroud,
That hung from the marble wall;
He has kneeled down within the veil,
He spoke not once at all!

Not once of heaven, or pardon given,
By that sacred cross he wore:
For the deep, deep groans of that kneeling wretch,
He heard for evermore!

Now the night was done, and the Penitent gone,
But where, were none to tell;
For, from that hour, the holy priest
Hath never left his cell.

O there were masses for the dead,
And fast and pray'rs, by light and gloom!
And the cross was borne, at deep midnight,
Along the charnel tomb!

THE FISHERMAN OF LAPLAND.

“ Dost see by that rock, with its summit of snow,
Which the frost-ribbed billows are mining below ;
'Twas there that one night,—to the tempest that came,
The ice-winds of Greenland were pow'rless and tame :

“ Where the high-swollen Dwina redoubled the roar
Of the horrors that ravag'd on Archangel's shore,
'Twould have chill'd the best heart to have seen, on the main,
The fishers' small skiffs as they neared in vain :

“ When in cliffs of the rocks, as midnight came on,
The torches were plac'd for a beacon that shone ;
When afar stream'd the red light,—and nought did it show,
But the foam-cover'd ocean that gulfed below.

“ Mid the boats which the ice-isles had driven on the coast,
 ’Twas there that old Peter’s of Lapland was lost ;
 For there it was seen, when the tempest came on,
 And they saw but that rock—when its fury was done.

“ And here hangs the tale!—If thy heart be not cold,
 It will sigh as the fate of poor Peter is told ;
 Since his boat disappear’d, at yon perilous steep,
 On the night of that storm on the terrible deep.

“ ’Twas at even, in the dusk!—scarce a sea-breeze would
 blow,
 And the moans of the ocean were sullen and low,
 That a traveller stopt, as he journey’d that way
 From Ildega’s forests to Archangel’s bay.

“ All faint was this stranger,—the night it fell fast,
 And the plain, from the mountain, stretch’d gloomy and vast;

Not a hut could he spy, for a shelter to crave,
Nor a sound broke the calm, but the sobs of the wave.

“ One star, as it shone thro’ the haze of the night,
Threw its line on the waters, so chilly and white;
In the wide path of sky, but that star, there was none;
Like the way-worn traveller it journey’d alone.

“ It journey’d on high, until midnight or more,
When the full-flowing tide reach’d the rock on the shore,
'Twas then that the heart of the stranger gave way,
And long were the hours till the dawning of day.

“ On the top-cliff he stood,—when, gazing around,
A Shadow there fell on the snow-cover’d ground;
Like the motionless form of a man it was there,
But no form could he see between and the air.

“ The night-noon was deep,—yet, at distance, descried,
Were the smoke-frosts, that rose from the rents of the tide;
The night-noon was deep,—but, between and the sky,
No figure could be unperceiv'd by his eye :

“ The star flitted on,—till he saw it depart,
But that shadow was fix'd,—as the blood at his heart ;
Around it, and round, he had ventur'd to go,
But no form, that had life, threw the stamp on the snow.

“ Unmoving and still, as that terrible form,
He stood on the ice-ridges, cleft by the storm.
Thro' the night's lonely watches not once had he turn'd,
But the figure he saw not,—when feeling return'd :—

“ This stranger I heard!—his eye had you seen,
When he spoke of the place where that shadow had been ;
That form on the snow, as he saw it imprest,
And the death-like, dull slumber, that fell on his breast.

“ His eye had you seen, when I told of the night,
When the far-streaming torches were wav'd from the height,
When the skiffs on the wild-heaving ocean were tost,
And the rock, where old Peter of Lapland was lost;—

“ Dost see where the thin mists are rising between,
On that summit it was where the stranger had been;
Where the shadow appear'd on the colourless snow:
And poor Peter's cold bed,—is the ocean below!”—

THE PERJURED NUN.

“ Ah! why do you grieve and look so wild,
Lord Henrie, tell it to me!
And why do you say, you must watch till day,
Where, alas! I may not be?

“ O take me then to the aisle of the tower,
And my fears you shall not see;
My heart shall be still in the midnight aisle
If I may but watch with thee;

“ I hate the gloom of the eastern tower,
And its dismal hall I shun;
I have heard it said 'tis the haunt of the dead,
The haunt of the Perjur'd Nun!”

“ The Nun! the Nun! and his cheek grew pale,
But I know you are jesting now;
The dead are at rest and their wand’rings past,
And he press’d his livid brow!

“ The Nun! the Nun!—what a dream is this!
And he shudder’d at the name;
'Tis an idle tale of a spectre pale,
And his colour went and came!

“ But hear me now!—till the morning light,
Thro’ the dreary, midnight hour;
I must watch alone, at the altar’s stone,
In the aisle of the eastern tower:

“ And urge me not, my own Geraldine!
For it may not, cannot be!
I am doom’d to this, and I may not miss,
But none must watch with me.

“ Thro’ this fated night, let the tapers burn
And the lamp on the armed wall;
For the light is dim thro’ the window’s brim
On the roof of the eastern hall:

“ When the clock strikes two, if the tapers burn
And the lamp on the marble stair;
You will know by them if I living am,
But you may not venture there!

“ And mark, mark well, when the castle bell
And the clock ring three and one;
If the lamps expire, and the lights retire,
You may know that my life is gone!

“ My own Geraldine! how your heart beats now,
By the blessed God you must swear!
Tho’ the lamps burn dim, and you know by them
That my hour of fate is near;

“ Tho’ the flame goes round, with a hissing sound
From the lamp on the marble stair ;
You must swear to God, on the holy rood,
That you will not seek me there !

“ And hear once more !—at the pausing knell,
When the clock rings deep at four ;
Let your soul be at peace, and your watching cease,
You may look for me no more !” —

The clock strikes one, to the charmed moon,
And poor Geraldine is alone !
And the pulses beat, in her heart, in her feet,
As the second hour draws on.

It rings ! it rings ! from the sounding tower,
And her heart-pulse stops with fear,
As she turns to gaze, where the tapers blaze,
But they still are burning clear.

'Tis hush'd again! and the swell is past,
The clock's dull knell at two!
But the hour is to come, that seals her doom,
And the lamps are burning blue!

Hark! hark! the clock,—'tis the fated hour,
On her listening ear it toll'd.
The pulse leaps now thro' her burning brow,
And her limbs are deadly cold;

Her fingers cling to the closing door,
But the key she scarce can turn!
'Tis the last of the clock, ere the bars unlock,
And the lights have ceas'd to burn!

She paus'd, she paus'd on the marble stair,
And she gazed wild around;
She turns to hear, is it hope? is it fear?
Or a low and measur'd sound?

It comes! it comes! with a measur'd step,
From the aisle of the eastern tower;
She would fly to meet, but her stiff'ning feet
Have lost their living power.

It is nearer now! but the sound, the sound,
Ah! why does it move so slow?
She would rush to the stair, to meet him there,
If her heart did not tremble so!

The blood rush'd back to her clay-cold feet,
And her heart took courage then;
She burst thro' the door, to the eastern floor,
To welcome her love again!

But O! her shriek!—Like the dead from the grave
Was the form she had clasp'd around!
And the phantom turn'd, where the lamps had burn'd
And stood on the marble ground.

“ You sought not me! cries the hollow voice,
You came not to welcome me!
Let your watching cease, and depart in peace,
For him you shall never see.—

“ For him! for him! I forsook my God,
And his soul unblest shall be!
And the sacred blood for man that flow’d,
O Heaven! will it plead for me!

The wrongs, the woes this heart hath borne
I may not now unfold!
Let your soul be at peace, and your watching cease,
For his faithless heart is cold!

“ The aisle! the aisle of the eastern tower
Your feet must ever shun!
For dark and dread is the haunt of the dead,
The haunt of the Perjur’d Nun!”

THE MURCIAN CAVALIER.^r

'T WAS the Pentecost time of tournament
At the court of high Castile,
And the first, among the Spanish knights,
Was the prince of proud Seville.
And 'tis all to win Castile's fair Queen
That they meet to break the spear ;
The last, to-day, on the list of fight,
Are Seville's fam'd prince and a stranger knight,
The Murcian Cavalier.

But the trumpets scarce had sounded clear,
'Twas still but morning dawn,
When the Queen was far from gay Castile,
At the lone towers of Castellan.
The hours, till even, she spent in pray'r
At the Holy Virgin's feet,
And when the night's ungentle breeze
Blew hollow thro' the orange trees,
She stood to hear the torrent beat.

To the proud courts of high Castile
She turn'd her eyes, and sigh'd!
Far, far remote were revelry,
And feast, and pomp, and pride.
Who is the fairest of that circle?
Who was there fair but one?
And she, upon a distant tow'r,
By her heart-pulse counts the pausing hour,
Untended and alone.—

“ ’Tis a horse’s hoof from the tournament,
Dost hear the tramp on the plain?”
‘ Ladie! ’tis but the waterfall
On the rocks of Castellan!’
“ Inez! Inez! thou hearest nought
But the tumbling waterfall!
My ear has caught the faintest sound;
When the winds on the waters were loud around,
And I heard them not at all.”

‘ O Ladie, leave the battlement,
For the night is drawing near,
And the sighing of the forest trees
’Tis sorrowful to hear!’
“ I would, Inez! ’twere sorrowful,
But it is nought to me!
I would that my crush’d heart had room
For these unpainful fears that come
From the rustling of a tree!”

The Queen bent down her death-like cheek
On the marble pillar-stone :
And she wav'd her hand to Inez,
That she would be alone.
Like a flame the moon was in the sky,
As thro' the mist it shone ;
In the Tagus' wave, as in a glass,
Its face was red as burning brass,
Or the sun agoing down.

Whether it had been hope, or nought
But the water's overflow ;
The sound had pass'd away, that came
From the deep dell below.
The fairest face in Spain is wet
With the falling dews of air :
That heart, for which so many pine,
Is watching for a distant sign,
As if life were treasur'd there !

'Tis the trampling now of horse's hoofs,
For the river wave is still,
That scarce beyond the forest's edge
Is gaining on the hill:
“ Yester-morn, said that Ladie,
I was Queen of high Castile:
But the hour is come that I must leave
These princely towers, a fugitive,
And a wanderer at will.”

The Queen has left the battlement
Without a sigh or tear!
That horseman fleet, that kneels at her feet
Is the Murcian Cavalier:
But to his vows of love and truth
She spoke not once again;
For her heart was swelling in her breast,
With grief subdu'd and fear suppress,
As it would rend in twain.

They have journey'd on by day, by night,
Till, behind them many a mile,
They left the wand'ring Tagus' course,
And the plains of fair Castile:
—Soft and cool the eventide fell
On the heats of the high day-noon;
The fiery sun's descending blaze
Had cover'd, with a purple haze,
The woods of dark Leon.

These woods, so deep, so lone, and wild,
The Queen survey'd, and sigh'd!
As she turn'd to catch a distant gleam
Of the Douro's yellow tide:
With intermingling tops, the trees
An awful cov'ring made:
And then that sky, of dusky red,
The dead of night had been less dread
Than that uncertain shade.

Far to the westward she had seen
The winding Douro part;
And she paus'd, amid that solitude,
To still her throbbing heart!
The Murcian Knight was by her side,
But he spoke not now at all.
Her anxious thoughts he seem'd to guess,
And, with mute and mournful steadiness,
He watch'd the dim night-fall.

It came! among these forests deep,
As the darkest midnight gloom!
It came!—and Nature seem'd to be
But one unfathom'd tomb!
Many a rugged, trackless path,
Amid that gloom, they pass'd,
Till, close above a tree decay'd,
A turret threw its spiral shade,
Dim, desolate, and vast!

Between and the open'd gleam, was plain,
That lonely castle's height.
The Queen's quick eye was traversing
The *home* of the Murcian Knight.
All silently she gave her hand,
To mount the marble stair ;
A massy door he open'd wide,
But the lofty halls, on either side,
Were tenantless and bare !

Save the dull echoes of their feet,
All other sounds were dumb !
And she felt the hand that grasped hers
Was stiff, and damp, and numb !
A strange and nameless terror ran
Along her shiv'ring brain ;
Something like this her heart had known,
When, alas ! she heard no voice but one,
At the towers of Castellan.

They paus'd! where, from an inner hall,
A lamp was burning bright!
It stream'd, with full and steady glare,
On the face of the Murcian Knight.
O'er ev'ry feature clear she saw
Unearthly beauty wave!
The purest white, the softest red,
The eye alone was glaz'd and dead,
As the sleeper's in the grave!

Around and round her gaz'd the Queen,
By the lamp's unshaken light;
On the roof, like a spirit's swathed form,
Was the shadow of the Knight.
On that thin shape her eyes were fix'd,
That she could not turn again,
When it rais'd, with faint, unsteady strength
One stiffen'd arm's unmeasur'd length,
As it had mov'd in pain.

Then with a crash, that ran along,
Till it rock'd beneath her tread,
That arm fell down upon the stone,
And her stunned senses fled!
The morning sun, with ruby tinge,
O'er the woods began to peer,
When the Queen was at the window tow'r;
But no more was seen, from that dread hour,
The Murcian Cavalier!

And still, upon the battlement,
She walks at shut of even:
Her face is pale, her air is wild,
And her looks are toward heaven!
And ever, when a deeper shade
Hangs on these forests rude,
The Spanish shepherd girls will tell
How they hear, far off, in a desert dell,
The Ladie of the Wood!

THE PROPHETESS OF THE ORACLE OF SEAM.^t

ROUND Seam's isle the black waves boil
On the rough, rough rocks below,
And none can tell the date or time
Since they were tossed so!

Yet there comes a night, at the equinox height,
When the waters sleep below,
And a sound is heard, that stoppeth not,
Like the shrieks of a soul in woe!

'Twas on that night, when the winds were dumb,
And the tossing waters still,
That a ship was 'nighted, on her way,
By the rocks of Seam's isle.

They had mounted fast the high topmast,
To watch for the beacon's light;
On the right, on the left, they can trace it not
Thro' the darkness of the night!

When the first hour came to change the watch
On the deck and middle shroud,
The sound drew near that stoppeth not,
And they heard it sob aloud.

Was never a soul within that ship
Could know why they were troubled so;
But their courage failed them, at once,
When they heard that shriek of woe.

Was never a soul within that ship
Could tell where they were driven at all,
But a Monk of the choir of Einsidlin,
The holy Father Paul!

Full well he knew the death that hung
O'er every spirit breathing there,
And he beckon'd them to kneel around,
While he rais'd his hands in prayer!

When prayer was past, he sat him down,
And listen'd to the shriek of woe:
“ And he told them of the Prophetess
And the Oracle below!

“ He told the tale of Seam's isle,
He told the terrors of its caves,
That none had passed them with life
When that sleep was on the waves!

“ He told them, when the winds that roar'd
Around that isle had ceas'd to breathe,
Was the fated night of sacrifice
In the gloomy vaults beneath.

“ He told them, he remember’d once
A father of S^t. Thomas’ tower,
Who never had bow’d before the cross
Till he touch’d his dying hour.

“ That then he named to the priest
What he had seen in Seam’s caves,
For he had reach’d them in a ship
When that calm was on the waves!

“ Thro’ the sleepless nights of thirty months,
He had listen’d to that shriek of woe;
But he never had seen the Prophetess
Of the Oracle below!

“ Till one chilly night, at the equinox height,
When the thirty months were gone,
As he listen’d, in the outer cave,
To that unbroken groan,

“ A hand, he saw not, dragg’d him on,
The voice within had call’d his name!
And he told all he witnessed
At the Oracle of flame!

“ But when he came to tell, at last,
What fearful sacrifice had bled,
His agony began anew,
And he could not raise his head!

“ And he never spoke again at all,
For he died that night in sore dismay:
So sore, that all were tranc’d for hours
That saw his agony!

“ And he told not how he left the cave
When that dreadful sacrifice was o’er;
But some have thought he was preserv’d
By the crucifix he wore!

“ And some have thought he had bent his knee
At Seam’s dark, unhallow’d shrine;
And that might be his agony
When they rais’d the blessed sign!”

Sorely wrung was every heart,
Within that ship, that heard the tale!
They listen’d still, in dumb despair,
By the unmoving sail!

They press’d around that aged Priest,
As he rais’d the crucifix on high!
And they look’d for nothing now to come,
But that they all must die!

His hoary head is wet with dew,
He sits alone in Seam’s caves!
For the ship, and all that breathed there,
Are buried in the waves!

He bow'd him down, that holy Priest,
Before the symbol cross of God!
For he held it still amid the deeps,
And in that dark abode!

That stilly calm had left the seas,
And the surging waters toss and boil!
And he heard them dash, above his head,
On the rocks of Seam's isle:

He heard the loud winds blow along,
And the billows wash his living grave;
For he was shut from all the earth
Within that gloomy cave!

But, when he thought upon the hour,
He kneel'd upon the deck at prayer,
When he heard the cries within that ship
Of all that perish'd there.

His aged heart was not so cold
But he could feel it throb and swell,
Though he had found a sepulchre
In that dank and chilly cell!

For every soul, among the dead,
That died in sin, he smote his breast,
As he utter'd on the crucifix
The burial-prayer of rest!

'Twas now the eve of the second night
That shriek had never ceas'd to be,
That he could not settle him to sleep
For the roaring of the sea!

When he heard, as it were, a sound so near,
So close it seemed by his side;
He rais'd himself upon his arm;
'Twas the dashing of the tide!

He has turn'd again to broken rest,
And sunk upon that rugged rock,
When a voice came near, that roused him ;
'Twas the Oracle that spoke!

The hand he saw not, dragg'd him on,
When the voice was still'd that nam'd his name!
And he found himself in the inner cave
By the Oracle of flame.

Never a sound was utter'd there,
Nor the roar of wind or wave!
Nought could be more deathly still,
But the silence of the grave!

Than that, O Heaven! he had rather heard
The surging waters toss and boil;
Or e'en the voice that stopped not,
When they struck on Seam's isle;

O how he bless'd the blood that ran
His dull and frozen heart around,
When he heard the pulse that throbb'd wild!
It was a living sound!

Where he stood was all of rugged rock,
But the shrine was girt with an iron frame,
And a curtain hid the Prophetess
As she watch'd the livid flame!

One hand she stretch'd without that veil,
And pointed to the inner space;
And she beckon'd him to lay the cross
On that unhallow'd place:

He felt it heave upon his heart,
And he press'd it in the blessed name!
For that moving finger was like death,
And that unquenched flame!

Ah no! his vital blood should flow
Where many a sacrifice had bled!
He knew that he could only die,
And he was satisfied.

He knew not yet the sight to come,
Before his heart could rest on this,
When he thought his eyes, unmov'd, could look
Upon the Prophetess!

Like a dream it fitted o'er his brain,
That miserable hour!
When the father died, in agony,
In the cell of St. Thomas' tower;

For he had said the veil was drawn
That hid the sacrifice within;
That his eyes had seen the Prophetess
At that uncover'd shrine;

But whether his knee had bended there
Was buried with him in the grave:
He felt that doubt more terrible
Than the terrors of the cave.

That Monk was never seen again,
Till forty years were pass'd, or more;
'Twas in the aisle of Einsidlin
As even-prayer was o'er;

A priest had clos'd the service-rite,
For the eve of Holy Ghost;
He was seated in the upper choir,
'Twas the feast of Pentecost:

When he saw a Monk, by the altar-rail,
Kneel down upon the step to pray;
The dying lights were glimmering,
And all had gone away:

The priest descended from the choir,
By the lamp that burn'd upon the wall,
And he look'd on that uncover'd face,
'Twas the holy Father Paul!

He stood like one in trance, to gaze
Upon that mild and sacred head;
Forty years had pass'd away
Since he was with the dead.

Forty years had pass'd away
Since the ship had struck on Seam's steep;
And every soul that breathed there
Had perish'd in the deep!

In all that time, if still he liv'd,
That none should see the Father Paul,
It awed the priest of Einsidlin,
And he could not speak at all!

That aged Monk had left the aisle,
And the dying tapers sink and fail;
All, but the lights on the high altar,
And they are dim and pale:

The priest was still by the altar-rail
On the morn of Holy Ghost;
When the bell was done for matin prayers,
At the feast of Pentecost.

THE PROPHECY OF MERLIN.

FOR three long nights had King Arthur watch'd,
The light from the turret shone!

For three long nights had King Arthur wak'd,
He pass'd them all alone!

On the fourth, at the first hour's summon bell,
As the warder walk'd his round,
A figure cross'd at the postern gate,
That enters under ground;

All wrapt it was in a monkish cowl,
By the gate-lamp burning dim,
When a double shadow slid across,
And another stood by him!

In low and broken tones they spoke,
Till the fourth hour ceas'd to ring:—
That monk had Merlin's giant form,
The other was the king.

The morning shone on Camlan hills,
And the summon horn was blown;
But not a knight would mount the tow'r
Where Arthur watch'd alone!

When noon was past, the king came down,
He bore his dragon shield;
And dark and dread was his clouded brow,
On the eve of Camlan field!

Slowly past that fateful eve,
And sad it wore away;
And sad and silent was the king
As he watch'd the break of day;

All down the slope of Camlan hill,
And along the river's side,
The rebel bands were posted round,
Since the fall of eventide:

From the signal posts the shout begins,
When the sky was bright and clear;
And the red sun shone on the steel dragon,
On King Arthur's standard-spear!

Above the rest was Britain's crest
In living flame enroll'd!
And the Virgin's form, in silver wrought,^u
With the brazen dragon bold!

O! in the field of Camlan fight,
Ere the burning noon was o'er,
The red blood ran, like a river-wave,
On the dry and parched shore:

King Arthur spurr'd his foaming horse
Amid that living flood!
And twice he wav'd his wizard sword
Where the dauntless Modred stood!

But who could stand by Arthur's side,
When that steel of terror shone?
When the fire of wrath was in his eye,
And he rais'd his arm alone!

That sun, which blaz'd in middle sky,
And flam'd on hill and dell,
Its westering light had sunk in night,
When the mighty Modred fell!

But the blood that flows is Arthur's blood,
His fiery eye is dim!
And a dewlike death is on his face,
And over every limb!

He lean'd him down on his dragon shield,
He clasp'd his beaver on!
And the gushing blood it ceas'd at once,
But they heard no dying groan.

O! how they strove till the night came on,
And all to raise that masque again!
And every arm by turns had tried,
But every arm was vain!

They held him in their arms, and wept
With tears of deep despair!
Till they fear'd to touch that plate armour,
For the sound was hollow there!

Then they drew that witch'd sword,
And they heard the armour ring!
They wav'd it twice in Merlin's name
Before they touch'd the king.

At once the cross-lace open'd wide,
They felt the rushing air!
But that mail was hollow as the grave,
Nor form, nor body there.

As wild they gaz'd, the iron rings
Were clasped as before!
But the tongue that call'd on Merlin's name
Was dumb for evermore!

Meantime, the king was borne away,
In deep and death-like sleep the while,
To the charmed sea, by magic spell,
By the Queen of the Yellow Isle!

And when his tranced soul was rous'd,
He thought, and thought how this might be,
For there was nought but sea and sky
As far as he could see.

King Arthur gaz'd on the calmed surge,
So clear beyond compare!
But neither the form of living man,
Nor the sound of life was there:

The ship it mov'd on the sleeping wave
Like a bird upon the air;
He knew it gain'd upon the deep,
But he felt no motion there!

Ah! then he thought, within that ship
He ever more was doom'd to be!
And he had not once bethought him yet
Of Merlin's prophecy!

Those sleepless nights he watch'd alone,
When the damps of midnight fell!
That voice, of more than human tone,^x
He heard in Merlin's cell;

That night, the eve of Camlan fight,
When he felt his courage fail;
When the chill of death was on his brow,
Like a bloodless vision pale;

That night, his knocking knees refus'd
To bear him from the cave;
When, press'd in his, the hand of blood
Its deadly pressure gave!

Clear was the sky, and O! with this
What summer could compare?
What woes could press on Arthur's heart,
When he breath'd that blessed air?

Clear was the sky! the ship drew near
Without the aid of wind or toil!
And, lighted by the morning sun,
He saw the charmed Isle!

The ship was steady on her keel,
Wash'd by that soft and lovely flood;
And, blushing, on the yellow beach,
The Queen of Beauty stood.

High in one hand, of snowy white,
A cup of sparkling pearl she bore;
And she reach'd it to the tranced king
As he knelt upon the shore:

All pallid now was Arthur's brow,
While he took the draught she gave;
For he thought on what the hand of blood
Had mingled in the cave:

He thought on what the fiend pronounc'd,
That Merlin's spirit brought;
And he fix'd his eyes on that Ladie's face,
And trembled at the thought.

Ah! in these eyes, of softest blue,
What magic dwells, to lull the soul!
And Arthur saw their mild reproach,
And rais'd the fraughted bowl!

His lips have drain'd that sparkling cup,
And he turn'd on her his raptur'd eyes!
When something, like a demon-smile,
Betray'd the smooth disguise!

He started up!—he call'd aloud!
And, wild, survey'd her as she stood:
When she rais'd aloof the other arm,
And he knew the hand of blood!

The voice, that answer'd to his call,
Was that he heard within the cave!
When the mighty form of Urien'
Was roused from the grave!

It told him, that the hour was come
He too must slumber in the cave;
When nought would reach his burial-place,
But the murmurs of the wave!

It told him of the years to pass
Before his kingdom he could see:
And Arthur knew he would return,^z
From Merlin's prophecy.

King Arthur's body was not found,
Nor ever laid in holy grave:
And nought has reach'd his burial-place,
But the murmurs of the wave.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE a, p. 23.

*“ Alone by night, in darksome cave,
On me the gifted wizard calls.”*

'Tis thine to sing how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle the gifted wizard sits,
Waiting in wintry cave his wayward fits.

Collin's Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands.

NOTE b, p. 25.

“ L'aria di pianti s'oda risuonare,” &c.

A particular analysis of this first model of the pastoral drama will be found in a late learned and elegant work, “ On the Revival of the Drama in Italy,” by Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq. p. 112. For that work the “ Chorus of Dryads” was originally translated.

NOTE c, p. 31.

“ *To beings as forlorn as I.*”

While only beings as forlorn as I. *Mrs. Smith's Sonnets.*

NOTE d, p. 31.

“ *The rapture of a single sigh.*”

The rapture of a single tear. *Schiller.*

NOTE e, p. 34.

For the origin of that species of dramatic entertainment entitled *Mascherate*, or *Pageants*, see Mr. Walker's “ *Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy,*” p. 99, and appendix, N°. IX. The following is a description of the *Car of Death*.

“ In the Carnival, and in the night of its greatest festivity, the citizens gazed in horrid silence on this frightful scene, as it passed along the streets. It consisted of a black funeral car, on which were painted white crosses, and dead men's bones. It was drawn by four buffaloes, and a ghastly figure with a scythe sat upon it. This figure represented Death, and had at its feet graves opening, out of which skeletons were continually issuing. Many hundred persons, clothed in black, with masks resembling death's heads, marched before it, as well as followed it, with lighted flambeaux in their hands. The lights were so well regulated, and fell so exactly on the car and the procession, that the whole

appeared very natural. Numbers of other masks, not less frightful, mounted on the poorest horses that could be found, with black housings trailing the ground, carried standards of black taffety, embroidered with crossed bones and tears. The skeletons, in trembling and mournful voices, sung penitential psalms, with the *Miserere*; and the instrumental music, corresponding with the vocal, added to the melancholy and petrifying spectacle. The car and the procession stopped before the palace of the Gonfalonier Soderini and those of the principal citizens, apparently to do them honour; and the skeletons immediately began the chorus of

Morte siam, ' come vedite ;
 Così morti vedrem' voi :
 Fummo già, come voi sete,
 Voi sarete come noi."

Mem. of the House of Medici, vol. ii, p. 121, 124.

NOTE f, p. 40.

*" In memory's anguish trace again
 The staggering wreck, the roaring main," &c.*

On the night of the 20th of August 1792, the Winterton East-Indiaman was lost, off the island of Madagascar, on her passage to India—" A scene," says one of the few survivors, " perhaps as pregnant with misery, with distraction, and with horror, as any that ever occurred in the eventful history of mariners."

See Mr. Dale's Narrative.

E e

NOTE g, p. 43.

SONNETS FROM WERTER.

I.

“As soon as I opened my window this morning, I said, “To-day I shall see her,” and I calmly looked at the sun.”

Werter, vol. i, let. xxii.

II, p. 46.

“Nature displays all her beauties before me, exhibits the most enchanting scenes, and my heart is unmoved.”

Werter, vol. ii, let. lxvi.

III, p. 47.

“That ardent sentiment which animated my heart with the love of nature, which poured in upon me a torrent of delight, which brought all paradise before me, is now become an insupportable torment.”

Werter, vol. i, let. xxxi.

IV, p. 48.

“I watched Charlotte’s eyes, they wandered from one to the other, but did not light on me; upon me, who stood there motionless, and who saw nothing but her.”

“You know the story of a mountain of loadstone. When any vessels came near it, the nails flew to the mountain, and the unhappy crew perished amidst the disjointed planks.”

Werter, vol. i, let. xvii. xxv.

V, p. 49.

“ It was a gloomy and awful sight ; the moon was behind a cloud, but by means of a few scattered rays I could perceive the foaming waves rolling over the fields and meadows. I drew near to the precipice : I wished and shuddered ; I stretched out my arms. I leaned over, I sighed, and lost myself in the happy thought of burying all my sufferings, all my torments, in that abyss, and tossing amidst the waves.”

Werter, vol. ii, let. lxxv.

VI, p. 50.

“ I found her alone, and was silent. She looked stedfastly at me : the fire of genius, the charms of beauty, were fled ;—but I saw in her countenance an expression much more touching ;—the expression of soft pity, and the tenderest concern.”

Werter, vol. ii, let. lxx.

VII, p. 51.

“ I break my way through copses, amongst thorns and briars, which tear me to pieces, and I feel a little relief. Sometimes I lie stretched on the ground, overcome with fatigue, and dying with thirst ; sometimes, late in the night, when the moon shines upon my head, I lean against a bending tree in some sequestered forest, and quite worn out and exhausted, I sleep till break of day. Oh, my friend ! the dismal cell, the sackcloth, the girdle with sharp points of iron, would be indulgence and luxury in comparison of what I now suffer.”

Werter, vol. i, let. xxxv.

VIII, p. 52.

“ I have passed a dreadful night—or rather let me call it a propitious one, for it has determined me ; it has fixed my purpose : I am resolved to die.”

Werter, vol. ii, p. 137.

IX, p. 53.

“ For the last last time I now open my eyes. Alas ! they will behold the sun no more ; a thick and gloomy fog hides it.”

Werter, vol. ii, p. 157.

X, p. 54.

“ Be at peace ; let me entreat you, be at peace ! They are loaded—the clock strikes twelve—I go, Charlotte !—Charlotte ! farewel ! farewel !”

Werter, vol. ii, p. 182.

◆

The capital defect of the sonnet will be found to consist in the tedium and monotony attending the perusal of a numerous collection of small unconnected pieces of fourteen lines. To remedy, in some measure, this defect, an attempt has been made in the “ Sonnets from Werter,” to delineate the progress of a passion, and to render each sonnet a distinct picture of a strong situation arising from that which preceded, and preparatory to that which is to succeed. In this manner a *unity* may be communicated, which may tend to keep the interest alive :—and the plan is attended with this farther advantage, that by seizing only the more important moments, the events of the longest portion of time may be included in a short series of progressive sonnets.

NOTE h, p. 58.

“ *Impell'd by hatred, and revenge his guide,*” &c.

A single warrior, prompted by caprice or revenge, will take the field alone, and march several hundred miles to surprise and cut off a straggling enemy.

Rob. Hist. Amer. vol. ii.

NOTE i, p. 61.

“ *O! for a lodge, where Peace might love to dwell,*” &c.

O! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade!

Cowper's Task.

NOTE j, p. 67.

SONNETS FROM PETRARCH, &c.

I, p. 69.

Alma felice, che sovente torni, &c.

Pet. Son. XIV.

II, p. 70.

Se lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde, &c.

Pet. Son. XI

III, p. 71.

Discolorato hai, Morte, il più bel volto, &c.

Pet. Son. XV.

IV, p. 72.

Levommi il mio pensier' in parte ov'era, &c

Pet. Son. XXXIV.

V, p. 73.

Ecco dopo due lustri, o cigno eletto, &c.

Lazzarini di Morro.

VI, p. 74.

Green thorn of the hill of ghosts, &c.

Ossian, Temora, Book viii.

NOTE k, p. 75.

To remove the only obstacle to a sister's marriage, Cecilia gives up her patrimony, and retires to take the vows in a convent of Provence ; but previously to her profession, an unexpected fortune restores her to the world. In "The Nun" the story is so far altered, that the heroine completes her sacrifice.

See *Cecile, ou le Sacrifice de l'Amitie. Genlis Theatre of Education*, vol. ii.

NOTE l, p. 119.

"*As wild he gaz'd where Callao's turrets rear'd,*" &c.

The eruption of the sea, during the earthquake at Lima, entirely swept away the neighbouring port-town of Callao. The singular circumstance of the preservation of only one man, who escaped by means of a boat, is mentioned by some authors who record the event ; though, from a narrative published at Lima, there appears to have been nearly two hundred, who saved themselves on planks, which the wreck of vessels torn from their anchorage in the harbour threw in their way.

See *Relation of the Earthquake at Lima, London 1743*.

NOTE m, p. 120.

"*The grateful Hamet tore the captive's chain,*" &c.

For the story of Hamet, see *History of Sandford and Merton*, by Mr. Day

NOTE n, p. 128.

“ *Round the rough marge of Moskoe’s fearful isle.*”

Round the moist marge of each cold Hebride isle.

Collins.

NOTE o, p. 128.

“ *With frightful cries, and frantic with despair.*”

Whales are frequently carried into the vortex of Maelstrom, and the moment they feel the force of the water, they struggle against it with all their might, howling in a frightful manner.

NOTE p, p. 131.

“ *Save the poor negro on his perilous way.*”

The Spaniards employ their negro slaves in diving for pearls, along the coast of Terra Firma, and particularly in the bay of Panama.

NOTE q, p. 154.

“ *As life did never lie!*”

I look’d but once, yet life did never lodge

In any form so laid.

De Monfort, Act iv.

NOTE r, p. 178.

“ ’Twas the *Pentecost* time of tournament.”

It was on the three or four great annual festivals of the church, that the ancient courts displayed their highest magnificence. These assemblies were announced in the cities by heralds and public messengers, and were resorted to, not only by the nobility of the country, but by strangers.

Way's Fabliaux, Vol. I. Notes.

NOTE s, p. 187.

“ *How they hear far off in a desert dell.*”

That stood far off in a lonely dell.

Heire of Linne. Percy's Reliques, vol. ii.

NOTE t, p. 188.

———— Those nuns of yore

Gave answers from their caves, and took what shapes they please.

Drayton's Poly-Olbion. Song I.

In the *Seam*, (an isle by the coast of the French Bretagne) nine virgins were priests of a famous oracle. Their profession, or religion, consisted in an arbitrary metamorphosing themselves, charming the winds, (as of later times the witches of Lapland and Finland) skill in predictions, &c.

Selden's Notes.

NOTE u, p. 204.

“ And the Virgin’s form, in silver wrought.”

Arthur’s shield had on it the picture of our Lady, and his helm, an engraven dragon.

Notes to the Poly-Olb. Song IV.

NOTE v, p. 205.

*“ King Arthur spurr’d his foaming horse
Amid that living flood.”*

Pendragon’s worthie sonne, who waded there in blood.

Poly-Olb. Song IV.

NOTE w, p. 205.

“ But the blood that flows is Arthur’s blood!”

King Arthur, according to our ancient historians, slew Modred with his own hand ; but received his death-wound himself, and retired to Ynys Ofallon, or Glastenbury, where he soon afterwards died. His death was politically concealed, lest it should dispirit the Britons. Hence arose so many fabulous stories about it.

Evans’s Specimens of Welsh Poetry.

NOTE x, p. 208.

*“ That voice, of more than human tone,
He heard in Merlin’s cell!”*

There the wise Merlin, whilome wont, (they say),
To make his wonne, low underneathe the ground
In a deep delve, farre from the vew of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counseld, with his sprights encompass round :
And if thou ever happen that same way
To travell, go to see that dreadful place :
It is an hideous hollow cave, (they say),
Under a rock.

Spenser’s Faery Queene, Book iii, Can. 3.

NOTE y, p. 211.

*“ When the mighty form of Urien
Was roused from the grave.”*

Urien Regen, king of Cambria and a great part of Scotland, as far as the river Clyde. His brave actions are celebrated by Taliessin.

Evans’s Specimens.

NOTE z, p. 212.

*“ And Arthur knew he would return,
From Merlin’s prophecy.”*

The bard-songs suppose, that, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, where Modred was slain and Arthur wounded, Mor-

gan le Fay, an elfin lady, conveyed the body to Glastenbury, to cure it ; which done, Arthur is to return to the rule of his country.

By prophecy Merlin set the date,
 Among princes, king incomparable,
 His seat againe to Carlian to translate.
 The *Parchas sustren* sponne so his fate,
 His epitaph recordeth so certaine
 Here lieth King Arthur that shall raigne again

Dan Lidgate. See Notes to the Poly-Olb. Song III.

It will not perhaps be very consonant to popular feeling, that legendary tradition has been violated in the fate and disposal of this great national hero. But it is all fairy-ground, and a poetical community of right to its appropriation has never been disputed.

THE END.

